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Richard Neville Editor

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OZ 26

Description

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

Content: Pussy Power issue - (insert: Print Mint posters ad) Poem 'A Sane Revolution' by D.H. Lawrence. OZ subscription form. 'Portrait of a Bolshevist' 2p graphics. 1p Blackhill Enterprises and Vertigo ads. 'The New Word Po Po' – Edward de Bono. 'Heavy Shit' by Felix Dennis. 'Gangster of Love Deported' – extract from Bill Levy's journal. LP reviews: Tim Buckley, Renaissance, Taj Mahal, Miles Davis. 4p CBS ad. 'The Biggest Tool in Show-Biz' - on Roddy McDowell. 'The Slag heap Erupts by Germaine Grrer. Candy Darling photo centerfold. 'The Food Explosion' part 2. Lennon/Ono Instant Karma! ad. Dear Doctor Hippocrates. 'Acid Flix' – underground film by Albie Thoms. 'Flogging Critics' by Peter Buckman. 2p girls and car photo. Ad for *Suck*. Ad for *Friends* & ad for IT with Edward drawing. Full page *Time Out* ad. John & Yoko 'Ban Guns' ad. The Chicago Conspiracy Trial transcript and full page cartoon. 'Played Out' - David Widgery reviews Richard Neville's *Playpower*. 'Head Books' by Jim Anderson. Chaoz – anti TV. Back cover Martin Sharp Marilyn/Vincent montage.

Publisher

OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 48p

Comments

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



A SANE REVOLUTION

IF you make a revolution, make it for fun, don't make it in ghastly seriousness, don't do it in deadly earnest, do it for fun.

Don't do it because you hate people, do it just to spit in their eye.

Don't do it for the money, do it and be damned to the money.

Don't do it for equality, do it because we've got too much equality and it would be fun to upset the apple-cart and see which way the apples would go a-rolling.

Don't do it for the working classes.

Do it so that we can all of us be little aristocracies on our own and kick our heels like jolly escaped asses.

Don't do it, anyhow, for international Labour. Labour is the one thing a man has had too much of.

Let's abolish labour, let's have done with labouring!
Work can be fun, and men can enjoy it; then it's not labour.

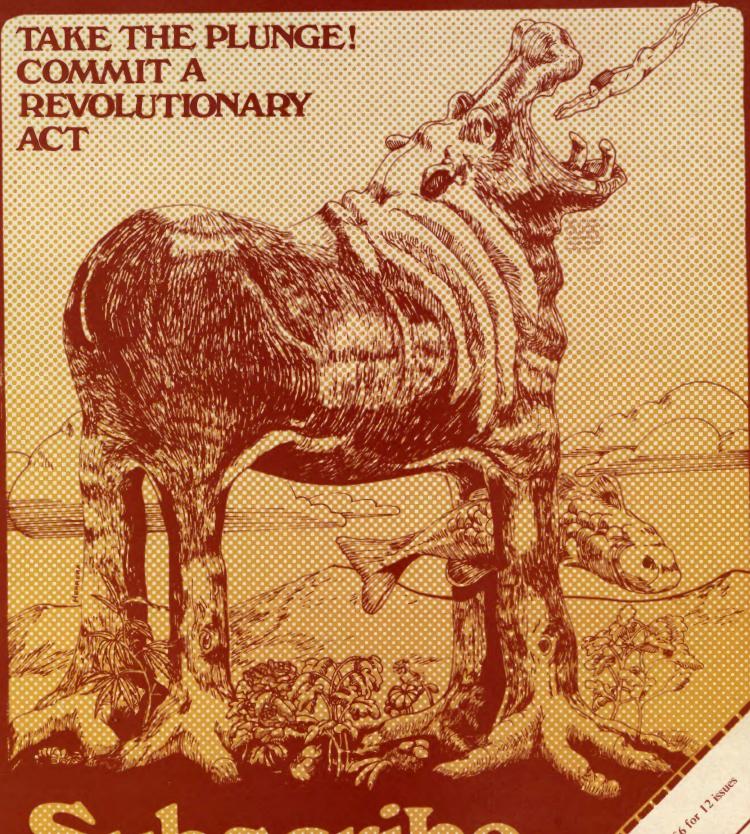
Let's have it so! Let's make a revolution for fun!

D. H. Lawrence

OZ 26
February/March 1970
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This issue appears with the help of Richard Neville, Felix Dennis, Jim Anderson, David Wills, Gary Brayley Martin Sharp and Bridget Murphy Cover photograph by David Nutter FOR CANDY DARLING AND several of the overlays used in this issue we thank NEWSPAPER WITHOUT WORDS 188 SECOND AVENUE

NY CITY 10002 SUBSCRIPTIONS \$6 PER YEAR Distribution:
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To: Of Shank!

JORES





ROT. THAT'S ALL RIGHT, NOTHING LIKE A GOOD ONE ON THE POINT OF JAW FOR PRODUCING A

DEVOUT MANNER OF LIVING IN THE

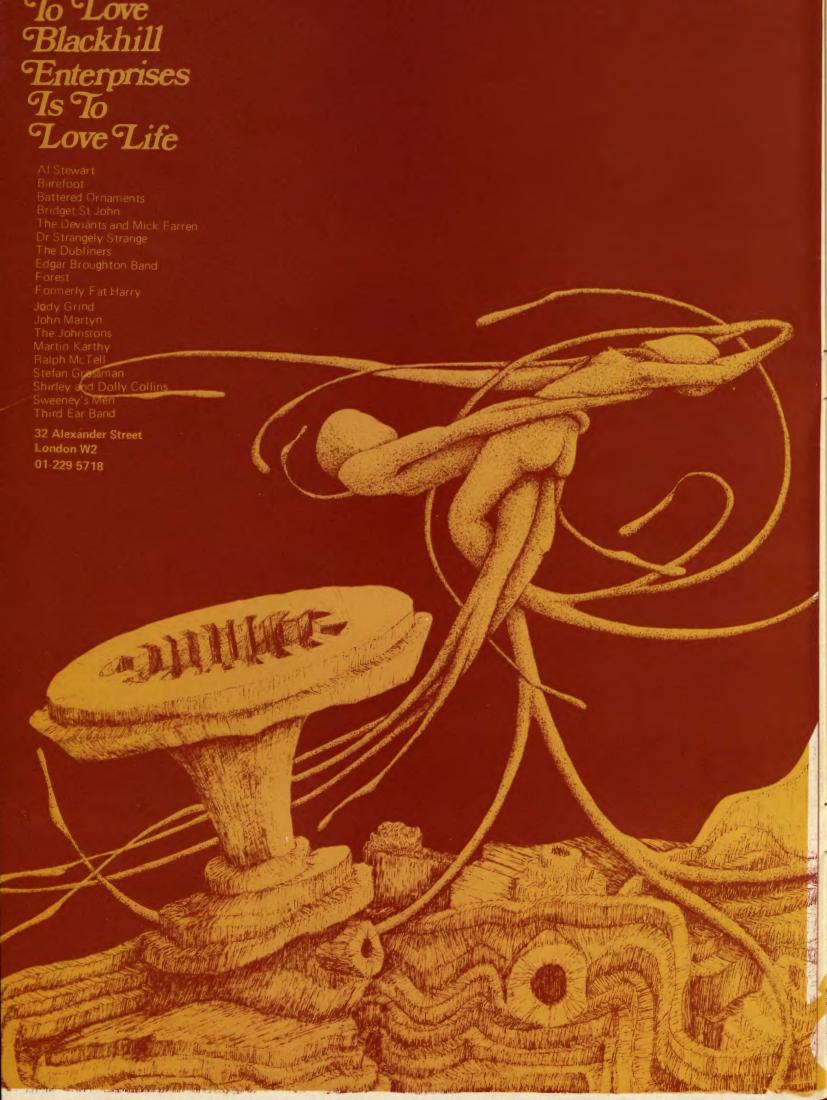
DAUGHTER? WILL SHE RECIPIENT. WHAT ABOUT YOUR

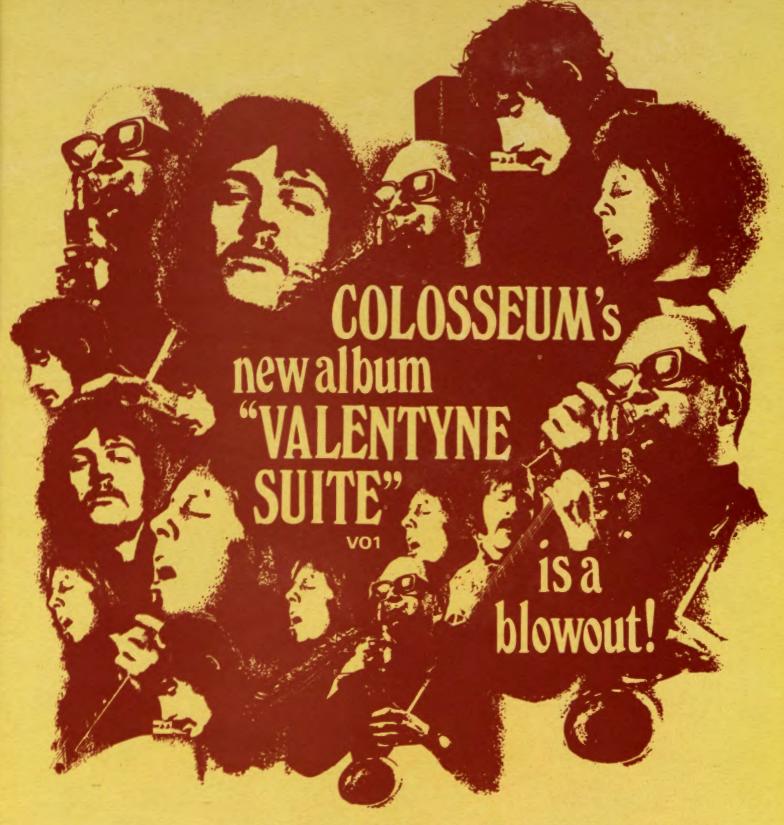
JOIN US IN A CHOP?

THEY GENERALLY DRUG THE GIRLS WITH SHE HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED BY WHITE HALLO, THERE GOES THE JOLLY COCAINE OR SOME DOPE FIRST SLAVERS OF THE WORST SORT GONG! I SUPPOSE









BUT THEN SO WAS THEIR FIRST—
"THOSE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE SALUTE YOU"STL5510

TRY THEM AND SEE



COMEN

Produced by Tony Reeves and Gerry Bron for Hit Record Productions Ltd Sole Representation: Bron Artistes Management Ltd 29/31 Oxford Street London W1 01-437 5063 Bill Levy cont. from P23 to wait in Pentonville Prison until further representation can be made on my behalf. Also says Home Office had a report filed by doctor that I'm a "Drug addict". We have a long talk — an hour and a half — we admit each of us made mistakes have become armoured with each other. Abby says she sees Susan from her letters as feminine, vivacious, probably a colourful dresser, all the things she (Abby) is not.

"Susan is supportive", I say, "we are supportive with each

other".

Religion is sexy

& so is Susan.

Abby and I talk about past present future. Both agree there are still elements we love in each. She has been telling herself without belief she doesn't love me any longer. I'm told Peter Jackson M.P. (Lab) for High Peak, Derb. is coming to see me. What will he see?

See Chief Inspector to find out names of doctor. The one who examined me first is called Dr. Doupe. He is Port Medical Officer attached to Essex County Council and ultimately to the Minister of Health. Tell Chief Inspector 1 plan to break that man: sue him for criminal libel; have him removed from Medical List. Chief Inspector concerned I'll make a complaint about police. Says Dr. Doupe is with Immigration people.

Being a drug addict is not a question of opinion but one of

fact. Besides the man never examined me.

Fucking bureaucrats. When they saw I might not be what they claimed they falsified evidence to justify the decision.

Force myself to smile when I return to detention cell.

"We can't change the world. We can only change ourselves". Bill Sands.

Rain today. Sky dark, blue silver pink along horizon. Thunder and lightning.

No longer thinking of cunt.

All in all, I've found friends people willing to help when in need in unexpected places. Heathcote and Abby have responded like family. Guess its my fathers teaching to think of those closest as family.

Must remember to ask to see Aleister Crowley sex diary mss Tom Driberg alluded to in his "News of the World" article,

late October.

Find out Baroness Wootton won't do anything for me because she says in my testimony before her committee I admitted breaking the law; should have expected that. So much for politicians of all stripe.

Left Amsterdam after two days of lightning and thunder, elemental skies. Now I'm leaving England perhaps forever,

after another similar cosmic storm.

If one jumps over the edge one is bound to land somewhere.

But isn't it very risky?

Five hours until I leave. No feeling in cock and balls. I don't even have bladder filled morning erections. Now I know what Hoppy meant when he said he was impotent for two months after getting out of Wormwood Scrubs Prison. Did prison make Michael impotent as well? I must ask him when we meet next.

The total absurdity of it all; seven or eight able bodied policemen keeping 24 hour watch on this homey endomorphic jewish intellectual.

Stale smell of nervous sweat in armpits.

Beginning to hallucinate. Thought I heard someone call my name from train platform outside window.

Rain stopped. Still unsure whether I'll be turned back from Holand.

Abby is a dear. Her first thought upon hearing I'm to be deported was how to get me my winter coat.

6 o'clock train arrives from London. Is Peter Jackson on this one or was report of his visit a false alarm?

Feel as if I'm treading in the air, quite unstable.

Dinner at British Rail Canteen, as usual.

Heathcote phones. Both solemn about parting. He says Jean left London today at noon for Chicago to judge a Bunny contest with Bill Crosby. Jean is special. The only person 1 know capable of the sustained passion of a W. H. Hudson heroine. A Scorpio, with Venus in Scorpio, Heathcote says if he goes to New York to contact him through Grove Press.

Notice on Police Bulletin board next to telephone: Harwich Police, Traffic Division, Stag Night; "We expect to have two strippers, a drag act and a comedian".

Abby phones. Asks if I would like her to come see me off and go with me as far as the Hoof. First sexual feeling I've had in a week. Abby has chosen to put up a fight! Good. It's the only chance we have of winning.

Jackson, M.P., never posts. DEPORTED. When a country

closes its borders, an election can't be far behind!

It can only get crazier.

When Abby and I get to cabin on board the ferry, I vomit, then wretch, sweat and tremble. Get over this after an hour. For Abby, release in tears.

Abby and I stay up all night. We lie in bed nude — having friendly, gentle sex without cosmic quality. Talk talk.

Mixed Feelings about Abby and Les fucking while I was in Amsterdam.

1. Les and I have been good friends for 16 years. We have never shared a girl. This brings us closer together. Silently compose a letter to Les:

Dear Fluke,

I've been deported from England as a gangster of love. If you asked again, I think China might come to Turkey. She needs the support that you, more than I, can give.

2 Reminds me of a Susan Janssen story. When she was temporarily blinded after an accident, her boyfriend brought another girl to the flat — a girl with one leg — and fucked the new girl while Susan was in the room, bed-ridden and blind. She could hear what was going on but that perception was denied by boyfriend.

3 Abby says now Les is her boyfriend as well as mine.

A cock and ball polaroid photo of Les on the cover of this journal. When I draw Abby's attention she replies descriptively "Yes, he has a bigger cock than you. It felt different from yours, but you know it's not the size that counts... Still then yours is more attractive"

We discuss our sexual preferences. It's a subject I have always avoided. Abby says she likes to be fucked at least twice in a session. She likes all positions.

I tell Abby I enjoy sucking her cunt. She thought I did it only to please her: "It is

the only thing that melts me", she says.

Abby expreses concern about never having had a vaginal orgasm. In her group sex scene with Chris and Darryl Breyer she noticed that Darryl had a powerful orgiastic release enough though Chris came rather quickly.

I tell Abby how much I enjoy the muscular dance of her

cunt!!!

Ferry arrives at Hook of Holland ...

"You had tomatoes for dinner", Abby notices as she looks from mirror to sink while getting dressed in the morning.

Letting go takes courage . .,.

And if you ask how I regret this parting

It is like the flowers at Spring's end Confused, whorled, in a tangle.

What is the use of talking And there is no end of talking,

There is no end to things in the heart.

Ezra Pound. Exile's Letter



Postscripts:

1. See also, Edgar Allen Poe's story, The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Feather. Here the lunatics take over an asylum

and entertain an unwary guest.

2. If we limit ourselves to what is understandable we have not increased the scope of what might be understood. Official contacts with the unknown always finish in some commercialized undertaking like Lourdes, or a police raid, like Gilles de Reis.

William Levy for peace 1970

The new word

The new word PO upsets many people. It would not have been worth inventing if it did not have this effect – at least to begin with.

The Mechanism of Mind (published by Jonathan Cape) is about the way the mind works as a pattern-making system.

A pattern-making system requires a 'dis-continuity function' in order to change the

patterns and bring them up to date.
We have never developed any discontinuity
tool in language because we have been
obsessed by the need for the continuity of sequential logic

The new word PO is a discontinuity tool for language and thought. Just as NO is the basis of logical thinking so PO is the basis of lateral thinking. NO is the negative of language. PO is the laxative of language.

PO can be used in a variety of ways but underlying them all is the single function of making easier the creative jump.

Provocation: PO allows one to use information in ways which cannot be justified on any other grounds.

. capitalism PO Sex PO paper-clips . . ketchup . . . are not meant to describe anything but to set off ideas.

PO cars should have square wheels... allows one to use an 'intermediate impossible' as a step to a new idea.

impossible' as a step to a new idea.

2 Challenge: Applied to a whole argument or to a single concept PO is never a judgement but working outside the YES/NO judgement system PO challenges the rigidity and dogmatic absolutism of concepts. PO implies, "That is a convenient cliche concept - try changing it."

PO is a refusal to accept assumptions.

3 As reaction: Faced with a situation one reacts immediately with whatever standard reaction pattern slips into place. PO breaks the continuity and by providing a pause reaction allows one to proceed to a new reaction.

4 As attitude: Even if one never actually uses PO it serves as a symbol of the arbitrariness of fixed patterns that have arisen for historical reasons. This should temper arrogance and rigidity

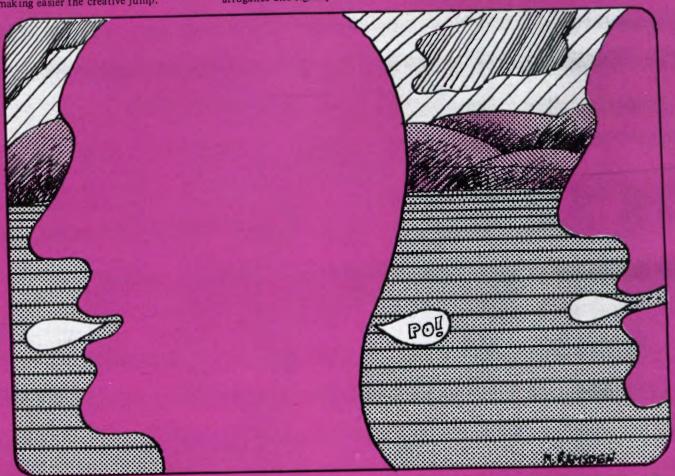
(Those who want more details of the use of PO should consult The Mechanism of Mind).

PO is but an information tool to break the continuity of fixed patterns and so allow available information to come together to give new ideas

Being a tool PO is only as useful as one acquires skill in using it. Since all training should at least be enjoyable below is an opportunity to practise ONE ASPECT of the use of PO. With PO one sets up an impossible situation — and then one resolves it.

You can play this game by yourself or with other people. You select a name in the first list and then you (or someone else) selects a word in the second list. You put them together as: PO Mashall McLuhan is Brighton pier...

Then you resolve the situation.



Harold Wilson Malcolm Muggeridge David Frost John Lennon Marshall McLuhan Richard Nixon Raquel Welch Ted Heath Spiro Agnew Enoch Powell Tiny Tim

spaghetti Brighton pier toe-nail clippings
The New Statesman a beer mat BBC-2 a pair of braces lipstick a flash of lightning mushroom fish-fingers

PO Marshall McLuhan is Brighton pier .

... a bridge that only has one end

... heavily advertised but disappointing when you get there more known than used the seeing butler of modern society

PO Harold Wilson is a packet of cornflakes . .

... promises on the outside, half-empty inside

... fireworks that dazzle without illuminating

I shall be inclined to give some copies of the book mentioned above to any splendid examples that may come up (send them to me via OZ).

author of The Mechanism of Mind, The Five Day Course in Thinking, The Use of Lateral Thinking.

HEAVY SHIT...

Felix Dennis

VICAR CHARGED WITH KIDNAP OF BABY

Daily Express Fri Sept 27th 1946

Blackhill Bullshir, that seedy but amusing house journal from Blackhill Enterprises, tof Free Concerts fame), has seen fit to bestow its Africal Award for the 'most obscene advertisement of the year' on OZ. Regular readers of OZ might remember the ad', (issue 24), designed by us for

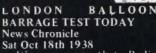
Blackhill's band, the new defunct Battered Ornaments, it showed a photograph (stolen from Evergreen) of a beautiful and naked chick abusing herself; in addition it carried the EMI logo on her right thigh. According to the Bullshit it has caused apoplexy among countless EMI executives, whose permission to run the advertisement was unfortunately not obtained prior to publication.

rankel Augustan Shorton Carlo and Sow-to-grow. L.P. toound at the moment, The Cool Morth West Six, appears of this record is everything their second is everything their tris.

This record is everything their tris. The master master their tris. The following their triples of their triples of their triples of their triples. The following their triples. Their triples and This and nitring. Their triples of solid creative master to be reckoned with names to be reckoned with names to be reckoned with and all soon get the breaks orewhich Mayall worked so ong, though I can bardly dicture Hartley barechested and bronzed, lighting fires in the setting sun of Laurel anyon.

Kilburn is omething of an aquired taste.





It's no news that Radio One(derful) is even more boring now than in its pre-Pirate days, when we all called it the Light Programme, so it was unusual to hear somebody other than the Peel/Drummond syndrome getting into a little head music on 247 metres last month. Seen & Heard, no less, featuring Laura Nyro's latest L.P., New York Tendaberry, on CBS. And to be strictly fair, their summary of Nyro's talents was crystal clear, if a little clinical.

They remarked that it 'remained to be seen' if Laura ever 'made it', (nasty phrase), as a singer/performer, although 'no-one could dispute her talents as a song-writer'; (she has already given several hits to Three Dog Night, Fifth Dimension and Blood Sweat & Tears in the U.S.A.). Would this new album sell in its own right or remain 'merely a showcase for her unique compositions?'. Seen & Heard sounded doubtful that New York Tendaberry would sell, and so am I, but they missed the point; commercial potential is hardly a fair yardstick to measure musical ability or as Zanna

has noted of the mass record buying public...'these kids wouldn't know music if it came up and bit them on the arse.' Exactly.

Laura sings and plays the piano in an absorbed meticulous style, each note plucked like a ripe plum. Discords are her speciality...jarring the senses, breaking up what might otherwise remain too barren a landscape, too monotonous a view...dischordant phrasing and timing. Stilted, even ponderous in places, her songs often break unpredictably in mid-verse, melody torn to tattered shreds, calculated solecism. Although her consultant/conductor (strange title?) has added brass and a little orchestration on a few tracks they have been used sparingly and are all the more effective for it. And always it's that startling jazzy fingerwork, that high strangled voice up front, dominating the mood and tempo completely.

Her compositions are as melancholy, for the most part.

Her compositions are as melancholy, for the most part, as Leonard Cohen's but there's a peculiar high-strung, paranoid quality about them, the jittery speed of a meths freak, that stamps them unmistakably as her own. Laura Nyro is exhausting but rewarding fistening. Brilliant music to fuck to

with Volunteer the work that they have a substituted audible on the bull of they will be specified by the specif

RATIONED IN

RATIONED IN

GREAT BRITAIN?

Sir Ben Smith Gives Warning

The New Yorker

When are British record

companies going to stop

packaging their products in

soft, toilet roll cardboard?

Double sleeves in the U.K. are

actually thinner than single

American covers. Even forgiving the generally God awful

standard of graphics, records

like Tet It Bleed and Abbev

Road, guaranteed to sell, and

make, millions, surely deserve

better treatment than a slap-a
bit-of-shiny-on-bottb-sides of

flabby board attitude. Of all

the companies, only Island

the companies, only Island

been omitted from the supplied with Volunteer latest Jefferson Air album? It's quite audib the record, but the word has been substituted lamely in its place in promember of R.C.A.'s put office explained to that...'this is a demade from our New office..., but you havenember we have a remember we have a resibility to the public. possible that old peopkiddies might pick up record and be offended it..., or something..., didn't know what the Jeff Airplame thought about it didn't seem to care. In the hadn't known anything it until we called him interesting to remember RCA are the company recently booked a double splash in Zig Zag imp kiddies (and old peopkidies (and old peopkidies) to really, you on', (to their miss

"IT'S ALLRIGHT!" HITLER POSTPONES MOBILISATION There Is Hope - Real Hope -For Peace Daily Express Thurs Sept 29th 1938

Heartening news for those of you who may already have heard via Rolling Stone of the new bootleg albums available in the States. Two long haired entrepreneurs, who preferred us to forget their names and faces, called at the OZ offices last week to divulge their plans for the production, distribution and marketing of LIVER Than You'll Ever Be, the reportedly fantastic, stereo recording of the Stones playing live on their U.S. tour, together with Stealin' and Gww John Birch Society Blues, the two new Dylan L.P.s following up The Great White Wonder (see OZ 25); these two albums contain between them a total of twenty seven songs, only eight or nine of which have ever been issued before, in different versions,

previously released Dylan/CBS

"The sound quality on the Dylan albums, especially Stealin' is fine," promised the taller hustler, "much, much better than 'Wonder, And the Stones, oh man, you gotta hear it to believe it. Unbelievably good."

His friend continued, "When the Wonder hit here last December we didn't do too well. Only one batch was actually produced here: the rest were imported from Canada. That meant high prices, too many questions and too many other cats crowdin' market with shittily

produced goods. Some of the produced goods. Some of the home-grown albums, well...people who bought from some of our...er... competitors are probably pretty pissed off. The plastic should be worn through just about now! This time, man, we've got it all sussed all we've got it all sussed . . . all the albums gonna be made here, first class jobs."

Did they envisage any problems persuading stores to sell illegal goods? "Who says it's fuckin' illegal? Who says it is? Anyway, if it's the Stones and Dylan it'll setl, Plenty of the big record stores carried worder. nder – under the counter We'll have those fuckin'

albums out here in wholesale quantities by the beginning of March. And I mean fuckin' wholesale! Did they have any moral

qualms about releasing an artist's material without his knowledge or consent? "Fuck all that!

Music

belongs to the people . . ."

He was keeping a straight face but his partner blew it with a sly grin; "Don't listen to him man. In '67 he was wearing a kaftan floggin' beads 'n' bells to the tourists. We're only in this for the money . . " How true to the spirit of the British underground.



It's not. Try to imagine The Happy Wanderers up Oxford Street on a foggy day, featuring a selection of numbers from last year's entries in the Eurovision Song Contest... well, it's worse. So thank you



month, were

for

Roulette

siduary of I who, last n who, last r responsible

Calla Records, but

Eurovision Song well, it's worse. S Calla Records, b

asket of musical bubbles

so hip they're insult-t it ', (oh, really?), American record re insultunderground press, graciously labelled as ... 'the hippiest ground magazine where ..., so hip they're ing about it ...', (oh, re certain American on Page 7.
Sunday Pictorial
June 1st 1958
Ever since Rolli
their review

mailing us albums direct from the States, presumably for review and at a pheonomenal cost in air-freight to boot. Fair enough, except that for every B. B. King that arrives, (thank you ABC Records), we been "...The Billy Mitchell Group is a Madonna And Child'. The Group is basic, beautiful and funky. The group makes the listener a viewer – makes him see with his ears. Listen and you will see the of da Vinci – the gentle but obvious shadings to comple-ment the whole. Listen to The Billy Mitchell Group and see their musical sketches. It's masterful splashes and



MAN HANGED AT SURBITON School Gardener's Discovery The Surrey Comet & South Middlesex News

Aug 5th 1958 As our editor, Richard Neville, admits in his illuminating, and more important, just published, book, Play Power, he is nearly thirty; born in a mid-way generation . "already pubertal by the time Carl Perkins . . happened". This perhaps explains his incessant obsession (often denied, but painfully obvious), with early Rock - And - Roll. The voluminous article on early Sun Records in the last OZ, certainly the longest single article on any subject in this magazine, at least to my memory, is clear proof of this insatiable thirst for the reliving of days filled with Australian sunshine, bopping with Sweet Little Sixteen at the High School Confidental . . . etc. etc. Even Zappa, (I must stop quoting him), refers to this music as 'greasy love songs of eretin simplicity', but as anyone who has heard Ruben And the Jets will know, he too is an addict and his sneer is patently tinged with loving

Imagine then, if you can,

Richard's unbounded fury on discovering an almost criminal fraud committed in the name of Rock-And-Roll by a certain Ember Records. It seems that they have released an album, Mr. Rock And Roll, which by its graphic design, (or rather by the lack of it), and detailed sleeve notes, purports to be a collection of early and original material by the living kiss curl material by the firms himself, William Haley. Numbers like See You Later ("In A While Alligator, ("In A While Crocodile", retorted Her Royal Highness wittily after a Royal Command Performance), Rock Around the Clock and Shake Rattle and Roll are all listed, alongside notes mentioning. alongside notes mentioning:-'this vintage Haley platter', 'relive the excitement of ...' still sounds as fresh today as when it was recorded in 1954...

In fact the tracks contain nothing but contemporary Haley, and it must be safly recorded here that he has not improved as a musician in any of those fifteen years. To be honest he sounds a great deal worse; the arrangements and instrumentalists who accompany him have hurriedly assembled been and recorded in what must surely

been have series disasterous and tightning 'first takes', probably on one of their recent tours of Europe. OZ telephoned Ember in a self-righteous frame of mind, to demand on explanation.

The publicity man was embarrassed. Our interpretation of the liner notes was only 'our opinion'. He could not agree that they were deliberately misleading to the public. They were 'our business'. Not his business. He had, in any case, never read the notes. What did we want him to say? Any thing he said 'would sound trite'. We agreed, and rung off to the whine of, 'please don't slate us'. He rang back, flustered. He repeated his arguments. Did we realise the note's were written by no less an authority than THE PRESIDENT OF THE BILL HALEY FAN CLUB? We had not realised. But did that alter the contents? 'Not really' he signed. We hung up.

Be warned Ember Records, and any other record company foolish enough to invite the wrath of ageing romantics; memories are not to be tampered with. If you must hype business, stick to Reggae; teenyhoppers who read the New Statesman are not so easily deceived.

VICE-PROTEST TO HOME OFFICE Residents say: Stop this vicious trade. £20 a night: That's what prostitutes earn on Clapham Common Clapham Observer Fri Nov 14th 1958

Putdown of the month prize to Robbie Robertson from Time Magazine's in-depth article on The Band, (we'll show Newsweek who's really heavy), quoted as sneering . . "The new Rolling Stones album sounds like a bunch of blues orientated cowboys.'



BLUE AFTERNOON Tim Buckley Tim Buckley's first album hailed from that period when the West Coast had just discovered Bob Dylan and had given birth to the Byrds and folk-rock. The album bore the hall-marks of inexperience; it had some beautiful songs but also a certain amount of make-weight material. Overall, the music was divided between quiet, folksy type numbers with a minimum of accompaniment, and hard, crisp, percussive rock. This division was in itself a weakness — it was as if Buckley couldn't decide where he wanted to go, as if he was trying to assimilate too much of what was happening on the West Coast at the time. The record was promising, but no one could have been really prepared for the album which followed: Goodbye and Hello. In my view this is one of the essential pop albums, ranking alongside Sergeant Pepper in its beauty and True, inventiveness. achievement was as much producer Jerry Yester's as Buckley's. Yester took Buckley's basic music, added a line up of top, West Coast session musicians, and produced a schizophrenic album, playing off Buckley's amazing voice, thin and taut, like a mellow scream, against some really staggering arrangements. The final effect in music which says so much on so many different levels that, like Pepper, it will stand any amount of replaying.

Perhaps Buckley found the arrangements too overpowering, for on Happy Sad, his third album, he was down to a basic 'group' of four musicians: Lee Underwood, Carter Collins, John Miller and David Freedman, and a minimum of production tricks. The group took the songs as they came, using Buckley's incisive guitar rhythms as a basis for improvisation. It produced some nice sounds but the total effect, (especially after the colour and flare of Goodbye and hello), was a little samey.

It was obviously the style and format, however, that Buckley had been after all the time, for it remains, virtually unchanged, on Blue Afternoon, his first album for Frank Zappa's Straight label and the first to be produced by Buckley himself.

Despite the apparent lack of progression, Blue Afternoon is, in fact, a valid development of Buckley's music. It's an exploration, in greater depth than ever before, of the sad side of Tim's Happy sad coin. The music is poignant and introverted, dealing with themes of loneliness, loss and parting. It's white mind-blues rather than black gut-blues, and even a coming home song like *Happy Time*, with superficially joyful lyrics, is given a melancholy treatment that etches in an unspoken background of loneliness. The album is emotionally, rather than musically, 'heavy', but the songs avoid self-pity and the final effect is uplifting rather than depressing. Whatever else it may be, this album is pure Buckley, purer than ever before. That can't be bad. Graham Charnock

Taj Mahal Giant Step/De Ole Folks At Home. Not really knowing much about Taj Mahal (except that he couldn't possibly be a building in India, and probably was not the son of a Mr. and Mrs. Mahal) I looked him up in Lillian Roxon's Rock Encyclopaedia (published in New York by Grosset & Dunlap \$9.95c) She hadn't forgotten him, and there he was dutifully listed under M between Mad River and Mamas and the Papas. Found none of those intimate personal details which would have satisfied my teeny bopper, fan magazine heart, but I did read this:

"The irony with the traditional country blues is that black singers, whose people originated them, have outgrown them emotionally and feel the need to move into something more sophisticated. So young white singers have taken them on, caring for them with the love of a true archivist. For Tai Mahal, who is black, to do these blues is an even further turn of the screw. One of the very few sophisticated young black singers, he brought back the sound of authentic blues, flatly refusing to gloss over or stylise."

So, Taj is not an Uncle Tom, but an archivist. On De Ole Folks At Home he has dug up an incredible collection of negro folk songs, which, to the accompaniment of himself on banjo - a beautiful rich

funky sound — he sings in the friendliest manner possible; in pure rustic blues style, but without the stretches of anguish or the blue corners. A University background, simple living, vegetarianism and California weather have made him as mellow as yellow. Trouble is, he otherwise sounds as ancient and the same as the men who originally sang these songs — Howling wolf, Lightning Hopkins, Muddy Waters, Sleepy John Estes, Son House and others of that band of reincarnated black tortoises — which is very strange for someone who is only about twenty seven. Somehow it seem a waste. Is it a guilty search for his lost black heritage, or a lack of true imagination which has caused him, like a classicist, to look to interpretation of historic texts for inspiration? I am glad he hasn't turned the screw even further and gotten into German beer hall songs or something.

The tracks themselves are fine. Some of them, like Lining Track, have always been crude, undeveloped and not particularly likeable, while others, such as Fishing Blues, and Annie's Lover are so pretty that it is a delight to have them sung as well as Taj does it. Compare his singing of Candy Man with Blind Boy Grunt's version on Great White Wonder.

The other record, Giant Step is much more the Taj Mahal we all

know and love. Take a Giant Step, Give Your Woman What She Wants and Farther on Down the Road were the tracks I liked best. The whole feeling of the record is easygoing, reflective, totally relaxed and in accordance with the atmosphere and image that Taj Mahal projects — that of the courtly gentleman-farmer musician, sitting in the shade on his wooden porch, big hat firmly on his head, happy stoned grin on his face, friends always around, chickens scratching in the sun, bucolic peace and good will radiating to all. His version of Good Morning Little Schoolgirl is a handholding affiar. When Alvin Lee does it for Ten Years on Shhh it's more like child molesting or rape.

This is not a sensational record. No new ground is covered, and Giant Step is probably a misleading title. Taj is sitting still (probably in a rocking chair) and resting on his laurels. Which is a lovely thing to do. Everyone should do it a little more. He's just a big kindly man who loves to sing and talk about the blues. There's a lot of the homespun philosopher teacher in Taj as you will realise as you happily listen to these two records. He's not heading in any particular direction, but "he's looking fine and feeling good, man, how about you?"

Jim Anderson.

In a silent way Miles Davis
There are listeners who don't hear
the jazz genius of the sixties, they don't care for the lyrical stuff, they don't care for the lyrical stuff, they demand out-front dynamics; the self-imposed silence of the Davis personality, regardless of the Rolling Stone interview, offends many, but not me baby. All I need is a pair of Koss headphones, and the soothing tintinabulations, wow, of the Miles' magic, and you could cut my leg off and I wouldn't know. But I'm like that, a martyr to music. Others still keep demanding dynamism, they want the artist to cut his leg off in front the artist to cut his leg off in front

The aforementioned would look at the line-up and see Davis, Wayne Shorter on soprano sax, and ostensibly a six-piece rhythm section of three electric pianos,

bass, guitar, and drums. They'd say that Davis fancies himself, or he must be a gutless wonder to need all those people shugging behind him. Both views are right because they're necessary to make his music. He wants individual expression, and at the same time he wants them to play his way. This is an apparent contradiction unless put in terms of he's the boss, but they're free to get on with their work. Or maybe here's the whole, let's see if the parts fit. If you've got talent, they will.

The trouble with Davis records is that often you don't have the job of waiting for solos, and when they arrive there's that special kick and you say to your friend listen to that Dulcie. From the beginning it seems to be the whole Miles Davis band, and the bits and parts are not

particularly noticeable. This record is like that all the way. The whole is greater than the sum of the parts could have been. The music has an atmosphere of an Abbey Road side two, a Nashville Skyline, . . . is slow down, look around, start again.

For the English there's some local colour with the prescence of John McLaughlin on guitar and Dave Holland on bass. McLaughlin's strength on Marmalade shows why he's in the Davis band, and there are a lot of heavies there to complement or compete with.

If you want a lead into In a silent way listen to the Mademoiselle Mabry track on 'Filles de Kilimanjaro'. The new album is a multi-coloured, three-dimensional extension of that single line.

Hire some headphones.

T. R. Zelinka

RENAISSANCE

You've got to accept that Island have a special sound. They've been up north of Oxford Street, pouring nitrates on the transplanted heads, cultivating the pink crop, and not quite putting them in the Safeways' stands as exotic vegetables. And if you do your record shopping in the usual way, you can't miss them, the packaging stands out, good or bad. And so it should, I mean, there's the sound, enthusiastic, fresh, and idealistically apropos. The problem that Island is fast approaching is that when a label sound becomes identifiable, the individual artists must be suffering. Motown Memories, etc. The December bunch of Renaissance are suffering There's too much Island in them. Shades of the pink label surround the sounds. I want to get into them, but I'm too quickly reminded of the commandments established by Traffic, Jethro Tull and the oldies,

inou shalt be original, Thou shalt be English, and latterly Thou shalt be commercial, the attributable to pro attributable to producers, engineers, and the label, less often the artists. Commerciality is a nasty word only when it's obvious and superfluous, and in the long run Renaissance are the losers, not

After wading knee-deep through your toccatas, fugues and fantasies. nocturnes and impromptus, Slow-finger Hawken humps the harpsichord behind the icy, crystal, cool, menthol voice of Jane Relf. and slopes into muddy mangrove stomping supporting the strangled vowels of the lead boy singer.
You can't help but like RENAISSANCE if you like me you

fancy the piano, and they're real strong on keyboards. The Bach and Beethoven, Mozart and Schubert, Chopin and Dr. John snatches

amongst the variable '69 rock are vigorous and amusing and perfectly compatible with the whole set. But not enough concrete to sustain life-long listening. Keith Relf as an old quality name, mutter, mutter, Yardbirds, mutter, has an attraction, but there's that piano man doing all the work. Maybe Relf and RENAISSANCE are like Pappaitardi and Cream, Glyn Johns and the Steve Miller Band in relationship, except that they don't put all the musical responsibility on one man's back. The album could have been called Island Graduation Concert featuring John Hawken. In spite of the weight, RENAISSANCE finish the course,

and you mark them in your form book as highly promising. Some of my lay friends would think the record was a delightful

send-up.
T.R. Zelinka

don't compromise, because the music doesn't.

ic gas & electric

WILL SOUND OF THE SEVENTIES &

DYLAN
SIMON & GARFUNKEL
BYRDS
BLOOD SWEAT & TEARS
MIKE BLOOMFIELD
AL KOOPER

LEONARD COHEN
MOBY GRAPE
TIM HARDIN
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The Flock is unique. A pace-setting new group. John Mayall (a musician's musician) called them the best band he'd heard in America. Listen to their album. See if you agree. Then run with The Flock. And watch them spread.

THE SOUND OF THE SEVENTIES 💆



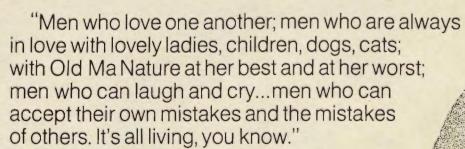








(S) 8-63279



-Taj Mahal said that.

That's the way
he thinks. That's the way
he sings. On his two-record
LP set, "Giant Step"/"De Ole
Folks at Home", and on "The
Natch'l Blues", Taj sings and talks
about the same kinds of living.

On "Giant Step" it's Taj and his steel-bodied accoustic guitar. Really authentic country blues. On "De Ole Folks at Home" drums, piano, organ and electric guitar are added. Really authentic electric blues. More authentic country on "The Natch'l Blues".

It's all Taj, you know.



BICAD 8 FARS 4 FAID



DIFFERENT.

The great contemporary themes played with pure rock power. Blood Sweat & Tears is not afraid to be different. On CBS Records.





BLOOD SWEAT & TEARS (S) 63504 CHILD IS (S) 6329

CHILD IS FATHER TO THE MAN (S) 63296



Roddy McDowell never gets the super star billing that close pals of his like Richard Burton and Liz Taylor do — but Roddy McDowell doesn't really need them

And that's mainly because McDowell, at 37 years of age, has the biggest hidden asset in show business — and that isn't his camera or his acting ability, either.

The talent that Roddy packs into 10 powerful inches is the kind that makes gals flock to him for a torrid night between the sheets.

It also causes famous show biz couples to hire him as a sort of informal marriage counsellor — he puts the punch back into their soured weddings, just by unleashing his hidden asset and springing it indiscriminately on everybody in sight.

Invited to every orgy going for the same Reason, Roddy somehow manages to stay out of all the headlines and the scandals that periodically rock Hollywood's image.

rock Hollywood's image.
"I enjoy life," he grinned happily when VICE ROI interviewed him.

"I don't push myself down people's throats, if you know what I mean.

"I just sort of lie back and let it all come to me."

Roddy got his first big show business break when he starred in "How Green Was My Valley". Roddy was also making it big, between takes on the set of "National Velvet," when he had a constant stream of female companion lining up for a session with his massive hidden asset.

A tall lanky man, with a face that belies his astonishing sexuality — he's so young looking that he could pass for a teenage virgin in a Sunday school class — McDowell gets better in every way as he gets older.

"Age mellows a man," he grinned.

It seems that most of the Hollywood he-men secretly pride themselves on being supermen when it comes to doing what counts.

So Frank Sinatra had all the great studs of Beverly Hills gathered in his mansion for an unofficial heavy weight contest.

Peter O'Toole, Dean Martin, Rock Hudson, Paul Newman, Robert Mitchum, Big John Wayne, Sammy Davis they were all there. And so was Roddy.

One by one they dropped their pants and displayed their armaments. McDowell, who was at the end of the line, didn't even blink when he spied the formidable equipment that everybody from O'Toole to Caine were in the process of displaying.

When it was his turn, he quietly unzipped his trousers, folded back the double folds on his custom made undies (the only kind he can wear for support, they cost him \$20 a pair, and last a long time) and exposed an organ that could have served as an ICBM if the Defense Department fought its wars in bed.

"Amazing!" stammered Sinatra, who up till then thought he was the heftiest man around.

"Incredible"! gasped Peter O'Tooke, whose reputation in Dublin had him pegged as a real winner when it came to doing what counts.

"Wow!" freaked Rock

Hudson, who couldn't get his eyes back into their sockets.

But that's the story of easy going Roddy McDowell's action packed life.

On top of all that, he's one of the best actors Hollywood has ever seen, a formidable photographer, and an all around likeable chap.

Having a hidden talent as big as Roddy's is bound to bring a guy all the success that life can offer.

And nobody could blame Roddy for taking as much advantage of it as he can.





Hegai Practices. See Elec-



The 1969 second wave of women's liberation movements were very much a manifestation of those sinister forces in our society which we call the media. While pulling in millions of pounds, dollars, lire and what-have-you by brainwashing women into demanding the emulsified fats, perfumed deodorants and disinfectants, liver-corroding analgesics and other consumer 'products' which are as necessary to keep our economies on an even keel as the threat of war or anarchist insurrection, the newspapers kept up their circulation, and thus their sale of advertising by inventing, a new sensation men's Liberation.

Valeri Solanas got them at shooting Andy although they could get as much out of that as they might have

liked because the matter was sub judice for quite a while. Still that tactic meant that Girodias got round to publishing the Manifesto which is still most of what most people know about women's liberation. It did not take long for other women to grasp the principle of Solanas shock tactics, especially when they saw young blacks exciting WASP paranoia by similar means on every campus and university subway. When the House Com

House Com mission for Unamerican Activities was officially called a witch-hunt, one group of radical women suddenly realised that was

what they wanted to be, so WITCH, Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell, was formed. Ballyhoo was their business and from the beginning they were good at it. Dressed in black and riding broomsticks they hexed the Chase Manhattan Bank, distorting the familiar slogan in a fashion fatuous enough for J. Walter Thomson himself, to You have a Fiend in the Chase When they Manhattan' bewitched Wall St. the market obligingly suffered a frisson of five points and then pulled itself together again. Bra-burning and invading the annual Bride Fair in Madison Square Garden were good fun and good copy too. Nowadays



WITCH is a little leery of the Tactical Police Force and has gone underground and anonymous, a heavy fate for ballyhoo.

Wholey

Betty Friedan's National Organisation of Women takes itself much more seriously than WITCH, although after Valerie Solanas showed them how, they ran around with slogans like 'A Chicken in Every Pot and a Whore in Every Home, until they managed to weed such vulgarity out of their ranks and into extremist movements like the Feminists and the October 17th Group where they belong. Mrs Friedan did not want to endanger her beautiful relationship with congress: after all a girl in a congressional committee is worth a thousand in the bush. Nevertheless she capitulated to the media by 'forcing' (you recognise the journalese as in Frost hits railways', forcing here means persuading') the New York Times to demonstrate its freedom from male chavinism by desegregation of the Want Ads. Of course she could not 'force' anybody to desegregate the jobs. The immediate result of her action was that more women wasted more time reading about, applying for and getting rejected from jobs they had no chance of getting in the first place.

The problem is at least partly a problem of image, and self image. Men don't really like women, and that is really why they don't employ them: women don't really like women,

and they can usually be relied upon to employ men in preference to women as well. Playing grotesque pranks in Wall Street was at least an attempt to increase the possibilities and break down the stereotype of the female image. However, such a strategy relies upon an inhuman freedom from paranoia. Valerie Solanas had to shoot her man to get him to take more than patronising notice of her. So Abbey Rockefeller and Roxanne Dunbar teach karate to the Boston Women's Liberation Movement. When nobody likes you, and you really don't much like yourself, the most common reaction is to turn nasty and attack first. Unfortunately any skinhead could tell Miss Rockefeller that cowardice and steel tipped boots, broken bottles and safety in numbers, is better technique than any bloody karate which you can learn in debutante schools. But women don't even like each other enough to want to travel in packs like the Chelsea supporters.

Bitch

The real reason why Female Liberation is a hot number in the Sunday mags and the glossies is because it smacks of lesbianism, female depravity, freakishness, perversion and solemn absurdity. The tone of the reportage is most commonly derisive. The karate experts try to censor their meetings, regarding all the female journalists who imply that they are ugly, frustrated poor things like Irma Kurtz did in England

and Julie Baumgold in New York, as Aunt Tomasinas who capitulate to the enemy. The only perceptible result of such a non-tactic is that the journalists are not even restrained by courtesy and the meetings read more like witches' covens than ever.

And yet, militant women owe a great deal to the media that guy them. The average housewife is dulled and confused by her day-to-day diet of pulp journalism and crap television. She does not catch the nuances of contempt that cling around the images of Abbey Rockefeller splitting a board with her head. Threading her way through clouds of clever-clever verbiage she retains the overwhelming impression that 'something is happening here', even if 'what

it is ain't exactly clear'. Most of her life she has served fashion without demur, and now the media have created the fashion of female liberation. At last the fucking media look like they are hoist with their own petard. The trend is based upon a tiny reality. Betty Friedan started NOW in 1966, and its membership is even now not more than 3000 odd. The nucleus of the Boston movement is twelve, and the

national convention called out 500. The average local group counts twenty-five as a bumper turnout. The groups divide and subdivide every month, the names proliferate, New York Radical Women, the Feminists, the Redstockings, the October 17th Movement, New Women, Cell 55 and so on. As far as the papers are concerned, new names mean new stories, and the phenomenon grows. Most of the groups are more or less academic, workshops with reading lists, research projects, discussion groups. The basic texts are confused and repetitive. The membership is mostly educated middle class women who have revolted against male chauvinism in the new left, with especially complex problems of priorities and strategies. On the one hand it is argued that oppression of women is the first example of class oppression, and that they cannot be emancipated until private property has been abolished and the state has withered away, and on the other hand, as most of them learned when fighting for the rights and opportunities of the

blacks, that you cannot be liberated fighting other people's battles. Russia, China and Cuba all used women's bodies to fight their battles, and once the new regime was established put them right back in their place again. Of course, most women are not radical leftists, or unmarried university students, and the luxury of such theorising is not accessible to them in any way at all. Mrs. Smith who tends a bottling machine by day and husband and kids morning and night has no use for a reading list however exhaustive.

In England the situation is a paler and more confused reflection of the American scene. Middle class suburbs boast their Women's Liberation Workshops but finding our about them is virtually

impossible. gitprop import the publications of the New England Free Press, but when I rang up it took two hours before anyone realised that most of the advertised titles hadn't arrived yet, and nobody knew how I could get back copies of Shrew Calling the Tufnell Park Women's Liberation Workshop proved even more fruitless. When an energetic bunch of women from Warwick University

ioined the Miss World demo, chanting and dancing rings around the police, the Tufnell Park ladies clung quietly to their banners (which said 'We are not sexual objects' - a proposition which nobody seemed inclined to dispute) and begged them to desist. Shrew officially lamented the demeanour of the interlopers, but reminded itself in seigneurial fashion that they were probably working class nousewives who knew no better, the people, in fact, they meant to 'help'. In fact the Coventry group of privileged girls is one of the girls is one of the very few that are actually attended by working class women who tell them how it is.

Many militant women show too plainly by their inefficiency, their obesity and their beligerence that they have not succeeded in finding any measure of liberation in their own company. They are still beset with middle class sexual scruples, so that they cannot find any alternative to the phony concept of female sexuality as monogamy and child-bearing, except, as some extremists have advocated,

masturbation, lesbianism or celibacy. These alternatives are more compulsive and repressive than the despised heterosexual confrontation, and the result must be to debilitate the movement, because repression consumes energy which might be used creatively. Masters and Johnson's discovery of the clitoris is assumed to be the elimination of the vagina, and the sexual response of the middle class American of the 1960's, hung about with electronic equipment, assumed to be a physiological absolute. Rather than increasing the possibilities in a revolutionary fashion, militant feminism is reducing them, imprisoning the new women in a wilderness of theory which grew itself out of a hopelessly distorted situation in which clear sight was impossibility. Rebellious women have always been able to find liberty, independence and culture in convents, but that never changed a thing, even when a much larger proportion of women did it. Confrontation is political awareness'. A woman who cannot organise her sex life in her own best interest is hardly likely to transform society.

Bites

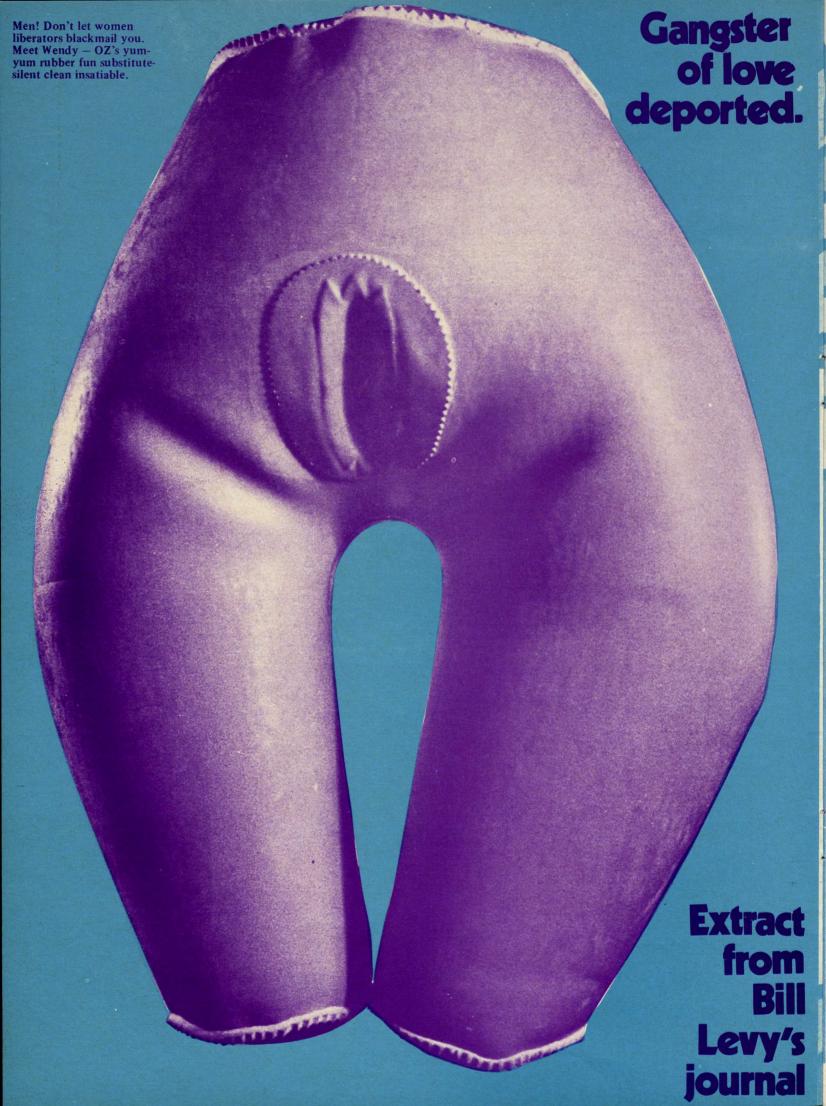
Men are the enemy. They know it; at least they all know that there is a sex war on, an especially cold one. They have no perverse desire to remain enemies, but sexual assemblies vote overwhelmingly in favour of a new definition of women's role, for if women liberate themselves, they will also free men of their neurotic dependence and the fearful inauthenticity of sexual relationships. A hidden factor situation is the in the desirability of the tearaway girl, the bitch, the unpredictable. Many men hate brassieres and vaginal douches as much and more than women do. They are as tired of guilt as women are of The bourgeois shame. perversion of motherhood has been assailed by male psychologists and obstetricians: ought we not to listen to them? SDS and IS men may be chauvinistic, and may reap female adulation as a reward for conspicuousness in the movement. We have all seen Tariq marching with his classy blonde chicks. If women had the guts and the imagination to look beyond their epi cene middle class environment, and start fucking for sex instead of ego and prestige, they might discover that in working-class homes mum was the brains of the family. Working-class men don't regard educated women as intellectual rivals: they have no respect for most of their irrelevant learning in any case. Women automatically take on the class of their husbands, so it's good Marxist strategy to mate down instead of up. Some of your academic expertise might actually end up at the service of the class it is supposed to serve. It's a more attractive prospect than typing distributing leaflets, making tea, and bed and love, for some arrogant IS male.

Dog Man

So far the self-appointed leaders of female revolution have remained the dupes of middle-class their phony middle-class 'education', and their demands are circumscribed by cautious notions of 'equality of opportunity'. Their organisations are built upon political structures derived from the patterns of male grouping, and at the very worst they fall for the colossal perversion of male sexuality, which is where it all began, the perversion called violence. The only genetic 'superiority' that men have to women is their capacity for violence, which in an age of total weaponry is now not limited to man alone. We all need to be rescued from the computer-aimed nuclear phallus: what women have to do is invent a genuine alternative. The cunt must take the steel out of the cock; female masochism must be eradicated if male sadism is to become ineffectual. There are signs that it is happening, but slowly, and so far without prophetesses, but not in the workshops and chapters of the misnamed the 'Movement'

In May we will attempt a positive statement of Cuntpower - female tactics for survival in a world destined for the typically masculine end of suicide. This article has been a goad to stimulate energetic women to some new thinking. We want to expose that new thinking in Cunt-power OZ. If it comes out with blank pages you can draw the obvious conclusion.





10 Nov 69 First Day.

Went to cabin immediately upon arriving on boat — took a shower, shaved, went to bed. The boat flopped around. Every once in a while I heard a crash. When it really got rough there was a sudden drop in air pressure. As a result I floated/ levitated a fraction of an inch off my mattress five different times during the night. In the morning we were told the disturbance had been a force eleven gale, or one less than

Arrived in Harwich feeling ill; swollen glands on my neck, a heavy head and congested chest. Immigration Officer suspicious. My answers are vague and indefinite. Takes me to Customs where bag is searched. Customs men find and seize 6 copies of SUCK, American sex papers Kiss, Pleasure, and Screw, one each, catalogue from Copenhagen Sex Fair and other sex items. They are not interested in my two speed vibrator. My person is searched presumedly for drugs. None are found, of course. What interests them (Special Branch) most is a letter I wrote to George Streeton in Copenhagen, mss copies of press releases written by Lynn, Katherine, Jim, Susan Coxshead, myself and this journal.

Sitting alone in search room I hear myself described as a "thoroughly undesirable character". The sound travels easily through the wall. I hear also the letters mss and my notebook are to be photocopied as evidence. With the help of a phone call (to Scotland Yard) police identify me as one of those in

nude group photo on page 15 of SUCK.

An immigration officer arrives. Tells me I have been refused permission to land in the U.K. because, he says with indignation, I'm a dealer in pornography and possibly a dealer

Phone Abby in London at 3 p.m. to explain what has happened. Ask her to phone Nick Cowan, a solicitor and school friend of Heathcote who gets Home Office to delay deportation for 24 hours. Nick says he will speak with Home Office in the morning to give reasons why I should be allowed

entry. Let's hope it works.

Also in detention with me a Kenyan who was refused entry because he didn't have a proper visa. His wife and child live in Liverpool. He has never seen his child. He has been studying sociology at University of Warsaw, Poland. The guard told him instead of being returned to Holland he would be driven to Heathrow and from there flown to Nairobi. Home Office could at least allow him into England for a week for humanitarian, if not legal reasons.

Abby phones again says it was she who got Nick Cowan to phone Home Office. While speaking with Abby a Mr. What phones on another line. It turns out to be Heathcote who says he would try to get some friends of his moving on my behalf. While speaking with Heathcote an old man wearing a uniform insists I terminate phone call immediately. I have a

committee meeting", he says.

I'm led into a room where short fag doctor and big bull-dyke nurse are waiting for me. He asks me to fill out a form with questions like: "Have you suffered from Epilepsy, Venereal Desease or Mental Illness?" Answer: Yes or No! (Why, I've been crazy all my life, doctor). After 1 fill out form, doctor says: "You told immigration officer you took marihuana"

"No, I did not tell them any such thing, they read it in my

journal"
"How often do you take marihuana?"

"Every chance I get".
"How often is that?"

"I'M lucky enough to get a chance almost every-day"
"Do you take heroine?" he asks
"NO!!"

He asks me to take off my sweater so he might examine my arms. I comply. He finds nothing of course! When I tell the doctor I'm ill with a case of flu and I'm glad he came, he refuses to examine me. Police later arrive with aspirin.

Interrogation by two Immigration Officials, they want to know about porno/drugs. I tell them pornography is a generic term of an art form and there is no such thing according to law. I admit to being editorially involved with SUCK, but deny having broken any laws of the U.K. Admit smoking hashish, but say that is a matter of public record in my testimony to Wootton Committee on Drugs.

Another phone call from Heathcote. He says Peregrine

(Lord) Eliot will guarantee my financial security and testify to my good character. Things are looking up. I'm encouraged.

When I return to detention centre there is a third person: a Pakistani who gives a completely unintelligible account of a money complication resulting in his being refused permission to enter England.

Pakistanis are bats.

The woman in the British Rail Canteen objects to the contents of this journal. She asked that I not bring the notebook to breakfast.

11 Nov 69 Second Day

Uneventful morning. Taken by police to post office in Harwich to cash money order sent by Abby. Mail a letter to Susan Janssen in Amsterdam. Return to detention center and read Newsweek and two Marvel Comics "Spiderman" and "X MEN" bought at W. H. Smith kiosk on platform of Parkston Quay Rail Station.

Still no word either way from Home Office. If I'm not allowed entry now, with the forces I've brought to bear, it will be even more difficult to gain entry from Holland. In Amsterdam, Susan and I could be together. But whether that would be beneficial to either of us under forced conditions, is

at best, unproven.

Terrible lunch of Beef Curry and Rice. The Kenyan and I have been living on British Rail Canteen food for over 24

hours. That's enough to depress anyone.

The police say detention center is not a prison. It looks like one to me. Although there are no bars we are locked in. The windows are reinforced with steel mesh and smaller ventilation windows open only a few inches.

Look in mirror. Look as bad as I feel. I thought prison

would give me a heightened sexual awareness. I was wrong. Haven't had an erection since interned. Maybe due to flu, or anxiety about future, or being totally wasted sexually after

two weeks with Susan.

Sex with Susan is cosmic. In many ways Abby performs better, but our sex life has been a disaster except for brief encounters. My fault mostly - a pseudo-mystical stance that sex was irrelevant. With Susan sex is a trip. Feelings of being born again, of time travel, floating, cell explosion, involuntary rhythmic pelvic movements after orgasm, transformation: earth to water.

2.30 p.m. More questioning. This time the police want to

know my wife's name the address of her place of employment and whether or not I have keys to our flat on Regents Park

Today I'm nervous when questioned. Last night I was relaxed and confident. My horoscope today: "You can relax and expect important developments". There is nothing else I can do.

Thinking about cunt: Abby's and Susan's.

Sleepy afternoon. Dream of Susan in two, possibly three, separate sequences.

Kenyan and for word waiting.

Another terrible meal: tomato soup, welsh rarebit, beef and kidney pie and a pepsi. Before dinner I'm told if no other orders come from Home Office I will be on a boat leaving noon tomorrow.

After dinner I phone Abby. She says a man from Customs and Detective Sergeant Clark from C.I.D., Scotland Yard, were waiting at the door when she returned home. They had a search warrant under Obscene Publications Act. Both of them looked in all the drawers, under the bed, through my papers and a thorough check of my bookcase. Det. Sergeant Clark insisted upon taking away all the Insect Trust Gazettes (about 125) a literary mag I edit, he said to protect us from having anything that might be pornographic. What!

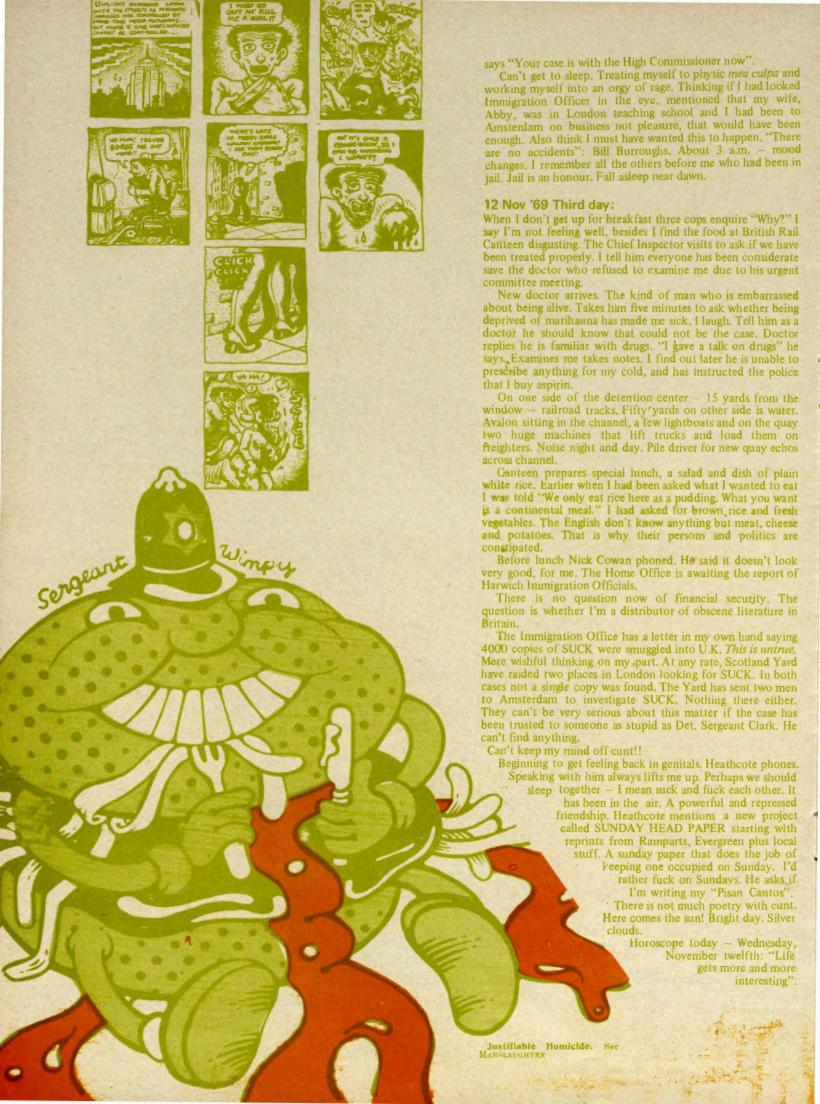
Visit by Brain Police.

Abby says both officials were kind and polite., i.e. impersonal. They asked whether she knew Willem de Ridder or Jim Haynes. They also thought it odd that Jim and I had some

Can't keep my mind off cunt. Abby can use her cunt muscles like a firm handshake pumping out the last drop of

sperm. Susan's cunt is warm and moist.

We are joined by an oriental about 25 years old of unknown nationality. The Kenyan, told before dinner he was to be deported on 10 p.m. ferry gets another reprieve. The cop



Mexander Chero's wife and daughter arrive. He is to be deported this evening. The Kenyan High Commission could do nothing. It's the first time he has seen his daughter, "I feel like

While having ten with Alexander, his wife Keylah and daughter Julie t receive a phone call from Peter Jackson, Member of Professional from some place He says Civil Liberties Union has seked time to look into my case. Tell him a bit about my self-dackson says in this day and age being held for

about myself discisor say in this day and age being held for pornography is discitous t ask he phone either fee heate or Abby for further information and for a copy of SUCK.

Alexander wite and daughter leave the is very dependent as sleepy. Alexander and wite spoke Swania rogether. First time I've heard a spoken let has three or four pounds sterling. Wants to get to stockholm these about getting a scholarship for post-graduate with a societory.

I fall asleep, When I make Alexander are goodbye and leaves. Deported to those of Holland, to the thoughton with a note to his wife.

to his wife.

My dearest wife Keynah, We unknown to an actual anknown Justeed or administration in Narrobi, we should be los e within , but the indiative of ourselves. It is not the governoon people acting on her own to akes a better world and inso doing makes a better poor. Thank you darlar, I love
you and our daughter tube.
Another termile B.R. Cane in dinner, beef and kidney pie
cellophane wrapped chees and tomy to sandwich, apple pie
and dishwate the All with maste.

Try to phone lim in the state of Jim speak with
Debbie Eriogram and process and the course of like As in

Debbie Friedman, Wonder have Jim phone the as Sure Kecler book. Will be get the n rat he

Make any bed. Top bunk left as you enter and settle down reading a book given to me by Alexander Chego called: "My shadow ran fast" by Bill Sands, An autobiography about age's son who winds-up in San Quentin, meets a kindle

warden, goes straight and has a lot of adventines.

Air, What phones again, Heathcore, Abby had a meeting the evening with Pefer Jackson, M.P. who described himself as a 19th century liberal, Heathcore says Jackson ignored him and directed attention to Abby. I think illustrates a revious of my position. He would like to deposted from England, Find out it was Harvey Matusow who got Civil Liberties (lines) to act on my behalf, frood old Harvey!

Impulsors from Paris the hasa i started the lecture because of a leachers stake. Asia was he scored money for

strike. Also says he scored money for

next issue of SUCK, SUCK fives!!

Abby phones, Says last three days have been very exerting for nor, e.g., this evening she was at House of Committies and has another appointment with Jackson M.P. tomortus they will have a comance. I think I'd like that. Abby have a girl cland in Amsterdam, I don't answer. Still w ks if I much in love with Abigail, with what we could be toget haven't been to a long name. A fortuous phone comerca for both of us. long name, there are a lot of women there, but Abby is something special. I'm same of that sure I've treated her bad

Looking at Susan's photo. She seems remote, something outside myself, or so much inside as to be indistinguishable from self. Do I love Susan? Or any self I see in her. Or did I fall into her an

or love?

Abbey asks me to prepare a dossier on my accame to London. Hate to account for muself and ic other people in that way.

Wherever I go walk, to

accompanied by a policema

Masturbated last night for first time in about three we

Wasn't satisfying. Not as good as mouth Reading Mordecai Richler's book, of laugh out loud twice. Recommend as a

Alone in detention center, Sleep.

Nov '69 Fourth Day

Morning cop is good natured. Woke may at 8230 and say I've been joined by countrymen. Two m

detention center. One American. One German, It is off-purting after being alone. Also joined by oriental who was deported day before last. Holland wouldn't take him either. Long row he will be brought to Heathrow and flown back to Hong Kong

Phone call to Abby, She is working very hard on my behalf. Phoning people and making contacts. Overcoming her shypess. After I hang-up friendly morning cop tells me if nothing further happens with my case I'm to be deported it 10 p.m. The American and German return to Holland at noon today. Horoscope for today "Good prospects, provided you are helpful and elastic in your decisions. Progress at work."

helpful and elastic in your decisions. Progress at work.

Man from Hong Kong farts loudly.

Policeman with Scottish accent takes me for a refreshing walk to Parkston Town. On the way back, we meet Chief Inspector who jokes he is going to the abobbie's helmet on me and put me to work. Return to detention center. Take a long shower on freighter docked 50 yards from front door.

A message that Michael phoned when I return from dinner, Flope he plunes again. Young con cadel tries to lead me into giving him Michael's surname. Momentarily tempted

by cheap police mick.

me what they are writing down in their books about no. The police were two logs; one at the door to detention from A to the Line come with telephone. Their contries, an example of the contries of bathtowel for washing. Looked in curboard. No bare loyel. Gave Mr. Lovy two hand

ally die to peak out Michael. He's been in jail would know what is long down with me, my

meat-body-brane-page.

Abby and Headieste phone from "Transatiantia Review" offices, they have compiled a design with letters of support from Lords, Ladies, M.P.), literary people and journalists. Tell them I'm to be deported it. If p. m.

Jay Landesman phones, Tell the his copies of SUCk were considered by sustaining when he returned from Denmark, A. S.

seized by customs when he returned from Denmark. Ash there anything he can do. The police ask are to identify the caller for their log book. I refuse. The matter is dropped.

manufaction Officer arrives to tell me I've been given another stay until tomorrow. Will this go on forever? A small place of my own private hell. Trapped in a scaless world

Peter Jackson, M.P. phones. He says my request for a visa denied due to distribution activities involved with UCK especially soing to Sex Fair in Copenhagen and having soon so SUCK seized at German border. Jackson says to has appointment temorrow with Mr. Merlyn Rees Deputy to Secretary. He hopes to get me a month to clear up affairs. Says I shouldn't hope for anything more.

Most depressing news I've heard. Feel worse now than I've elt, in it year. As if a crucial point has been reached that courses decisions I to imprepared to make. All the signs that ould mappen were there: last time I threw I-CHING it told of crion, when Martin read cards in Adam after we put iminal a gether first issue of SUCK, they told of temporary success llowed by disaster, and that dream last week; cought in the anches of a tree in a grassy area outside a large Babylonian temple that was "London" while headles clowns danced traud me laughing; the unseasonal monder and lightning and

of lost weekend.

intropy is winning.

Home Office describes my case as "unsavoury" Jackson M.P. is an O.K dud.

14 Nov '69 Fifth Day

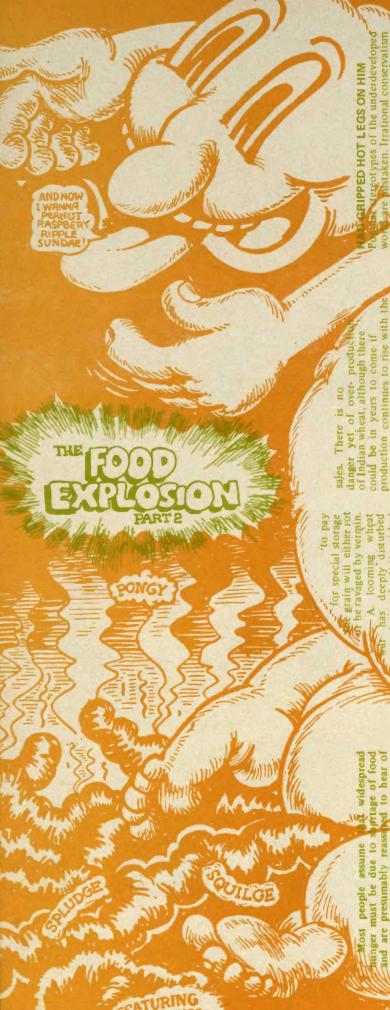
Wake up with K nyan Alexander Chege's deep bush voice in room. He has deported from England in the end, because of the pointeal general of Farm Laboure. Union, in Warsaw President of Foreign Students sociation. Dutch authorities told him since he was kept by England more than two days the Dutch are not obliged to accept that Dutch kept Chege in a small tell than sent him

House ope. "A very urgent matter turns out successfully" Chege is taken out to be deported again to holland on noon was a road. A commonwealth passport in U.K. approaches

phones. She tells me I'm to be deported at 10 p.m. for certain. My only choice is Contidued on page 8







em is not the paradox that this situation coexists with widespread market

protein-rich

hat so great is the desire of farmers to

crops and new ways of exploiting the sea. No doubt they are further relieved to learn

new fertilizers, new strains

dedicated efforts by scien

its to devise

oduction further, the only "solution" natural the stability of the world ma ution to the ister seems pen to them.

HORSE AT NIGHT

refactors. If the pundits introduce the talk about the illiterate perversity of the

at aspects of the question, it is usually

ays despite the opportunity to embrace

efforts of their scientific

The world's millions are out-

Hunger thus appears as a rechnological

soning him with their over-liberal use of

ticides and herbicides.

production,

pooj

ions of this occurred when the EEC roposed to levy a special tax on imported ils: this has provoked a clash with the astern countries who export Coconut of course only part of the cople," 17,000 pigs were being burnery week, to keep up thyprice of pork? ample being Europe's infamous "butter ountain," which gets more monstrous as he US, the nation of "10 million hungry eople," 17,000 pigs were being burne ughtered, and a programme to move At one stage in n the world scale, sugar, fruit and dairy plosion, in Oz 19), the most outrageous oducts. All the bright get-outs, of which it looks as though before will have to take drastic oduce are among the worst hit (See Food long series, seem of dairy orldwide food explosion. millions Wheat is ong the ecoming more and more asant farmer, who clings to his silly old cred cows are generally cited at this surely of some interest in this problem is surplus food. In all the rdensome, and millions of tons of excess iore enlightened mode of life. The Indian oint. Occasionally the world market's role process of capital cumulation in backward regions may rate wants of its entire population, for food and policies to restrict the amoun aced, yet the actual surpluse:

all of these considerations are, however

act that.

". hindering the

mention.

world problem production continues to rise with the great rapidity of the last few years. partly due to reduced imports into present, wheat, crisis is India, Russia, China and Pakistan. course, this is a and the But of

IN THE STILL STREET

sugar rationing at home, Cuba, the great been imposed, and all public holidays including Christmas "postponed" to cut "exporting revolution". But the capitalist Jamaica might then prove a more cane for export. Castro hopes to reach 10 million tons, though the actual attle twist is that the more sugar Cuba a novel connotation on the improved production help to aggravate each others' problems. Whatever happens, the world market is king, and idealistic, Jurn out, and the more prices consequently alall, the more poverty is worsened in surplus with its increased export. An ironic and the two idyllic islands would by their producer than it is today countries like Jamaica. Conceivably, such ountry could undergo a Castro-styl India ought to send its sug Perhaps India ought to send its su surplus to Cuba, where sugar rationing efficient sugar - epellion -

Jnion. The reason for their annoyance is National Farmers Reports that 50 tons of apples ictators can be only its playthings. Mimir are to be imported lave infuriated the

peasant farmers is negligible: the national competition and without having has been shown to be largely sensibly within the present agricultural system. apital in backward areas are likely to find to impose the shackles of wage-slavery on spur. But this process of capital-building Even the status of the Indian cov population increase a necessar for with the world social revolution it wil majority react with alacritybecome possible to treat the world as or always brutal, is no longer necessary toda ncerned about the growth reluctant peasants. regulating immense Frmit.

AND SUNG

he use of the term "aid" is like calling lock a philanthropist. A less misleading rarely give aid without an expectation of direct economic gain, and pointed out that country benefit "Britain nust be spent in the "donor" country bout "one per cent onishingly, many people serious ieve that "aid" refers to free hand-out fact the great bulk of official "aj the flurry least some tortured, "aid" would hastily plnow uletide

scover, for example, that there is a crisis overproduction of wheat, and that. Until world population rises sufficiently to increase the demand for wheat, land will have to be put to other use or lie fallow, perhaps for many years.

RRIBLE

pointed out that W. ave risen to four annual demand. John Cherrington in more wheat

ni sbuuoq tra subsidies told by wheat it provides

treferences in the news broadcasts, articles for the colour supplements, etc. It could the colour supplements etc. It could the be fascinating to observe the public for intalism's smug apologists. The Guardian is referred, to the oversupply of diary by aduce as the population explosion in away to the acomment at which one doesn't the stow whether to laugh or cry. that it would have

ANDING HITCHED.ALONE

as part of their "aid." One on for this is the particular which sounds extremely re likely reason is that such to dumping which would ey take out of rice mean either more ind, or a further surpluses in other It is an Giving somethin within a buying-and

safe from the dread ome products exacerbares the others, since nearly all foods substitutes for each other to

nitinues to rise co

ously recognize and refuse to the insanity of the buying and stem is astonishing. The NFU man would never dream of giving produce to people just because

h" goes on whilst nearl hungry. Frue, the surplu tence would not fee

tured to operate beings. Where ing, it is unwise of food is conomic system. In oled in application e immense

on account of their pudding."
This article has briefly touched
by aspect of the colossal waste of
Those who wish to size up the
he problem ought to consider.
these: between 1964 and 67

SWEET HIGH HUNGRY

The out little TV sets and we are among the lines.

New light on Sun sound Stars

I would like to correct some errors which were made in the article "America's Real Uncle Sam" by Robert Finnis (OZ, December 1969), but first may I express my opinion that Rock 'n' Roll - by this I mean 1950's Rock 'n' Roll, not Rock, Acid Rock or the new Rock Groups - should not be dealt with as a subject by the so-called "underground" publications such as yours. I do not mean by this that I object to the existence of OZ, etc., merely that I was under the impression that you stood for "Now", whereas Rock 'n' Roll is an integral part of a past age and is dead except for certain rare instances.

Now, before I offer my corrections, I must say that Robert's article was better than many I have seen on this subject. Had this not been the case I would not have bothered to reply, my "letters to the editor" career has been almost non-existent.

Wihout taxing my memory or checking through papers I shall now endeavour to correct some of the main errors in

Robert's article. First, Elvis. Sam Phillips did not have Elvis listen to Crudup's "That's alright" before recording it. Elvis, Bill Black and Scotty Moore had failed to make a successful take of any of the set session numbers and "That's alright" was a number that the trio were fooling around with during a break in recording. Sam liked this version and cut it. An interesting fact is that Carl Perkins was featuring this number on stage before Elvis recorded it. Although the late Dewey Phillips was, by legend, the first D.J. to give "That's alright" air time there is serious doubt that he was the VERY first to pla it on the air. Another note of interest is that although R. A. - Victor bought the masters of the Sun cuts the actual tapes were remixed by R.C.A. - Victor, therefore some of the "Sun' sound was lost on these rereleases. Sun records had more than one master of each track, one was found recently in Memphis - an Elvis master which is now somewhere in the U.K. Also the main side which Elvis recorded for his mother was "My happiness", not "Blue

I cannot fault much with the section on Johnny Cash, as

few hard facts are given. However, I am unable to agree with the statement that John was successful in the pop field without every veering from country material. The various use of chorus, both male and female, the piano style of Jack Clement - who also produced the majority of John's "pop" sessions on Sun - and sundry other gimmicks, were not at that time accepted as pure country. John himself was said at the time to be not happy with Clement's production techniques as applied to his

particular sound. Now on to Carl Perkins. It is ridiculous to state that it is doubtful whether Carl could have given Elvis a "run for his money". Carl not only gave Elvis a run, he left him standing! It was Carl's "Blue Suede Shoes" that received a gold disc for U.S. sales and topped the charts in all three categories, not Elvis'. Here in the U.K. Carl was only one place behind Elvis in the charts, in spite of the far superior promotion an publicity the Presley version received. An even more conclusive argument is that when Carl, Elvis and Johnny Cash had the same manager, Bob Neal, they all toured together. John would open the show, Carl next, with Elvis closing. During the tour Elvis got booed off the stage on three successive nights as the audience wanted — and got — Carl back. Elvis left the tour and has never appeared with Carl since. Carl had the advantages of being an accomplished guitarist, unlike Elvis, and an excellent dancer, bopping all over the stage, unlike the pelvic gyrations of Elvis. The record said to have been issued at the same time as "Blue Suede Shoes" "Sure to fall"/ "Tennessee" on Sun 235, wa never released. No record was issued on this catalogue

number. A brief word on the cooking of the sounds - quote: "what went into the mikes was very diffent to what came out in the booth". Have mercy, the current son-of-a-bitch sounds have more electronic aids used on one album than nearly all the Sun catalogue put together. Take a REAL listen to the earlier Sun cuts and you will hear bum notes, background noises and voices, even the odd guitar string breaking! Hear any of that on todays "reality"

records? NEVER! Today so much attention is paid to editing, splicing and general patching-up.

Before going on to the

Jerry Lee section I would like to thank Robert for suprisingly nice opening words on Jerry, and congratulate him on being only the second person to point out the age of Priscilla Beaulieu when Elvis began dating her as a comparison to the 1959 Jerry Lee 'scandal"! Only two real mistakes here, the only others are ones of omission. "Crazv arms"/"End of the road" was not the flop that Robert made it appear. It sold very well in the South. Althought this was Jerry's first commercial record he had made demos before, and been for auditions, but had always been turned down as the record companied were afraid to take a chance with his new wild sound which was, like Presley's, too near a so-called coloured sound for white Southern audiences. Anyone who knows Jerry will realise that any resemblance between his sound and the coloured sound was a complete accident and totally unintentional! Anyway, it wasn't until he heard Elvis on Sun that he thought here was the one man, Sam Philips, who might listen. Jerry went up to Memphis and sat outside 706 Union Avenue proclaiming that he would not move until he got an audition. The rest is well-known history. When he joined Sun he was, unlike the rest of Sam's roster of talent, already a seasoned performer, this being the probable reason why he sounds more "in control" on his records than the rest. The disc "The Return of Jerry Lee" was not issued for the main reason stated, but was released with the INTENTION of attracting small sales returns, as one of Jerry's ex-wives was claiming more alimony because of Jerry's great popularity and earnings, so he wanted a disc to flop so he could say his latest record brought small royalties. The flip, "Loui's Boogie", is not an instrumental as stated, but a vocal and piano work-out that is now recognised as a Jerry Lee classic. The only instrumental disc by Jerry Lee ever issued was "In the mood"/"I get the blues when it rains" on Sun's sister company Phillips' International, Phillips' catalogue numbe the name of "The under

The reference to "Red headed woman"/"We wanna boogie" by Sonny Burgess being laughable, amusing and too primitive is a sad insult to this record and leads me to the assumption that Robert does not truly know and understand the Sun magic. True, if you are basing your opinion on the technical mertis of this disc, it is a bad record, but the beat, overall sound and sheer exuberance that comes from these two tracks make it a double sider no fan of true Rock 'n' Rell should be without. When Carl Perkins was asked who backed Sonny on these two tracks he said "Oh he (Sam Phillips) probably dragged them in off the street He did things like that you know". Despite Robert finding it an amusing disc it sold very well in the South, without making the national charts.

Apart from the two quoted stories on how "Blue Suede Shoes" was composed there is a third one that says Carl wrote it on a sack while he was still a baker in Jackson, Tennessee. It is doubtful whether Carl himself remembers how he wrote it, as before it became a hit the song was just one of many. For instance, "Movie Magg", the flip of his first record, was written by Carl at the age of twelve. The story of Elvis backing Billy Riley is a growth of something heard by someone who wasn't listening closely enough. Billy calls out the name "Alvin", NOT "Elvis".

The original Sun studios at 706 Union Avenue have not been pulled down, at least not as late as August 1969, as I have photographs of them taken during that month. The building is, however, now deserted. When Sun left 706 Union the building was used by other small record companies, among these being the "Memphis" label, who recorded Eddie Bond in these studios. By coincidence Eddie had an album of religious numbers issued on the Phillips' International label!

In closing I would like to say that I hope this has helped shed a little more light on the history of the Sun label and has been of interest to some of you.

Stay cool, The Mad Skulker.

OZ-bog paper of the mind

Dear O7

My friend and myself are baffled with regard to your article about the 'Rape of a Virgin by a Leper' in OZ 25.

Now, if this is a true and

correct testimonial, we feel that you have added yet another 'Gem' to your sick, sadistic publication; if this is untrue and dug up from the past and similied as a newspaper article (The Sun??) then we feel that a trip to the local psychiatrist for sadistic tendencied people is called for; if this is untrue and The Sun don't know you have printed this under such a guise, then I hope, and I know my friend and many others would agree undoubtedly, that they sue you until this 'underground' shit is no more.

Please don't get the idea that I am an aging fuddy duddy spinster with hang-ups about the Underground Press nor my friend - I am a 19 year old, perfectly healthy reader of IT, Rolling Stone etc., and enjoy most of the current progressive bands. I am, and I speak for my friend, thoroughly and etterly disousted that fuckers like you lot can be allowed to wallow in someone's (if it's true and not a figment of your imaginations or the print room's equipment) agony and misfortune (for want of better words).

Your record reviews were good; Hippocrates was interesting; Smalls was informative, but we now will stop reading your toilet paper which would be an insult to our arses and wish you every downfall in the New Year.

yours A. Dean

(no address supplied)
I have deleted my address from the head of this letter as I am not quite sure if you can take action for such insulting behaviour via me and my pal, o please excuse blockouts it'll remind you of your own minds.

I agree entirely with my friend. You lot are sick, just sick. It was just filthy, barism, shit and I hope you wallow in your own sick. Sadists!

Irene.



Pen Pals Corner

Reading about Ibiza (Dec.) inspires me to write and tell of a similar scene further East. This year two chicks and I got enough bread together (parents can be useful sometimes!) and flew to Eilat (Israel) to see what was happening out there.

I'll never regret going. The people there have really got a beautiful scene going - and no fuzz hang round there - only soldiers, who score themselves, anyway.

The people there feed you if you are hungry - and hash is Oh so publicly. smoked Tourists keep away I think they're atraid of us. The sky blends with the mountains colours, and everything is peaceful. Met a guy and many others there who turned me on for the first time - and my yes were opened.

But now back in my own

secure suberbia (how d'you spell it anyway?) I have become confused. The change has been too quick. I am only 15, I don't know what I'm doing and I have no one to show me the way anymore. If anybody recognises this as the same scene they have been through, I would be grateful if they'd write to me (genuine people). If I don't talk to someone soon I'll just flip.

respond please C. Boyde

P.S. I cannot get any shit either, my friends have split to other lands, they are free, by some law which makes them independant to their parents. (over 18 etc, etc).

P.P.S. I sold my record player to make part of my fare - and I'm lonely now

I, Lovatt Close, Edgeware, Middlesex.

Caroline is nice

Dear Oz.

In reply to the letter from Richard, Martin, John, Carol and "1000's more", with the caption "Caroline does a nasty" I would like to correct them on a few very important points.

When they came to see us it was I who spoke to them and Caroline only joined the conversation when she saw that they were leaving our office unhappily. I am not even mentioned in their letter, let alone attacked, and the whole tone of it seems to be weighted against Caroline.

What I said to them is what we have to tell everybody when they come in with an offer of this kind. We only have to do this because in the past our experiences have been so unfortunate. Organizers, the groups, and their audiences are our friends, and we like to make sure that everybody gets a fair deal, but in the past big name groups have helped with Release benefits, travelling to some remote place to do a gig, often for nothing or only for expenses. They are left with the impression that they have done all in their power to help us, but we have never seen any of the proceeds. I can only remember two occassions on which we have received anything from a benefit. One amount was only a quarter of what we had been led to expect, and the other was a £10 cheque which initially bounced. Sometimes we only hear of an impending Release benefit when we read the publicity in the press.

remember saying Richard that because we would rather not have the name of Release used in the publicity, it did not mean that they would have to call the event off, and not put on a groovy show. They should make the niceness of the show their priority and use the profits, if any, for whatever cause they wanted.

What I also did not like was the implication that they were treated in an off hand way. If there was a fuck up it would have been because when they first contacted us, both Caroline and myself were away, and it was the right thing to refer them to us on our return. I did not know till I saw them that they had already been to see us once and only when they came again were we able to apologise for any inconvenience caused by their

second visit. The message that had reached both of us was that there were some people who wanted to come up and talk sout a benefit, heither of us had any idea that there might be any distance and inconvenience involved; or that any energy and goodwill had already been spent. In their letter they ask whether Caroline could not have said all this on the phone, and that they wish she would stop and think. If either Caroline or myself had been available at the time of their initial enquiry we would still have invited them to come and talk to us as it is not always easy for people to understand our point of view and we would rather explain it to them personally than on the telephone.

Release does need bread and we really appreciate offers for help from anybody. Our concern is not to dampen any good will but to really make the most of it. There are many ways of raising money and one of these should certainly be through the underground pop scene, but the outlay involved in making a worthwhile profit is substantial. It is really hard to look at some of the vast profits that are made by the pop industry and to understand why it can't be done by everybody, but there is a world of difference between setting up a groovy scene which pays for itself and announcing it as a henefit without knowing whether it's going to make a profit or not.

We are running Release on a shoestring with no regular source of income and it is an uphill struggle. Sometimes it is very difficult when people offer to help to know exactly how they can best do so. This is why we have made a widespread appeal for cigarette coupons and trading stamps, so that a person, whatever his means, may contribute and help keep us going, as it is always great to hear from sympathizers.

One thing which hinders the underground getting together community services or good entertainments is the writing of paranoid letters as appeared in the last Oz. I feel it is unfair to attack Caroline for something admittedly unfortunate, but unavoidable. Isn't it better to get together to discuss complaints with the people against whom they are made?

love Rufus Harris.

LENNON/ONO

with The Plastic Ono Band



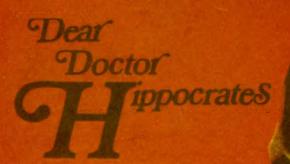
INSTANT KARMA!

%Who has seen the wind?

Produced by Phil Spector

Ritten, Recorded, Remixed 27th Jan 1970

APPLE RECORDS APPLES 1003



Onestion: Because I work full time, am a part-time student and at the same time try something's got to give

I find myself whittling away hours from sleep, hoping to "train" myself to manage on 5 wonder whether this can go on

my mid-thirlies I've never attained a particulary stable life pattern. And I don't seem to have the kind of body awareness that a lot of the younger crowd have. Haif of the time I don't know whether I really feel well. I know when I feel very very good or very

P.S. My father carried on an enormously busy and streadul medical practice, slept 4 hours a night and lived to be 71.

Answer: Body awareness tochseveral years at the Esaten Institute. Some of these methods are described in Bernard Gunther's Sensory

and feelings may be achieved in many ways. You could change your surroundings at periodic intervals, for example. The original trip is a trip. A vace-

The average person sleeps 7 to 8 hours a night. Some people seem to do well with a little less sleep. Older indivi-

younger people.

But candles burned at both

ends don't last very long.

Question: Whenever my boy-friend and I have intercentries.

against my body.

In addition to this being painful to him, the slapping sound is so amusing that we have to momentarily stop because we start laughing.

We have thought of taping any other solution to our problem?

Answer: There is certainly a place for humour in sex but if

Question: Why does my left Answer: Medical research has uncovered the fact that "leftier" predominate in this part of the male anatomy. The

My blond continuous trons

at a time, several times thoughout the year (maybe this is a sexual question after

during these periods. Are you facing pressures from voltool-

exercise followed by a warm both gives relief from insomnia. Relying on drops like alcohol-

Aithough I have a normal separated from him for more than a week, as occasionally happens, I find I have to resort to masturbation to keep my body quiet. If I do not do this, I find myself getting very tense

but it nover gives me anything like the pleasure that I find in real love-making, even on those occasions when I cannot achieve orgasm and my chief pleasure is pleasing my lover

and satisfying him.

I would like to know whether there is any physio-logical basis for this, or

all in my head.

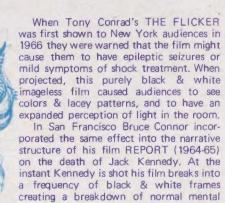
Answer: Masturbation is a normal means of sexual release. In HUMAN SEXUAL KESPONSE, Masters and Johnson report that, physio-logically, an "orgasm is an orgasm", however it is greater satisfaction when sex is shared with another person.

"I don't care what Masters & Johnson found in their research, it's up here that counts", my secretary wisely pointed out, tapping her head,

DEAR DR. HIPPOCRATES as a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press \$5.

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the event. These films are striking examples of New Cinema, abandoning the literary encumberances of novels & plays that have restricted the aesthetics of Hollywood films for so long. They are aimed directly at the senses, bypassing intellectual preconceptions, & are the result of a renewed interest in the essential nature of film, upon the fact that movies are in fact a series of still pictures projected sequen-

processes & the illusion of fleeting colours

telling than a photographic simulation of

an uncanny simulation of death far more

tially in a linear time scale.

These days the established "speed" of film thru projectors is 24 frames per second (or often 25 frames per second to allow more accurate scanning by television systems). But the 24 frames that pass thru the projector do so at an intermittent rate — each is stopped in the apperture or "gate"

of the projector for approximately a fiftieth of a second before moving on, and while the next frame is being pulled into position there is approximately a fiftieth of a second of darkness while the "gate" is shut.

In normal states of perception the eye does not see these periods of darkness, nor does it perceive the picture on the screen as a still frame. In fact, after the gate is shut & the next frame is being pulled into position, the image is still retained on the retina, and when the next frame appears, it is superimposed in the eye, giving the illusion of continuous movement. This is the essential illusion of the movies, long taken for granted by film-makers, but now being re-explored in order to create new states of consciousness.

Antonin Artaud saw the peyote rituals of the Mexican Indians, and the mystical theatre of the orient, and demanded a western theatre that created 'a delirium that is communicative'. Such a theatre did not appear until very recently when American artists, inspired by LSD experiences, created multi-media lightshow environments that expanded the senses, and created the very communicative delirium that Artaud hungered for.

The ancient Hindus discovered the power of *mantras*, words which when repeated constantly set up a brain rhythm which leads to expanded consciousness. In organising the rhythmic patterns of the frames of their films, film-makers of the New Cinema are achieving the same results. Californian film-maker Jordan

Belson, a yogi deeply immersed in Eastern mysticism creates his films "not to be seen, but to be experienced", and this could be said of a whole range of current West Coast work, as often as not emanating from acid experiences as from yogic contemplation.

Scott Bartlett's MOON 69, recently shown in London, utilises mutliple printing & controlled frame frequencies to simulate the Apollo splashdown, in a way far more telling than any of the "live" to coverages.

This film makes extensive use of the optical printing machine, which has become more characteristic of recent filmmaking than any camera technique. Basically a camera connected to a projector for rephotographing filmed material, the optical printer has in the past been relegated to such rudimentary functions as titling, or montage sequences, the only Hollywood concession to experimentation. The demands of television commercials, with the need for compression of information & maximum stimulation within a short period of time, have led to extensive use of the optical printer, and a new film grammer which abandons established notions of continuity & time structures.

Recent use of home-made optical printers, such as in Los Angles film-maker David Laurie's PROJECT ONE, give filmmakers freedom to photograph single frames over & over again, altering imageperception rates in a way totally different from the slow motion achieved by speeding the rate at which objects are photographed by the "live" camera, or by slowing the rate at which they pass thru the projector. The most frequent application of this technique is the freeze frame, by which an action is frozen and held stationary on the screen for some time to drive home its significance. Truffaut used it to end 400 BLOWS and Hollywood quickly integrated it into its vocabulary. But film-makers such as Laurie are not merely freezing single frames, but repeating sequences of frames, elongating movements in time, playing on retinal superimpositions, forcing attention beyond the action into the whole texture of the film.

Most of the experiments of the American underground have been largely visual, partly because of the expense of sound recording, & partly in reaction to the literary monopolisation of Hollywood since the acvent of sound. Stan Brakhage has been most influential in leading filmmakers to abandon sound altogether from their films. Most of hs films are silent, & his current work in progress, SCENES FROM UNDER CHILDHOOD, has sound 'for study purposes only' to be removed from the complete version of the film.

However, sound experimentation, developed so extensively thru the imagination of engineers & composers of affluent electric rock groups, is becoming an increasing concern ofunderground filmmakers. Oakland filmmaker Barry Spinello is working in the almost-forgotten area of 'visual sound' — sound created by printing shapes directly onto film.

Most film soundtracks are optically printed, with the sound waves being converted into light modulations & printed in a thin strip alongside the image on the

film. A light in the projector this printed strip & reconverts the light modulations into sound modulations. Spinello dispenses with the first process, creating light modulations directly onto the film. He did this initially by drawing them onto the film, meticulous work which had strict limitations. Many years ago Norman McLaren did this by photographing drawn sound and printing it on the film in the usual way. But Spinello wanted a direct relationship with the image, & since he had drawn his image directly onto the film he wanted the sound to be an extension for the same creative process. The desire for control of sound & image frequency led him to use pre-printed stick-on mesh patterns manufactured for graphic artists (the letraset variety). This gives him controlled image patterns which can be duplicated exactly on the soundtrack to give an image-sound correlation as in his recent SOUNDTRACK (1969). More recently he has been working on some film loops which have been used in John Cage music concerts in California.

These days, when television has become the most available means of seeing films, audiences have virtually abandoned cinemas. When they do go, the commercialisation of distribution ensures that they are fully prepared for what they are going to see, & since this cinema tends to share a common aethetic with novels and plays, they tend to get cinema which gives mild

exercise to their minds.

Film-makers in California and elsewhere are no longer content to fill this function of dull aperitifs to life, and are aiming at films which change peoples' lives. They are resorting to methods which are closely allied to experiments with consciousnessexpanding drugs, and are affecting peoples' consciousness in similar ways. At the moment most of their experiments are being restricted from audiences in the same way that LSD and other drugs are, but because of the slightly different attitude taken to cinema by the protectors of our morality, we have a greater chance of breaking thru. Young people are making the effort to go to Arts Labs and underground cinemas where these films are being shown, and young people are having their consciousness expanded. Their imageperception rate is further developed than their parents, and they see images on screen that are just blurs to their parents. They are creating a demand which will stimulate production & lead to far-reaching discoveries.

Film has developed little since the early experiments at the end of the last century. Equipment used today differs very little from that used to create the films of

Griffith & Chaplin. But things are changing rapidly, with film assuming a greater importance then ever before. The Apollo men found film indispensible, and the demands of interstellar flight will lead to advances in equipment until now stultified by the limitations of Hollywood. With new equipment new perceptions will be possible, & new discoveries will lead to a universal expansion of consciousness beyond present dreams.

Albie Thoms

FLOGGING CRITICS

way one's book was published, sold, received by the critics, etc, is no way to pass the time. Those letters you see from authors, written in immense sorrow that scarcely hides the anger, make the writer look mor pathetic than the critic: 'Mr X is, of course, entitled to his opinion, but 4 would like to point out that when he quotes from my book, he distorts my whole meaning." Overground readers couldn't care less. But the underground is etting very good at nderstanding how things work, and the more knowledge there is, the better. I'm writing this, then, not as an apology in any sense, but as a report on how things went.

My book THE LIMITS OF PROTEST was published by Victor Gollancz on January the 8th. It was originally going to be published last autumn, but my editor said it would never get reviews then, with all the Xmas rush, and that January was a great month because the critics had nothing good to read. I didn't object to that - not that it would have made any difference - but I was violently critical of the price they charged: fifty bob. For a book of 288 pages, that's too much, but my editor said they would earn the money they'd paid me they a paid me quicker, and that it was the right price to the people who'd want it. He wasn't particularly happy about the style of the book — he said it was turned — but he turgid - but he couldn't suggest any way in which i could improve it. We had a

it would get big reviews.
It did. I got two raves — Michael Foot in the STANDARD and Dennis Potter in THE TIMES — and yards and yards of space elsewhere: all the weeklies except THE SPECTATOR, the Sundays, and

few arguments about

content, all of which answered to his

wouldn't commit himself when I asked

him what he thought of the book, but said

lovely stuff in non-London papers like THE SCOTSMAN, THE IRISH TIMES and the like. THE DAILY TELEGRAPH attacked it over three columns on its leader-page; the MORNING STAR artacked it over four. At least I wasn't discriminated against. Even if this was a

complaining piece, so far there hasn't been at thing to complain about. Yet when I went to my editor with a new idea for a bools — with all that attention he'd been keen to commission much to took was doing. I said I hadn't seen it in some shops that it ought to have been in, like in the Charing Cross Road, and he said he'd see to that (nothing's happened). But, said he, it wasn't selling because I just hadn't been and a to write clearly enough. The reviews, he maintained, bore him

Now I'm not going start quoting reviews that prove him utterly wrong, because that's boring. Bot critics did NOT agree with him. I took nearly two years to write the book, he took two weeks to go over it with a toothcomb, and couldn't suggest any radical changes. Could t possibly be that the price charged and the way in which his firm distributed the book had something to do with it not selling? - Well, all publishers

Well, all publishers have too much to do and do the best job they can, and do and every move they make. And all authors complain — it's the most usual topic of convarsation amonist publishers. I know because I was one. But publishers cover themselves by saying they give each book INDIVIDUAL ATTENT (ON, which is what makes publishing a "profession", not a "trade" And that's crap. They don't have time, or courage, or knowledge, or professionalism enough to sur that each book is properly taken care of. While no other viable way of getting what you write to the public exists, publishing

ought to live up to its promises. Or we ought to find a better way of doing things, such as a direct-mail book club of original writing, or — as suggested by B. S. Johnson — a sort of writers' co-operative where the members control the means of production, distribution, and exchange.

But if publishing's bad, reviewing's worse. I was warned to expect good and bad notices, especially as the book is critical both of "the system" and those who protest against it - subjects against if — subjects on which every thinking person might be expected to have an opinion, I was told that it was a favour in trick of a critic to take a sentence out of context and hold it up to ridicule. They did. And here I am beginning to sound like the author who writes letters to the editor. But what is most strange is that those people on the Left who should have understood what I was trying to say distorted my views just as badly as those on the Right or Centre. You would TELEGRAPH to ridicule the idea that "all Western communities are in the grip of what he [me] calls 'the system' or 'the straight society which has command

of all instruments of

Ordinary people are

grip." You might even

anonymous reviewer in the TLS to criticize

my style, albeit in a

stifled in the system's massive

control and

communication.

consider worse than
my own. The TLS
man called me
usually plain wrong"
but then brings in
opinions, not facts.
Chris Myant in the
MORNING STAR
said "the book suffers
from one great fault
— a lack of historical
understanding of the
types and possibilities
of revolutionary
activity." Anyone
who reads the last
two chapters, on
radicals and
revolutionaries and on

should emerge with a greater knowledge about the immediate history of current protest than before. I emphasise that the mood and tone of contemporary protest is new because there is a new consciousness around, one impatient f talk, and dogma, and bureaucracy. Maybe the MORNING STAR, the paper of the British Communist Party, is upset because I dismiss the role of the Communist Parties in hastening the revolution. Anyone who was in France in May '68 knows what a fuck-up the PCF made. Is the British CP's historical understanding making revolutionaries of us

Peter Cadogan, one of the founders of the Committee of 100, also went on about my ignorance of history. He claimed that "It was the Direct Action Committee, the Committee of 100 and Zengakuren that gave birth to the mood and practice of do-it-yourself politics in the years 1958-61 This is quite beyond Peter Buckman who wearing neo-Marxist blinkers and looking at the LATER developments in the USA writes: 'Only in America did a movement of dissent grow that was a radical departure from the past.' None, so blind ..." Well, Mr. Cadogan sir, if you see the same mood amongst the squatters, the VSC, the sit in students, and above all amongst the underground that the underground that you saw ten years ago, then your perspective is very peculiar. The Committee of 100 was fine, but both it and CND land I'm and You you was to be the committee of 100 was fine, but both it and CND land I'm your young sorry, I'm now going to quote myself) were tightly disciplined, with elected officers and a reasonably efficient oureaucracy. Both emphasised planning, co-ordination, 'thinking aftead', getting the 'right sort of publicity' and the responsibility of adherents for abidim by decisions taken centrally." There are still groups, especially on the sectorian Left, who go by those sort

of ideas. But they've been no more successful than those of ten years ago. Today's protest initiatives are MA KING history, not abiding by its precedents:

Perhaps most

interesting of all were

the two long review in the NEW STATESMAN and THE LISTENER. Paul Foot in the first and D A N Jones in the second both took me to task for for saking "class analysis". Both maintained that when I talk about the French events of May, I only discuss the students. Mr Jones said that I displayed 'no interest in social ownership, no interest in capital's struggle with labour"; Paul, talking about France, said that "Nowhere does be discuss the interaction or, more important, the lack of interaction, of such movements with the continuing struggle of workers to bett their standard of living. There is nothing, or almost nothing, about unofficial strikes productivity deals, organisations." Now I'm not going to bore you by quoting the number of pages I devote to working-class struggles, union sell-outs, and the difficulties students have had in getting to the workers and vic versa - take it from me there's lots. As far as I know I'm the only English writer to talk at length about the setting-up of the self-governing community in the town of Nantes, where workers, students, and farmers combined to run an entire town for a few days in May 1968. I go on and on about the dangers of underground communes not being able either to combine with neighbourhood neighbourhood workers or avoid living off them and being attacked by them. All that's in the book. What's saddest is that my Left critics have used my book as an excuse to parade their own ideas without being affected in the slightest by mine. slightest by mine All that may be

considering the length I devote to analysing the workings of "the devote to enalysing the workings of "the system" which Paul Foot gives me backhanded credit for — it's a pity none of my Left wing critics seemed to have grosped the simple point that the old. Marxist analysis of the class struggle no longer has the longer has the relevance it did. Sure, capital is still exploiting labour like crazy.— and incidentally it's madness for woman's liberation fighters to forget this. But what is going on in protest that is slowly but surely changing the climate bears less and less resemblance to a class struggle: it's a struggle for CONSCIOUSNESS. It's the kids, and the blacks, and the underground who are making all the running. They're up against "the system" and out to destroy it - but not because of their status as an economic class. Those who are most exploited in those terms are the most reactionary - look at factory workers, not all of them, to be sure, but AS A CLASS

I wrote a book that criticized much protest strategy, so 's hardly surprising that I get attacked by those I criticized. I emphasise again that I'm not complaining. But the whole treatment that my book has got, and the ay in which it was way in which it was published, should make you think twice before wanting to be published in this manner. In a way it's a demonstration of one of the things in the book the TELEGRAPH indiculed: that "the system" kills new ideas stone dead by its consensual attitude. Let some of those Lefties review this, they say - and the sad thing is the result is just the same as if they'd been Right. Well, you must buy the book - but wait till it comes out in paperback in a few months time. And meanwhile let's try and work out a better way of getting our writing to the public After all, I want to write another book

Peter Buckman





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he Chicago Conspiracy trial - that laugh-a-minute farce which has been packing courtrooms for the last few months. Defence witnesses have included Arlo Guthrie, Timothy Leary, Allen Ginsberg, Judy Collins, Ed Sanders (an ex Fug), Country Joe McDonald, Paul Krassner, Mark Lane, Anne Kerr MP, Mayor Daley and Norman Mailer. That the proceedings of this extraordinary trial (fascinating, quite apart from the celebrity roll call) have been studiously ignored by Fleet Street is typical of its inability to appreciate the international orientation of today's youth. The eight prisoners in the dock in Chicago (minus Bobby Seale, now in gaol for contempt of court) are pitting their culture of long hair, communalism, dope and fucking in the streets against the death culture of big business, success, whisky and fucking the Vietnamese.

These transcripts were made available to OZ with the help of Mike Gold of the Conspiracy

COUNTRY JOE AT THE CONSPIRARY TRIAL

THE CLERK: You will remove

your gum, sir.
THE WITNESS: What gum? THE CLERK: That you are

THE WITNESS: I am afraid that I don't have any gum. THE CLERK: You may be seated,

MR, KUNSTLER: (the defence

lawyer) Would you state your full

THE WITNESS: Country Joe.
MR. KUNSTLER: What is your occupation?

THE WITNESS: I am a minister in the New Universal Life Church. I am a rock and roll star, I am a producer of phonograph records. Father, husband, leader of a rock and roll band. Singer, composer, poet, owner of a publishing company, and a few other things.

MR. KUNSTLER: Do you currently have a rock and roll THE WITNESS: Yes, I do. MR. KUNSTLER: What is the name of that band?

THE WITNESS: Country Joe and the Fish.

MR. SCHULTZ: (the prosecutor) For the record may we have the witness's full name? Country Joe is

really not sufficient.
THE COURT: (the amazing Judge Hoffman) I am assuming that his Christian name is Country. He is

under oath. He was asked his name.
MR. SCHULTZ: It might be the name he uses and not the name that was originally his.
THE COURT: Is Country your first

name?
THE WITNESS: Yes.
THE COURT: That is your first name or Christian name, is that

THE WITNESS: Some people call

me Country, yes. THE COURT: What is your real

THE WITNESS: Country.
THE COURT: You say some
people call you that. What is your

THE WITNESS: I am afraid I don't understand what real means.

THE COURT: What is the name were you baptized? THE WITNESS: No I wasn't.

THE COURT: What were you called when you went to school as a

THE WITNESS: Joe.
THE COURT: Joe?
THE WITNESS: Yes.
THE COURT: What was your

family name?
THE WITNESS: McDonald.
THE COURT: And your family name is now McDonald, is that

THE WITNESS: Yes, it is.

THE COURT: How do you spell it? THE WITNESS: M-c-D-o-n-a-l-d. THE COURT: McDonald, that is what your family name is. Is that

THE WITNESS: Yes. THE COURT: And you are familarly known as Country Joe, is that right? THE WITNESS: Country Joe McDonald, yes. Joseph sometimes. MR. KUNSTLER: I call your attention to – let me withdraw that artention to — let me withdraw that answer. Do you know Jerry Rubin? THE COURT: No, not the answer. You withdraw the question.
MR. KUNSTLER: I mean withdraw the question. THE COURT: I just wanted you to know I was listening to you.
MR. KUNSTLER: I just did it to see if you were. . Do you know Jerry Rubin? THE WITNESS: Les, I know Jerry MR, KUNSTLER: Can you identify him at the table? THE WITNESS: He is the one with

the red pants on. Mr. KUNSTLER: When did you

Mr. KUNSTLER: When did you first meet Jerry Rubin? THE WITNESS: I met Jerry Rubin in 1964, October 15, the march to End the War in Vietnam, the march held in Berkely, California.

MR. KUNSTLER: Did you participate in that march yourself? Mr. SCHULTZ: Objection, your

THE COURT: I sustain the

Mr. KUNSTLER: Now, I call your attention to Abbie Hoffman. Do you know him?

THE WITNESS: There he is. He is the handsome fellow in the handsome jacket
THE COURT: May I suggest to

you, Mr. Witness, when you are asked to identify anybody here, either you may step down, you can point to him, or you may describe him by his apparel but do not characterize him as being handsome or in any other such manner.
THE WITNESS: I am sorry, I have never been in a trial before. THE COURT: I accept your

apology.

MR. KUNSTLER: Do you recall when you first met Abbie

Hoffman?
THE WITNESS: Yes, I first mct
Abbie Hoffman at the meeting in
the Chelsea Hotel in New York.
At that meeting was Jerry
Rubin, Abbie Hoffman, myself, my
manager, Banana Ed Benson, Irwin
Silver, Barbara Dane. Silver, Barbara Dane.
MR. KUNSTLER: Was there a discussion at the Chelsea Hotel?
THE WITNESS: We had a very long discussion. The meeting had been called to discuss the proposed Yippie! Convention in Chicago, to be held in Chicago. We never — we hadn't heard much about it, and so we all met and we were staying at we all met and we were staying at the Chelsea Hotel in New York and we met to discuss the Yippie! happening thing in Chicago. Jerry Rubin said to me, "We feel that the Democratic Convention being held in Chicago is a very important political event in the country, and that it represents fascist forces in America, opression of minority groups, continuation of the war in Vietnam, and actual celebration of death, that the Democratic Convention being held in Chicago will be a celebration of death in will be a celebration of death in that all of those things which are held in high esteem by the establishment, political parties in the country, are those things which represent death and oppression, and that it was the responsibility of those people, young people, who are concerned with freedom in America to try to do something in Chicago which would counter-balance the evil and negative vibrations from the Democratic Convention and that since I had written the Vietnam since I had written the vietnam Rag, which has become the most well known song against the war in Vietnam, and that my group was very influential with young people of America, amongst the youth, that it was very important that we try to say something in Chicago which would be positive, natural, human, and loving, in order to let

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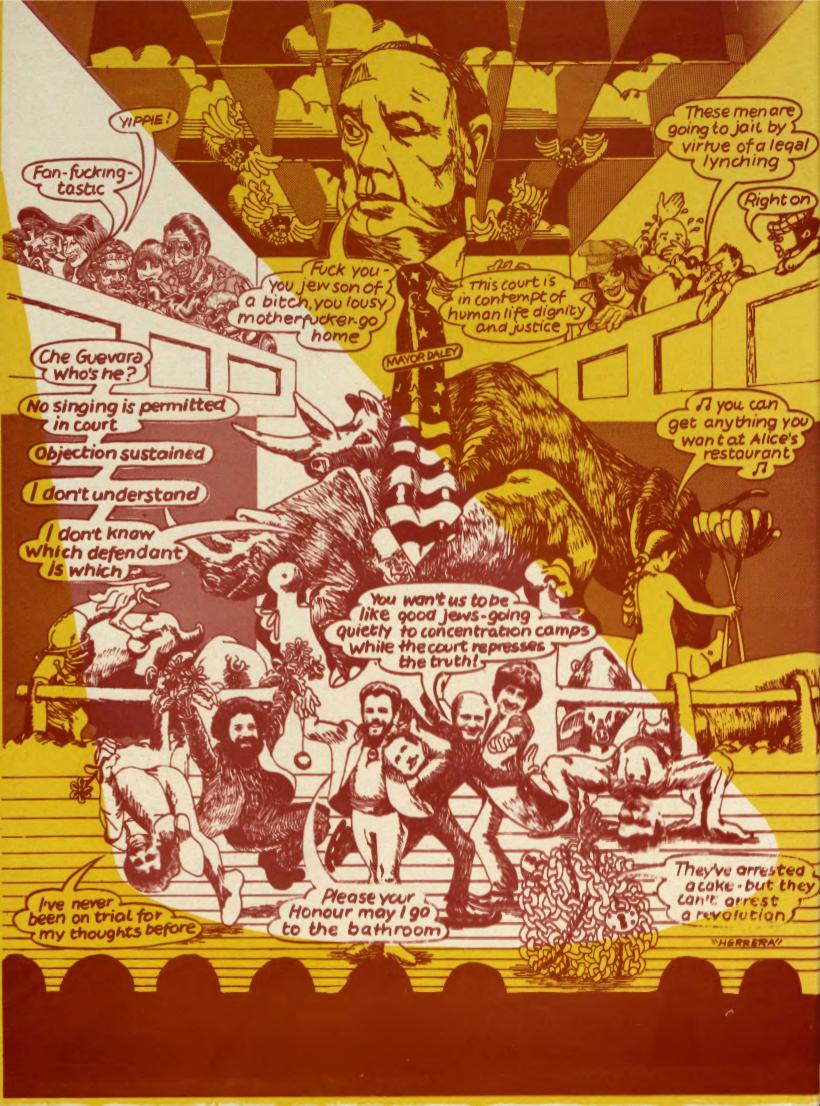
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there are people in America who are not tripped out on ways of thinking which result only in oppression and fear, paranoia and

At that point Abbie Hoffman wanted to know what the song was, and then I - then I sang the song.

(He sings)
"And it's one, two, three, what are we fighting for?

The next stop is Vietnam.

And it's THE COURT: No, no, no, Mr.

Witness. No singing. THE COURT: Mr. Marshal -

(the marshal goes over to Country Joe and puts his hand on Joe's chin to close his mouth.)

BY MR. KUNSTLER: Do you remember that the next time that you saw Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin was, after Stony Brook?
A. Yes. I met with Abbie Hoffman,
Jerry Rubin, Ed Sanders, Nancy, my wife Robin was there, at Jerry Rubin's apartment in the East Village in New York.

Jerry Rubin asked me how I was doing in getting response for the Yippie! festival.

I informed him that since our original meeting at the Chelsea Hotel I had talked to people and I had talked to other bands, and I found that they were constantly relating to me stories of orders in Chicago for the police to shoot on sight in regards to the racial riots of that month, that at least two thousand civilian vigilantes were being authorized as deputies to arrest all trouble makers around the convention, that the National Guard was being assembled to prevent people from getting close to the convention hall, that the sewers of Chicago were being prepared as dungeons to put demonstrators in, that generally the vibrations around Chicago were very, very uptight and getting worse, that there was a possibility of incredible brutality, maliciousness, and fascistic type tactics on the part of the police force, and that I was having a hard time getting people to be responsive to the possibilities of anything positive happening in Chicago during the Democratic Convention.

Jerry Rubin then asked me if I had any ideas about other types of people that we could have come to

the convention.

I suggested circus performers, jugglers, clowns, the Harlem Globe Trotters, and many other things

positive groups and entertainment groups that could possibly show up in Chicago. Q. Now, Country Joe, I ask you whether you came to Chicago during Convention Week?

A. Yes. It was just a few days before the beginning of the convention and it was on Friday because we played Friday and Saturday. We arrived Friday in the afternoon.

Q. At any time on Friday or Saturday did you have occasion to meet with Jerry Rubin or Abbie

Hoffman? A. Yes. I met with both of them at the Electric Theatre, on Saturday. Abbie Hoffman said to me "Are you going to be in the Festival?" I said to Abbie Hoffman, "No. I was not going to be in the l'estival because the vibrations in the town were so incredibly vicious that I felt it was impossible to avoid violence on the part of the police and the authorities in Chicago." I felt that my group's symbolic support of the

because there would be a possibility that people would follow us to the Festival and be clubbed and Maced and tear-gassed by the police and that the possibility of anything positive or loving or good coming out of that city at that time was impossible, and that I had no choice but to withdraw my

CROSS EXAMINATION BY MR. SCHULTZ: Q. Mr. McDonald, you said that on a particular occasion you told Rubin about shooting to kill. Do you remember that in your testimony?

A. I hate to say that I said something that I didn't say I said that there were very negative responses from my friends and people in what is termed the underground youth community in response to Mayor Daley's order to the police to shoot to kill as far as rioters were concerned in the ghettoof Chicago in the riots of

April. Q. Did they (Hoffman and Rubin) tell you that during the time they were negotiating with the authorities to get permits, some of the things that Hoffman said in his writings and orally were that during the convention the poeple would fight the police? Did they say that? A. They couldn't say that because

that would be a lie, you know. Q. No, I am asking you whether or not one of them said that he had said that or written that? Of course not.

Q. Or that they had said that there would be public fornication during the convention week out in the

A. Your Honor, I deal in words, that is my job. I write songs. I have been doing that for about ten years. Certain words have certain connotations and multi-meanings to them, and in the world that I live in, in what is probably called the hippie underground, when we refer to fornication, we are not really referring to the actual sexual act of fornication at all times; we are referring to a spiritual togetherness than can be done without physical contact at all.

THE COURT: There have been several witnesses called here during this trial - I need not mention their names - whose testimony the court ruled could not even be presented to the jury - singers, performers, and former office holders. I think in the light of the representations made by you unequivocally, sir, with no reference to Dr.

Abernathy, I will deny your motion that we hold –

MR. KUNSTLER: I want to comment on this, your Honor,

because I think what you have just aid is about the most outrageous statement I have ever heard from a bench, and I am going to say my piece right now, and you can hold me in contempt right now if you

You have violated every principle of fair play when you excluded Ramsey Clark from that witness stand. The New York Times, among others, has called it the ultimate outrage in American

VOICES: Right on! MR. KUNSTLER: I am outraged to be in the court before you. Now because I made a statement on Friday that I had only a camera man, and I discovered on Saturday that Ralph Abernathy, who is the chairman of the Mobilization, is in

town, and can be here, and because you took a whole day from us on Thursday by listening to ridiculous argument about whether Ramsey Clark could take that stand in front of the jury, I am trembling because I am so outraged. I haven't been able to get this out before, and I am saying it now, and then I want you to put me in jail if you want to. You can do anything you want with me, if you want to, because I feel disgraced to be here, to say to us on the technicality of my representation that we can't put Ralph Abernathy on the stand. He is the co-chairman of the MOBE. He has relevant testimony. I know that doesn't mean much in this court when the Attorney General of the United States walked out here with his lips so tight he could hardly breathe, and if you could see the expression on his face, you would know, and his wife informed me he never felt such anger at the United States Government as at not being able to testify on that stand. VOICES: Right on! MR. KUNSTLER: You can't tell me that Raiph Abernathy cannot take the stand today because of the technicality of whether I made a representation. That representation was made in perfect good faith with your Honor. I did not know that Reverend Abernathy was back in the country. We have been trying to get him for a week and a half to be the last witness for the defense in this case. And now to tell me that ve are going ahead, the Government is ready, after you took Thursday from us to have this

argument over whether a man could be presented to a jury, I told your Honor then, and I am telling you now, no American court has ever done what your Honor did — VOICES: Right on!
MR. KUNSTLER basing it on a

case which was inapplicable to the situation. That was done for one purpose only, and the New York Times said it more beautifully than situation. That was done for one I could say it, and they said, "I was done to make inadmissible anyting that would 'interfere' with the Justice Department's intent to prove a conspiracy to incite a riot during the Democratic National

Convention.' VOICES: Right on!

MR. KUNSTLER: That was the reason behind your Honor's ruling, nothing short of that.

I have sat here for four and half months and watched the objections denied and sustained by your Honor, and I know that this is not a fair trial. I know it in my heart. If I have to lose my license to practice law and if I have to go to jail, I can't think of a better cause to go to jail for and to lose my license for

A VOICE: Right on! MR. KUNSTLER: - than to tell your Honor that you are doing a disservice to the law in saying that we can't have Ralph Abernathy on the stand. You are saying truth will not out because of the techniciality of a lawyer's representation. If that is what their liberty depends upon, your Honor saying I represented to you that I had a cameraman, and that was our only witness, a cameraman, whom we can't get, mcidentally, then I think there is nothing really more for me to say. THE COURT: There is not much more you could say, Mr Kunstler. MR. KUNSTLER: I am going to turn back to my seat with the realization that everything I have learned throughout my life has come to naught, that there is no meaning in this court, and there is no law in this court - your

DUDIOL IS WHOLLY LESDOUSIDLE TO that, and if this is what your career is going to end on, if this is what your pride is going to build on, I can only say to your Honor, "Good luck to you." THE COURT: Mr. Marshal, I am not here to be laughed at by these defendants, particularly Mr. Rubin. THE MARSHAL: Mr. Dellinger, also, will you refrain from

MR. DELLINGER: That is a lie. And it wasn't Mr. Rubin. We laugh enough and you can catch us when we do but you just happened to get that one wrong.

MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor, I don't think the record should constantly have these references to

THE COURT: I don't share your view MR. KUNSTLER: The Court has made a sally before and the room laughed and you didn't say put that

THE COURT: I will not sit here and you must know it by now, and

have defendants laugh at my ruling, sir. And I will not hear you on that MR. KUNSTLER: You don't mind it they laugh at me or if they laugh at someone else.
THE COURT: I will ask you to sit

MR. KUNSTLER: I don't think your Honor's ultra-sensitivity should make a difference in rulings in this court. THE COURT: It isn't

ultra-sensitivity. It is a proper understanding of the conduct of a trial in the federal district court. MR. KUNSTLER: No, but your Honor, when you try to interpret a laugh as meaning you are the butt of a joke, then you react – THE COURT: I will ask you to sit down. Did you hear me? MR. KUNSTLER: I just don't want to get thrown in my chair by the Marshal so I will have to sit down. MR. HOFFMAN: I laughed. It wasn't Jerry. It was me. THE COURT: Did you get that, Miss Reporter? MR. HOFFMAN: I laughed at that ruling, he didn't. THE COURT: That was Mr. Dellinger.
MR. KUNSTLER: That was not

Mr. Dellinger. MR. SCHULTZ: Your Honor, that was Mr. Hoffman.
MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor MR. SCHULTZ: That was the MR. HOFFMAN: I was him.
THE COURT: Will you sit down? I saw Mr. Dellinger talking. If

anybody else did -MR. DELLINGER: You did not see me talking. My lips were not moving. That is not the first time you have lied in this courtroom. My lips were not moving.

THE COURT: Did you get those last remarks MR. SCHULTZ: It was the defendant Hoffman. MR. DELLINGER: If you make an honest mistake, that's all right, but to lie about it afterwards and say you saw me talking when you didn't, that is different. THE COURT: Will you ask that man to sit down?

MR. DELLINGER: You will go down in infamy in history for your obvious lies in this courtroom of which that is only the most recent

THE MARSHAL: Sit down, sir. MR. DELLINGER: It is absolutely true what I am saying.
THE MARSHAL: Will you –
MR. DELLINGER: Absolutely

Continued on Page 4-6

43



by David Widgery
Review of 'Play Power' by
Richard Neville Cape 38/You wonder how serious it is
and whether people really want
a revolution because I have a
feeling that there are a lot of
revolutionists who are really
frightened when the serious
guys, the serious kind of
Trotskyites, come around and
they're wearing these greasy
neckties and suits and yet
they're into the hard core of
the organisation.' Tom Wolfe.
Wittgenstein on Freud 'When
you read him, hang onto your

brains. This book is in fact a kit of conversation, gossip information, lies and timetables, very preffily merchandised. It's a scrapboard of possible ways of survival by travel, drugs and sex aimed to improve your grip on pleasure. It will annoy a large and divers group of people who will be shocked that anyone like this should be alive at all and it will further confirm us on the road to Shangri La. Neville is a gossip, in the best sense of that tradition: an impressario of information and atmospherics. He is much happier with a nuance or a frisson than an idea, remains heavyhandedly flippant and makes a terrible effort to shock. He musters and juxtaposes footnotes on Eisenhower's golfing and Palm court orchestras, pounces on remarkably succinct quotes, is perfectly equipped to deal with London high style as viewed from Australian underground saloon life. You write with extreme intelligence and self awareness and wit, Richard, but you still blow it.

In the introduction Neville thanks his publisher for advising him to write in his own voice. In fact he uses four different standpoints; one for the muscle-bound quasi-statistical neodefinitive

Time-Life sections, another the wellmeaning of crusader for freedom and love, rather frantically grasping at authoritative very authorities, thirdly a rather curious and whimsical travelwriter not letting on he goes everywhere by air and collecting three line people instead of postcards. When he does write as himself he's almost dazzling. His account of the Stones outdoor concerts viewed from the press area beside the pop ruling class is genuinely satirical . . . probably the last thing that Neville would want to be called. His account of the fatuous overprepared faces, the artifical sociality, the gormlessness of the compere's manipulation, the totally thereif the totally unselfconcious brutality of the organisers towards the kids who had camped in the front row for 3 days, the masturbatory and exhausted narcissism of Jagger, show an intelligence and unfooledness quite at odds with the earnestness and overwritten pleas for sexual excess and drug taking. The unkind might say that Neville makes the conscious decision only to make use of his acumen in an area where it matter anyhow: doesn't certainly if he had applied his full intelligence to the chapters on the underground press and politics of play they would have come apart in his laughing

Now the interior life of the Trotskyist movement may be somewhat narrow but within its limits, very intense and rigorous; one can take a very good measure of a Trot's position within the tradition by asking him three of four litmus paper questions; on Kronstadt, class nature of USSR, Cuba and the Permanent Revolution. The underground in its much shorter history already has such cruxes; what is your line on Nashville Skyline, your analysis of the Stones Altamont concert, your position on the three class block of hippies, skinheads and Angels, your stance on heroin. When trying to place Neville's rather ambigous position within the underground (where rather the division between the ruling class and proleteriat is even wider than it is in real life) one is struck by a certain the lace squeamishness; curtains haven't been torn down just rearranged, conservative about He's about drugs, prudish about violence and a reactionary about It's no longer women. particularly outspoken to like smoking joints; it's an act of civilisation not deviation and at a good many parties it's the alcohol men who ought to hide in a locked bedroom upstairs. smoking makes you

funny, happy and hungry, it probably increases your intake of sensual information rather than decreases it, it might even aid contact with the oceanic, transcendental, extraterrestial and certainly the irrational. But so what. It could once be argued that possessing it put the young middle class in an altered relationship with the police; that smoking was an act of sound rebellion with political consequences. But for the bourgeoisie nowdays cannabis can be brought by cheque and smoked with a smug impunity over the liqueurs. The police really do seem to be mainly concerned with dealers and opiates plus the odd plant on people they want anyhow and in Notting Hill how could they really do otherwise. The picture is rather different in East London where the users are all working class and the sentences are harder; the lead in in today's local paper is of two 12 month gaol sentences for a timber worker and a bath attendant who were said to have offered to supply a cop with hash. But the young people who really are a danger to the system probably prefer pills and uppers to the priceless passivity of heavy smoking. Talking about heroin Neville seems to accept conventional view of its utter harmfullness. Much more modest than say Cocteau, one of the most dazzling and prolific artists of the 20th century who argues 'to say of an addict who is in a constant state of euphoria that he is degrading himself is like saying of marble that it is spoilt by Michelangelo, of canvas that it is stained by Raphael, of paper that it is soiled by Shakespeare, of silence that it is broken by Bach'...'of course opium remains unique and the euphoria it induces is superior to health. I owe it my perfect hours. It is a pity that instead perfecting curative techniques, medicine does not try to render opium harmless.' So if you believe life should be about the pursuit of your own pleasure rather than your own and other peoples' freedom it would be logical to advocate the use of opiates...but Neville stops at hash home baking: the syringe is, well, going a bit too far.

going a bit too far.
He makes a more determined attempt to be shocking about sex, having hurricane fucks with 14 year old schoolgirls, suggesting making love when stoned with stereo headphones on both partners, playing the first Blind Faith Album (which side? inquires the serious militant) and saying that you get to a woman's mind through her cunt. The rationale is Reith Lecturish; sex has been disentangled from pregnancy, property and poetry so just

fuck and enjoy youself. Neville (Voice 4) is honest enough to admit his own efforts to live life as sensuously as possible are inclined to end up as bad bedroom farce...but the attitude remains that sexual love has been replaced by a lot fancy screwing ancillary aids (presumably you are allowed the far more erotic Beethoven on your headphones you a sk nicely). Autonomous man wanders sexually free in a forld where women are doubly enslaved, both as people under capitalism and as women by men. The hippy chick has always been one of the most unfree of women; assigned to being ethereal and knowing about Tarot and the Moon's phases but busy at cooking, answering the phone and rolling her master's joints. For her, the chains are meant to be just an extreme form of jewellerythe only way out of there is a private income. Neville's view of sexual transaction is not so much advanced as insulting and it's all the more sad he doesn't even notice it. Because you can now be fairly sure that a woman is so keen to have you that she'll be sucking 25 tablets of oestrogen in readiness. It doesn't mean she's got control of her mind and her destiny. As an excellent woman's review of the male supremacist film Easy Rider pointed out, the new farming hippy communities are even more male dominated because of the practical problems of dividing the work (technology makes a woman's lesser muscular capacity irrelevant) and partly because the American farming myth is very much a scenario for the dominant male – the woman stays in the background and bakes bread while her male chops down trees.'

Violence is the biggest taboo of all especially the border dispute that goes on in pop between violence and sex. (Jagger's prophetic 'violence gives me buzz'.) The un derground's habit standing around watching while someone gets done in, muttering 'bad trip' is not muttering 'bad trip' is not commented on but surely the most surprising thing about the Altamont murder was how unsurprised everyone was; I mean if murdering people is the Angels' trip then someone better take their acid away. The tendency (and lefties are just as fond of it) is to capture some section of the proleteriat in a purely mental fashion and hammer them on the masthead of the Good Ship Revolution. way the underground goes on about the skinheads or Angels is just as condescending as the Regency bucks' patronage of bruisers and picaresque characters from

demi-monde of lumpen-proleteriat. Play Power includes a supplement of fuzz brutality tho it's not clear precisely why: the Marxist left ought to expect it; the serious hippy ought to stay out of the way of such vulgar out of the way or methods of attempting to advance history. The Events are reinterpreted to the point of dishonesty to prove that the most important elements were the rather unbrilliant wall slogans and other acts of Gallic student charm. In a world where the modern working class in its factory, ports, garages and warehouses took over the running of their own production, one would need a serious visual defect to find the antics of the Sorbonne the most significant innovation. The Chicago demonstrations by the Yippies can be more fairly credited to acid and the underground. But Play Power seems to take them a lot more seriously than they take and themselves. Krassner Rubin seem to see the Yippies as a quite specific method of freaking the media.

Yippy politics, being made up it goes along, are incomprehensible therefore extremely dangerous to the psyche of the media. It, at one side, totally takes the piss out of the TV idiotmen so addicted to the new that they don't recognise it as being created for their benefit, and at the same time overrates the possibility of changing things by visual cathode imagery. It's the other side of the pathetic media megalomania of Lennon who spendsso much of his life having lens and mikes stuck at him he really believes that they connected directly power and change. Mailer understands the special subversiveness of the Yippies quite well; 'Leninism finally was as good for Leninists about the way that psychoanalysis was good for psychoanalysts It was a superb ment equivalent to weightlifting mental the brain worked, perspired, flushed itself and came back with hard tangible increments in mental tone and vigor, but it had nothing to do with the real problem which was; how do you develop enough grace to capture a thief more graceful than yourself? Leninism was built to analyse a world in which all the structures were made of steel - now the sinews of society were founded on transistors so small Dragon Lady could hide them beneath

The underground is in general so a historical it doesn't remember what happened to it yesterday and it's this element in Play Power which makes Neville's bright ideas like so many orphans waiting for their real intellectual parents to

them. The claim American tradition is full of the praise of idleness and loafing; Thoreau advised you 'to retire to the woods, if you can find any and examine your concience, but only after you have enjoyed yourself.' Walt Whitman believed in healing power of erotic love and is part of a long American tradition expressed today in the poetic role of Ginsberg. Whitman, who called this quality, rather gluely adhesiveness' had a sizeable following in England, mainly proleterian and provincial. Whitman sponged off his admirers for years; his birdcage sent as a gift, symbol and exchange still hangs in Bolton Library. The nature of free was discussed and practiced by Shelley and Mary Godwin, Blake, Morris and his circle and the pre-war Marxists. It was William Morris, thought by the underground to be the inventor of potato cuts, not Leary or Lawrence, who wrote of the socialist future 'I demand a free and unfettered animal life for man; first of all I demand the utter extinction of all asceticism. If we feel the least degradation in being amorous, or merry, or hungry or sleepy, we are so far bad and therefore animals miserable men'. But because of the understanding as socialists they refused to see free love and sexuality as possible in the present society or a lever for a molecular change to a new one. The exploitation of woman by man in the bourgeois marriage was deeply connected to the exploitation of man by man in capitalism; one would not go the other. methodist suspicion of pleasure and corresponding enthusiasm moral the qualities imparted by suffering which are more often found in the modern Left are a distorted version of the other stream of socialist views on sex; the aim to produce an utterly rational relationship between man and woman as intellectual collaborators and political comrades. Neville's hopes for the growing mechanisation of pleasure are probably justified; the pharmaceutical industry scarcely begun the of synthesis chemical euphoriants, visual and sound storage must, soon make possible the sense cinema that Huxley predicted, the technology of pleasure will advance like textile industry did in the early 19th century and the underground will be its obedient consumers like they now consume Godard, IT, and The Jefferson Airplane on steroheadphones.

It's sad to always be the scolding lefty but Neville just doesn't convince me that tinkering with lifestyle and an occasional brush with the

police amounts to a revolution. Behind all the scream crash and wallop the underground still smells of cheque books and an expensive education. The staff of International Times might treat strangers (ie everyone) rather like the staff of Woolworths treat customers but when they talk to you it's Lord Snooty all right even if they are dressed like Bash Street Gang. The rich may be getting angina from all the the poor still rheumatic fever. In fact hippies are consciously softer than their bandit predecessors the beats and the hip, more tumescent than erect, more soppy than soft either faint with ecstasy or asleep. There seems to me absolutely no reason why the enfant terrible will not be the ruling class of tomorrow. At present the money is made out of Hip Capitalism whether it's cocaine deals, special offers, magazines or TV impersonations. Politically the hippies might manage the isolated courage of the isolated individual but those who see the choice will surely take the primrose path...that's what it's all about sez Richard. The inbuilt elitism, superstition and leadership search is more likely to end the undergound up in Scientology, or Social Credit than a socialist revolution. All the holidays in the far East and the adoption of oriental plumage and religious bric-a-brack is not an answer to the plunder of Indian and African civilisions imperialism. It's just impotence and guilt decked out as romanticism. Sexual freedom, at least as interpreted by OZ seems to mean girls being willing to fuck with anyone plus the exhibitionist jerk off fantasia of 'let's do it in thelstreet'. This is Penis Power

liberation. You could grope Nixon silly and suck Wilson from here to Singapore there would still be half a million G.I.s in S.Vietnam and half a million men at the Labour Exchange. The dangers of the descent into the hippy maelstrom are considerable. Some risks are energising, some of the forces are liberating but the horrors are horrific; Martin Sharp's book jacket with its prison of penis, guitar and joint coming in narcisistic waves while the million suns grin inanely is where the grinning hippy killed and wounded go. For all its interior fascinations world a incommunic able; most of all to the plodding market porters, the dim printers, the bored commuters whom the pop aristocrat disparagingly notices in passing. We must attempt so mething much more ambitious than encouraging their children to smoke pot between 4th Form and Council house, a revolution not in smoking pleasure but in the way men relate to one another. And this can only be based on the way people are oppressed by the system and the daily way they fight it back; this is about productivity deals, Trades Councils, football, fighting, women talking in football. laundrettes and Guinness and it takes place in those parts of the unknown England that smug metropolitans never even see. Turning to this world and turning to it politically is something that many people who like drugs, fucking and foreign travel feel essential; we are all in the Seige of Sidney Street and we've left it too late to dig a way out underground, and these days it's not wise to go out with your hands up.



MR. DELLINGER: Thanks for telling the truth, Mr. Schultz.
MR. KUNSTLER: Mr. Hoffman attempted to clarify the record. He was the one responsible. He took the blame for it. It was not Mr. Dellinger or Mr. Rubin, or anyone else.

else.
THE COURT: Oh, I heard Mr.
Rubin and saw him.
MR. KUNSTLER: Your Honor —
THE COURT: Will you please sit
down? I will make the rulings here.
The record will be what it is.
MR. KUNSTLER: I want the
record to —

THE COURT: It can't be any more

MR. DELLINGER: I want to make the record clear. Mr. Rubin did not laugh and you are standing there saying you heard it. That is why I called you a liar. He did not laugh, I was sitting next to him.

THE COURT: Mr. Marshal — MR. DELLINGER: And you made it up. It is about time this got out into the open so everybody could know what you are doing here. It is one thing to be prejudiced, it is another thing to be a liar.

THE COURT: Mr. Marshal, I ask

you to restrain that man.
THE MARSHAL: Be quiet.
MR. KUNSTLER: He is trying to clarify the record.

clarify the record.
THE COURT: He has got a lawyer.
MR. KUNSTLER: I am his lawyer
and I represent —

THE COURT: That is right, and we have had enough of it.

MR. KUNSTLER: But the record must be crystal clear that it was not Mr. Dellinger, and it was not Mr. Rubin. Mr. Hoffman —

THE COURT: Mr. Dellinger said enough.
MR. KUNSTLER: Mr. Hoffman has

MR. KUNSTLER: Mr. Hoffman hat taken the blame.

THE COURT: I have never sat in fifty years through a trial where a party to a lawsuit called the judge a liar.

MR. DELLINGER: Maybe they were afraid to go to jail rather than tell the truth, but I would rather go to jail for how long you send me than to let you get away with that kind of thing and people not realize

what you are doing.
(clapping in courtroom)
THE COURT: Will you let the record show - I don't know, I get twisted between the defendants -

the one in the middle.

MR. WEINER: Weiner.

A DEFENDANT: Davis.

MR. WEINER: Weiner.

THE COURT: Mr. Weiner applauded after that speech.

MR. KUNSTLER: So did half the courtroom, your Honor. I think that ought to be in the record.

THE COURT: Yes. If I could identify them, I would have the marshals order them out and I do order those who applauded and who were seen by the marshals to be taken out of the courtroom.

Now, Mr. Weineruss — Weinglass.

MR. WEINGLASS: Weinglass, your

THE COURT: Whatever your name is, Continue with the examination 46 of this witness, Mr. Weinglass.



Some of us at OZ are feeling old and boring, so we invite any of our readers who are under eighteen to come and edit the April issue. Apply at the OZ office in Princedale Road; W.11, anytime from 10am to 7pm on Friday, March 13. We will choose one person, several, or accept collective applications from a group of friends. You will receive no money, except expenses. You will enjoy almost complete editorial freedom. OZ staff will assist in purely an administrative capacity. If you like, write before March 13 and tell us who you are and would like to do with a 48 page two colour magazine... OZ belongs to you.

Plugs and Propaganda: In the US, where film plays an important revolutionary role. (although catered for to saturation point by Eastman-Kodak and big business) Underground film makers are making features on 8mm which although, once derogatively assigned to amateurs is now the accessible means film-making for those interested in filmic self-expression. This gauge is light, compact and easy to handle. People like Stan Brakhage & Bruce prefer to sell 8mm copies of their films rather than rent 16mm copies at a comparable price. As a result, people are beginning to build up 8mm film libraries like they began their record collections. Having a film at home means you can watch it over and over again, important when today's films are often as complex as rock music. Soon, such films will be able to be slotted into TV sets without need to set up projector, speakers or screen, and magazines like OZ will be sold in film-cassettes. (See Acid Flix P.32) Note: Films of New Cinema Can be The from Filmmaker's Co-Operative. Tel: 387 8980 or seen at New Arts Lab, 1 Robert St. NW.1, Electric Cinema, 191 Portobello Rd, London W.11, Angry Arts, Camden Studio, Camden Street, NW.1, and New Cinema Club (no permanent home, Tel: 734 5888).

The new film magazine CINEMANTICS 117 Hartfield Rd, London SW.19, shows some concern for the New Cinema. Jonas Mekas' FILM CULTURE, quarterly from Box 1499, GPO New York 10001 has done much to define the aesthetics of the movement. CINIM published by London Film-Makers' Co-Operative irregularly, attempts the same for the local scene.

NEWSREEL, CINEMA ACTION, the TATTOOIST group, and THE OTHER CINEMA are preparing alternative distribution methods in this country to challenge the hegemony of the two commercial circuits.

The TATTOOIST group, in an attack on fuddy-duddy British TV have predicted, if present reactionary trends are not halted, the ultimate Man Alive programme: it will show the last 28 minutes and 30 seconds of a man's life. He will die on cue, behind the producer's credit. The Producer goes on to win

the 'Documentary of the Year' prize, sponsored by an evening paper.

Extract from an interview with Senator Malcolm Scott, Minister for Customs and Excise, Australia.

O. Why haven't you got some people on the censorship board who may be more qualified in knowing what might have a tendency to deprave and corrupt-like a psychologist, for example.

A. Just because you want to see filth on the screen, it is no reason why the majority should bend for a few perverts.

Q. But aren't you forcing your own morality upon everyone else?
A. It's the will of the majority.

Q. Why have you banned Portney's Complaint?

A. It was the worst book I've ever read.

Q. How many books have you read? Some people regard it as one of the best books published in 1969.

A. It's filthy. You are all perverts.

Q. Why did you ban / Love You
Love (a film by Stig Bjorkman)

A. Those continental films! All you want is filth on the screen. Filth! Filth! Eighteen people in Australia have seen that film and they all think that the couple were . . (pause) . . having sex.

Community heads raise their heads: The Crypt Club, 240 Lancaster Rd. W.11, is open every Wednesday from 7.30 pm for everyone and everything — music, poetry, art, folk, jazz and good underground ambience. Sometimes guest artists and light shows. Admission 2/6 or 3/6 depending what son.

Also new in the Grove. Magazine called Your Thing replacing Interzone A. Articles on music, art, mysticism etc. Letters, reviews, poetry and classified ads. Rates: FREE up to 6 words, then 6d per word. 10 min. A newsletter, Scene West Eleven dealing with news and useful information for people living in Portobello/Notting Hill area will also appear shortly. If anyone can help with office space, elderly typewritters or in any way at all, contact Dale at Release, 50a Princedale Road, W.11. Tel: 229 7753.

Being added to those ubiquitous but only ethereally functional underground organisations, UPS, COSMIC, LNS, etc. is AUM, the Alliance of Underground Media, whose aim is to unify underground radio with underground magazines and newspapers. AUM has headquarters at 528 Lambert Rd, Orange, Connecticut 06477. Are there any underground radio stations in England?

The Committee for Ideals in Mental Practices is organising at the moment the greatest petition ever held in Great Britain. The petition's purpose is to free the field of healing from vested mental interests, commercial and political, thereby safeguarding individual rights, improving legislation for those undergoing mental treatment preventing brainwashing, and other malpractices, such as the misuse of Pentathol, the truth drug. Those interested in signing the petition or helping any other way, contact the Committee at 5 Sutton Road, Heston, Middlesex, England. Peace News England's doyen

Peace News England's doyen 'Underground' newspaper, and first to join UPS, which has been giving peace a chance since before World War II, needs to raise £3000 urgently to balance deficits on their campaign work to date. Help their

Annual Appeal, write to The Treasurer, Peace News, 5 Caledonia Road, London, N.1.

The pilot issue of AGRO which appeared in January was a real newspaper of the streets — direct, aggressive, anti-sentimental. "The emergence of the Street Communes and of AGRO marks the dissolution of the rift between the 'political' and the 'cultural' wings of the underground... Agro will not be sold through bookshops or newsagents; it will be distributed through the same network of contacts which produces it... to develop a real underground. communications system with the roots in specific local situations... Agro is not and isn't intended to be a commercial proposition. Contributors will be 'paid' in free copies to sell." The first issue with its promise of sections for greasers, heads, skinheads and skools together with FUCK (Free Underground Campaign for Kids) Manifesto, has not yet materialised. What has happened to all that revolutionary fervour? Maybe a subscription would help, Send 25s for 24 issues (6 months) to AGROKULTCHUR, BCM, Box 890, London W.C.I. Money doesn't talk, it swears.

ROUNDHOUSE: 10-16 MARCH a completely new kind of pop and theatrical Festival. Mysticism, madness, musical carnival and Quicksilver Messenger Service, Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane Sunshine Tribe. INQUIRIES. FLA 9533

Head books

how little (if at all) you are going to the local pub these days? Having discovered that it is possible to be smashed, keep on the stereo headphones AND read, I have managed over the past couple of weeks to get through several recently published books which are all of great interest to anyone who happens to be living the revolution. "All I am trying to do is to get the people who smoke pot and take acid talking to the people who dont and clear up some of the paranoia around," says Allen Ginsberg in Paterfamilias - Allen Ginsberg in America, by Jane Kramer (published by Gollancz at 42s.) which is a guide, through Ginsberg, to the literary beat generation and the very non-literary hippies who followed. mdern day Walt Whitman, and everybody's favourite flower-powered beatnik, Ginsberg has come a long and fascinating way since the desperate days of Howl. Despite his journeys to the East, he still has his feet planted firmly on the ground - his paradise is an earthy bohemian one paradise is an earthy bohemian one. He's a mystic but very much an American one, and there's nothing ethereal or ascetic about him. Enthusiasm is something which everyone has or can generate, but with Ginsberg it's like a gift from the Gods. He's into everything and everybody, and demonstrates such tolerance. understanding and tolerance, understanding and affection, that he has become the unregenerate go-between between the world of the drop-out and square. He's the complete, ideal mid-twentieth century man, and has evolved an easy going communal life-style which actually works, unlike the hippie communes and acid enclaves which rapidly degenerate into closed, exclusive groups which are totally at odds

Bowler/Studiovista

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from

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with the mass of society. "One sacrament is as good as the next one" says Ginsberg, "If it works." He has called himself a Buddhist Jewish pantheist, and charged with a great sense of responsibility, particularly towards young people, he moves easily in a world populated by everyone from Hells Angels, mushroom fiends and Swamis to Episcopal ministers and US Senators, Much more than Mae West, he has "bin places and seen things" and the American hot dog, colour TV and the urban ghetto form as much a part of his experience as the hermit's mountain cave, the Ganges, the I Ching, Tangier, Blake and tantric yoga.

He's so full of common sense. "Just taking acid's no yoga. Yoga is getting through acid, knowing what to do with it. Yoga is how to be neat when you're high." I remember at the very end of the great Albert Hail poetry reading in with the management pleading "Please leave. If you have pleading "Please leave. If you have homes to go to, please go to them... oh why don't you leave?" followed by the threat of police and firemen, Ginsberg, still chanting and clanking on his Tibetan cow bells was carried shoulder high through the crowd. As he passed one of London's first long haired youths who had adoringly caught his eye, he shouted "Wanna fuck?". The boy almost frozen with embarrassment. almost frozen with embarrassment, dumbly shook his head. Ginsberg shouted, "Then get fucked," and was carried struggling and clanking down the nearest stairway.

Timothy Leary's Politics of Ecstasy (McGibbon & Kee, 36s. hardback, and soon (April 19) in Paladin paperback) could be Paladin paperback) could be another key document to whatever you are doing with your life these days. It is a collection of mindbending essays and articles from the high priest of chemical ecstasy himself, some of them from as far back as 1962, others very new. All of it is hard core sales talk for the psychedelic revolution. It's all there, including the famous Playboy interview in which he called LSD the most powerful aphrodisiac ever discovered by man', his answers to such crucial questions as what will happen to society after everyone turns on, tunes in and drops out, a homage to Aldous Huxley who, took a massive dose of acid several hours before he died of cancer, the seven levels of consciousness and the specific drugs to turn on each level, and so on.
"Drugs are the Religion of the
People – the Only Hope is Dope"
headlines Leary. All you do with
one of society's misfits is shoot him up with the right dope. At the moment, Leary must be wondering what is the right dope for him, because his campaign for Governor of California is turning into something of a bed trip — like Mailer's for Mayor of New York. Leary is discovering that politics ecstasy don't really mix. In political terms, acid is anarchy, and Leary, bringing his version to the good people of California, feels for the sake of votes, that he has to deny this. He has become a psychedelic Billy Graham. A role which he has taken up because no one else will. Somebody had to be the prostitute, the rationaliser of an irrational visionary experience. Whistle stop acid tours, ticker tape acid welcomes, 500 dollar plate acid dinners, drum majorettes and acid conventions, Trip toe Through

the paraphernalia of the old politics harnessed for Paradise Now. Leary, says Ron Rosenbaum, writing in the Village Voice (8.1.70) now believes there is no such thing as a bad trip, just a bad setting. Civilisation and cities are the worst setting and therefore the only place take a trip is somewhere untainted by society. Every man his holy mountaintop. This sounds like a defeat — just like the hippie retreat to the desert communes is a defeat. Leary is sick of his political shoviman burden and once more demonstrates the difficulty of 'a successful fusion of personal liberation and political action'.
Even Abbie Hoffman is more of a Weatherman than a Yippie these

Celebrated London freak, Robin Farquharson, lays further claim to wrongful omission from Beautiful Freaks edition of OZ (No. 24) with the publication in England (Basil Blackwell, Oxford 40s.) of Theory of Voting which won a prize in the States in 1961 an; is now an essential text for students of political science. It is elegantly printed with lots of totally mystifying black and red diagrams. Much more readable is Drop Out by the same author, which was published a couple of yaars ago and sold very badly. There was only a fledgling alternative society to drop into ir, those days, and what Robin Farguharson found, despite a single disastrous acid trip, was more akin to the Salvation Army, doss house, park bench, meths head world of the tramp than the more comfortable drug lined communal scene of the Ladbroke Grove hippie. He has survived and prospered however, and in 1970 he had been much in evidence at the New Arts Lab burning £5 notes and outlining a fantastic plan for a 32 storey commune at Centrepoint.

Penguin has just published The Teachings of Don Juan by Carlos which has been Castaneda, described by Theodore Roszak as 'a uniquely important contribution to our burgeoning psychedelic literature.' The author spent five years with Don Juan a Yaqui Indian, renowned as a sorcerer in the American South West. The book details his hallucinogenic experiences using peyote, jimson weed and a mushroom called humito. A warning to those who intend to rush into the English countryside looking for our local hallucinogenic, Fly Algaric. Somehow, up until now I had never made the connection between the of mushroom, prevalence toadstools, fairies and elves, gnomes in children's books, and hallucinatory drugs. Now I know. For those feeling like some more orthodox revolutionary reading, there is the Fontana paperback series Modern Masters - 'men who have changed and are changing the have changed and are life and thought of our age.' Guevara, Ca and Fanon Levi-Strauss available. I liked Andrew Sinclair's Guevara best. He has so much liking and hero-worship for his subject. "History will probably Guevara as the Garibaldi of his age, most admired and loved revolutionary of his time . . . for the rich nations of the earth, and for the corrupt governments that rule many of the poor nations, the dead Che is a terrible and a beautiful enemy."

Jim Anderson.



Television fails because the people producing it have linear, logical, departmentalised, alien, pre-tv thought processes. To most of them, a great tv programme is like a great book, only visual. That's why oldies on both sides of the screen are enthralled by the Forsyth Saga (it has been repeated 4 times). When fresh talent does somehow survive the gauntlet of Oxbridge bureacracy and burst onto the tv screens, it is invariably brained by the critics. Ken Russell's Dance of the Seven Veils was the best thing on the box since Tony Palmer's All My Loving and was as universally despised by the press, who raised such irrelevancies as taste, objectivity and accuracy - who not Russell as he cares? flippantly demonstrated confusing Richard consciously Strauss with Johann.

the existing mentality prevails, a televisual equivalent of this magazine could never be produced because the programme controllers wouldn't be able to classify it. Is it Light Entertainment or Current Affairs? And if they could squeeze it into a slot, it could never squeeze out of it. The remoteness of most of television to the lives and ideas of young people is expressed in the intensifying search for alternative tv stations. John Hopkins' recent tv workshop at the New Arts Lab proved - even with its primitive, portable Sony equipment - that the medium is, in his own words, "a living thing". (Write to him at IRATV, 1 Robert Street, London, N.W.1. for Street, London, N.W.1. for information on the planned tv network). If OZ could afford to buy half an hour on tv, these are some of thing's we'd do!

- Chaoz would begin after the man says, "Don't forget to turn off your sets" — so only the lazy surprised delighted few would see the first programme.

- Studio to be equipped with at least three interview or 'happening' booths. The screen could be split into three so all interviewees are seen simulatenously. Volume would vary in proportion to interest value. If activities in all booths were

fascinating then, each dialogue could be technically separated (tone controls or sound tricks) and our ear could decide upon which one to concentrate.

These interviewees or would not, of course, be celebrities just likeable unknowns or those who had something to say. There could be a regular 'freak-of-theweek'.

- Camera men and technicians to share in the anarchy - to shoot or ignore what they fancy.

Programmes from rival channels should be screened simultaneously with Chaoz in small, autonomous squares elsewhere on the screen.

Life goes on. Chaoz to link-up with a closed circuit traffic camera or a special camera to be left at Victoria Station to be cut to at odd intervals.

Instant feedback. Telephones to be plugged into the sound system those ringing in with interesting reactions to Chaoz could be immediately amplified. Sound links between floor manager, producer etc could also be relayed.

 Guest pop groups to play one continuous piece — to be fed through Chaoz intermittently or permanently superimposed.

- Famous old movie always to be shown on studio screen - to be cut to occasionaly.

Sometimes the whole show could be a softly lit screen projecting amazing sound effects. It will tantalise/infuriate the viewer.

- Surprise conventional items - eg, straight face to camera monologues on contemporary issues.

- Topical news footage to be screened, suitable doctored, animated, juxtaposed, falsified.

- People involved in Chaoz would be anonomous and generally unavailable for comment.

- Many of the creative decisions could be made randomly, by computer.

- Help create Chaoz - send us any ideas for a new style tv or, better still, cut this page out and post it to Huw Wheldon, managing director, BBC Television, Wood Lane, White City, London, W12.



The man who ordered meat at the Macrobiotic Restaurant

