

5-1969

OZ 21

Richard Neville
Editor

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OZ 21

Description

OZ is published monthly by OZ Publications Ink Ltd , 52 Princedale Road, London, W 11. Directors: Richard Neville, Andrew Fisher. OZ appears with the help of: Jon Goodchild, Felix Dennis, Louise Ferrier, Brigid Harrison, Keith Morris, Lyn Richards, Ken Petty, Miss Murphy, Phillipe von Mora, Jim Anderson & Martin Sharp.

Content: Elektra Records 'Amazement' ad cover. (insert: Outcry! People's Park poster + Running Man Book News booklet) 'Rex Organ M.D.' cartoon. 'Plant Your Seeds'. Wak Komix cartoons including Martin Sharp Magic Theatre montage - 8 page comic freakout (Clay Wilson, Crumb). Ad for Living Theatre. 'Living the Revolution' by John Gerassi. Dr Hip Ocrates. 'Which Side are you On Baby?' - Michael English graphic. Middle Earth and 'Jeremy the best gay mag in the world' ads. John Hurford 2 page graphic. Full page Janis Joplin pic and Thunderclap Newman ad. 'Born Under a Bad Sign' - Pete Townshend interview from Tony Palmer's book. Zapple records ad. *Tommy*, *Nashville Skyline* and Liverpool Scene reviews. Rock n roll lyrics (The Chiffons, Johnny Kidd, Eddy Cochran, Little Richard). Poverty Cooking (leg of long pig). Ad for the Who's *Tommy*. 'The Groovy Thing is - You're Not Alone' - interview with Murray Roman. 'Che Body Politic' theatre review by Danny Hughes. 'Up Ulster' - Bernadette Devlin interview by Peter Buckman. Crucified rodent graphic. 'The Chart is the Map' Paradise Now body chart. 'The Plot is the Evolution' Living Theatre photomontage. 'The Ritual is the Vision' by Bill Levy. Marsha Hunt ad photo by David Bailey.

Publisher

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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.

OZ

8 PAGE COMIC SPLURGE
Pete Townshend Speaks
Living Theatre Shrieks
Bernadette Devlin Freaks Out
CHE's Consensual Sodomy
Murray Roman BURNS
Plant Your Own Pot
John Gerassi Lives the Revol-

ution.
PLUS famous
regular features:
Hip-pocrates,
Poverty Cooking,
Magnaphall Ad.

No21 3s



Records present for your

AMAZEMENT

AMUSEMENT



TITILLATION



DIVERSION &

SUBVERSION

OUTRAGEOUS



Z:

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OZ 21

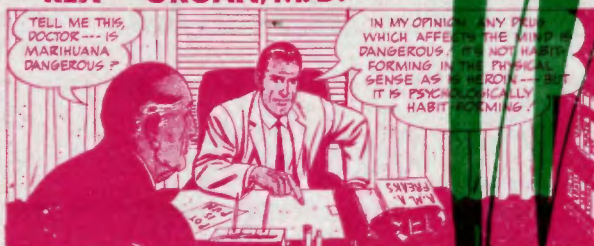
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52 Princedale Road, London, W11



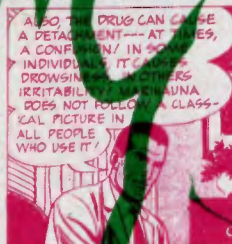
Now!

REX ORGAN, M. D.



TELL ME THIS, DOCTOR--- IS MARIHUANA DANGEROUS?

IN MY OPINION, ANY DRUG WHICH AFFECTS THE MIND IS DANGEROUS. IT'S NOT HARDLY FORMING IN THE PHYSICAL SENSE AS HEROIN--- BUT IT IS PSYCHOLOGICALLY HABIT FORMING.



ALSO, THE DRUG CAN CAUSE A DETACHMENT--- AT TIMES, A CONFUSION/ IN SOME INDIVIDUALS IT CAUSES DROWNING. IN OTHERS IRRITABILITY. MARIHUANA DOES NOT FOLLOW A CLASSICAL PICTURE IN ALL PEOPLE WHO USE IT.

POT IS AS DANGEROUS AS MASTURBATION! IT CAN MAKE YOU CRAZY! THESE DAMN HIPPIES ARE CRAZY! THEY DON'T KNOW SIMPLE FACTS--



IT'S A MEDICAL FACT THAT TOADS CAUSE WARTS! AND YOU GET THE CLAP FROM TOILET SEATS!



IT'S A COMMIE PLOT! LIKE OPEN VISITATION! GREAT HOLY SHIT! WHAT'LL WE DO?



LSD FREAKS RAPE MOMS!

Dear Sir
I am living in Bulgaria. I am eighteen years old and I live with my mamma and pappa and I think this idea might interest you . . . Do you know what "an absolutely dull life" it is for me and for my friends. We've tried many things but they are not so much. Can you give me some advice or help me in some way.

Generation of 'The Sorrow Eyes'.
Luchezar Manolov
Tsar Asen N24
Burgas, Bulgaria

Dear Editor,
my names ronald -- so whats cool in a name eh -- and I was walking out this afternoon round about -- have you dope fiends actually seen stuff like a good april sky? -- I mean, don't come on to me about beautiful people because most of you guys have got faces like collapsed lungs -- and I saw a copy of your mag (the one with the peeky chick coming on coy about fishing out that poor guys whang-dang -- some chance with him looking so pooped and useless -- on the cover. It was sticking out of a dustbin -- the mag I mean -- ok there are lots of things sticking out of lots of dustbins and ive learnt not to be choosy so I snuck off to the park and had a good old read and when I finished my world was pretty cloudy and I say its just not healthy!

and I mean healthy-healthy, if all you guys got out in the open air and did some physical action, that is work with your bodies -- I don't mean for bread either -- just a lot of football and walking or even climbing up scaffolding -- dont tell me theres not much of that in the smoke -- for a kick off, all that kind of stuff and youd stop shoving all this shit down the throats of kids like myself (accept the ones who dont keep their bodies fresh) who are so bored they'd cut off the old Iron Dan if you told them there was a good thrash in it some where. I know kids who drank brasso because they thought it was a cool thing to do. And who are all these guys coming on about freedom for this and that and legalising pot -- ugh -- and wierd sexual details and all this 'come to jesus' bit about hunger (poverty natural for weak creeps) and all that piss in my bowler malarky. What I say is if guys get busted in north africa and land up in there shitty prisons they got to be dumb in the first place. I know because I been there and the beaches are a knockout -- I was putting in twelve miles swimming a day and blocking in this yankee pee h.d. soon brought her off pot, the silly mouthy cow. She had a big ginger pussy and well reamed out I can tell you. This wog offered me bread for her and I took it -- last I heard he was beating the piss out of her.

I went to greece after that and I don't see its such a bad scene there either, ok so the armys pushing the old snitch in everywhere but thats honest the way I see it and once you get to know the ordinary blokes you can play soccer with them. They don't sprachen much of the english bit from what I could gather they think english beatnik chicks are a big joke -- there was one called pearla who was about

as sexy as a pigs trotter but she thought she was some kind of goddess because they were all lamming it into her. She's the sort who thinks oz is like the bible man -- and full of pox what's more. I played soccer instead in greece. And I had a game of soccer this afternoon and afterwards popped a bit into my salt -- she don't take none of your tablets either, nor my desecrating myself with artificial objects, desecrate is the right word. What I mean is I feel real good and I don't need none of your hernandos hidyway so: on your faggoty bums.
ps. to get the lion on the tub you got to crack the whip -- right?

From an Ex Public School Boy:
I have recently been thrown out of St Pauls public school in London for smoking, (after great interrogation and bluff on the part of the headmaster). I am fifteen, and am due to sit my 'O' level exams this June. I have been lucky in finding somewhere to carry on with my studies (on the condition that I mention nothing in school about St. Pauls), but that does not happen to everyone. A witch-hunt is starting throughout the country for school-boy heads, and before it does, let's try and get teacher's sense of proportions right. Hash smoking is now a widespread social habit, almost in the same class as whisky and soda. Without arguing the pros and cons of it, the fact remains that people are turning on at 13, 14 or 15 years old. The school leaving age stands at fifteen by law. If people are being expelled from schools throughout the country, with a good chance of their careers being ruined, for a misdemeanour for which by law they would probably receive a penalty comparable to that for pulling the alarm cord on a train, it has to stop somewhere. I do not advocate legalisation of pot, merely because I dread the inevitable hassle of commercialism that would fall upon the magic weed; I just know that everything would work out much better if those in "responsible" positions would keep their cool.
Anonymous.

Dear Poverty Cooking,
I was absolutely horrified to read your recipe for roast Trafalgar Square Pigeon. The gourmet in charge of this column cannot be aware of the nasty things that the Trafalgar Square Pigeons are in fact fed on. Not only do they eat pigeon-repellant from the National Gallery, but they are full of contraceptive pills (an experiment to reduce their numbers)

OZ darling,
Didn't they tell your gastronome about parasites? Anybody who eats one of your Trafalgar birds is liable to do themselves a decided NASTY. Pigeons from towns are poisonous. As most of your readers follow the OZ cookery column avidly, I foresee a sudden drop in your subscription numbers. Suggest you print a bit saying catch 'em in the country. Then you will only die of pesticides. Much nicer. Ask Hippocrates or someone.
Yours till the cows come home
Peter Samuelson.
Old Grove House,
Hampstead NW3.

and other mean, nasty and horrible things.
The net effect of eating one of these pigeons would probably cause sterility, blindness etc. etc. Otherwise it's a good way of freaking out tourists in London.
Love,
Nelson
c/o Admiralty, London, S.W.1.
PS. It is not even illegal to kill them, as the author of the column pointed out.

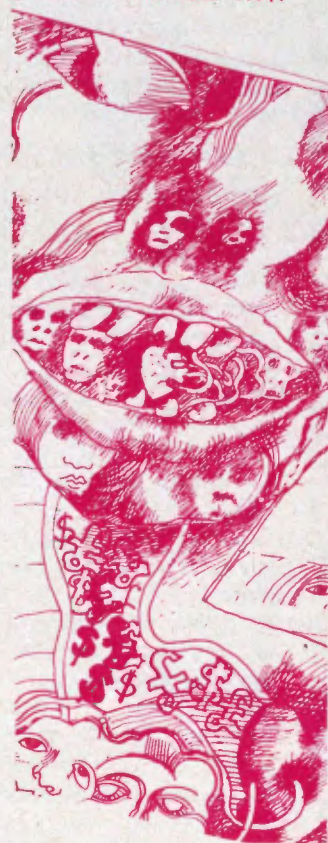
Dear OZ,
Please stop hucking about.
Love,
Honest John.

Dear OZ,
Thanks for a look at the London Oz. I think the relative liberalism of the UK might have gone to your head a little. Your chances of getting Oz through customs -- and believe me, we'd like to take a crack at distributing it -- are so remote as to make the experiment virtually a waste of time, unless you're particularly flush at the moment. Things in this country have got worse instead of better since the early days of Oz. Queensland is banning things outright as usual, Tasmania is doing likewise -- two of our magazines last year -- and Victoria has started persecuting poor old 'Man', 'Girls and Gags' etc. Nipples do not exist in Victoria. The kids are fed by osmosis or something. Even NSW has passed legislation empowering Chief Secretary Willis (the bloke who banned Motel without even reading the script) to 'restrict' ie knock it off the newstands, any publication he feels like -- and without formal redress through the Courts. So far he's banned half a dozen or so. Same thing, bare tit. Not even box. Just tit. And lately the customs people have really become tough. Their score last year -- all but two copies of Playboy. Gareth Powell's Chance (an up-to-date super-slick Man, quite harmless; Squire (both these latter were printed in Hong Kong and shipped back, so there might be more to it than just Customs) and Christ knows what-all else we didn't ever hear about. Furthermore, the Judge, in describing Chance as erotic and perverted, was particularly upset by an imported French comic strip called Barbarella. The lesbian tendencies, bare bosoms and erotica were all bad news, said nis worship. Yet around the corner from the Supreme Court, the movie version of Barbarella, with Jane Fonda's tits hanging all over the place, symbolic gang bangs and enough lesbianism to turn on a rabbit, was playing to packed houses. Same department --

Customs -- places its tawdry stamp of approval on movies about which, while we're on the subject, an alarming new tendency has developed, overseas distributors, realising the new freedom in cinema overseas will be frowned upon by the mutton-floggers in our Customs department, now submit a version for censoring, hack out what Customs people don't like and strip in pre-filmed replacements, meaning, of course, that we only see what the government wants us to see, luvly stuff.

All of which is to bring you mildly up to date on the state of retrogression in your fair homeland. The population is still in the hands of dirty-minded cretins, and that's being polite. When I think of the political potential latent in the Australian censorship system, I go creepy all over. In brief, yes, we'd love to distribute Oz if you can get it through customs. But I wouldn't spend too much money on trying to get it through.
Regards to all, and best of luck to London Oz from all at Whisper.
Terry Blake.
Group Publications Pty. Ltd.
263 Oxford Street
Darlinghurst, Box 3021,
Sydney 2001, Australia.

LETTERS CONTINUED R14.



THEATRE: The LIVING THEATRE will be in London the month of June performing Frankenstein, Mysteries, Antigone, and Paradise Now at the Roundhouse (tel: 485-8073); plus late-night intimate things at the Arts Lab.

Late at night and over the weekend Oz has a robot answering the phone. (229 7541). If you have news or information that Oz can use ring up and tell the robot. Or, as an alternative to writing a letter to the editor, record a 15 second message. We'll publish the least boring messages in the next Oz.

THIS IS A CHAIN LETTER.
WITHIN THE NEXT FIFTY-FIVE
DAYS YOU WILL RECEIVE THIRTY-
ELEVEN HUNDRED POUNDS OF
CHAINS.

In the meantime, plant your seeds.

If a lot of people who receive this
letter plant a few seeds and a lot
of people receive this letter then
a lot of seeds will get planted.

PLANT YOUR SEEDS

Make a few copies of this letter (5
would be nice) and send them and
this copy to friends of yours. Try
to mail to different cities and states,
even different countries. If you would
rather not, then please pass this
copy on to someone and perhaps
they would like to.

THERE IS NO TRUTH to the legend
that if you throw away a chain letter
then all sorts of catastrophic abom-
inable and outrageous disasters will
happen. Except, of course, from your
seeds point of view.

***** GROWING AND CULTIVATING POT

This should help you grow better
quality plants in less time.

The first thing in growing a better
plant, naturally, would be to start
with seeds of good quality. If you or
some of your friends have had
access to good grass, use those
seeds. After all, not all the grass
we smoke does the same thing for
us.

Select the largest seeds and place
them between two napkins, blotting
paper, etc. and add enough water
to cover the napkins. Then cover
the top or put them in a dark closet
for two or three days, until the seeds
have sprouted at least a half inch
or longer.

In the time it takes to sprout
the seeds, you can prepare your gar-
den. To do this, you can use one
of two methods.

NUMBER ONE:

Use a flat wooden box like an
apple box, tomato flat, etc. and add
about one inch of gravel to the
bottom. Fill the rest of the box
with a good grade of soil or add
a commercial fertilizer per manu-
facturers instructions. Remember,
too much fertilizer will burn the
plants and retard or kill your
charges.

Moisten the soil thoroughly, then
level the top. Using a pencil or
similar article punch holes two

to four inches apart with inter-
spacing rows. In an apple box up
to 35 plants may be planted.

Plant your sprouts with the seed
above the ground and the sprout in
the soil. Tamp the soil firmly,
but not packed, around each plant
as you insert the sprouts.

NUMBER TWO:

The second method is to use small
flower pots made up the same way
as the first method and plant one

sprout to each pot—a kind of a
“potted pot.” This method saves
transplanting later. Though with
adequate nourishment and light the
first method is the easiest for both
space and time. From here on,
both methods are the same.

If you have a closet you can use,
fine. A garage or any place where
you can set your plants without them
being trampled on will do also.

One word of caution on any trans-
planting to the outside. The little
“beasties” of the wild love young,
tender plants and unless some
method of protecting them is taken,
more than likely you will only find
stalks and stubble to harvest.

LIGHTING.

Now as to the lighting—grass
grows from three to fifteen feet
high so lighting is important. If
you use artificial light you can
keep the unwanted stalk down in
size, without sacrificing the lovely
foliage simply by using a blue light
for the first 30 days. You can leave
the light on for 24 hours a day
though 17 hours is as good. Plants
don't need to sleep; the more light,
the faster they mature.

Blue light keeps the stem from
growing in height but will make a
sturdier stem to hold our head
factory. Set your lights (as many
as needed to give good illumination)
so they are 12 to 14 inches away
from the top of your plants. If the
temperature at plant level rises
above 100 degrees use ventilation
or less light. At the end of 30
days you will have quite a garden.

At the end of 30 days, change to
red bulbs and start the gradual cut
down on the time you have the lights
on, from 24 to 16 hours. After a
week cut to 14 hours, at the end of
that week, to 12 hours. Leave at
12 hours until the plants begin to
flower. When the plants flower you
will be able to tell the worthless
male plant from the sweetness of the
female, as the female will have
larger and heavier flower structure
while the male will be skimpier and

usually taller. Some people smoke
the male plant also, but it has no-
where near the strength of the fe-
male. Of the female plant, the top
leaves and the flowers are the best,
but the whole plant, root and all,
have the quality we are looking for.
HARVESTING.

When your plants are ready to
harvest, (you'll know by the flowers
and seed pods) wet the soil and pull
the whole plants out, root and all.

Remove the flowers and top leaves
(this is the best and is referred to
as “supergrass”). Dry these, whole,
in the sun for two weeks or until
they are crumbly—this is grass at
its best. If you like, after drying,
sprinkle wine or rum lightly on the
dried leaves and put in a “baggie”
or a covered bottle and it will en-
hance the flavor of your grass
immensely. For the rest of the
plant, remove the leaves from the
stem and dry the same way or hang
the whole plant upside down for two
weeks and pick off the leaves as you
want, saving the stem and root for
the last as it is much harder to
smoke. Or you can remove the
leaves and place a small quantity
in the oven under low, low heat
for 20 to 30 minutes, or until
crumbly, and run them through
a strainer. A word of caution on
the oven. Too much heat will burn
the leaves—need I say more?



Chain letter originated in Los An-
geles at Christmas time 1968 as a
joint effort of the Paratheo-Ana-
metamystikhood of Eris Esoteric
and the Bavaria Illuminati of Chi-
cago and the Tampa Society for
the Laughing Buddha-Jesus. Re-
ceived and passed on by the Ex-
press Times along with growing
tips from “Growing Marijuana”, a
pamphlet by Langdon Enterprises.

PLANT YOUR SEEDS.



OZ
COMICKS
SUPPLEMENT
JUNE 69

WAK KOMIX

~ FEATURING ~
DA PEN OF SWINNERTON and OTHERS!!
CRUMB, WILSON

ART!

TREEMENJUS!
GREAT!

ART
WE BEGIN WITH

"VICTOR
VULGAR"



"DA BLACKS,
DA JEWS,
AN' DA KKKK!"

THEME MUSIC:
TUNK! SPONK!
SPINK! LALALAH!

THINGS GO BETTER
WID CACCA
COLA

HOOTSIE
TOOTSIE
IDIOT!

CRACK!

VULGAR'S
THE NAME!
CHEAP
THRILLS
IS ME
GAME!

THIS GUY
SURE AS HELL
CAN'T RIDE A
PIG!

THUS BEGINS DA MOST RACIALIST
STORY IN DA HISTORY OF CATHOLICISM



OH GAAAAHD! IT'S SULPHUR SPADE DA
COMMIE FROM DEETRITE! JUS ITCHIN FOR
ACTION!

HOOTSIE
TOOTSIE
TRUNCHEA

WAL!
IF IT
AIN'T
DAT
CWEET
WHITEY
MAN,
VULGAR!
HA!

HOOTSIE
TOOTSIE
TROUBLE
COMMUN!

~ PACKED
WID
ACKTION,
LAFFS, FILTH
AND
FUN ~

CONTINUED PAGE 6





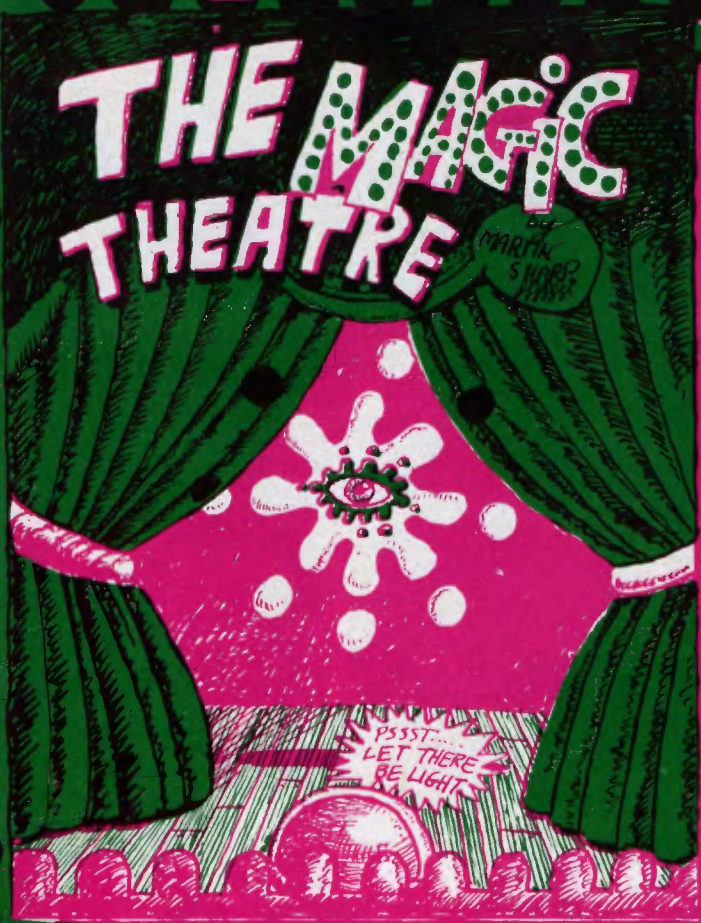


Fig. 673 — THESE TWO SPIRAL NEBULAE (TYPE Sc) — ONE SEEN IN PLAN AND THE OTHER EDGE-ON — GIVE SOME IDEA OF THE PROBABLE GENERAL APPEARANCE OF OUR GALAXY AS SEEN BY AN OBSERVER IN EXTRAGALACTIC SPACE.



..... MEANWHILE.....

... AND SO!

SUDDENLY !!



PLATE 60. Second photo of North Pacific UFO.

WHEN THE VESSEL REACHED OUR PLANET, THE CHILD WAS FOUND BY AN ELDERLY COUPLE, THE RENTS

LOOK, MARY! — IT'S A CHILD!

THE POOR THING! — IT'S BEEN ABANDONED!



The entities

We come now to the most astonishing part of the lady's story. For she claims that, standing in front of the landed UFO, there were three men about 2 metres in height. "They were wearing skin - tight shining black clothes, and black boots that were also shiny. Their suits also covered their heads, leaving only the faces bare." (See Fig. 4.)



Fig. 4

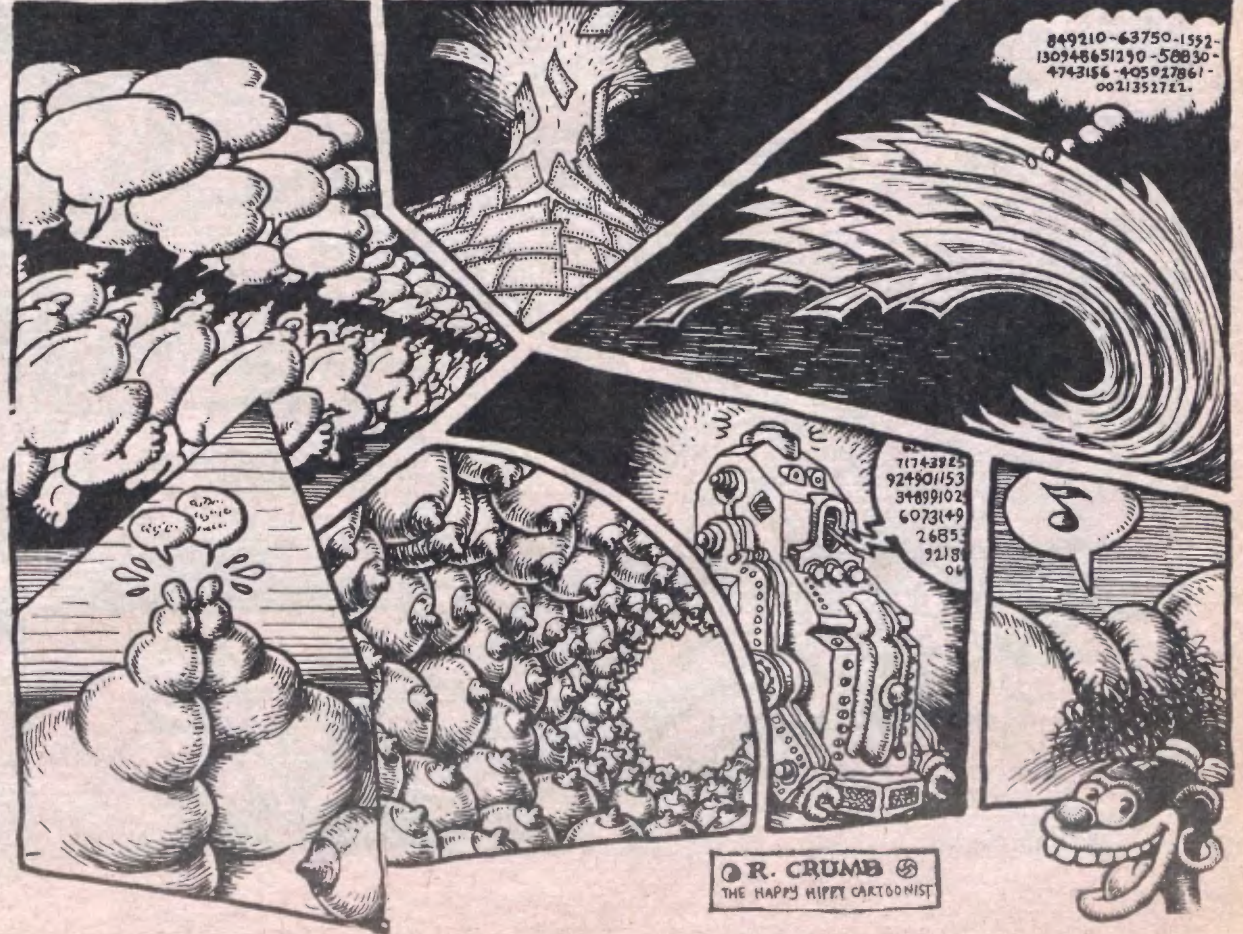
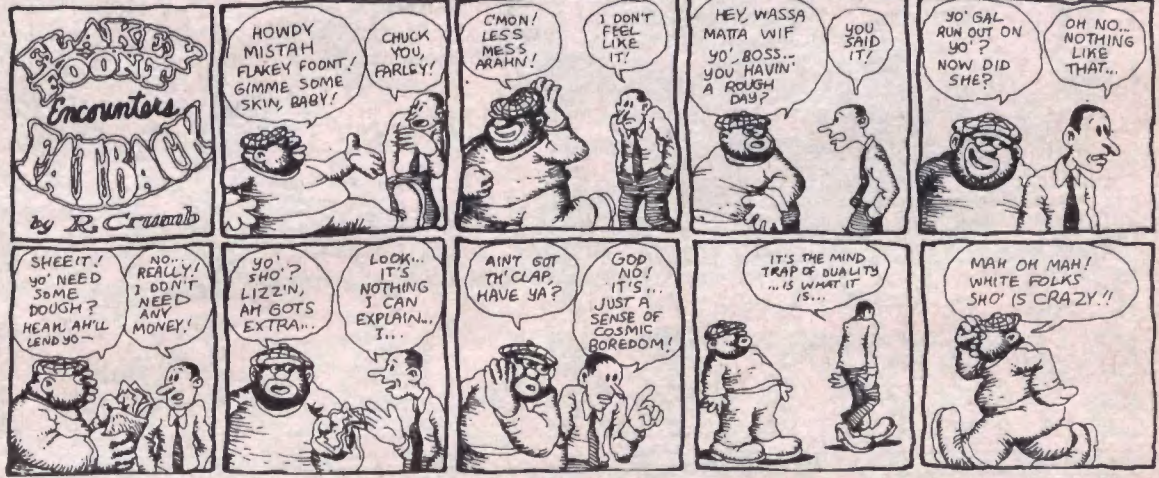


Fig. 1. Witness's own sketch.

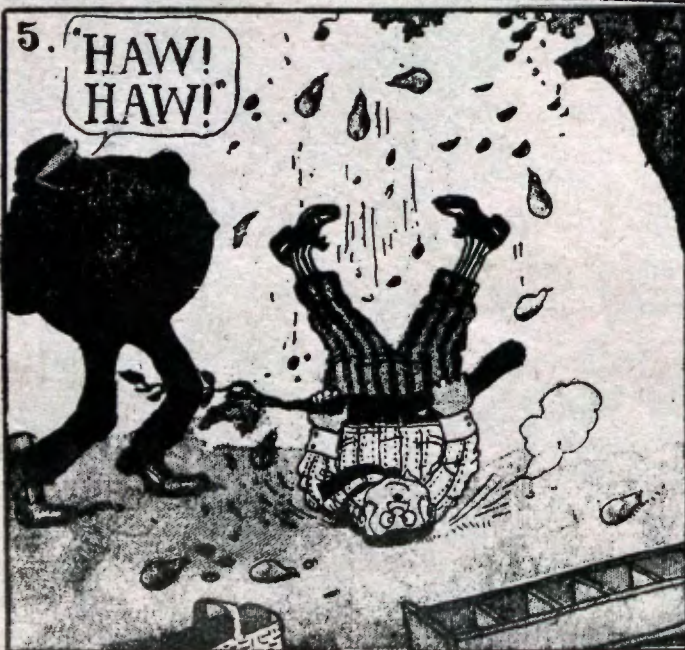
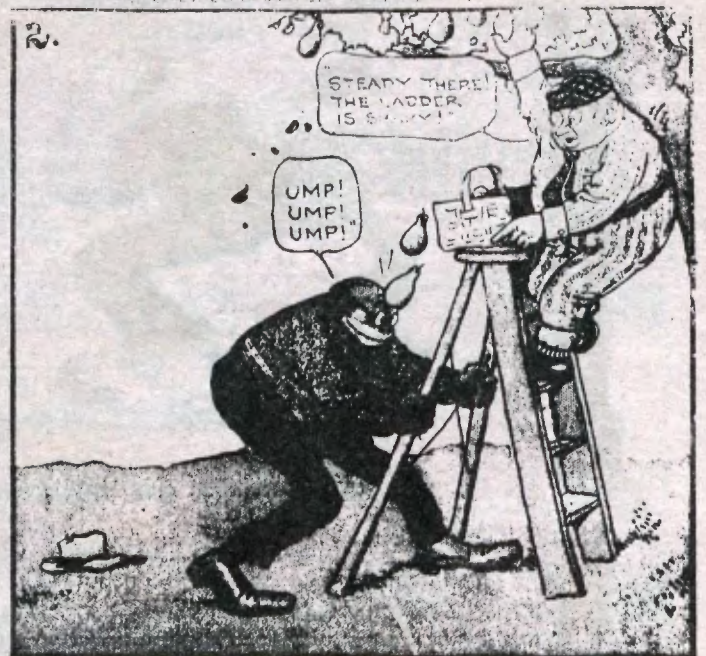


Fig. 2. A. Antenna with red light. B. Dome, in segments. C. Skirt, seemed to be spinning clockwise. D. Patch of violet light beneath.





and sam laughed



San Francisco Examiner
1905!!



SMALLS

'Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires' - W. BLAKE 'brothers and sisters move forward, tell it like it is, shit, fight, burn, revolt, invade, scream, wail, drink, screw, dance!!!' - THE DEVIANTS
Agency: 01-493 7666

CAR CARE. OZ recommends the friendliest garage in London. Get your car repaired there - pay cash - and we'll all prosper.
CAR CARE. Princedale Road, London, W.11. 01-727 7485

LIFTS: MINI-BUS TRAVELLING LONG DISTANCE FREQUENTLY. WILL TAKE PASSENGERS VERY CHEAPLY. CONTACT PAUL 01-973 1046

GRADUATE, 22, BORED WITH PRESENT FEMALE AQUAINTANCES. INVITES NEW CONTACTS. Malcolm. Box (21) 1.

C.M.C. offers male friendship, correspondence, holiday companions, ads. Details 1/6d. Box (21) 2.

TEACHERS NEEDED QUALIFICATIONS SUICIDE (SERIOUS ATTEMPTS ONLY CONSIDERED) UNDER 30, ENGLISH NOT WITH DRUGS (PAST DRUG OR PAD EXPERIENCE USEFUL) SALARY WISDOM, POWER, MADNESS, IS IT YOUR TIME? CONTACT PETER, FLAT 9, BUCKLEY HOUSE, 90, ADDISON ROAD, LONDON.

PREGNANCY TESTING DISCREET, RESULTS BY RETURN. SEND SMALL URINE SAMPLE AND £2, OR REQUEST FREE CONTAINER. PREGNOSIS LABORATORIES, DEPT. O, 22, CANTLEY ROAD, LONDON, W.7. 01-794 4444 (24 hours)

World Call. WORLD CALL! Swedish Liberty in sex. Send 10/- (no Postal Orders), or \$1 for rich, illustrated brochure of magazines and photographs. Outside Europe add \$1 extra. Adults only. Write to: HERMES-OZ, Box 6001, S-20011, Malmo 6, SWEDEN.

FERRY VANS FOR LIGHT REMOVALS. 7 DAY SERVICE WITH WORKING DRIVERS. PHONE 01-485 0450

SKINT CHICK, INSTANT BREAD FOR HOURS AMATEUR POSING. NON-PUBLISHED, NON-PORN, AND NON-INVOLVEMENT. Box (21) 3

POETRY PUBLISHED Y/BREAK-THRU, LINFIELD, SUSSEX. (S.a.e.)

Pete Quesnal, late of St. Nicholas, where the fuck are you? Write, I'd like to know. Felix Box (21)

Girls and boys for nudie movies, exported only, not pornographic. Riviera Line Productions. 45, Hereford Rd., W.2. 01-727 9934

Two Young men seek over soxed females with good looks - min. age 18. Box No.21(6)

Young photographer seeks models for portraiture and glamour work. Strictly non-porn and above board. Work available but time-wasters need not apply. Phone Dougall at 01-736 1330.

SEND YOUR SMALL ADS TO OZ AT 52, PRINCEDALE ROAD, LONDON, W11 RATES: - 1/- PER WORD. BOX NOS. 3/- EXTRA. BOLD TYPE 6d EXTRA PER WORD

Young West End photographer with flair for the unusual will photograph the actual birth of your child. Telephone 01-262 0403.

Young artist needs friendly, perhaps lonely, chick for company. Little bread but nice pad, and friendly English sheepdog. Box (21) 7

EIGHT FIRST CLASS PHOTOS OF YOUNG MEN AT PLAY, and in a relaxed, 'informal' mood for only 16/- or a sample of 4 for 10/-.

FIVE SUPERB FEMALE MODELS in 'interesting' poses for only 10/- or 8m and 5f photos at a reduced price of only 22/-

ALL THESE PHOTOS WILL COME UP TO YOUR EXPECTATIONS, OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED, sent by first class post in plain sealed envelope. Cheque or P O to: G B PUBLICATIONS, DEPARTMENT ZO, 7b DRYDEN CHAMBERS, OXFORD ST, LONDON W1 - Sorry no lists.

INTERNATIONAL MALE ADVERTISER

Bold GAY-ADSI Photos! Nude Art! Information. Sample copy 7/6d. 12 issues by post £2. 6 issues by post 25/- ADS 6d per word (min 7/6) Box No. (essential) 5/-.

SUPERIOR MALE PHYSIQUE PHOTOS

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VD KILLS,

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OZ

Dear OZ,

Pete's letter (OZ 19) couldn't have come at a better time, when the whole scene is becoming fucked up with cynicism & violence. Whatever happened to freedom & hope?

Like, what do we get at the average demonstration? A load of bums, armed with cockneyed slogans & abuse for the police (some of them have stones instead of abuse). The police are sick, they need acid & hope, not stones. By adopting violent methods, one is lowering oneself to the level of the establishment one is trying to overthrow. Flowers up their noses will worry the fuzz much more than petrol-bombs; they're used to them.

Let's get ourselves straight: 'hippies' (you are hippies, aren't you) are essentially non-violent. The blokes who organise these demonstrations are 'communists' of the greyest, most conventional type. At a recent demo (March 9th) many of the demonstrators were chanting 'Lenin, STALIN, Mao-Tse-Tung.' Shit. What have we got to do with people like this.

Many of the militant underground are getting mightily confused, & you're not helping by publishing crap like AGIT. OZ: There seems no other way of showing one's feelings than going to these shitted-up demos. What we need is hope-ins, be-ins, & smoke-ins on a vast scale, like the free concerts, except bigger & better.

This summer will probably be a fine one - why not turn it into one long demonstration? The streets are for free, the parks are for free. USE THEM. Be in them, fuck in them, smoke in them, if you're brave enough, they can't arrest 50,000 people. Get out your bells & beads. Do anything beautiful. Sorry this is all a bit incoherent, but I have strong feelings on this subject. My apologies to Pete, if you publish this shit, for saying it much worse than he did. Good Luck with OZ.

Your Friend NICK.



"No, I don't want a blow job
— I'm a girl."

The Editor,
The Shorter Oxford English
Dictionary,
Oxford University Press,
Ely House, London W1.

Dear Sir,
We recently paid £7.5.0. for The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary The 1967 edition

for use in our office. We note that in the Preface it is stated, "It is hoped that both the student and the general reader will find in this work what they might reasonably expect to find in a historical dictionary of English compressed within 2,500 quarto pages, which covers not only the history of the general English vocabulary from the days of King Alfred down to the present time but includes also a large number of obsolete, provincial, and foreign words and phrases, and a multitude of terms of art and science."

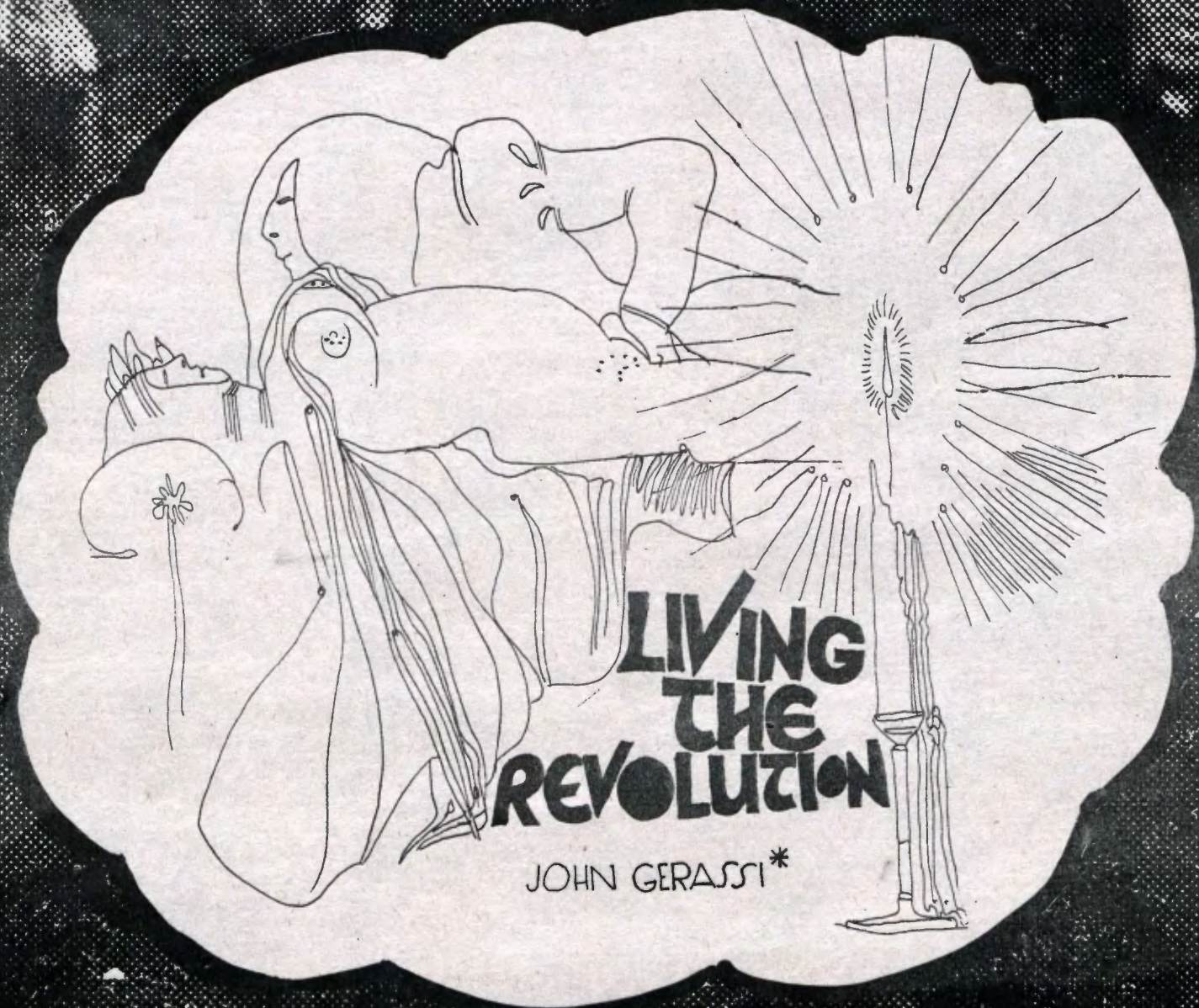
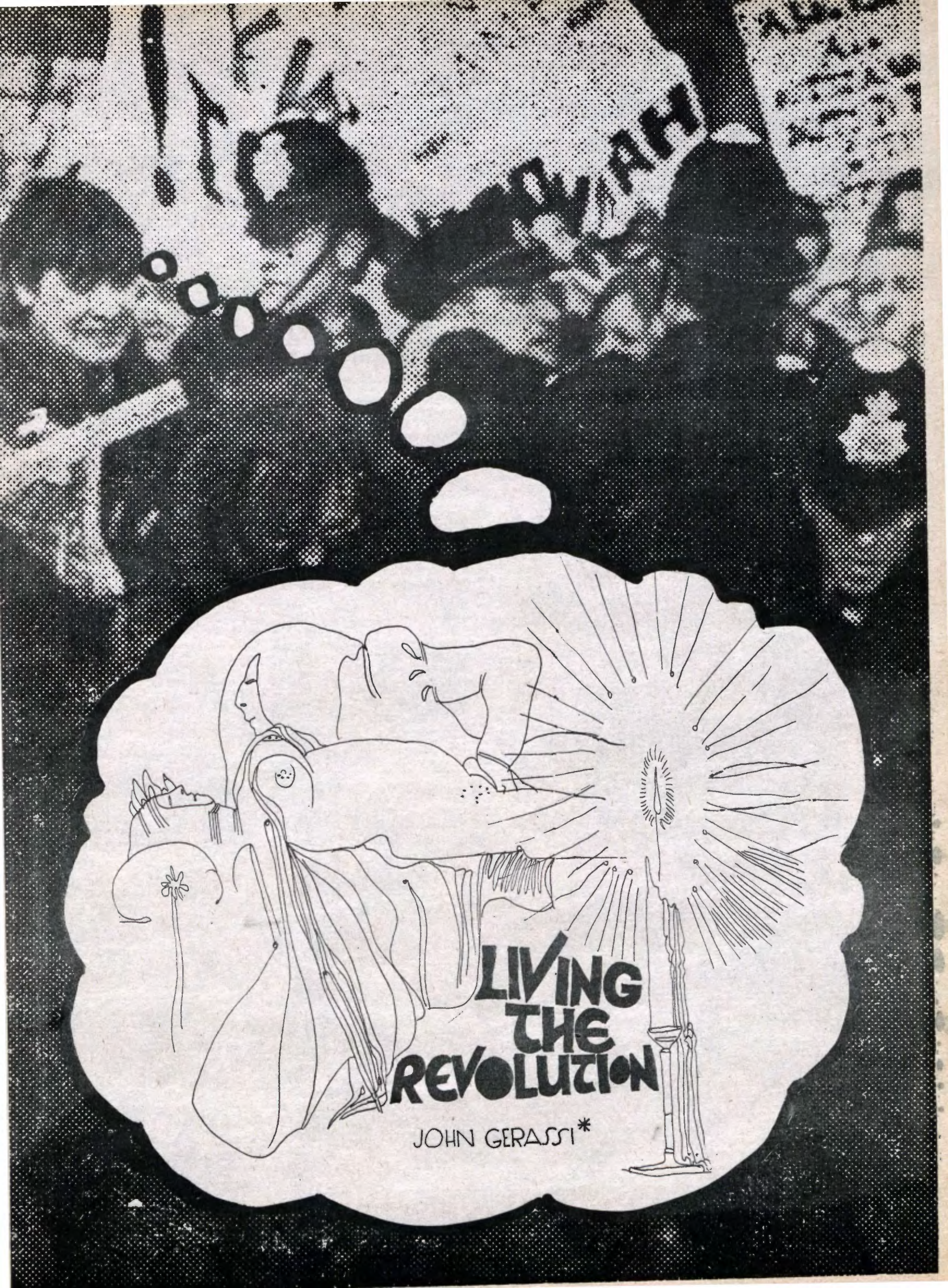
It does not contain the word 'fuck'. We would be interested to know the reason for this curious omission. Yours sincerely,
OZ Magazine

Dear Sir,
Thank you for your letter of 14 April. At the time the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary* was first published (1933) no dictionary for general use - as distinct from dictionaries of slang - contained the word of whose omission you complain. Nor does it appear now in any of the serious dictionaries, including the main American dictionaries, immediately accessible to us. So far as we know it is to be found so far only in the recent Penguin Dictionary.

The reasons for its long omission from the serious dictionaries are complex and you will hardly expect me to go into these in an answer that must be brief. In the main, I should guess that the permissive attitudes that now prevail are of such recent date that they have not yet had time to become reflected in large dictionaries that can only be revised and reset at fairly long intervals for reasons of cost. And to have included the four-letter words, until recently, in dictionaries meant for general use might have meant their being banned in this country and elsewhere. Even now their inclusion might still have this effect in some countries and, failing this, might mean that their market became restricted in, for example, schools. For a publishing house to be affected by such considerations does not necessarily imply that its motives are wholly commercial: it might well find that it would be a pity to restrict, by the inclusion of such sensitive words, the use of the scholarship and useful knowledge which a dictionary may otherwise contain.

In short, then, the question is a vexed one to which no easy answer (other than the historical and pragmatic one given here) can be given. It will be under close consideration in our own future planning for a new edition of the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary*. You may be interested to know that this and similar words will be dealt with in the new edition of the Supplement to the large *Oxford English Dictionary* now in preparation.

Yours truly,
DM Davin
The Clarendon Press
Walton Street Oxford.





So we call ourselves revolutionaries! Yet we — at least most of us white, middle-class, educated dreamers and drop-outs — have all the basic necessities we need to live more comfortably than ever before. We have more physical freedom, more sexual freedom, even more verbal freedom than ever before. At least in the rich capitalist world which we consider the real enemy and want to destroy. So, why *do* we want a revolution? And what kind? Ask these questions to any 'traditional' revolutionary, one who thinks he is a 'Marxist-Leninist', and you'll get the traditional economic-political answers: the capitalist exploits the working class by blah-blah. But we're not working class!

Yes but we're intellectuals and the role of the intellectual revolutionary elite, conscious of the tida-tidum, is to papim papam. Why? Because that elite, realizing that it profits from the greed . . . Ho Hum.

I don't know about you, but that's not why I'm a revolutionary. Sure, I can make those tedious analyses. Sure, I even think such analyses have to be made, as fuel to bring about revolutionary situations. In order to thrive in my kind of society, I know I've got to convince others to view it as groovy. And, in order to keep them receptive to my future, I've got to make them conscious of our present. So I guess I'll keep trying to explain why we live in a dehumanizing society, the direct and necessary consequence of capitalism, and its mode of operation, capitalist bureaucracy.

But that's for the squares. We know we're being dehumanized, and we know why: they need us to do their dirty work. And not just in Vietnam, either. For how will they get the gadgets and experts they need for our materialistic society? And who will rationalize their necessity? Who will explain their political value? You and me. They need us more than we need them. We're the ones who must think up these things in their labs, the ones who must explain their value in their books, the ones who must show their appeal on their television, the ones who must defend

them in their courts. That's why we've got to go to *their* universities, join *their* factories, and institutions. Otherwise? Well, just imagine, as Abbie Hoffman (*Revolution for the Hell of It*) put it recently:

What would happen if large numbers of people in the country started getting together, forming communities, hustling free fish on Fulton Street, and passing out brass washers to use in laundromats and phones? What if people in slums started moving into abandoned buildings and refusing to move even to the point of defending them with guns? What if this movement grew and busy salesmen sweating under the collar on a hot summer day decided to say fuck the system and headed for welfare? What if secretaries got tired of typing memos to the boss's girlfriend in triplicate and took to panhandling in the streets? What if when they called a war, no-one went? people who wanted to get educated just went to a college classroom and sat-in without paying and without caring about a degree? Well, you know what? We'd have ourselves one hell of a revolution, that's what.

Obviously, if the modern world's universities came to a standstill — or if we all refused to get educated *their* way — the whole capitalist-bureaucratic world would collapse. And it would do so faster than with guns and barricades. (The corollary, which I won't try to defend here but is, to me, a simplistic truism, is that the dehumanizing society's most important and necessary weapon is the university.) This is true



not only because of what they teach us but of why as well. In order to make us "experts" they have to dehumanize us, separate us, compartmentalize us. We have to be segregated, pigeon-holed, divorced from one another so totally that we cannot relate to one another (outside our own in-group) except through their institutions. What would happen to our society if a worker actually liked to sit and talk with intellectuals? If children were allowed to masturbate together instead of watching television? But that still isn't all. What our education system necessarily does is force us to enter and propagate the vicious circle which dehumanizes us — which teaches us that material achievements are the only valuable things in life. To make us "good" experts, we must prove our merit. How? By passing tests better than anyone else. By competing. In other words by considering our fellow men as our personal enemies. This is true in Russia as well as in America. We've got to "prove" ourselves — first in class, then in the army, then in the factory. Every value we have is based on individual achievement, on some rags-to-riches tale, on some poor bloke finding his god in the desert, overcoming his obstacles alone, struggling with his soul.

The so-called Communists are just the same. All Power to the Soviets! Yes, but later. First, let's be as good as the capitalist world. So Lenin rules. Then

Stalin. Then what's-his-name. The Soviets can wait. They're made up of ordinary people, and some ordinary people are stupid and everybody knows stupid people don't count. Because they don't want to get to the moon first. And niggers don't count either because they love sex too much and are lazy. But they'll be okay when they get our values, when they understand that the meaning of life is to get ahead. Until then society can tell them how to live — with the police.

I'll tell you why I'm a revolutionary.

It's very simple:

I just don't want that kind of a life. I want to live in a world where I don't have to stand while my boss or the commissar sits, where I can talk to a black man as an equal; where I don't get asphyxiated by fumes or killed by shoddy cars; where no-one wants to shoot me and I don't want to shoot anyone; where I can enjoy a painting without caring about who did it, just as I don't care who made the sun-set. I want to know what my neighbor thinks about the school where we both send our kids even though he likes music written by some guy named Beethoven while I groove to Jimi Hendrix. I want to be free to ask a girl to go to bed with me knowing that if she doesn't she'll feel free enough to say 'no thanks' and then we can still rap about a book we both read — and vice versa. I want to smoke pot if I like it. I don't want cops telling me where I can sit, but I do want to be able to listen to my neighbors, all kinds of people, and if they all feel that it's good for us all for me not to sit there, I won't and I won't feel my manhood is bitten off for going along with them. I know I can't

participate in every decision, that I can't be everywhere at the same time and I don't want to — I'm lazy — so I want to be able to have some guy represent me there and another guy over yonder. But I want to be able to recall him anytime. I don't want to worry about food or clothing or a roof — I know the world is rich enough to give me all that — me and everybody else — and I'm willing to do my share of the work, but not for somebody else's profit. I don't want to accumulate property. I want free education, as I and the people I rap with think it important or pleasurable.

I'm no masochist; I don't believe I have to sacrifice myself in order to have a vacation or enjoy myself. I don't believe pleasure and work are antithetic; every man ought to enjoy what he does. I want free medicine, free transportation, free rent, free leisure, free theatre, free eye-glasses, free pot. I'll work, sure, I'll do my best, I can write — sometimes. I can teach. I'll do it, with pleasure. Or, if you all think it's a waste of time, well, I can make pretty good tables and dressers, with sliding doors that really slide. Maybe I can hoe potatoes. Why not? If a bunch of us do it together, singing, laughing. Well, not everyday maybe. So we'll take Mondays, you take Tuesdays.

Most important, I guess, I want to know what you think and feel, and why. And I want you to care about me. I don't care if you have an IQ of 20 and me 120 — that's luck. You have blond hair, I got brown. That's your human condition. If you have an IQ of 20,



you're just as much a man as I am, me with my potato nose and you with that straight delicate one. Your experiences are worth mine and mine yours. Let's rap, brother. Let's see what we want from each other, what we have to do in private, what we agree on and can do together. Let's run our schools together. And our factories. And, if after a while, there's no Spiro Agnew to pick up the garbage, and we agree that we want it out of our community, maybe I'll pick it up on Tuesdays if you can do it on Wednesdays.

I don't want customs, or passports, or work-permits, or foreign exchange. Of course, since we'll all be equals, we won't need any of that. True, there's always that guy, the one who invents a new way to fly and won't tell us unless he gets two cars to our one. Well, the hell with him and his invention. Suppose, though, what he invents is a pill that prolongs life for 50 years. We'd all like to live until we're 130. But then, what can he do with his invention? Together, you and I, we'll have fun. We'll laugh and enjoy ourselves and we won't have any reason to distrust each other, even if you do have a prettier nose and I envy you for it, and I have a higher IQ (which you won't envy since it won't get me more things). (I might have a prettier wife, though.) Still we'll relate. He'll be an outcast. Let him live till he's 130 - lonely and bitter. We'll die when we're 80. But it was fun.

That's what I want. That's what a lot of people I know want. I got taught by

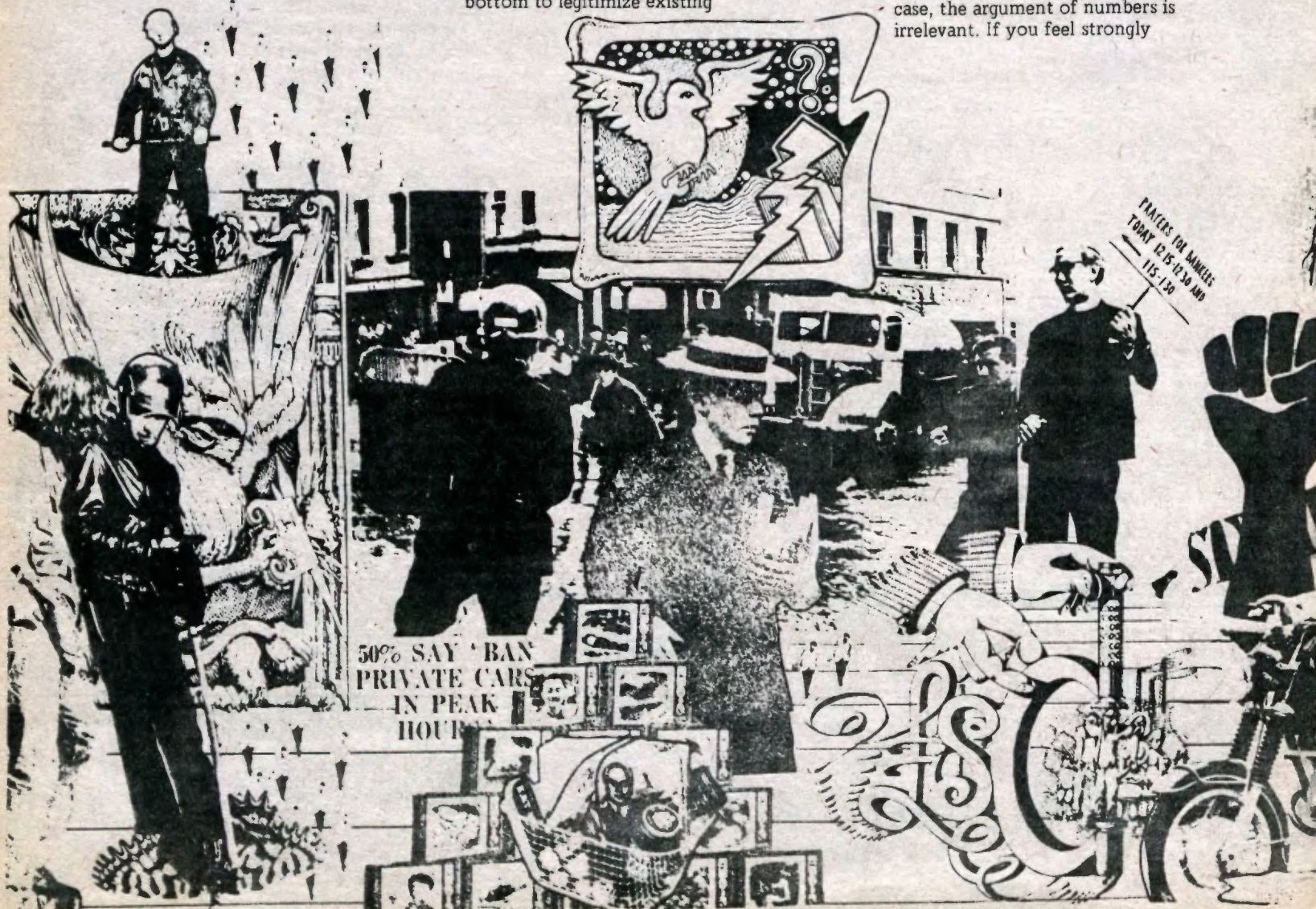
having it. That's right, I'm a product of capitalist society. I've had the fancy home, the maid, the car, the expense account, the titles and the Bigelows on the floor. What I didn't have was happiness. I was bossed, cajoled, coerced, manipulated, pigeon-holed. I lived by the values of this society and they taught me to drive, drive for more, rush and rush some more. I was told not to think of happiness as a feeling only as a thing, a possession, a warm blanket like Linus always has.

It didn't work. I hadn't suffered from the Depression or World War II. I just couldn't be fooled. And there are thousands, perhaps millions of kids today who can't be fooled either. Brought up under the material incentives of capitalism, we are the product of capitalism's greatest contradiction - that it simply doesn't satisfy. And so we can no longer be manipulated by capitalism, at least not for very long.

But we can be repressed by it. That's why we need a revolution. We are being repressed by it, by its police, its universities, its televisions, its 'democracy', its parliamentarianism, its secret services, its apologists and especially by its myths, most importantly, the myth that change must be peaceful and that only we revolutionaries are violent (though even the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence can't stomach that myth. It says: 'Like most ideologies, the myth of peaceful progress is intended at bottom to legitimize existing

political arrangements and to authorize the suppression of protest. It also serves to conceal the role of official violence in the maintenance of these arrangements.') Let's settle a few things first. We want to throw out those in power to establish a new society.

Now if you think that elections can change anything, you just aren't with it. Those who have power are not those who are elected but those who set up elections. What we must overthrow is capitalist (State or Private) parliamentarianism, not the Democratic or Republican, Labour or Conservative parties. We have as much right to do so as the Americans who overthrew the English, the French bourgeoisie who overthrew their aristocrats. As Abe Lincoln put it: 'This country with its constitution belongs to us who live in it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government they shall exercise their constitutional rights of amending it or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it.' But then, influenced by a life-time of debates between 'majority' and 'minority', you might say that we're the minority, and that there are a lot of innocent bystanders, too. For one thing, every revolution, the English and American included, was started by a minority, a tiny one at that. It became a majority only as it proved it meant what it said. For another, we're the young. Among the young, we're probably the majority. In any case, the argument of numbers is irrelevant. If you feel strongly



about saving your capitalist regime, defend it. But don't call yourself an innocent bystander. There is no such thing. An innocent bystander in the American Revolution? To Hitler's occupations? Or, as Abbie Hoffman puts it: 'If you are a bystander, you are not innocent.'

So, we agree, it's a fight to the finish. Well then, why doesn't the Establishment hound us, arrest us, kill us? Because that is not what modern Capitalism is all about. It is not George Wallace, the KKK and Minutemen, the four colonels of the green beret calypso. No. The Establishment is IBM, Xerox, the Kennedys, the London and New York Times, Harvard University, LSE, the Courts — the liberal corporatists who, to survive, must maintain the semblance of fair play and reform-mindedness. It is no accident that no modern, developed capitalist state has ever resorted to dictatorship, not even in times of trouble. For as long as the liberocorporatists can maintain such a semblance, protesters tend to remain isolated and un-polarized. Destroy the verbal meaning of corporate liberalism — silence the Times, arrest the Eugene McCarthys — and the whole structure becomes threatened overnight. It can then be maintained only by an armed phalanx who are just as apt to bump off the Kennedys and the chairman of Xerox, IBM and the universities (who are often the same) as they are to cut my head off. In fact, more apt to do so — for the colonels (or police chiefs, as would be more likely in America) have more to gain from liquidating the former — the loot.

Thus, it is no accident that in the French revolution of May-June 1968, the power elite did not bring in the troops to open fire on students and workers, even on May 29 when it could fear total collapse of the corporative state apparatus.

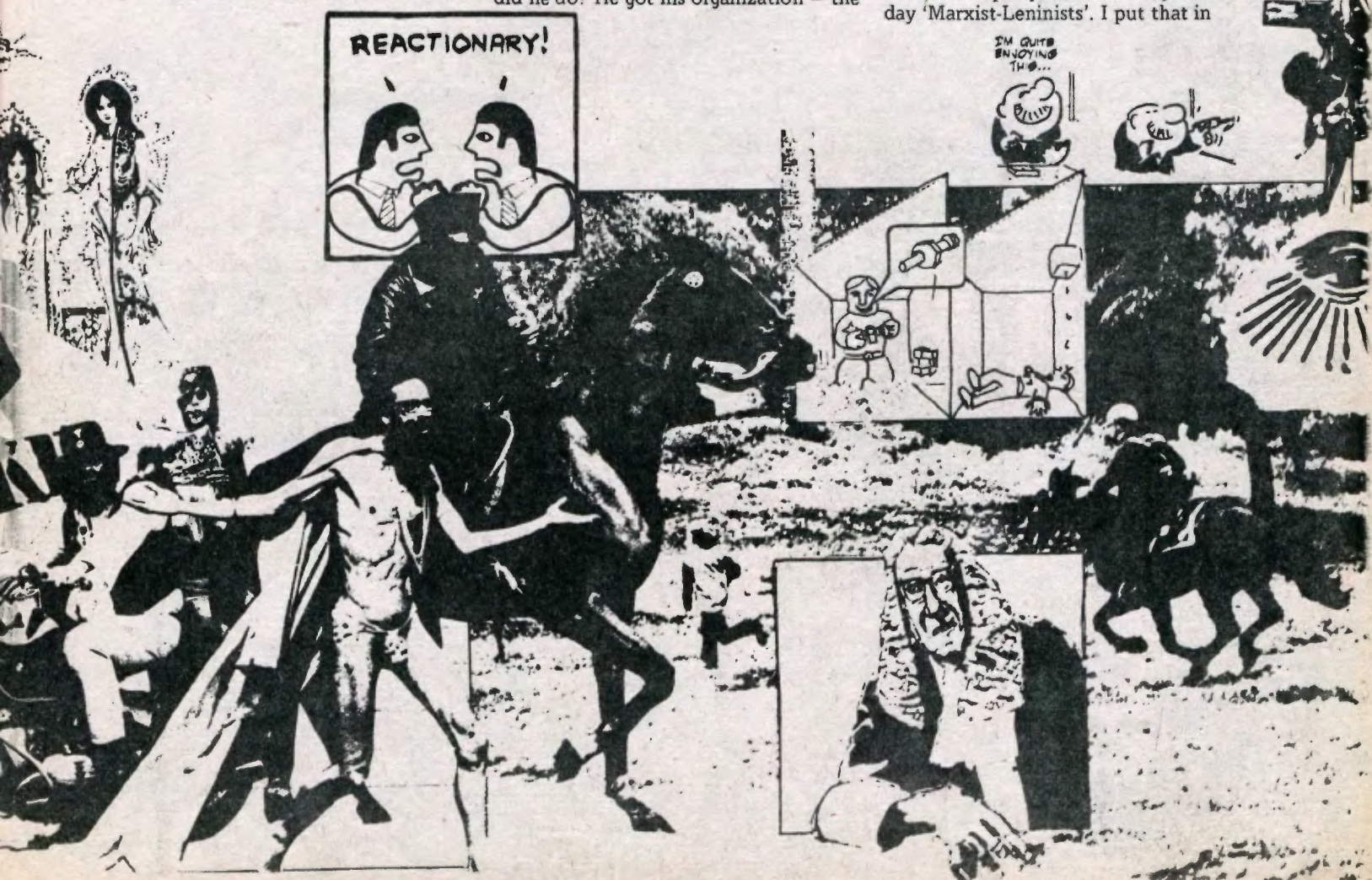
The enemy is not going to kill us all. Some, here and there, by assassination, but not all, and not systematically. It will repress us (and is doing it) by massive individual arrests, tying us and our resources up in their courts while, simultaneously trying to buy off some of us here and there by paper reforms, changes in degree but not in kind. (For, suppose that they did let us run our universities, what would happen to their counter-insurgency, biochemical and ghetto-control research? What would happen to their moon-projects, their executive training and recruiting operations, their future civil servants, media-men, computer experts?). But let's not kid ourselves their form of repression is the most efficient yet devised. It is far better than guns or clubs. Useless car-safety legislation or an amendment to lower the voting age to 18 is far, far wiser than HUAC intimidations. Indeed, the best thing that happened for the Second American Revolution is Mayor Daley. Well, then, what can we do against this monolithic liberal corporativism which bathes itself from head to toe in a pluralistic myth? Lenin once gave this answer: 'Give us an organization of revolutionaries, and we will overturn Russia!' And he did. But with what results? Never mind what he said, what did he do? He got his organization — the

revolutionary party — and with it the elite corps that went on to rule Russia, creating Stalinism, Czechoslovakia and the trials of Daniel and Siniavski. History has judged Lenin right. His methods were the only ones capable of overturning the Czarist State. And ever since, I like scholastics mimicking St Thomas, 'Marxist-Leninists' have insisted that every revolution must be carried out in the same way. Yet Lenin wouldn't agree. He would say, as he did, that conditions determine tactics and that tactics are subservient to the reasons for the revolution. His reasons were land, bread, freedom. His revolution never got the third, but two out of three is a pretty good batting average in any league.

Almost. Not in ours. We're ambitious. We want a perfect score — or else forget it. But don't, because we'll get it. There are certain laws about revolutions. Not many, but a few. One is that a revolution is made by people, ie: a movement. The other is that it must (and does) function within two awarenesses:

- 1) the nature of the adversary;
- 2) the kind of structure, at least in general, which the movement wants to set up.

The first is easy: liberal corporativism, which we all know, or should. The second is harder. I've described my structure above. Other revolutionaries have other descriptions. But we all agree on one basic characteristic: that it be a humanizing society. That means that Lenin's elitist organization is out. Also, then, is his 'party' as defined by modern day 'Marxist-Leninists'. I put that in



quotes because Marx never talked about a ruling party hierarchy such as Lenin put into motion. Marx, for example, spoke of 'the party arising spontaneously from the soil of modern society.' And Engels, in his best work, *Anti-Dühring*, said that the role of a revolutionary party is to destroy the State; not only the old state but all future states. After seizing power he wrote 'State interference in social relations becomes, in one domain after another, superfluous, and then withers away of itself; the government of persons is replaced by the administration of things. The State is not abolished. It withers away.' Even Lenin insisted that once the revolution is victorious 'a special force for suppression is no longer necessary. In this sense the State begins to wither away.'

Where Lenin went wrong was to believe in short cuts. There are none — neither to justice nor truth. Just as a revolution from above is bound to fail (since they do not participate in it, the masses do not consider it theirs and will not work for its post-victory success), so is one that forgets its principles in order to strengthen itself (once the value of man is relegated to second place it stays there). No matter how 'good' and just a cop's intentions may be, no matter how much he believes in the rationalization that he is being efficient in order to become chief whence he can have the power to humanize the whole force, by the time he is the chief he will have institutionalized his actions: every cop on the force will act as if man is an object, to be treated as such. Once manipulation is a way of life, human lives become manipulatable. The Russia of today is not the fault of a Stalin gone mad; it is the necessary consequence of a revolution that did not trust the people for whom it

fought. Because it was under attack from both a reactionary within and a capitalist without, it may have had no other historical choice. But that does not change the fact that today Daniel and Siniavski are in jail because Lenin believed in discipline and that Russians are stratified and compartmentalized because Lenin reintroduced material incentives with his 'temporary' New Economic Policy.

Our revolution, then, must not cherish the principle of efficiency. It must not build followers. It must not sacrifice participation for effectiveness. It must not judge what is relevant according to doctrine. Nothing that is relevant to you or me can be considered irrelevant by the revolution. The only way we will ever see a New Man is by valuing all men. Men not theories. Men not programs. Is this heresy, as the 'Marxist-Leninists' yell? To their scholarly dogmatism, perhaps. Marx himself however, was no dogmatist. 'Every step of real movement' he wrote, 'is more important than a dozen programmes.' By real movement, of course, he meant *people*..

No party? No ideology? No program? How in hell then, do we make this 'humanizing' revolution? By living it. By fighting for what's relevant to you, not to some theoretist. You want to turn on, turn on. You want to drop out, drop out. Groove to the MC5 singing John Lee Hooker's Motor City Is Burning ('All the cities will burn... You are the people who will build up the ashes') or the Lovin' Spoonful's Revelation: Revolution '69 ('I'm afraid to die but I'm a man inside and I need the revolution'). Live in a commune. Be faithful to your values, not your parents' (Remember Bob Dylan's The Times, They

are A-Changin': 'Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command; Your old road is rapidly aging.')? Don't be afraid to be happy. As Abbie Hoffman wrote: 'Look, you want to have more fun, you want to get laid more, you want to turn on with friends, you want an outlet for your creativity, then get out of school, quit your job. Come on out and help build and defend the society you want. Stop trying to organize everybody but yourself. Begin to live your vision.'

If we do, there's a great pay-off: once we win we won't have to worry about somebody having perverted the Revolution. Because the Revolution will be us.

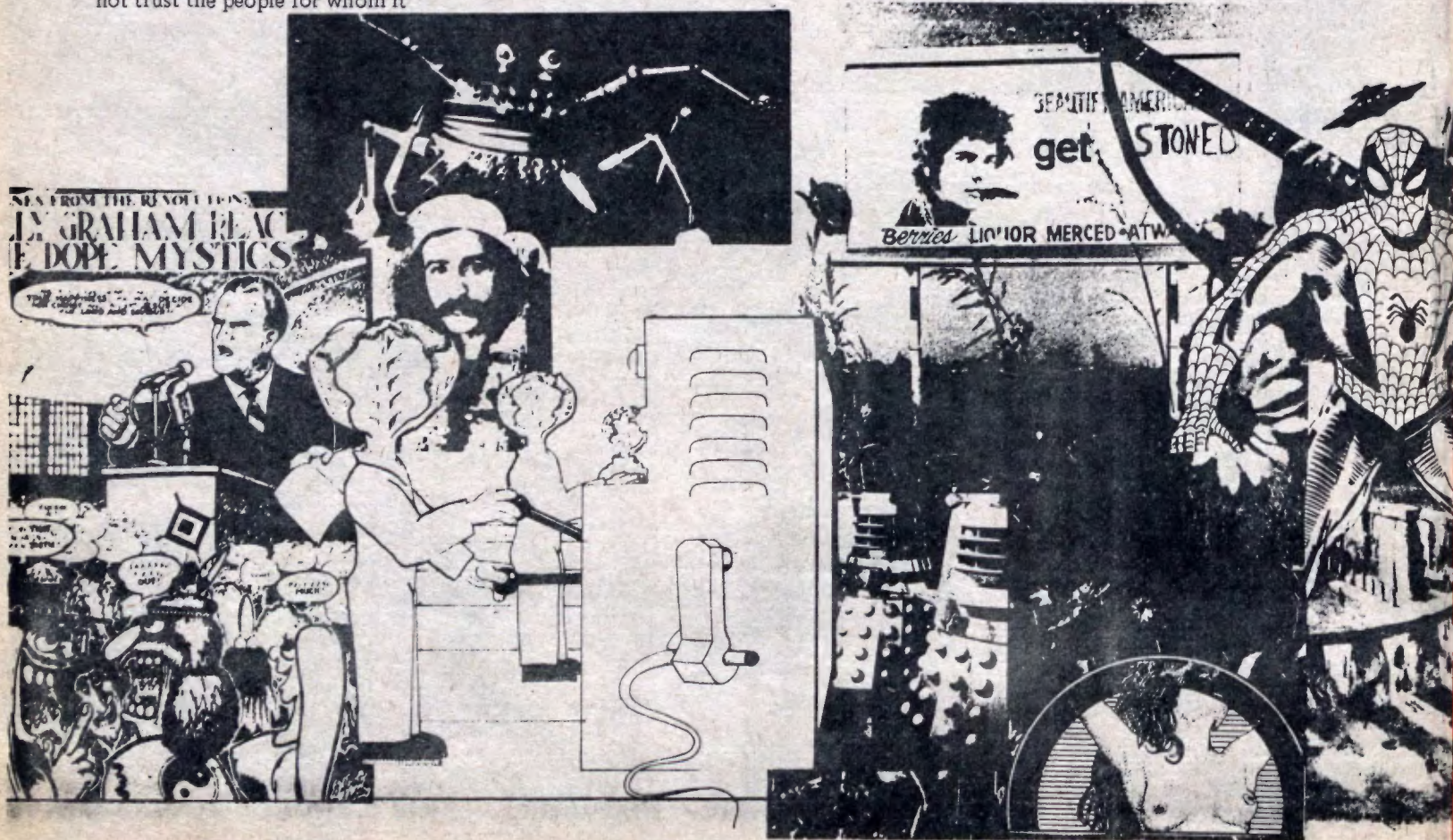
*

John Gerassi, an American, is the author of *Venceremos*, a definitive study of Che Guevara. He has been the Latin American editor of *Time* and *Newsweek*, and prior to coming to London where he is now resident, he was Professor of Political Science at San Francisco State College. He was sacked from this post for supporting the students in their demands for administrative reforms.

On June 23-25, the Oxford Creative Workshop is holding a three day talk-in on THE ALTERNATIVE SOCIETY in Oxford.

To be discussed: How can a commune keep out of debt without compromising? How can spontaneity of vision be preserved in a switched off world?

For details: Brother Simon Tugwell, Blackfriars, Oxford.



hip pocrates

(copyright 1969)
Eugen Schoenfeld
M.D.

WARNING: The use of "reds" or barbiturates for highs (lows would be more descriptive) seems to be increasing again. Seconal (secobarbital) and Nembutal (pentobarbital) are two commonly prescribed medications often used in suicide attempts. Barbiturates are also physically addicting & kicking a barbiturate habit is more difficult & dangerous than kicking narcotics.

Mixing 'reds' & alcohol can lead to a one way trip because the two drugs potentiate each other, i.e. 1+1=more than 2. In the case of barbiturates & alcohol the whole equals more than the sum of the parts. A girl in San Francisco died recently because she mixed booze with 'reds'.

QUESTION: I've recently heard that smoking catnip is very similar to smoking marijuana. Could you tell me if there is any truth in this or is it a big put-on by the catnip industry to get you to buy their product?

ANSWER: A recent story in the WALL STREET JOURNAL reported a surge in catnip sales around the country as well as an article in the JOURNAL of the AMA about catnip use by humans. A different kind of cat is using catnip these days & the WALL STREET JOURNAL notes that the price of the tabby turn-on is only 60¢ a lid. The JAMA informants claim that catnip is nearly as potent as marijuana but the research division of the Telegraph Avenue Irregulars disputes this finding. My informants claim that a catnip high is somewhere between banana peel linings and poor marijuana. Maybe there are grades of catnip like Calico Gold or Siamese Green. Is milk consumption on the increase?

Stalking further information I telephoned Alexander 'Sashe' Shulgin, the brilliant chemist who is best known to the public for his synthesis of STP (which was later illegally distributed in a dose form twice that "recommended").

'Sashe', I purred, 'what can you tell me about catnip?'

He promised to send me some information in a few days and yesterday his letter arrived. Portions of it follow: 'The plant is called catnip or catmint (Nepeta cataria). Steam distillation of the plant yields a volatile oil (about 0.3%) that is mostly acidic (inactive).

'The volatiles seem to turn on members of the cat family only. McElvain screened his fractions using the lion as a test animal. There is some reputation of the use of catnip in humans, as a tea for nervous headache.'

'There is a report from Puerto Rico (1945) that catnip was detected as an adulterant in marijuana!'

'A number of other, chemicals have been established as being present in catnip (as citral, geraniol, nerol, camphor, citronellol) but of some interest is the content of ascorbic acid.' '...the active ingredient, nepetalactone.' 'An extremely similar substance...is isolated from the Argentine ant, Iridomyrmex humilis.' '...similar compounds are found in yet another, insect the stick insect Anisomorpha buprestoides.'

'The chemical...is completely unrelated to any known family of hallucinogens.' '...if catnip smoking seems to lose its

charm, one can always turn to cigarettes made of Argentine ants.'

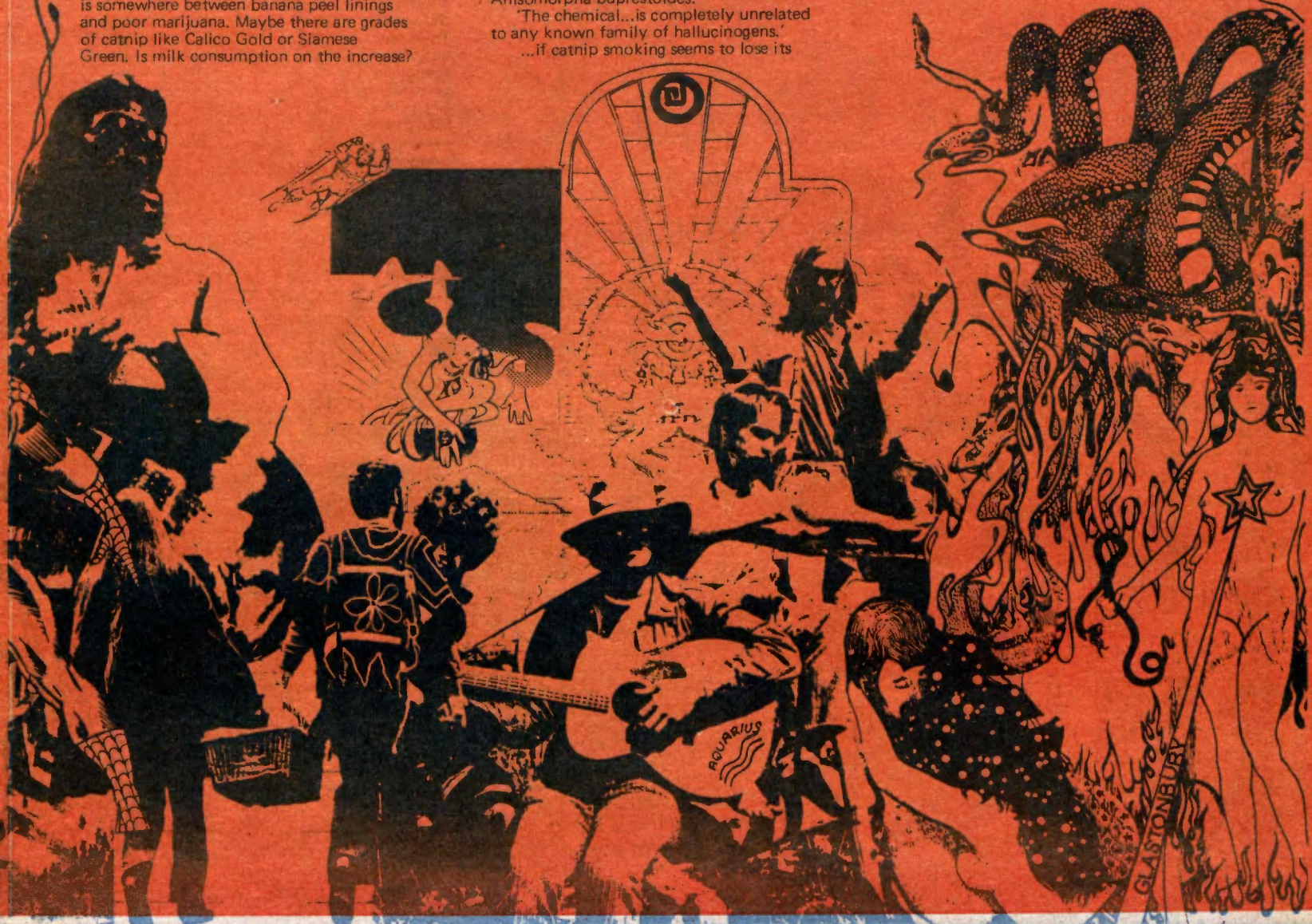
'Maybe the person who coined the word 'Roach' knew something that we don't.'

Ground catnip closely resembles ground marijuana leaves. Nothing is known about possible harmful effects from short or long term use of the drug.

A recent drug conference in Buffalo, N.Y. featured as participants Drs. Joel Fort, Tim Leary, Ralph Metzner, and Tod Mikiyura as well as Allen Ginsberg & Paul Krassner. Also at the conference were a group of the Up Against the Wall Motherfuckers. The Motherfuckers, who carried chains, whips, knives & other weapons, continually harassed the speakers. Ginsberg tried to incorporate their screamed obscenities into his poems — with little success. Paul Krassner ended his talk with a few futile minutes of trying to banter with them.

Joel Fort gave an astute psychiatric diagnosis when he said to one of them, 'You're not only Motherfuckers but assholes as well.'

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



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you on, baby?"*



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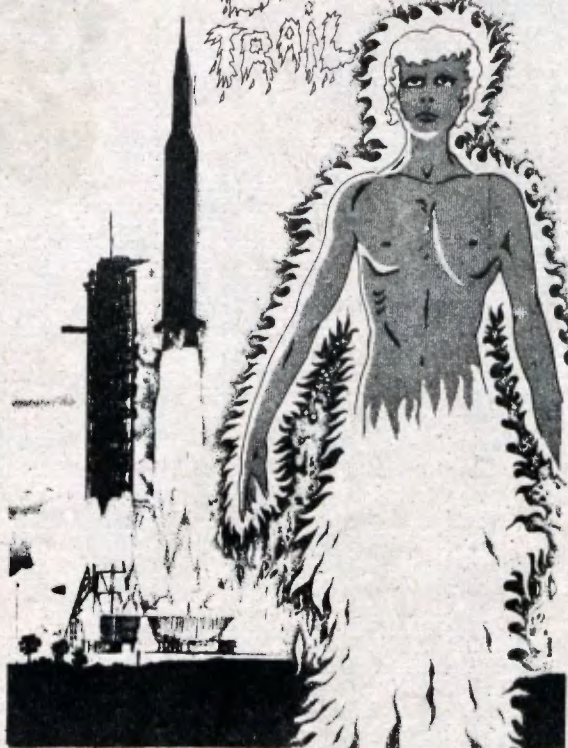
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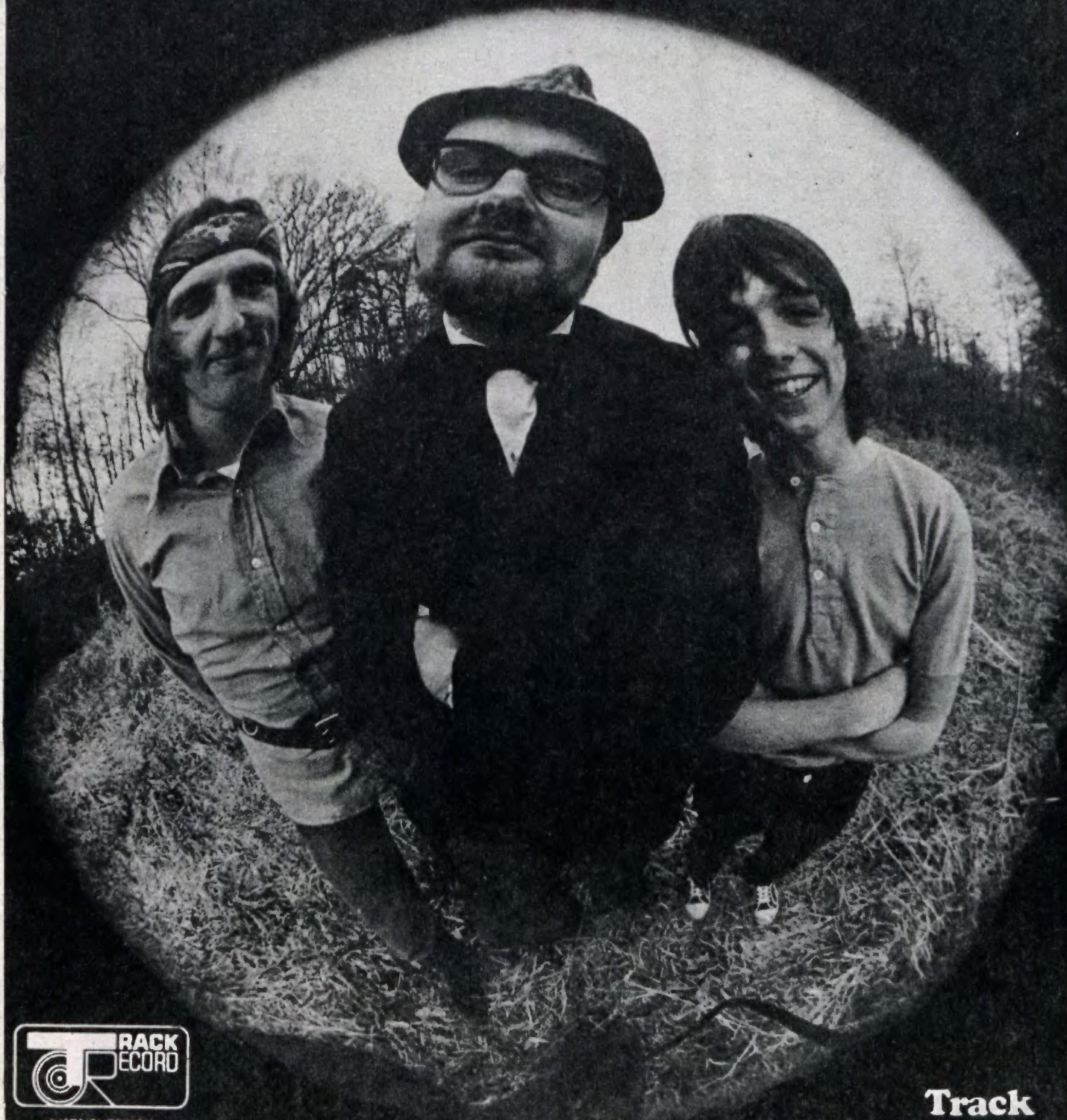
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BORN UNDER A BAD SIGN

Peter Townshend:

I'm today's powerful young man. I'm today's successful young man. I'm not saying that in any egotistic way at all, but you have to face it. It is us and people like us who dictate the musical formula: we dictate changing hair styles, the way people dress. This is what art is: this is what our music is. It involves people, completely. It does something to their whole way of existence; the way they dance, the way they express themselves sexually, the way they think... everything. The world of pop and what it is achieving is unbelievable. I can't see that someone like Benjamin Britten, sitting in his little studio doing his things (which I very much admire) getting through to the same kind of audience and having the same kind of effect. For this reason alone, pop music and its effect is crucial to an understanding of today's art. It's crucial that pop should be considered as art. It's crucial that it should progress as art, and not return as it seems to be so desperately trying to do, to the kind of factory made, big-agency-controlled rubbish that it was before the Beatles came along.

It's very difficult to talk about pop music, since to start with there isn't such a thing as 'pop' music. There are many different kinds of music all called 'pop'. You can't say that the sounds I produce are the same as those of Donald Peers. They're totally different... but they're both called 'pop'. For me, my kind of pop is the leader of youth; it's being in the present. But the more you talk about it, the more confused you become, the best thing is not to be talking but to pick up a guitar and be playing it. Because that's what pop music is about. Pop music isn't me sitting reasoning out its role; it's me picking up a guitar and playing you a song.

If you look at my form of art, you can find something in the best of pop which completely eliminates the old form. Completely eliminates it. If you think that Mahler's Ninth Symphony is overwhelming, I can play you a tape which I made in my studio at home which is more overwhelming. If you tell me that Italian opera is unsurpassable, then you're talking rubbish. If people dig Italian opera then let them dig it. I think we can do better... in today's terms, Italian

opera doesn't say *anything* for today. Benjamin Britten, for example, is hung up on Purcell. So am I, and I think I was getting nearer to what Purcell was getting at musically in my song 'I'm a Boy', than Benjamin Britten was in the whole of his work. I can read music and I can arrange it; I know all about counterpoint... but as soon as I learned it completely, I realised that it was utterly useless to me. All it allowed me to do was to understand what other composers were trying to do. And once you've understood, you've got to go on and use today's terms to produce new music, not yesterday's.

I think the most important musical development we've made is in free form music. Complete abandon in music, completely uncontrolled music which does exactly what it wants. We don't allow our instruments to stop us doing what we want, we don't even allow our physical health to stop us doing what we want. We smash our instruments, tear our clothes and wreck everything. The expense doesn't worry us because that would be something which would get between us and our music. If I stood on stage worrying about the price of the guitar then I'm not really playing music. I'm getting involved in material values. I don't have a love affair with a guitar. I don't polish it after every performance. I play the fucking thing. Our actual intention is to play out all the adrenalin and all the aggression and all the things that are in us. We communicate aggression and frustration to the audience musically and visually. We want to show the audience that we are frustrated characters, that we do want

to get something out of our system and we do wanna do it in front of them. I've written a thesis for Gustav Metzger - an auto destructive lecturer. I said that our audience is numbed by seeing violence in the same way that they're numbed by seeing a car crash. It's a traumatic experience. But it does release basic tensions - people flying off the handle. Lack of control and basic abandon, which is something which people don't particularly admire or respect in other people but which everybody has put up inside them. So our performance and music has got much more to do with art than people imagine. Much, much more to do with pop music than anything else. Outside of football, there's been very little real expression of how we feel since the days when people ran around with no clothes on banging drums. It's all been... sophistication and gloss. We're not out to blow people's minds, however. We're out to get through to them. It's too easy to blow someone's mind. All we have to do is to go on either stark naked or explode - blow our toes off or something; you can always blow people's minds. You know these guys that come up and say: wouldn't it be a mind-blower if we got 6,000 million kids all dressed in red uniforms and had a big freak-out in the middle of Ealing Common. Sure it'll be mind-blowing, but what would it prove?

At the moment, I'm very interested in getting complete control over my music. In other words, I would write a piece of music, arrange it, play every instrument myself, record it all myself, in my own studio, sing any part that needed singing, produce it myself and also distribute it myself. Complete control. The more control you've got over what you're involved in, the nearer the finished produce is to what you intended. It will be good when every individual can make music in the same way that every individual can paint a picture. Think how huge it could be: instead of the drab music classes that you have in school now, you could have something similar to an art class where everyone actually makes music themselves. This could be huge.

There will be a benefit concert for the Fairport Convention on Sunday 25th May 1969 at 6 pm at the RoundHouse Chalk Farm. Family, Pretty Things, Deviants, have agreed to play at the time of going to press, and many other musicians have intimated that they will be there for a blow, all being well.

This interview with Peter Townshend is taken from a book, 'Born Under a Bad Sign' by Tony Palmer, to be published by William Kimber & Co Ltd in September 1969.



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LPREVIEWS

TOMMY. The Who. Track 613 014



'Tommy', the Who's saga of "that deaf dumb and blind kid", is a fantasy for our times. It's not didactic at all... there is no overall message. The final track 'We're Not Gonna Take It!' fades out into unresolved ambiguity... Who isn't going to take what? Is the cry a revolutionary or a reactionary one? Is Tommy, by this time transformed into a seer and prophet, fighting his disciples or leading them? Or maybe trying to escape from them, back into the realm of pure sensation he knew as a child? The answers aren't important. The open-ending keeps the fantasy alive, gives free rein to its charm.

John Peel, that otherwise sensible fellow, has already been trapped into making "better than" comparisons between 'Tommy' and Sergeant Pepper. A pity, since while 'Tommy' is probably an equally important LP and an equally important "event" in the pop music world, the two are really incomparable in terms of the quality of what they attempt and achieve as music. Part of Sergeant Pepper's impact was the way it stood so obviously outside the existing pop tradition... so obviously apart, for that matter, from anything the Beatles had tried before. It was truly revolutionary music. It was so *unexpected* it made your head sing. At the same time it had an integrity which ensured its success not only as an event but as music in its own right. 'Tommy' has that same integrity, but in a sense it is nothing new. There is really nothing here that the Who haven't done before and there are, literally, echoes... a certain chord sequence, bass riff or melody line... that link the present songs with previous ones. On the other hand one can honestly say there is nothing that they've ever done so well. 'Tommy' is a natural and, moreover, a triumphant progression from their earlier LPs.

Of course, the triumph is Pete Townshend's as much as anyone's. To produce an opera using the language, music and values of his own generation has been a personal ambition of his for many years now. The opera label then, Townshend's own, is as appropriate as any for 'Tommy'. The work has the formal strength and rigidity that the term implies (and which presumably first prompted Peel to make comparisons with Pepper). At the same time, however, the music is far from being studied. It's amazing, in fact, that within such a formal framework the Who could have produced songs of such rawness and violence, with such momentum and with such emotional impact as the ones we find here.

'Tommy' opens with an instrumental 'Overture', a bow to tradition which is wryly put in perspective as more of a thumbing-of-the-nose when it is followed up later with 'Underture'. This impressive nine-minute instrumental trip is strongly rhythmic. By turns it pounds along like blood in the veins and then slips into gentler, broader soaring sequences, while Townshend's guitar works a pattern of complex chord inversions over everything. 'Underture' is also interesting

in that it is really a distillation of the instrumental spirit of the whole album. Tightly controlled and yet at times disruptive, it's the spirit of calculated violence we've come to expect from the Who, a violence of opposing and contrasting elements, of sudden, unexpected switches of mood. Again, the Who have never managed it so successfully as here. The musical production on this album as a whole would be hard to fault on any score. One particularly nice point is that although there is extensive over-dubbing it is always used, as where Townshend mixes acoustic and electric guitars, to intensify and augment the group's characteristic sound rather than transform it into something else. It shouldn't be too difficult, in short, for the Who to perform the entire opera live and one looks forward to them doing just that.

The songs themselves are concerned not so much with Tommy as with the people who surround him, the opportunists and the quacks, the people who use him and, in the case of his celebrated Uncle Ernie, who abuse him. Some of the songs have been called sick. They're not, of course, but it's interesting that the two which will probably be the most controversial in this respect, 'Cousin Kevin' and 'Fiddle About', are both John Entwistle's creations. Townshend's songs, of course, constitute the solid backbone of the opera and his flair for the down-to-earth, almost colloquial lyric ('My Generation', 'I'm a Boy' etc.) is still in evidence. His lyrics always were perceptive, now they are consistently and brilliantly so. Once more it's a case of the songs achieving a superior level of quality rather than presenting us with anything drastically new in structure. Finally a word about the cover and Mike McInnerney's graphics which really have to be seen to be believed. Every last thing adds up to make this album an experience you should try and take in.

Graham Charnock

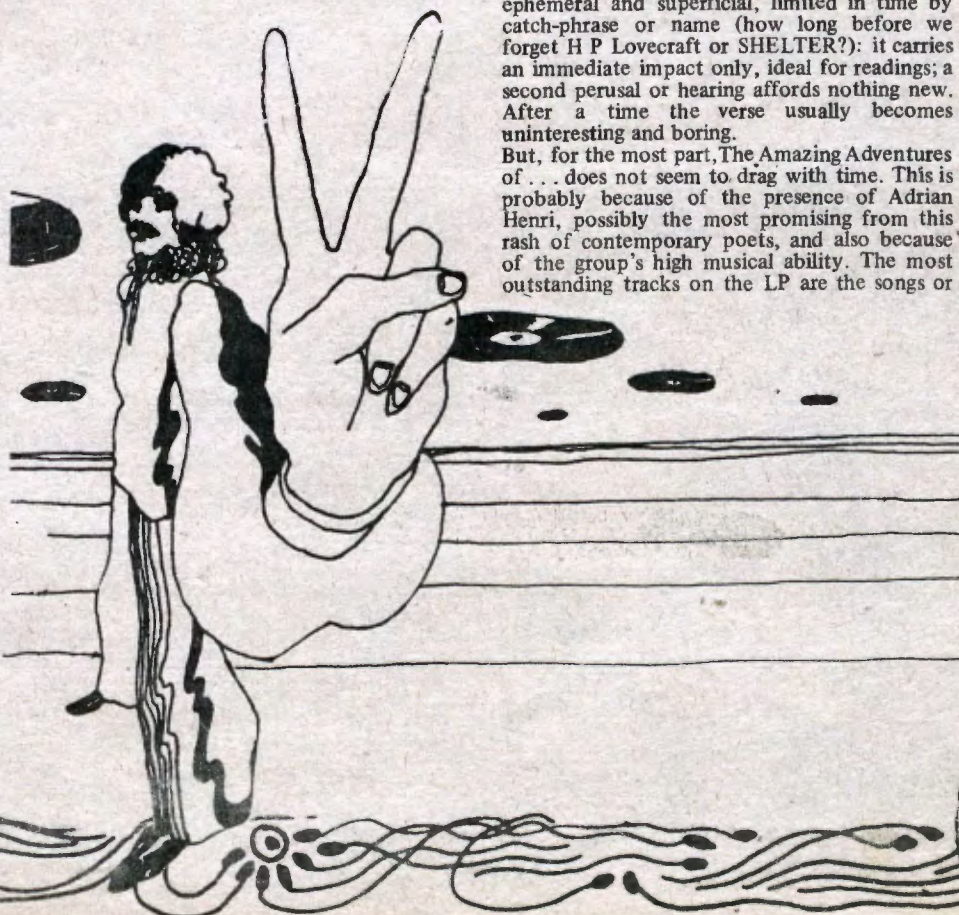
THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF... The Liverpool Scene RCA Victor

What is great poetry? Is it the eternal pieces from poets such as Milton and T S Eliot, dealing with thoughts and problems which have always been, and always will be, a part of man's existence, or those passages of verse which have purely a contemporary relevance and soon fade into past days, past thoughts, at present being written by the so-called 'Liverpool Poets'? The first provides one with material with which one can delve into and explore, the second one can hear and enjoy; the first is the poetry of the intellectual, the second the poetry of the people (Prevert's poetry, for example, was often found scrawled by the people on walls, tablecloths, etc); the first is to be read, the second to be read out. The current popularity of the Liverpool Poets is due solely to their relevance to the life of the people plus the fact that their poems are read out rather than read, while it can hardly be a coincidence that the better-known of today's crop of young poets all seem to originate from Liverpool, when people all over the country are writing in the same style and language and often just as well (thank



you Beatles). Their poetry- is usually purely ephemeral and superficial; limited in time by catch-phrase or name (how long before we forget H P Lovecraft or SHELTER?): it carries an immediate impact only, ideal for readings; a second perusal or hearing affords nothing new. After a time the verse usually becomes uninteresting and boring.

But, for the most part, The Amazing Adventures of... does not seem to drag with time. This is probably because of the presence of Adrian Henri, possibly the most promising from this rash of contemporary poets, and also because of the group's high musical ability. The most outstanding tracks on the LP are the songs or



instrumental pieces — the sweet-remembered Gliders and Parks, the Charlie Parker-type sax on Universes, Andy Robert's guitar in Burdock River Run, the pleasant Percy Parslow's Hamster Farm, the Love Story raga. The Liverpool Scene seem so versatile — on this record alone they present rock, folk, jazz, and blues, all of an equally high standard. Usually the words are pleasant, the musical effects brilliant. It is only the four-part The Amazing Adventures of Che Guevara which falls into the ephemeral trap of a great deal of today's poetry — this is simply a monologue which becomes rather tiring after a few plays, helped on its way by the inclusion of 'live' laughter which makes it all sound like one big mutual admiration society. But other contemporary pieces, like Henri's Batpoem, are helped by the music and do not meet the same fate. It's really rather an outstanding record.

C. Cousin.

The Children's Carnival will be held in Finsbury Park on Saturday May 24th (Whitsaturday). A procession will leave Finsbury Park via Upper Tollington Park at noon, pass through Camden Square and will return from there to the park. The carnival itself opens at 3 pm. drama, dancing, puppets, mime, minstrels, a steelband, a jazzband, blues groups, pop groups, a draughts demonstration, masks, inflatables, floats, stalls, sideshows, a barbeque, boating on the lake, happenings and a pavilion for refreshments. The Carnival (which ends at 8.30 pm.) has been convened by The Positive Movement. Co-ordinators: Brian Collingwood and David Hatchard. Public Relations: Tammo de Jongh, 10 Lady Somerset Road, London NW5. GUL1646.

NASHVILLE SKYLINE Bob Dylan CBS KCS 9825

Somebody once said that when Bob Dylan first started his career he wanted to be Elvis Presley much more than he wanted to be Woody Guthrie, the trouble was that there was an opening for a Guthrie so he took the gig. Analysing Dylan's motive is a common and generally fruitless pastime, and indeed, everytime one particular section of the audience began to believe that Dylan had committed himself to their trip, he promptly turned about, and accompanied by cries of 'Traitor' and 'sell-out' began to explore another music form.

In St. Augustine on John Wesley Harding Dylan sings — 'No martyr is among you, for you to call your own', and with this sentiment he has shrugged off, in turn, the patronage of the ethnic folksters, the peace marchers, the pop fans and the acid freaks. None of these changes are really so surprising when one takes the time to examine Dylan's musical background. Sure he got into Woody and Leadbelly and Big Joe Williams at an early age, but at the same time he was almost certainly getting drunk for the first time, and pulling his first chicks to the



sound of Buddy Holly, Elvis, The Everly Brothers, Chuck Berry and Gene Vincent. All through his first albums there is this manifest desire to put down some rock and roll: the Wake Up Little Susie riff on Highway 51 on his first album: The thumping Jerry Lee Lewis style Mixed Up Confusion that was recorded on the Freewheeling session but not included on the album, Black Crow Blues and even Jack O'Diamonds that he wrote for Ben Carruthers all led up to Subterranean Homesick Blues, itself an adaptation of Chuck Berry's Too Much Monkey Business, and the subsequent three albums in which he fully worked out the rock thing.

Nashville Skyline in some ways seems almost to be the working out of the other half of his rock influences, even to the extent that many of the tracks sound very like Presley or Jerry Lee Lewis B-sides and album tracks. I Threw It All Away is very like Presley's I Was The One while One More Night is reminiscent of a slowed down version of Blue Moon Of Kentucky, this similarity to the country rock of the middle fifties (what was known at the time as Western-Bop) is taken to such a length on Country Pie the guitar sound is practically identical to Cliff (Galloping) Gallup of the Bluecaps (Gene Vincents backing group).

Most of the music press in recent weeks have been shouting about 'Dylan Going C & W' and announcing the 'Great country music revival', but I think that in terms of a Hank Williams and Married By The Bible, Divorced By The Law type of country music, this revival will be as major a non-event as the rock revival of last year. I really don't see white Stetsons and banjos turning up at the freakout, although I can see a lot of country on the lines of the band getting through to groups like, say, Fairport Convention. As Joe MacDonald said in IT, country music is music in E.

I am very tempted to think of Nashville Skyline as a pleasant and relaxed intermission in Dylans progress as an artist. It is produced with studied carelessness, he and Johnny Cash goof the words on Girl From The North Country, but nobody bothers with another take. On To Be Alone With You you hear Dylan asking 'is it (the tape) rolling Bob', while on Country Pie nobody bothers to do proper fade-out, they just shut down the faders.

Nashville Skyline may not exactly be Bob Dylans Ruben And The Jets but at times it comes close.

Mick Farren

Dr Byrds & Mr Hyde Byrds CBS 6345 Retrospective: Buffalo Springfield Atco 228012

When in their early days, the Byrds were compared to the Beatles by many American rock critics and fans, one of the factors they must have had in mind was the eclecticism common to both groups; and the Byrds, like the Beatles always had a strong enough sense of form and style so that whatever influences they drew on, the groups identity was firmly stamped on the material.

The Sweetheart of the Rodeo was a surprise in the context of the Byrds development on record. While each album prior to that had seemed a logical development and progression from the previous albums, Sweetheart of the Rodeo showed a different approach. For once the material, in this case country in origin and influence, was more dominant than the Byrds style, excepting in the vocals.

The new Byrds LP is also basically country, but it does show more of a reaffirmation of the basic Byrds style. Most of the tracks have more in common with the country influenced tracks such as Old John Robertson on the Notorious Byrds Brothers than with the Sweetheart of the Rodeo.

But while there was more of an attempt to achieve a synthesis of the two forms, electric rock and country music, the result is the least organic of the last four Byrds albums. Nevertheless, individual tracks are superb. The old country song, Old Blue, sheer corn, but a case of the Byrds style transcending the corniness of the song, and in fact making that

corniness one of the song's strengths. Their country instrumental, Nashville West, is like Dylan's, Nashville Skyline, pure fun. To show the Byrds are still masters of electric rock with taste and still the best interpreters of Dylan, is what is probably the best version yet of Wheels on Fire.

One of the problems facing groups like the Byrds and the Flying Burrito Brothers is in how to conciliate their liking for C & W styles with some of the attitudes and values to be found inherent in the music at its grass roots level. A problem that manifests itself in Drug Store Truck Driving Man a beautifully countrified number by Roger McGuinn, that is my favourite track on the album, and a track that shows McGuinn, (who wrote SD and Eight Miles High, the prototypes of electric acid rock), has fully mastered the country music form.

Country music's influence on rock didn't of course begin with John Wesley Harding though one might think so reading some of the musical papers in this country, but has been an integral part of rock since the beginning. Presley had his roots in C & W as well as blues; Buddy Holly and the Everly Brothers even more so; while even a negro R & B/rock performer like Chuck Berry wrote songs such as Memphis which have a country feel to them; and Jerry Lee Lewis works now almost entirely in the C & W field. But most of the current interest in the form is due to Dylan and the country influenced rock albums that have been released since John Wesley Harding: The Bands' 'music From Big Pink, The Fantastic Expedition of Dillard and Clark, The Byrds' Sweetheart of the Rodeo, and the Flying Burrito Brothers Gilded Palace of Sin.

Another modern group who successfully formed a synthesis between rock and country was Buffalo Springfield. Their latest album is, as the title implies, a backward look over their career, and contains some of the best tracks from their previous albums.

The Springfield belong to the same genre as Moby Grape, The Spoonful, Byrds etc — white, country and folk influenced, friendly good time music, even if the Springfield were at times a little frightening or sad. If you haven't any of their previous LPs this is a good buy and almost essential as the Springfield was among the alltime great American Rock Bands.

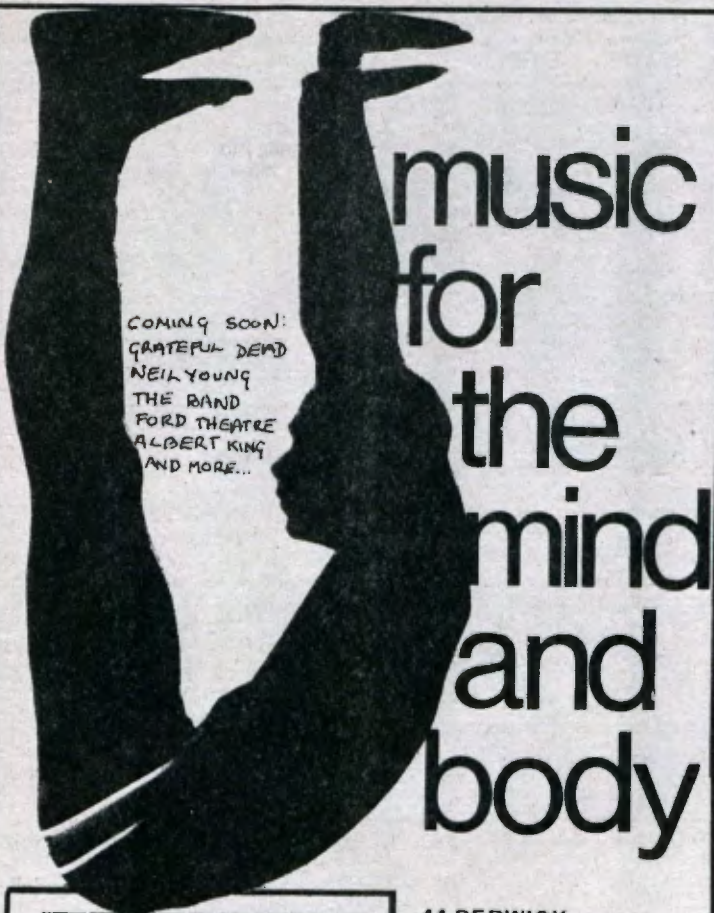
Both Steve Stills and Neil Young were important songwriters and should continue to be so — Stills with the Crosby-Stills-Nash team and Young as a solo artist. Beautiful rolling rhythms on Stills compositions and sad, moving, sometimes almost frightening melodies and themes on Youngs'. Like The Band's LP this record presents a true synthesis of styles rather than a conscious attempt by a rock group to simply assimilate C & W styles.

Peter Dalton

Just a wasp in grain shit.
MUD SNAIL by HEATHCOTE WILLIAMS.
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22, Regents Park Rd, NW1, and elsewhere.

Another plug plug plug. PARTY by Robert Walker. Also at the Arts Lab from 27th May. This came out of his play Metaphors. It has the death defyingly sexy Ann Mitchell in the lead and her small sexy son Sean. Also Barry Houghton. Sppppppmmmmmm. With lights, sounds film, a three piece free music band. Nobody strips, nobody fucks but...





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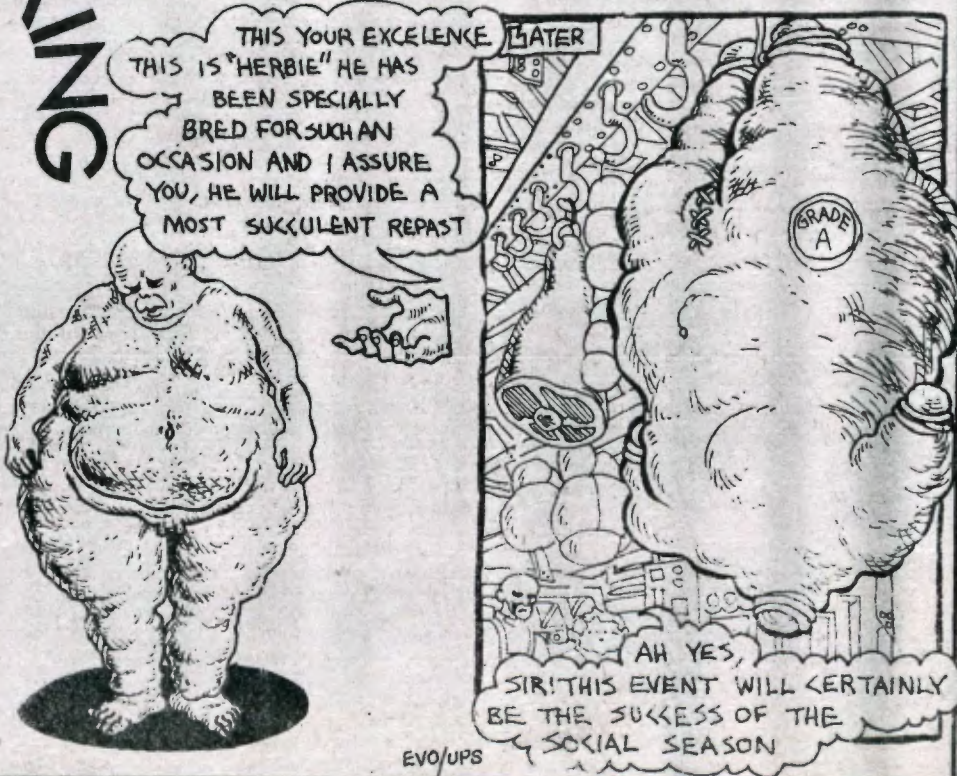
Ingredients: One plump school boy between the age of five and nine. Younger the flesh is too bland and lacks character, later the disappearance of pre-pubertal juices makes it tough and sinewy.

Method: Keep the boy (or girl) without food for at least a day. Then slit the throat and remove head, feet and hands. Allow the body to hang until the blood has stopped dripping. Remove one of the legs with a cut along the line of the groin, and saw it into six pieces, leaving the meat on the bone. Insert a clove of garlic into each piece of meat, season well with salt and pepper and sprinkle with thyme and marjoram. Put in a moderate pre-heated oven for approximately three hours. From time to time baste it with its own juices or with olive oil. The remainder of the carcass should be put in a deep freeze or left to pickle in a strong solution of salt and water, flavoured with herbs and spices, vinegar or wine and so on. It will keep a large family for at least a week.

The beautifully flavoured fat from this dish can be spread on slices of toasted French bread and makes a treat for the children at tea time.

* 'Do not forget that human flesh is edible, and of all animals, the human is the easiest to catch. Cook it well.'

Instructions in U.S. Army Survival Manual, quoted in Berkeley Barb, April 5-11 1968.



TOMMY

WRITTEN BY PETE TOWNSHEND

by
THE WHO

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It was the real thing that made my ring-a-ling ding...

Summertime Blues

Words and Music by Eddie Cochran and Jerry Capehart

I'm a-gonna raise a fuss, I'm a-gonna raise a holler,
About a-workin' all summer just to try to earn a dollar,
Ev'rytime I call my Baby, try to get a date,
My Boss says, "No dice, Son, you gotta work late"
Sometimes I wonder what I'm a-gonna do,
But there ain't no cure for the Summertime Blues.

Ah, well, my Mom 'n' Pa-pa told me, "Son, you gotta make some money,
If you want-ta use the car to go a-ridin' next Sunday,"
Well, I didn't go to work, told the Boss I was sick.
"Now you can't use the car 'cause you didn't work a lick."
Sometimes I wonder what I'm a-gonna do,
But there ain't no cure for the Summertime Blues.

I'm gonna take two weeks, gonna have a fine vacation,
I'm gonna take my problem to the United Nations!
Well, I called my Congress-man and he said (quote),
"I'd like to help you, Son, but you're too young to vote."
Sometimes I wonder what I'm a-gonna do,
But there ain't no cure for the Summertime Blues.

Recorded on Liberty by **EDDIE COCHRAN**
Music of all Music Dealers and of the Copyright Owners—
Cinephonic Music Co. Ltd., 8 Denmark Street, London WC2

the
CHIFFONS

My Boyfriend's Back

Words and Music by Robert Feldman, Gerald Goldstein and Richard Gotteherer

My boyfriend's back, and you're gonna be in trouble,
When you see him comin', better cut on the double,
You've been spreadin' lies that I was untrue,
So look out now 'cause he's comin' after you,
And he knows that you've been tryin',
And he knows that you've been lyin'.

He's been gone for such a long time,
Now he's back and things will be fine,
You're gonna be sorry you ever were born,
'Cause he's kind of big and he's awful strong,
And he knows about your cheatin',
Now you're gonna get a beatin'.

What made you think he'd believe all your lies?
You're a big man now but he'll cut you down to size! Wait and see!
My boyfriend's back, he's gonna save my reputation,
If I were you I'd take a permanent vacation.
La di la, my boyfriend's back! La di la, my boyfriend's back!

Recorded on Stateside by **THE CHIFFONS**
Music of all Music Dealers and of the Copyright Owners—
KPM Music Ltd., 21 Denmark Street, WC2

Shakin' All Over

Words and Music by Johnny Kidd.

When you move in right up close to me,
That's when I get the shakes all over me,
Quivers down my backbone,
I've got the shakes down the kneebone,
Yeh! the tremors in the thighbone,
Shakin' all over.

Just the way you say goodnight to me,
Brings that feeling on inside of me,
Quivers down my backbone,
I've got the shakes down the kneebone,
Yeh! the tremors in the thighbone,
Shakin' all over.
Well, you make me shake and I like it,
Baby, well, you make me shake and I like it,
Baby, well, you make me shake and I like it.

Jenny Take A Ride

Words and Music by E. Johnson, R. Tenninan and Bob Crewe.

C-C-C-Rider see what you have done now,
C-C-C-Rider see what you have done now.
You made me love you,
Now, now, now, now—your man has come.
I'm goin' with my baby, won't be back for four years,
I'm goin' with my baby, and I won't be back for four years.
If I find me a new love, I won't be back at all!
Jenny, Jenny, Jenny, won't you come along with me,
Jenny, Jenny, Jenny, won't you come along with me,
Don't worry 'bout tomorrow, won't you come along with me!
Spinnin' spinnin' spinnin', spinnin' like a spinnin' top,
Spinnin' spinnin' spinnin', spinnin' like a spinnin' top,
So come along, babe, we're gonna reach the top!

C'mon Everybody

Words and Music by Eddie Cochran and Jerry Capehart

Well, c'mon, ev'rybody, and let's get together tonight!
I got some money in my jeans and I'm really gonna spend it right!
Been a-doin' my homework all week long,
Now the house is empty, the folks are gone.
Oo, oo! C'mon, ev'rybody!

Well, my baby's number one, but I'm gonna dance with three or four,
And the house'll be shakin' from my bare feet slappin' the floor
When you hear that music your feet won't sit still.
If your brother won't, then your sister will.
Oo, oo! C'mon, ev'rybody!

Well, we'll really have a party, but we gotta put a car outside,
If the folks come home I'm afraid they gonna have my hide.
There'll be no more movies for a week or two;
No more runnin' around with the usual crew.
Who cares. C'mon, ev'rybody!

Recorded on Liberty by **EDDIE COCHRAN**

johnny
KIDD



eddy
COCHRAN



little
RICHARD



THE GROOVY THING IS - YOU'RE NOT ALONE...

'The groovy thing is, you're not alone and there are more of us every day' All the time he's talking to you, Murray Roman reaffirms his connection with hip society. He employs the generation gap to win your sympathy - I'm with you man - and he's careful to stress the number, and the names, of the rock musicians he's friendly with.

'In the paper today it said that Jimmy Hendrix got busted for smack. I don't think Jimmy Hendrix was on smack 'cos I was with him last Saturday night and I know when a man's on smack and he wasn't.' - that's professional name-dropping. Perhaps that's being overly critical. It's not until you've recovered from his amazing fluency and volume that the techniques by which he engages and retains your sympathy become more apparent.

That doesn't mean that he's not worth listening to. Murray Roman, one-time manager of the Righteous Brothers, head writer for the Smothers Brothers TV show and comedian in his own right, is one of the funniest and most perceptive guys ever. As a comedian he's more formidable than anyone in this country - he's no Ted Rogers; rapping with the mums and dads; no mothers-in-law and Mick Jagger impersonations for him.

'I wanted to relate to things that were making me laugh, making my friends laugh'

If you've heard his first album 'You Can't Beat People Up and Have Them Say I Love You', released on Track over here, you'll know that all those things relate to five subjects - drugs, sex, rock, authority and revolution. Our kind of subjects, right?

The strange thing is, although his approach, and the content of his comedy, seem cynically calculated to appeal to the market he's trying to reach - which is, for want of a better definition, the underground - when you talk to him you realise.... that, by a happy coincidence, he believes in 90% of what he says. In this interview he talked solidly for nearly forty-five minutes - he'd said it all before, many times, to all the underground papers in the States. When he came into the Track office, and saw a copy of OZ, he pressed the Underground Press Interview button.

MURRAY ROMAN

'(OZ) is a filthy paper published by filthy people. Drugs, orgies, police, loot, rape, gang-bang - fantastic! You could stand for Parliament on this platform and I know about 100,000 people who would vote for you.'

'The world is becoming a divided place divided between pro - and anti-life people. Pro-life people are pro - being alive - anti-life people make cigarettes.'

'They tell you that your mother is filthy - not above the neck or below the knees, but everything else is filth!'

'Yes, but I came out of her ;'

'No you didn't - she didn't look.'

'Let them promote - let them take all the capitalistic approaches to selling our life-style. Beautiful! They gonna have to hire us to do it. Nobody's going to sell a rock-and-roll record in this town without the underground press, because nobody is going to read the E.M.I. press bulletin about what 'really good' music there is. I hope they open 5,000 F.M. stations in London.

They're going to have to have somebody to rap to the kids and it can't be somebody who's gonna do numbers like 'Here's a really groovy JUDY GARLAND record, and here it is - OVER THE RAINBOW - let's hear it ...' - it's going to have to be some guy who can say 'Hey, here's a record that I played last night and I really dug it and I'm going to play it for you today, and I hope you like it - it could be a good trip.'

'English music made L.B.J. resign - it's true! The kids were listening to the music - one day they appeared in the streets. And one of the great opportunists - a brilliant man, but an opportunist - Bobby Kennedy - said 'That many people really believe in Peace? - I'm gonna run for President.' 'We have a mayor in Los Angeles who has the IQ of a plant - his name is Sam Yorty. After Sirhan Sirhan killed Kennedy he went on National Television and gave the address of Sirhan's family in Pasadena in case you were a maniac and wanted to kill them.'

President Nixon makes these statements - 'As I've said before, as I'll say again, what I've said many times before is that I stand today where I have always stood', and you sit there and if you're a little smashed you say 'It's a put-on man - I tell you someone put acid in the water of the city and it's a hype.'

'The fantastic adventure of Anguilla - thousands of British troops conquering one snotty-nosed black kid with a goat. Officers standing on hills, glasses peering to see if they could find a frozen, rusted, double-barrelled shot gun to send to the Queen - 'They were armed Your Majesty.' - with skin.'

'Our Pueblo incident is just as heavy as your Anguilla - it's hysterical. The US navy sent the ship within 12 miles of the North Korean coast when they had been warned that they were liable to be attacked. On board they had 4000lbs of classified material - information about N.A.T.O. The captain didn't want it - what did he want information about N.A.T.O. for? - but the Navy forced him to accept it. When the ship was attacked, somebody said 'What are we going to do now?' - they didn't even have an alternative plan, they didn't know what they were going to do and to destroy the classified equipment they had one paper-shredder and a pair of pliers and the guns were frozen and didn't work... It's one of the great sagas of American Naval History.'

'The United States is a country dedicated to saying 'Well, we made a terrible mistake in Vietnam but we'll keep killing them until they admit we weren't that wrong.'

'The Press in this country distorted the whole Cornell University trip. The filthy, foul Manchester Guardian - it's supposed to be a fair paper. Alistair Cooke wrote an article from the 21 club about what was happening in Ithaca, New York, 460 miles away. Nobody reported that the black kids never went into the building with those rifles - that they didn't collect the guns until 12 hours after they had been in there, and the reason that they got rifles was because they heard that 200 white men were coming in cars to kill them. The University officials didn't capitulate at gun-point and, what's worse, none of the ammunition the black kids had fitted the guns they



RAY STEVENSON

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carried. They were scared – how old were they? – they averaged between 17 and 18½ years old. Scared, dead scared in a big, empty, draughty fucking building and the night before, in front of the Fraternity House, the Sorority House, where there were twelve black women, somebody burned the Cross. What were the kids supposed to believe – that they were beloved? I want to tell you that if I were at Cornell, and I were black, and somebody told me that there were 200 white men coming to shoot my ass I'd get me a double-barrelled shot-gun myself and say – 'OK Whiteface, you come and get me and I'll take your ass with me' The Manchester Guardian reported it as 'Armed Black Militant Students Force University Authorities to Capitulate'. For six months those kids had tried every legal recourse to get a black studies programme and when there was nothing left they occupied the building – twelve of them.'

'If it wasn't for papers like OZ nobody would ever read the truth, and maybe nobody ever reads the truth anyway. The America that Alistair Cooke writes about from the 21 Club is the America he saw once in a movie with Betty Grable – who is a star here and nowhere else. Noel Redding's a star – If Betty Grable went into Madison Square Garden she wouldn't even draw my mother if you gave her a free ticket and Noel Redding will draw 21,000 people and jam it to the rafters – so who's the star? Donovan will fill the Hollywood Bowl – Betty Grable couldn't even get the usher to remain. But what I'm really talking about is what Mr. Cooke thinks is a star and what Mr. Cooke thinks is America.'

'We worship Bob Hope. Bob Hope himself has never had a funny thought in his life – which is already funny. His script-writers have... Every year Bob Hope goes to Vietnam and entertains the troops and all of America falls to its knees and sucks Bob off. We as tax-payers pay for his trip as he takes along 50 broads and other entertainers and they fly over first-class with Army camera men shooting film of the whole thing. I don't mind that – Bob's a big star – but then six weeks later N.B.C. has a show called 'Bob Hope In Vietnam' and it was sold for half a million dollars. Now for half a million dollars I would be willing to go away every year and entertain the boys anywhere they wanted me to – to the fucking South Pole. And yet we pay for everything – the hotels, the expenses, and a detachment of

our finest troops to make sure the Vietcong don't shoot Bob's balls off.

'Let's stop talking about drugs – we're helping them. Timothy Leary should have shut up – 'Give it to kids....' – Oh Shut Up. There were no laws against it in the States until that loud-mouth got on the tube. What with Timothy Leary and Jerry Rubin we got enough trouble to last for years.'

'If you make a statement you make a statement that helps us all, you don't act so that every uncommitted American says 'They're all filthy – they're crazy – they run around in their underwear.' I'm going to start to wear a suit, but I'm going to be who I am because I know who I am, and that's the difference between us – I can sit and look at myself in a mirror and I like Me.'

'I've never heard anybody who smoked dope to say 'I can lick any man in the house.' cos if somebody says it at any party I've ever been at they say 'Go ahead and lick me man – I'll sit back and unzip myself. Fred, he wants to lick you first.'

'Maybe we shouldn't wear uniforms – maybe that's where we're going wrong, like if the Vietcong wore signs around their necks saying 'I'm a Vietcong' they

wouldn't have any trouble figuring out who was who in the villages. Like, if we walked along the street together, and a policeman saw us, do you think the thought would ever cross his mind that we smoked dope? All you have to do is to get into a category and then they know who you are. You'll only upset them if they don't know who you are.'

'I'm cool all the time – I wouldn't let them have that shot at me. I'm too smart, why should I help them? Let's go and give ourselves up and we'll see who comes with us. Man, don't you see that they're taking us one by one? – and that's how we'll fall. We're all ashamed – 'Did you hear so-and-so got busted?' – 'No – where, when?'. Just like in Munich –

'Did you hear Bergstein got taken by the Gestapo?'; 'You're kidding – when?'. And everybody said after the war 'How come the Jews never fought back?'. Will they say that about us? Among Jews anyway, the burning question is –... 'How did they do it? – load them into cattle cars, pile them into ovens, stuff hot lead up their asses?' The answer is – they did it ONE BY ONE.'

'If we're going to fall let's all fall together – at least if they put us in jail we'd know everybody.'



*Harvest will be in
June this year –*



CHE

BODY POLITIC

In New York today, some actors and actresses are lobbying their union to ban nudity from the stage. This is an inevitable reaction where sex, rock and drugs are part of the movement, & where black & white don't just denote skin but symbolise polar areas of thought. There are bridges everywhere in Manhattan except between lifestyles & the way its inhabitants think, feel & act.

Not surprising, then, that on 24 March *Che*, the play that took the puritanism which still grips most Americans to its opposite and logical extreme by having actors fuck on stage, was busted; & its entire cast, author, director & 16 year-old stage hand, were charged with public lewdness, consensual sodomy, impairing the morals of a minor, & conspiring to commit the same.

On Saturday 25 April, *Che* illegally re-opened where it had started – the Free Store Theatre on Cooper Square – thus giving a few more avid readers of *Screw*, *Pleasure*, *Rat*, *Other Scenes*, *Nyrs*, etc, to say nothing of the Morals Squad, another chance to see it.

After an evening of organised boredom with the Performance Group's *Dionysus* in 69, I had apprehensions about *Che*.

Written over a period of two years by Lennox Raphael, a West Indian from Trinidad (who, to quote him, is 'the product of a good fuck'), *Che* is an explicit and coherently extended sexual metaphor of the body politic and its convulsions. A complicated series of sexual games develops between *Che*, who is a general symbol of revolutionary energy; the President of the United States, naked except for a star-spangled Uncle Sam topper & a red-white-and-blue cord tied round his waist; Mayfang, the lesbian 'angelspy', representing variously the new technology, the Military and the CIA; the 'viciously delicious' Sister of Mercy, who is a composite of the real *Che* Guevara's Tania & the Catholic nun who was photographed washing *Che*'s wounds & smiling over his dead body; & Chili Billy, son of King Kong.

'King Kong was the first sign of sanity in America after that freak Thomas Paine,' Raphael thinks. 'I wanted to use King Kong just to provoke us to dig the ape in all of us, the beauty of the Ape.'

Neither the President (played by Paul Georgiou, whose body carried rather more conviction than the rest of his acting) who tries constantly & unsuccessfully to seduce *Che* (Larry Bercowitz), nor Mayfang (Jeanne Baretich, sinister in silver lame with a clear plastic dildo slung round her neck, Mattel submachinegun under arm, plastic nipples & steel wool crutch, who has a go at everyone) – ever have orgasms.

Che makes it with 'the chosen clit', Sister Mary Anne (Mary Anne Shelley, with the best tits off-off Broadway), who comes with everyone, even whilst being beaten by Mayfang, & again – very violent – when ravished by the fur-suited and priapic Chili Billy (David Zaslow).

The fucking scene between *Che* & Sister Mary Anne is inevitably the most notorious moment of the play, but it is also the best. They screw in various positions on the Star-Spangled Bedcover, beneath a slow strobe which increases its tempo with the lovers. This was mime: Bercowitz didn't have an erection. But my reservation about the sexual mime in *Dionysus* didn't apply here. Why? Because, the scene was not so obviously choreographed, because it was not 'removed' from the audience and, being so skilfully and realistically performed, the symbolic functioning of its reality was not impaired.

The end comes fast & savagely. The President declares, 'On my Dickery-Dick is Capitalista', and *Che*, disregarding the warning never to bite 'the cock that feeds you', bites it while blowing the President. Whereupon the anguished and outraged embodiment of Western capitalism grabs Mayfang's handy machine-gun epigrammatically bellows 'Fuck you... motherfucker!', shoots *Che* & his bride of Christ, & collapses sobbing on the prime object of his lust, the body of *Che*. 'I worked on the premise,' said Raphael, 'that *Che* was killed because he bit on America's pride' & expansionist ecstasies.'

This, of course, is a simplification of the action, even in sexual terms. There was much group-groping, blowing & invitation to buggery. There are some hilarious moments, as when the President, in a desperate and contorted attempt to locate 'the real me' by orgasm, tries to suck himself off; although in the first half-hour or so the constant bombardment of snap-lines ('Mudpack my passion'; 'I seek the real me in the debris of your lust'; 'Semen surrounds my teardrops'; 'We are the nature of our games'; 'Pain has its own reflection') is lightened only by tentative fingerings between *Che* & the President & a bit of half-hearted dildo-sucking from Mayfang, as Lolita with her popsicle, threatens to overbalance the play by making it too wordbound. Raphael has packed so much into it that the temptation is to get hung up at this or that point, deciphering the significance of a single detail instead of flowing with the action. It is a 100-minute one-acter without any breathing-spaces.

A source of confusion on the night I saw it was that no-one at all got a hard-on

(though the cast had made it five times before, according to Bercowitz and Raphael – whose paternal advice to his actors went, 'Do it if you can & if you can't it doesn't matter'; and the critic of *Screw* reports seeing the Presidential prick semi-erect after leaving Mayfang's lips). Thus it was often uncertain whether limpness had political implications or not. In the end, this ambiguity didn't matter. The metaphor worked & in a single viewing it is possible to extract the implication that established power always tries to assimilate to itself subversive forces; & if it fails, has those energies crushed by the occasional servant of both – modern technology, which, being simply a tool, wants to be used by (or come with) either.

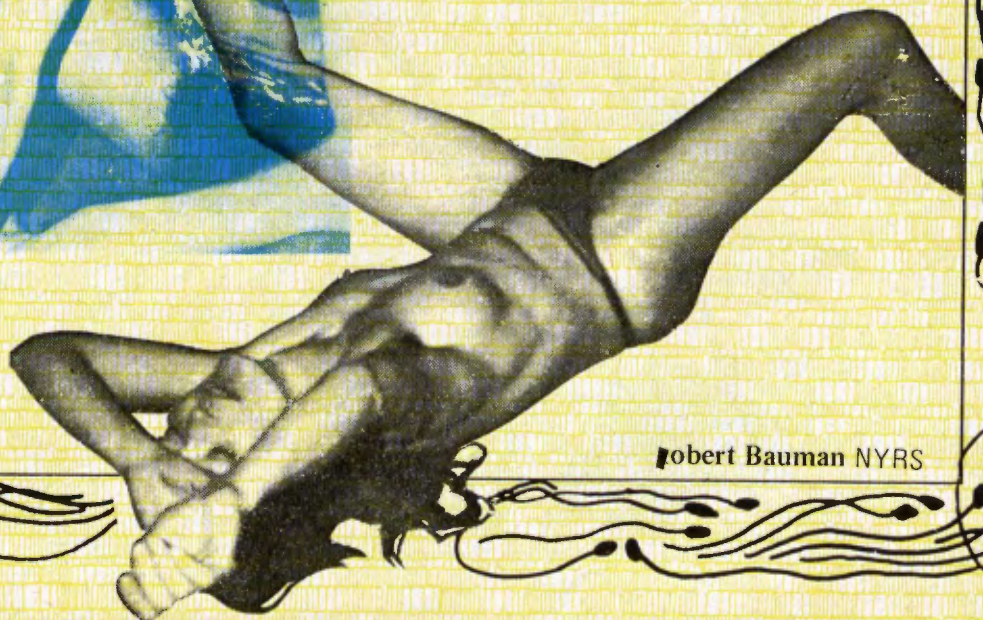
The Foreplay note to *Che* indicates Lennox Raphael's motives & sympathies: 'Writing is revolution when done in the interests of revolution;... the revolution is being revolutionised because it is also an ecstasy of who lays whom.'

& even though Raphael started in an EVO interview with DA Latimer that...

'The play is intended to displease Left & Right, & provoke people to dig what's happened to themselves. The way we destroy ourselves with our power games, the way a big powerful congestive country like America could gang up against Cuba, for example. The way we could consider that morally right. The way we rationalise, moralize, the violence in Vietnam, North & South, very functional.'

Che works both as revolutionary event & as revolutionary theatre. (Assuming Abbie Hoffman is right when he claims that confusing your enemies is the primary act of revolt.) It is a play where all action takes place in terms of the functions of the human body, & the breaking of social & theatrical taboos which has confused the straight press, at least, is not gratuitous. The obscenity is structural. Though there's nothing technically new in Ed Wode's production, *Che* is one of the first convincing images, in art, of the counter-culture's belief that sex, politics & violence cannot be disassociated in revolutionary contexts. 'Revolution is a wolf howling in the vestibules of your passion.'

The night before I left New York, *Che* was busted again, for being performed in an unlicensed theatre – a legal point which applies to almost every off-off Broadway production. A pity; but the enforced rest may give the cast bigger & better horns in future matinees. The script is to be issued by Raphael's own newly-formed publishing company, Hotwax.



Robert Bauman NYRS

There's some corner of a foreign field, that is for ever England, where only those who have houses may vote in local elections, & such houses are in the personal gift of local councillors who don't give them to people likely to vote against them. The government of this same field, that is for ever England, encourages foreign investment, so Entrepreneurs from all over move in & start up factories, thus doing their mite to relieve a chronic unemployment situation. However, as soon as these factories have started making a profit, the owners make a quick sale & move out, leaving their workers worse off than before. There is an act that has been on the statute books of this field, that is for ever England, since 1922. Called the Special Powers Act, it enables the police to arrest without warrant, imprison without charge, forcibly enter houses to make a search, flog prisoners & deny an inquest if they die, forbid anyone, whether lawyer or relation, to meet with the prisoner, prohibit the circulation of any newspaper & the possession of any film or gramophone record, & arrest anyone who does anything 'calculated to be prejudicial to the preservation or maintenance of order in Northern Ireland & not specifically provided for in the regulations'. You may wonder why any British government would permit a corner of her field to have such arrangements. That is the question Bernadette Devlin asked in Westminster.

The civil rights movement in Ulster, like any radical movement anywhere in the world, is trying to organize support *on class lines*. It takes a lot of bloodied heads before people realize that there are those who exploit and those who are exploited. In Ulster the problem is complicated by the religious factor: people are denied houses & jobs because they may be Catholic & the council who represents them is 100% Protestant. But the movement for which Bernadette Devlin is just one spokeswoman is not after justice for Catholics, but justice for all the exploited. Seen from England itself the notion sounds absurdly old-fashioned & doctrinaire. But it's way ahead of the separatist demands made by, say, Black Power groups. It's at the same advanced stage as the American radical movement, where at least — & under the tremendous threat of immediate extinction — black & white radicals are giving each other support in the name of justice for all the exploited. Sounds terrible unless you are exploited, but you don't have to be out of a job to experience that. Just go on any peaceful protest march outside the range of television cameras.

Bernadette Devlin has the knack of making Westminster seem ridiculous, in a far more subtle way than Jerry Rubin made the House of Un-American Activities Committee seem absurd by appearing in full guerrillero rig. She didn't need to dress up. Bernadette spent her maiden speech in telling the Commons just what it could do with itself.

People's Democracy is trying to do what the black-white radical coalition in America is doing: build a movement on lines of class rather than colour or religion. What kind of success have you had, & how long do you think it will last? How do you avoid problems between students & workers?

Bernadette Devlin: Ulster was a very small place & we don't have the problem that students feel themselves to be a class apart. The bulk of themselves in terms of the village or town background that they come from. So there's been no friction between them & the working-class people in the movement. PD is a very open movement anyway — anyone can come to its meetings. We're not going to get tied up in rigid bureaucratic procedures. As to the success of the movement in building along class lines, we've only just begun. It's very difficult to make people see that we don't stand for an IRA or a 'Panic' plot. Our aim is to smash the Unionist Party, which is to blame for the present situation. The new Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher, James Dawson

UP ULSTER



Chichester-Clark, isn't going to make any difference: he's just another squire. But we don't want union with Eire either: we want them to organize and demand *their* social justice. And in England too — it was very encouraging when I went down to a building site & talked to the Irish workers. They were ready to go & do something.

Has your movement learnt anything from American experience?

I don't think directly, because you're dealing with political backwoodsmen. Vietnam doesn't mean anything there. But indirectly, yes. The Irish student too realized he was just part of a sausage-factory: the campaign for the election let him see that it was possible to organize for radical action with the working class.

What about the Civil Rights Association? Is People's Democracy going to break away as it becomes more radical?

The CRA's becoming radicalized too, you know. It's for groups in all the big towns who are getting set for action. PD in Belfast has set up a coordinating committee to pull together all the groups that were set up during the election. We're going to have to start organizing before the British Specials move in again: up to now we've only been reacting. We'll have to start initiating — things like free Derry, rent strikes, squatting, workers' control of the factories.

Will you form a political party? Is what you want possible without it?

Not a political party as it is normally understood. We must retain our spontaneity, but we must also have a programme & be ready to meet the challenge of repression. Our programme — which we've said we'll stop all our activities for if it's granted — is in the points made during the election. But the government *can't* grant them, because they're revolutionary. We have to organize, & we have to build up from the roots. How you do that without becoming structure-bound we don't yet know. But we ought to begin talking about it before it's too late.

Do you foresee extended street action?

Yes, because what the government is offering is only tokenism. Chichester-Clark'll be out soon, & Faulkner (the ex-Deputy Prime Minister) will come in like a blinding light, & he'll give us one man-one vote. But god help anyone who wants anything more. We shall get "strong government". Faulker is a fascist, but an extremely clever one. Westminster will just look on & make noises. My function there is just to make sure they don't forget they have the ultimate responsibility.

Can you organize to prevent this? You've talked of a Citizen's Army.

It's still a spontaneous movement, you see. We don't *control* it: something has started which has to be given its head. I don't think a Citizen's Army such a bad idea: it worked in Bogside, in Derry.

Won't you then have the problem of being isolated — depending on the surrounding areas for sustenance?

Bogside wasn't isolated. Workers were allowed to come & go, to do their jobs. Anyone was allowed *out*; we were just careful about who we allowed *in*. The police were kept out, but it wasn't a siege. The ghettos are there, like in America, but we've proved we can defend them.

What about Westminster?

I suppose I compromised myself by standing, but I don't expect anything from them. It airs the principles of the cause. The English workers should bring pressure on Westminster if we can't at Stormont. I know I can't do much, except remind them of their responsibilities.

Then was your campaign a waste of time?

It helped us to consolidate our organization, & the publicity's useful. I don't think it's going to affect me. What matters is that the true conditions be exposed so that a united movement — a socialist movement — can be built up. There has to be civil rights activities in the South as well as in the North, & in England too. That's the only way we'll get through to the Protestant working class & convince them it isn't all a Popish plot. But first we have to solve our own problems in Ulster — get a just society for Protestants and Catholics.

What's going to happen?

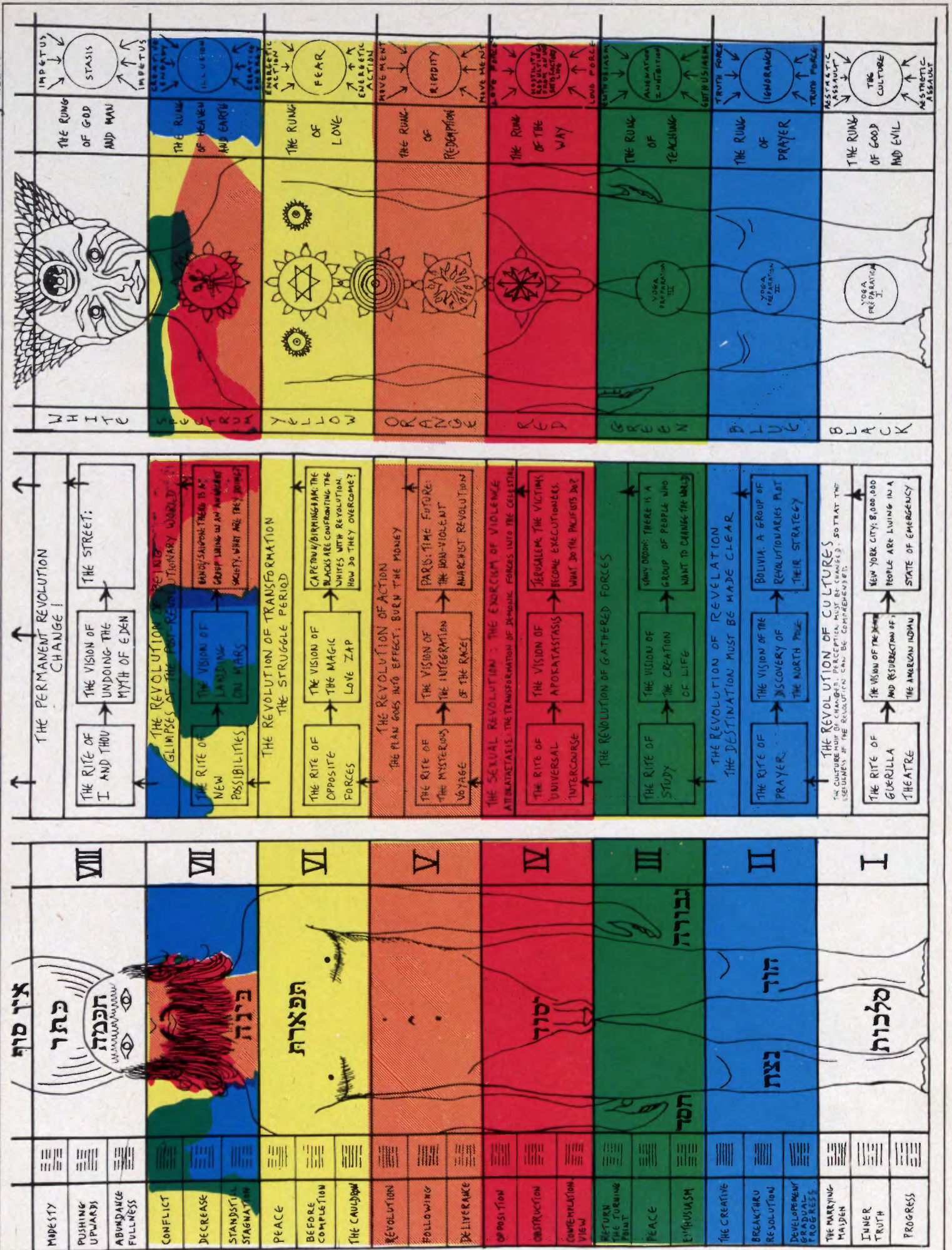
We'll have a three-sided civil war — the Protestant bigots, the Papist bigots, & us in the middle. We should really get our best men out — Ireland's tragedy has always been that they get shot. As for me, I keep getting letters saying "Get a gun and learn how to use it". I don't think I could bring myself to shoot anyone. I can't shoot anyway.

What we have to do is to sit down & talk about our next moves. So far there hasn't been time: we've been busy defending ourselves against the violence directed against us by the government, like the Burnt Oak ambush. 90 of the people in that house were identified as 'Specials': we took their pictures round local police. We have to be organized to protect ourselves, but also we must plan ahead. Many people think things will die down in the summer. But we're getting small groups going across the country, in twos & threes, talking to people, finding out what they want. That was what the election helped us to achieve — the participation of people who had nothing to hope for from politics.

If your aims of a socialist Ireland are achieved, won't it immediately become the victim of economic isolation?

It could, but that's a long way off. We hoped for a lot from the British Labour Party, but were quickly disillusioned. We wouldn't be able to rely on them & now we don't. We no longer have to act in order to get their sympathy: we're not interested. We must build unity — that is our only task. As the situation isn't revolutionary, there can't be any talk of 'counter-revolutionary tactics'. We have to answer all the questions that are raised in America & elsewhere: how to bring socialist freedom & justice without becoming bureaucratized & unfree. We don't know the answers, but now we have to find the time to sit down & ask them.

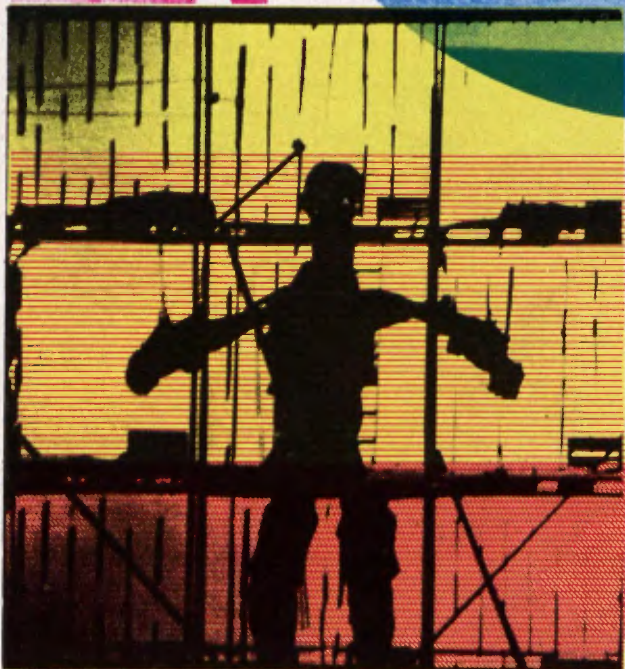
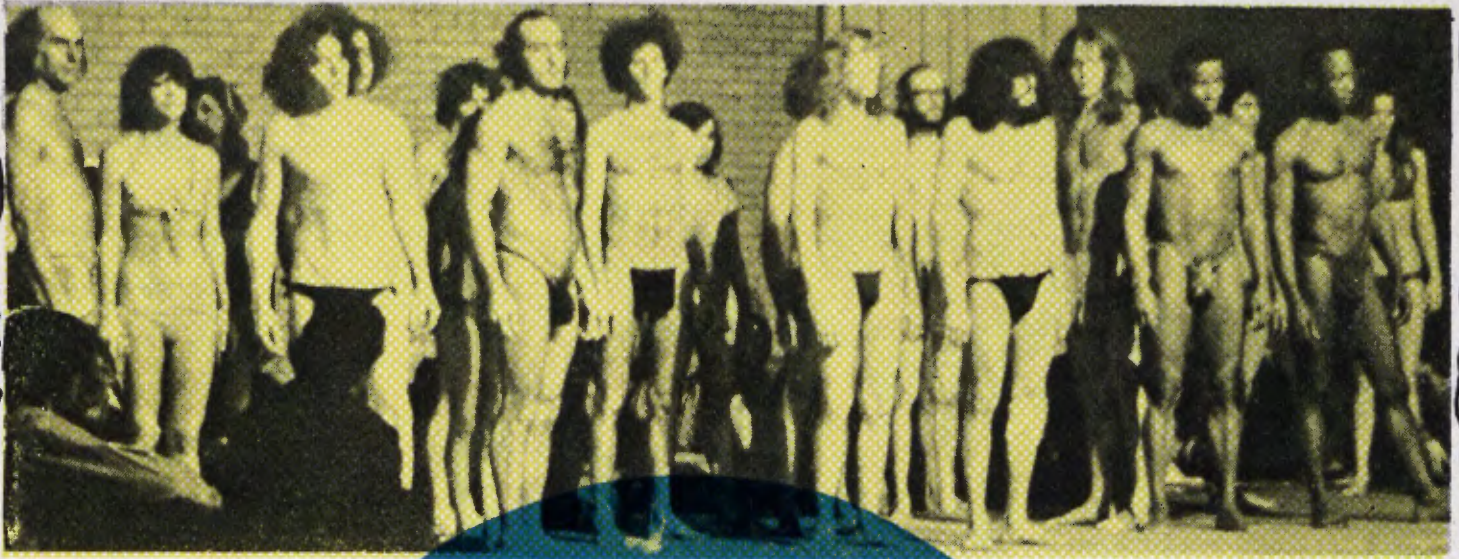




The Chart is the Map

PARADISE NOW!

The Plot is the Revolution



The Ritual is the Vision

BILL LEVY

It is impossible to master functions of life well if one does not live them fully ... This is the meaning of work democracy". William Reich. *People in Trouble*

WHO?

The Living Theatre community : 30 plus large people ages 20 - 45, eight children, dealers, missionaries, camp-followers, etc, a school for teachers, the absolute gathering together around something Holy.

LIVING WITH THE LIVING

by Gunter Pannewitz

Travelling for three years with the Living Theatre means changing from city to city, from one reality to another. We play with a different audience night by night. Everything is a matter of circumstance; so are the people; so are we thirty-three persons living together and working together. We do not make the choice of running away; instead we teach love for each other and respect for each other. We have developed a great need to find our truth, our beauty, ourselves, in order to be strong and clear at every moment in all our self-expression; that means that we must develop belief in ourselves and in our spiritual beauty, recognizing that every single person, every single life, is his own messenger. It means discovering certain techniques of life in order to stay high. Well, thirty-three different peoples mean thirty-three different techniques, just as one million monks have one million different religions. All of this leads to a more or less poetic way of life, depending on your development of self-discipline, love and the beauty which you discover in yourself, in the world, in people; the way you relate to the world is the way you treat yourself.

Standing Under Signals

First I Take A Deep Breath
Then I Receive Cautiously
Carefully I Project What I Read
Delicately I Examine It
Forgetting What There Was Before
I Understand What's Now:
First I Take A Deep Breath
Thin I invite What Now
I Cautiously Receive

That I Carefully Project
Delicately Examine
Forgetting It
I Throw Out The Image
To Understand:
Now
I Take A Deep Breath
To Be Vital And Responsible
Responding With Compassion
To The Present Signal
Emergency !
Caution-Emergency !
Careful-Emergency !
Delicate-Emergency-Emerge !!
Invitation For Vita Emerging Through
The Deep Breath That Awakens Me To :
Life-The Responsibility
Life-The Reability To Respond
In Compassion To The :
Presence
Presenting Pre-Sent Emergency
Emerge !!!
Echnaton

WHEN

Frankenstein: June 4,5,13,14,16, & 17
Mysteries: June 6 & 7
Paradise Now: June 9 & 10
Antigone: June 11 & 12
All performances start at 8 p.m. Approximately six performances of each production. First and second weeks schedules above. Second two weeks scheduled shortly. Also individual and special events at Arts Lab, 182 Drury Lane WC2 during month of June.

WHAT?

Performing:

Mysteries and Smaller Pieces

'This special performance is a public enactment of ritual games which are part of our work... If our work should succeed at any moment, it is because we on stage will reflect every man on the street; that is, we will have achieved Artaud's vision of the actor 'being like victims burnt at the stake, signalling through the flames'

Julian Beck.

Antigone

After Sophocles/ after Holderlin/ after Brecht a new translation by Judith Malina.
Frankenstein

A meditation the purpose of which is to lead to levitation. If it succeeds the play is consummated. If it fails it becomes a victimisation.

Paradise Now

Voyage from the Many to the Che, Guerilla Theatre Rite, through visions, orgies, trances to Rite of I and Thou, The Street and the Open-ended possibility of Change and Permanent Revolution, Vision of the Landing on Mars, the Rite of New Possibilities. Ritual tells us the Content of actions. Paradise Now goes from ritual to vision to action.

STUDENT: Well, what can I do? I'm just one man.

SBI: (with a lot of passion) That's what you've been made to think. You've been made to think that you're an amorphous, hybrid thing. Like in the cowboy movies, there's always this group of guys up at the ranch who have no names. They're just waiting there to be called to fight. And They're the abstract, hybrid form - the boys back at the ranch. And that's what the people are. (Screaming) And you've been made and trained to think that.

STUDENT: That's violence.

SBI: No, I'm getting hot; the blood is going through my body; my body is feeling; my face is red; my blood is going to my head; there's more air in my brain right now; my consciousness is expanding; and I'm alive.

Steve Ben Israel

APRIL 13, 1968

It's total crap: I don't wanna be a poet but rather a sonofabitch to be shot in Bolivia or Memphis or Berlin.

Gianfranco Mantegna

MEDITATIONS: ON THE LIFE OF THEATRE

The following are portions from THE LIFE OF THEATRE, a book by Julian Beck which will be published by City Lights later this year:

Who says we are mistreating the body with our drugs our opium our marijuana our lysurgic acid psilocybin heroin cocaine peyote mescaline mushrooms hasheesh kheef amphetamine. We are honoring it and its ability to change like the moon, like an embryo, like a poem, like a war.

Ferrara, May 1966

The Theatre is the Wooden Horse by which we can take the town.

Paris, October 1967

The creature who is formed at the end of the 1st and 3rd acts of Frankenstein not only means the public, it is the public, the creature simultaneously menaces civilization and is civilization, it is civilization menacing itself.

Lausanne, January 1968

To remain sane in this civilization process demands the criminalization of the self.

Paris, December 1967

Violent action, violent revolution, changes

things, but remain what they are.

Perne. Januarv 1968

You can never tell an actor to move to the right or to take a step downstage. He has to be doing something. You cant give an actor a technical direction. There has to be a motivation that is more than getting out of the way or filling in the space. Whatever the actor does he has to be creating something or else he is wasting his life. Now this same knowledge must be applied to life. The State and Capital are always telling the people to move over there and to fill in the space, their directions are not creative to the degree that none of the actors in the great world drama are not wasting their lives. Continuing the metaphor, that is why we have to change all the mises en scene. Paris, December 1967, Granville, Ohio December 1968

Really (?) (!!!))
it takes a lot of courage
these days to say

"what is that"(The Fuck)
(Really)

because I
hear that we are
moving in something
which I can

I see:
with my own eyes

but ----- so ----- what
THE FU IS THAT

Petra Vogt.

WHERE?

Roundhouse, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1.
Tel 01-485-8073

Prices: Monday-Thursday: 5/- 10/- 20/- 40/-
Friday-Saturday: 10/- 15/- 15/6 60/-

"... all the ways of earth are the ways to heaven!"
Eric Gutkind, *The Absolute Collective*

HOW?

How much a night in the theatre has changed us is perhaps the wrong question. Perhaps the right question is, What, if anything, do we know after this experience that we didn't know before in terms of what we're going to do from now on? That's change. I think really the only change is the change that leads to some kind of change in action or activity. Of course this includes the intellectual

Process, but our theatre is no longer purely intellectual theatre. But it mustn't get as lost there as it can on an intellectual level. But if the audience is already radicalized, then we have our next question: How can we as theatre now serve you as students or you as audience or you as people twenty-five years younger than me? In Paradise Now we try very much to give the stage to the audience so that we can learn just that. But even Paradise Now is set up from problems we thought six months ago were the pertinent problems, problems we thought of in France in a very specific political milieu. Here we're surrounded by another political milieu.

If the question, is, How have the Mysteries changed you? or, How have you felt moved? let me amend the question: How can the theatre serve the revolution? That's what I want to know from you. That means you have to be the revolution too, you know. We call upon you to be the revolution!

Judith Malina

**WALK ON
GILDED
SPLINTERS**

**Hot Rod
Poppa**

**Track
604030**

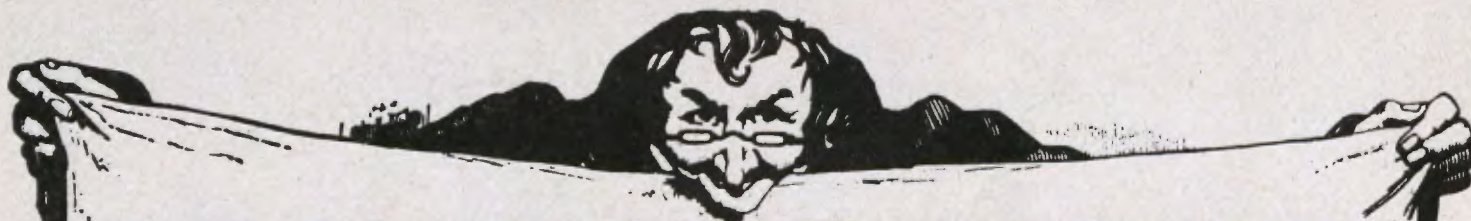
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