

11-1970

**OZ 31**

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*Editor*

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## OZ 31

### Description

This issue appears with the help of Richard Adams, Jim Anderson, Felix Dennis, Stephen Lister, Richard Neville, Marsha Rowe and Peter Steedman. For artwork, photographs and invaluable assistance of every kind thanks to Claude Warm-Gun, Louise Ferrier, Eddie Belchamber, Allan Tanner, David Wills, Caroline, Andrew Fisher, David Nutter and Ed Cleary.

Contents: Yippie Oz/Brave New Morning cover. Oblong size, the legend on the cover reads, "He drives a Maserati She's a professional model The boy is the son of the art editor of Time magazine: Some revolution!" End of an Era Oz 2p graphic. "All God's Children Got De Clap" – politics & personalities by Richard Neville. 'Charles Acid' Charles Atlas ad parody. Track records ad and ad for George Harrison's *All Things Must Pass*. 'Magick Mushroom' by Lynn Darnton. Illustrated small ads by Peter Till. Dr Hippocrates. IT bust. Tim Harris and Sheila Rowbotham review Germaine Greer's *The Female Eunuch*. Spike on Suck and Otto Meuhl with Crumb cartoon. 'Bang! Bang! You're Dead' by David Widgery with Jim Leon graphic. Jerry Rubin in London. Ad for the film *The Body*. Book reviews of Peter Laurie's *Scotland Yard* and *Beneath the City Streets*. LP reviews: Johnny Winter, Dave Mason, Ike & Tina Turner, Pink Floyd, John Cale, Neil Young. Yippie Quiz. Underground films at the NFT by David Triesman. 'The Obscene Phone Caller' cartoon. Clive Goodwin reviews *The Story of the Black Panther Party* by Bobby Seale. 4p 'Sergeant Death meets Wonder Wart-Hog' Gilbert Shelton cartoon. 'Local Jew Boy Makes Good' - 2p Charles Shaar Murray review of Dylan's *New Morning* with graphics by Ed Belchamber. H.R. Giger graphic. Ads for Colloseum's *Daughter of Time* and on the back cover Frank Zappa's *Chunga's Revenge*.

### Publisher

OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 48p

### Comments

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



“YIPPIE”  
**0Z**

31 4/-

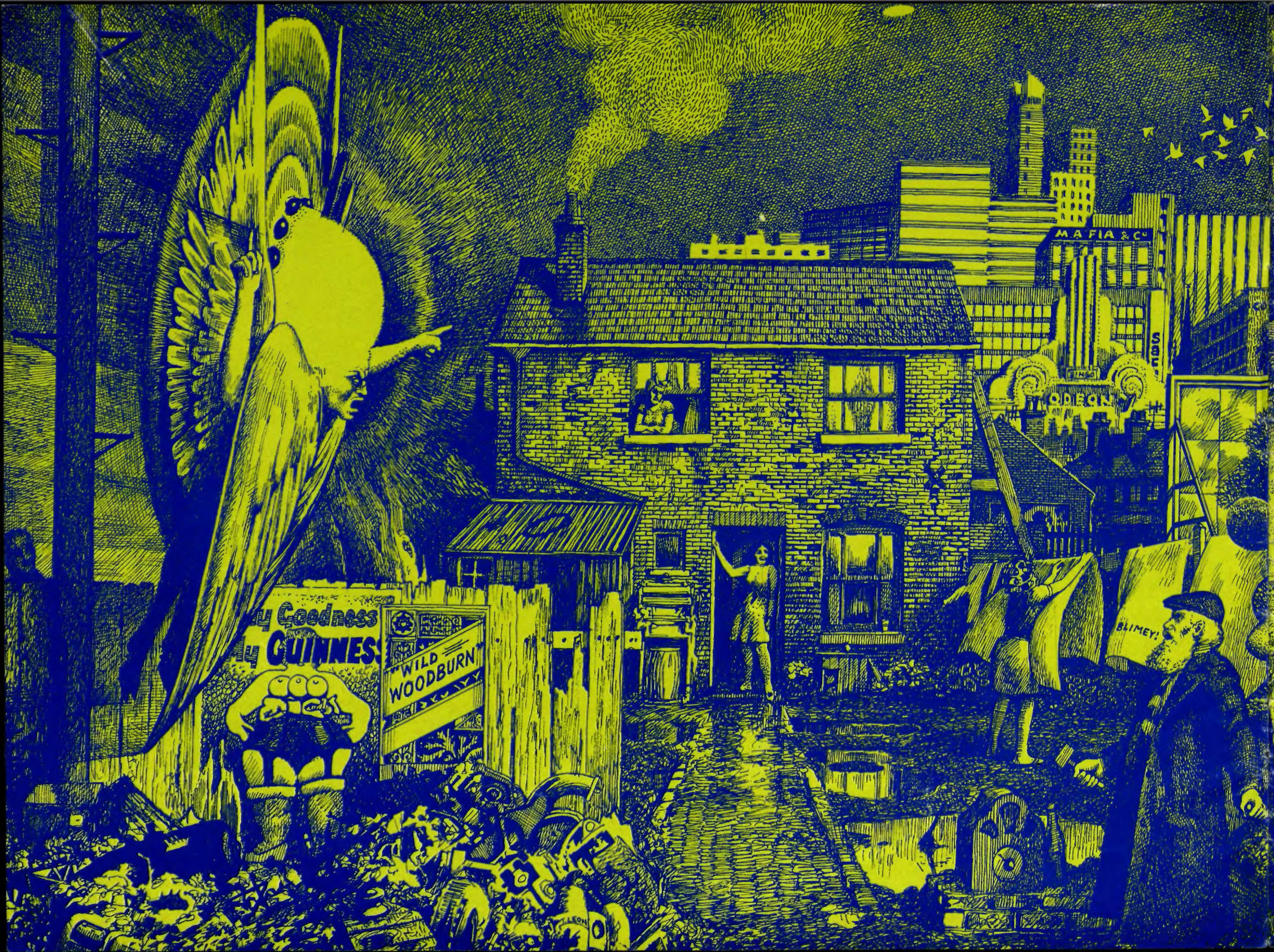
# Brave New Morning

**INK**  
IS  
COMING

He drives a Maserati  
She's a professional model  
The boy is the son of the  
art editor of Time magazine:  
Some revolution!

Nutter









**END  
OF AN  
ERA-OZ**



# ALL GOD'S CHILDREN GOT DE CLAP

## POLITICS & PERSONALITIES



The flower-child that OZ urged readers to plant back in '67 has grown up into Bernadine Dohrn; for Timothy Leary, happiness has become a warm gun, Charles Manson soars to the top of the pops and everyone hip is making war and loving it. Movement sophists can easily reel off the oppressive chain of events which has

propelled us from dropped-out euphoric gregariousness to the contemporary gunslinging gang bang. It's a logical hop from Kent State to the trendy genocide of, "to kill a policeman is a sacred act". (Leary)

But I cannot pull the trigger. Indeed, sometimes I suspect that a more appropriate target would be my fellow marksmen. Such despondent scepticism in the fortunes of the Movement seems confirmed, if not articulated, in the actions of those around me. Some of my best friends are going straight-cutting hair, wearing suits, seeking respectable jobs. These are the same people who were freaking out at the first UFOs while I still lurched home from gambling clubs, who were plugged into the Pink Floyd while I breathlessly awaited the verdicts of Juke Box Jury, who were mastering chillums while I still thought Panama Red was a Hollywood bit player. Appalled at the profusion of meaningless, mediocre and repetitive pop these friends seek refuge in the music of the twenties and thirties (Jack Hylton, the Best of Ambrose and his Orchestra, Al Bowly, Hutch, The Golden Age of British Dance Bands etc) and have drastically reduced their drug intake. John Peel wanders London a pop undertaker, sickened by the preponderance of pseudo stoned 'Underground' groups who flash V signs while flattering their audiences with: "peace" and "remember Woodstock, man". Martin Sharp, responsible for much of the best 'psychedelic' artwork (in early OZes, Cream sleeves and Dylan, Donovan, Van Gogh and Legalise Pot Rally posters) now always carries an indiginous musical instrument from Zambia as an anti-pop device and spends most of his time in the front stalls of Noel Coward revivals. Such reactions are more than the result of a cultural overdose. It is surely the tough realisation that today's heads

treat each other no less savagely than the grey flannel skinheads of Whitehall; only without the latters' courtesy.

Anyone who disagrees with a viewpoint is a pig. Anyone who disagrees from a position of economic or intellectual strength is a superpig. Machievellian intrigues, ego explosions and power tussles have always been rife within the Underground and can often be rationalised as a sign of growth. Nowadays, however, the backstabblings are no longer metaphorical. A typical example of a contemporary dialogue occurred during the recent making of the Warner Brothers film, Medicine Ball. Throughout the progress of this film, the caravan of 'hippie stars' was trailed by a cadillac of militant politicos protesting Warner Bros' cultural exploitation. At one college campus the two groups collided in open debate with the students, and discussion ended when one of the cast almost

succeeded in knifing one of the protesters. An unobtrusive paragraph in this morning's Times tells of students who, when refused admission to a local dance, returned home to get their guns for a shoot out. One of them died.

It is not only the escalating instances of brutality that are so discouraging. The social style of the head scene has become pretentious and anti-communicative. At a recent party to celebrate the demise of Nell Gwynne's historic playground, The Pheasantry, the cream of Kings Road stood around staring dumbly at each other—a dank Chelsea remake of La Dolce Vita without even a false sense of gaiety. One couple of my acquaintance who have now dropped out of dropping out, first discovered the hypocrisies of the head scene when they were compelled to clean up to enter Morocco. They found themselves ostracised by local longhairs. All





efforts to communicate floundered because they looked straight.

One of the promises of the new lifestyle was the abolition of false criteria for judging human beings. Today, hip symbols and fashionable rituals count for more than ever. Dishonestly doubling travellers cheques earns the required A-levels, familiarity with a super group's pedigree outmatches Allen Brien's literary snobbery and a replay of last week's bad trip is flaunted like a duelling scar. Even the legitimate new freedoms are being bankrupted through criminal selfishness. Venereal disease may even be a new now status symbol, but the gonococcus germ unfortunately hasn't heard of women's lib—its effect on females is more damaging and less easy to detect. An alarming number of friendly young girls are collapsing of salpingitis, which involves a gruesome operation, because liberated men are not bothering to mention they might be harbouring the clap. Another groovy affliction, hepatitis, is carried around proudly, like a public school boater, by people indifferent to its infectious consequences.

The next example, essentially trivial, is worth recording because its sheer banality renders it so typical of the prevailing morality. One night, on arriving at Newcastle station to catch a London train, I noticed two dishevelled, artsy laby types surrounded by British Rail authorities and policemen. The uncomfortable pair caught my eye and asked for help. They desperately sought to get to London that evening but British Rail were refusing to honour their proffered cheque. Naturally I accepted it and purchased tickets on their behalf. A few days later I realised my misjudgement when the cheque was returned. I would not have cared particularly, if only the signatory, one Anthony Rye, had since made a token, apologetic contact.

In the formative stages of the counter culture it was possible to draw inspiration from the open behaviour of Albion's children. It was tempting, if naive, to hope that with the intake of id liberating rock, lateralising dope, the emerging group tenderness, communal living style and an intuitive political radicalism... that from all this a qualitative change in the conduct of human relationships might develop. But

now, as the Movement's utterings reach fever pitch, as the rhetoric becomes more frenziedly fascist, affectation suffocates reason and arguments lose their conviction, one's bursts of depression become elongated into a melancholy permanence. The advertising campaign is an abounding triumph, but there is nothing inside the wrapping paper. When I think of Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin, whose spirits had been identified with the generational outburst against inhumanity, I wonder whether their apparent despair was purely personal or whether they too somehow sensed the revolution might be going sour.

If the Underground press is the voice of the new movement, then it is a choir of soloists, each member singing a different tune. When I travelled through California recently, it was unnerving to be caught in the flak of exchanged animosity. The dedicated, amiable Max Scheer, founder of the Berkeley Barb, had been branded a pig by his one time employees, who were now publishing the Berkeley Tribe. Scheer does not deny his former mistakes, but while the Movement does not forgive, it does forget—his pioneering contribution to the growth of the Alternative Press has gained him no credit. The Barb still struggles out single handed against raging prejudices and destructive sorties by Womens Lib (Scheer runs sex ads).

Across the Bay is Rolling Stone. Its editor, Jann Wenner, is a tirelessly sincere exponent of rock culture and a personal friend; but the offices of his paper are as icily functional as IBM and his workers moved more by mammon than by music. Jann himself becomes at times so engrossed by the battle of being a Success, that the battle of being human is ignored. (One result being that many of his ex staff are bitterly forming rival publishing cells.) Of minor cheer is that one of the better papers in the area, Good Times, produced collectively from a house, exists first as a commune and second as an editorial board. Although, its staff identify so heavily with the role of being revolutionaries that all events are immediately programmed into a dishonest US/THEM dichotomy. Eg Charles Manson is a hero because he sabotages the system. London's first 'Underground distributor' has just collapsed. A few hours before the liquidators arrived he ordered 8,000 copies of OZ. These could never be

paid for, so, even by City standards, the ethics of such a transaction are, to say the least, dubious.

*"I declare that World War III is now being waged by short haired robots whose deliberate aim is to destroy the complex web of free wild life..." (Leary).*

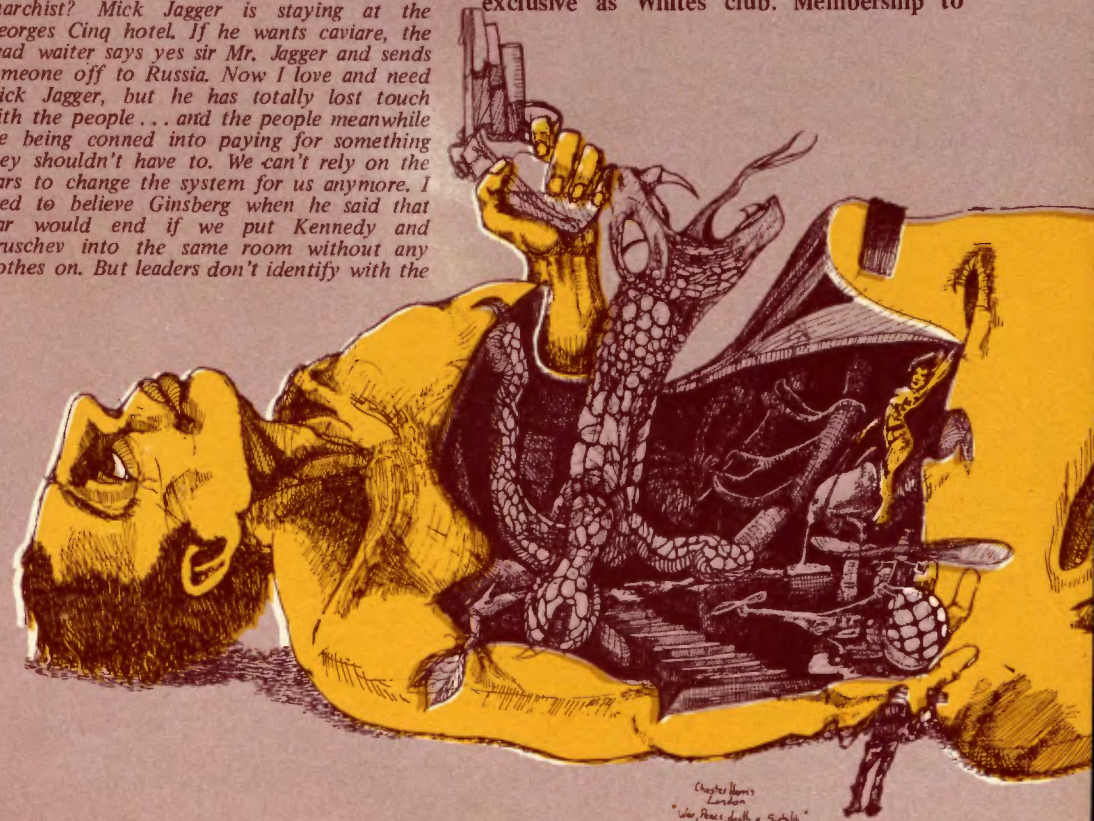
But those who burn you with bad dope, jump your bail if you happen to stand surety and—when you've made your house available as a BIT crashpad—steal what little you own, do not have short hair.

Jean-Jacques Lebel has been a key figure in the evolvment of the European Underground, from the staging of anti-tourist happenings in St. Tropez in '67, the storming of the Paris Odeon in May '68 and the wrecking of the Isle of Wight fences earlier this year. I recently met him in Paris, where he was playing host to Abbie Hoffman, Phil Ochs, Jerry Rubin et al. Lebel is angrily disillusioned with pop exploitation and, from memory, he said something like this:

*Mick Jagger was on television here the other night and said he was an anarchist. An anarchist? Mick Jagger is staying at the Georges Cinq hotel. If he wants caviare, the head waiter says yes sir Mr. Jagger and sends someone off to Russia. Now I love and need Mick Jagger, but he has totally lost touch with the people... and the people meanwhile are being conned into paying for something they shouldn't have to. We can't rely on the stars to change the system for us anymore. I used to believe Ginsberg when he said that war would end if we put Kennedy and Kruschev into the same room without any clothes on. But leaders don't identify with the*

*people anymore, they get used to the caviare... The kids at the Isle of Wight were being totally controlled and manipulated by superpigs. They had to pay exorbitantly for their own music and they became completely exhausted, sleeping in the lavatories, hungry, so weary they were pissing over each other, completely fucked up... Those kids were worse than the jews... the jews at least didn't pay to go to Auschwitz... (Nor to be burnt to death in a French provincial dance hall.)*

Lebel talked within the confines of one of the nastiest environments I have ever endured and one all too unhappily representative. The offending house belonged to Victor Herbert, who helped finance International Times, brought the Living Theatre to London, sponsored the roundhouse Chicago Benefit last year and so on. On top of this, he contributes to the Movement what he calls 'space', ie his enormous residence as a crashpad. Current guests include a poet who came for a weekend two years ago and won't budge, a pair of video heads, remnants from the Living Theatre and several nameless others. The atmosphere created by most of these superhip freeloaders manages to be simultaneously hostile, slovenly and as exclusive as Whites club. Membership to



Charles Harris  
London  
"War, Peace, death & Sex"



the inner sanctum revolves around facility with drugs and as the pleasant Victor himself is rather slow on the draw he is excluded, in spirit, from his own house. I regret to report that the presence of Abbie Hoffman, Jean-Jacques and the yippie entourage did little to improve the emanations. Like the pop stars Lebel so accurately berates, the American visitors were arcane, inaccessible, aloof... the tensions and awkwardness surrounding their presence must be reminiscent of a Royal Garden party; and their groupies uglier but no less protective than their pop counterparts.

I have an intense personal respect for Abbie Hoffman and consider his book, *Revolution for the Hell of it*, to be the first major literary/political document of the post-acid Underground. How disappointing to discover he converses almost exclusively through his lawyer and becomes animated only at talk of possible advances for his books in Britain. Wary no doubt by the trial and obviously exhausted by his journey, it seems unfair of me to raise such niggardly considerations. However, many people have shared my disappointment, and in the context of Herbert's household, Lebel's anti-star declamations, the entrances and exits of yippie heavies drooling enthusiastically about Leary's fiftieth birthday present, a gun, lengthy endorsements of acid's ability to transform shits into (revolutionary) saints, one must, to preserve a scrap of intellectual integrity, raise doubts.

Roaming Paris—a charming subplot to all this activity—was Jim Haynes, fearsomely unimpressed at the prospect of yip meeting Mao and carrying forth his own erotic brand of revolution in a thoroughly convincing union of his public politics and private life.

The above observations are not meant to imply a wholesale rejection of the counter culture or yippie left politics. Mass hysterical confrontations with the napalmers, arms bargainners, fascists and power flunkies of every type are still vital, as are all experiments with new ways of living and caring about each other. (A message so innocuously limp in print that it makes that disgusting, simplistic and exploitive movie, *Getting Straight*, fiercely iconoclastic by comparison.) I wish merely

to record a few points of reservation—a verbal safety-catch to Leary's birthday present.

Of course the new ways of living and loving might be the old ways after all. In a new book, *Keep the River on the Right*, the author, Tobias Schneebaum recounts his solitary journey through the remote depths of Peruvian jungles. Without knowing quite why, he sets out to find the Akaramas, a reputedly ferocious tribe of cannibals. His first meeting:

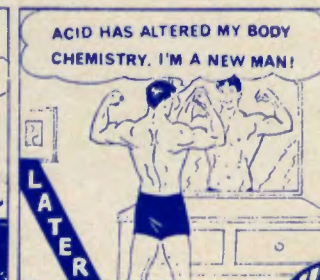
"... and I came out from among a huddle of bushes to a long rocky beach, at the far end of which, against a solid wall of green, some spots of red attracted my eye. My first thought was that they must be blossoms of some kind that I had never seen before, but they were too much like solid balls, and they moved slightly, though there wasn't the slightest breeze. A few steps further on I frowned and shook my head, wondering even more what they could be and then it came over me in a shiver that these spots were faces, and they were all turned in my direction, all unmoving. Still closer, I made out a group of men, their bodies variously painted in black and red, looking tiny against the gigantic backdrop of the jungle that stretched so high above them. No one moved; no one turned his eyes away or looked anywhere but straight at me. They were frozen in place. They were squatting tightly together, chins on knees, arms on one another's shoulders, leaning over resting heads upon another's knee, or thigh or flank. They continued to stare, moving neither a toe or an eyelash. Smiles were fixed upon their faces, mouths were closed, placid. Some had match-like sticks through their lower lips others had bone through noses. Their feet and toes curled round stones and twigs in the same way that their hands held vertically bows and long arrows, and axes of stone tied to short pieces of bough. Long well-combed bangs ran over their foreheads into the scarlet paint of their faces and hair covered the length of their backs and shoulders. Masses of necklaces of seeds and huge animal teeth and small yellow and black birds hung down from thick necks and almost touched the stones between their open thighs.... Still no one moved, still no one made a gesture of any kind, no gesture of hate or love, no gesture of curiosity or fear. My feet moved, my arm went out automatically and I put a hand easily upon the nearest shoulder, and I smiled. The head leaned over and briefly rested its cheek upon my hand, almost caressing it. The body got up, straightening out, and the frozen smile split open and laughter came out, giggles at first, then great bellows that echoed back against the wall of trees. He threw his arms around me, almost crushing with strength and pleasure, the laughter continuing, doubling, trebling, until I realised that all the men had got up and were laughing and embracing each other, holding their bellies as if in pain, rolling

on the ground with feet kicking the air. All weapons had been left lying on stones and we were jumping up and down and my arms went around body after body, and I felt myself getting hysterical, wildly ecstatic with love for all humanity, and I returned slaps on backs and bites on hard flesh, and small as they were, I twirled some round like children and wept away the world of my past."

If that is how the Akaramas greet strangers of another race, it almost gives them a right to gobble up their enemies. We, on the other hand, blithely declare World War III on our parents and yet have already forgotten how to smile at our friends.

Richard Neville

## TIRED OF BEING "PUSHED" AROUND?



Charles Acid

"WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY STONED MAN!"



# 8 LP's ALL AT 20/- out soon from





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# **George Harrison's Album**

**'All Things Must Pass'**

**Out Now on  
Apple Records**





# Magick Mushroom



"Half of it makes you big and half of it makes you small of the mushroom, that is."

Alice in Wonderland  
"Let the Agaric remain in earth and let my children see what it will show them."

Koryak Fable

There are two types of mushroom known as 'Sacred Mushrooms', Fly Agaric (*Amanita Muscaria*) and Psilocybe (*Psilocybe mexicana*). Fly Agaric is the most commonly known, and can be found in many places in both northern and southern hemispheres. It grows in Birch forests usually through August-September of each year, and more rarely in coniferous forests. It can be found all over England, but flourishes best of all in wild, damp, hilly or mountainous regions such as in Scotland, Sweden, South Poland, Transylvania, China etc. Fly Agaric's stalk is white, thick and solid when young, with a bulbous base and surrounded in the middle by a broad, loose hanging membrane called by Linnaeus a volva but which in fact is only a small portion of the volva. The cap, when young, is hemispherical, and when fully grown, nearly flat, quite large, often attaining a diameter of six or nine inches, of a scarlet or crimson colour when fully grown and covered with soft, white, downy warts which are in fact the remains of the volva, or skin, which fragments into small pieces as the mushroom enlarges, some of them adhering to the cap. It is possible to miss a fly agaric if all these 'warts' have been removed. The gills are white, not fused to the stem as in other types of mushroom, during decay turning a yellow-brown colour.

It is reputed to be deadly poisonous, but this is not entirely true, although it is reported that six people died at one time in Lithuania, Poland, by eating a single mushroom, and that others in Kam chatka had 'been driven raving mad'.

The poisons of several varieties of *Amanita muscaria* have been used by primitive people over the centuries to produce various forms of intoxication and since Medieval times at least, to stupefy or kill flies, a usage still widespread in parts of Europe today. It was also used as an applicant for ridding beds of bugs, hence its name 'Bug Agaric' in early English herbals.

The intoxicant and hallucinatory properties of Fly Agaric have attracted people since the beginnings of time, the most famous eaters of all being the Koryak tribes of Siberia. Mexican and Peruvian Indians are usually associated with the psilocybe mushroom, which does in fact grow in England. It can be found growing on horse dung in open fields or in dark uncleaned corners of stables. It is typical of fairy-book illustrations - a slender stem about 3" long with a pointed cap about 1" in diameter, a charcoal grey colour, with gills almost black. Several species grow in this country, but only the grey ones are effective. Others are fawn, light brown and various shades of red brown. In Mexico and South America, *psilocybe mexicana* is used with great reverence by their medicine men, along with two other plants, *datura stramonium* (Thorn Apple or Devil's Weed) and *Lophophora williamsii* (Peyote Cactus). All three plants are used for a variety of functions including pleasure, medicine, witchcraft and for attaining ecstatic states required in divinatory practices.

## MYTHOLOGY

The Koryaks, like many other primitive peoples, endowed certain objects with special powers: indeed all objects were supposed to contain some form of special potential energy which could be channelled by the experienced and used for either creative or destructive purposes. The Fly Agaric was endowed very special

powers, those of altering the state of the mind, enabling the eater to communicate with the mushroom spirits. If one listened to the advice of such resident spirits, it was possible to foresee the future, review past centuries, travel to other regions (either material or astral) in order to see what was happening elsewhere without even moving from the room.

Strahlenberg recorded this story, of how the Fly Agaric was born (according to the Koryaks):-

"Once, Big Raven had caught a whale and could not send it to its home in the sea. He was unable to lift the grass bag containing travelling provisions for the whale. Big Raven applied to Existence (Vahiyin) to help him. The deity said to him, 'Go to a level place near the sea. There thou wilt find soft white stalks with spotted hats. These are the spirits Wapaq. Eat some of them and they will help thee.' Big Raven went. Then the Supreme Being spat upon the earth, and out of his saliva the Agaric appeared. Big Raven found the fungi, ate it, and began to feel gay. He started to dance. The Fly Agaric said to him 'how is it that thou, being such a strong man, canst not lift the bag?'

"That is right", said Big Raven, 'I am a strong man. I shall go and lift the travelling bag.' He went, lifted the bag at once and sent the whale home. Then the Agaric showed him how the whale was going out to sea, and how he would return to his comrades. Then Big Raven said 'Let the Agaric remain on earth and let my children see what it will show them'.

Recalling the account of the Supreme Being's saliva, above, it is interesting to read this report of a tradition current at the time in Poland, originally recorded in "Letters from a citizen of the World to his friends in the East" in 1762. While Christ and St. Peter were passing through a forest after a long journey without food, Peter who had a loaf in his sack but did not take it out for fear of offending the Master, slipped a piece in his mouth. Christ, in front, spoke to him at that moment, and Peter had to spit out to answer. This occurred several times until the loaf was finished. Whenever Peter spat edible fungi grew. The Devil, who was walking along behind, saw this and decided to go better by producing brighter and more highly coloured mushrooms. He spat mouths of bread all over the countryside. Wonderfully coloured mushrooms, as well as those which looked very much like St. Peter's sprang up; they were, however, poisonous.

It seems likely that the former account was the original mushroom creation story accepted all over Eastern European and Northern Russia before the advent of Christianity, the latter story having been created in order to bring the old religion into disrepute, in much the same way as the Roman Catholic church in this country absorbed and therefore destroyed the essence of our Celtic religions.

Confirmation of the theory that the Roman church did all it could to wipe out the ancient art of Mushroom Eating can be found in a fresco painting in a ruined chapel at Plaincourant in Indre, France (1291) which shows a scene from the Garden of Eden, with the Tree of Good and Evil portrayed as a huge many-branched Fly Agaric; the old serpent is shown coiled ominously around the white stalks while Eve stands by obviously suffering great pain for her misdemeanour.

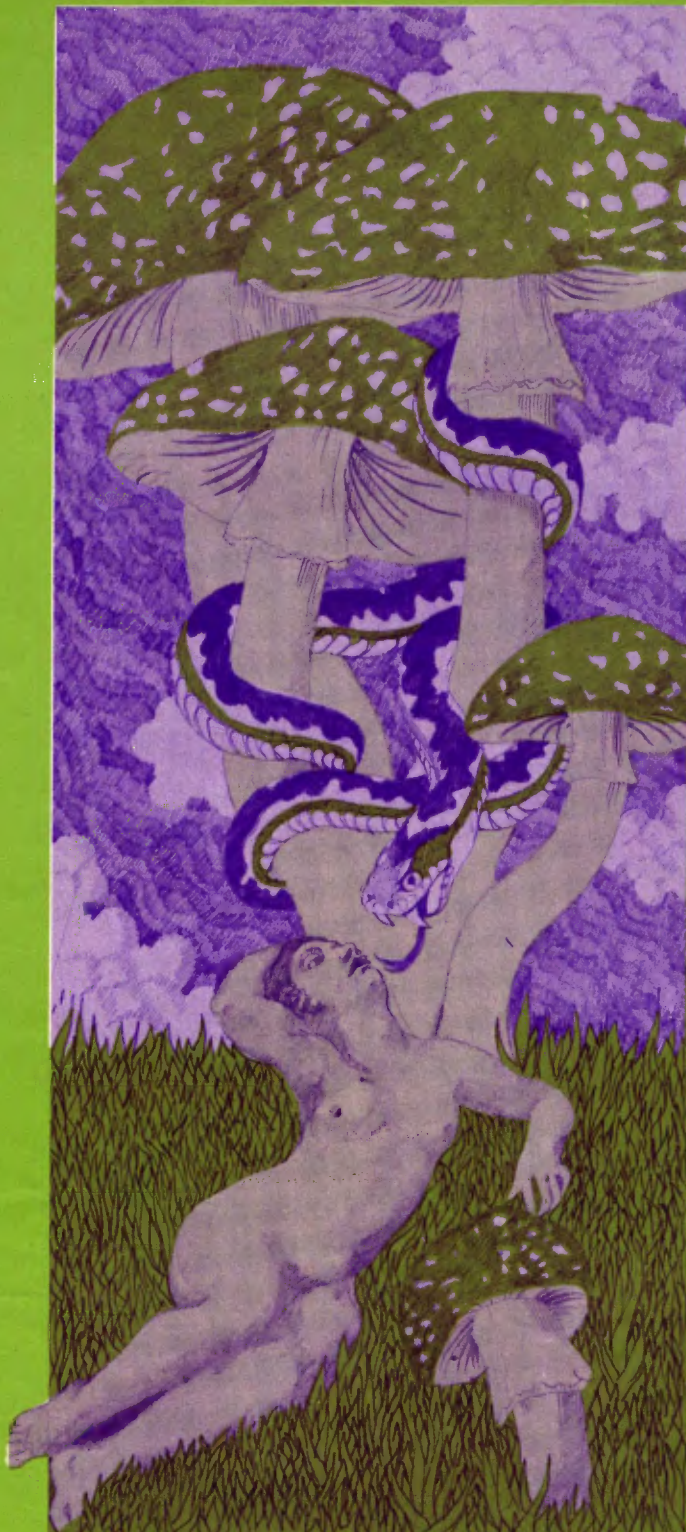
Amongst peoples known to eat agaric are the Ancient Egyptians (for their country's climate was at that time more conducive to fungus growth - the north African deserts having once been wet and fertile in many regions), Tibetans, Japanese, Chinese, French, Poles, Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, Roumanians, Czechoslovaks, Koryaks, English, Scottish and some Canadian Indians from the warmer and wetter regions.

In Transylvania there is almost no reference to mushroom eating in their mythology, yet their occult beliefs and superstitions (for example their belief that man can transform himself into other animals, such as werewolves and vampires) seem quite clearly to parallel the religious traditions of mushroom eating peoples. It is probable that Bram Stoker was inspired to write *Dracula* by stories of Transylvanian mushroom eating ceremonies.

Further research into the architecture of mushroom eating cultures may even reveal that purely geometric structures of, for instance, Aztec architecture, result from eating such hallucinogens







as Thorn Apple and Psilocybin, while the bulbous organic appearance of, for instance, medieval Russian and East European architecture is due to the enormous intake of hallucinogens like Fly Agaric and Belladonna. Such a theory would tie up perfectly with visual and emotional experiences reported from experiments under 'controlled conditions.'

The Bon-Po's of ancient Tibet seem to have followed a 'religion similar in its 'animal worship' aspects to those of ancient Egypt, America, and Biblical Baal worshippers, whose berserk ritual preparations for seances reflect many Shamanistic practices alive in the Orient and South America today.

The Russians were (and probably still are in many remote areas) so fond of the Fly Agaric that they made a kind of beer from the runners of *Epilobium augustifolium* (Rosebay Willow Herb-) and added to it a strong infusion made from the mushrooms. They took the liquor in small quantities to "exhilarate the spirits" and in large quantities to enable them to communicate with other worlds.

There is an interesting connection between toads and toadstools (named after toads) lost somewhere in folk literature and children's fairy tales, until a study was made of the chemistry of the skin and glandular secretions of the Toad (*Bufo Terrestris*). Much of the dorsal skin and the well known warts contain glands which secrete a poison to ward off predators. Most of the poisons are, however, contained in the paratoid glands, located in two bumps or raised areas, one behind each eye.

This explains to us why toadskins and toads eyes are two famous ingredients in witches' brews through the centuries: many interesting substances have been isolated from toad skins and the secretions, amongst them being:—

- a) Bufagin (named after the Latin *Bufo*, for toad) whose properties and effects are very similar to those of Digitalis found in Foxgloves (extremely poisonous, and often fatal),
- b) Bufotenine (a hallucinogenic drug in many ways resembling LSD in its effects) which is also found in the Fly Agaric.
- c) Serotonin, which causes the blood vessels to contract. This chemical is required for the transmission of electrical impulses across the connections between nerve cells (called synapses).

The Vikings are reputed to have eaten large quantities of Fly Agaric before going to battle, because it helped them go "berserk", hence they were known as "Berserks". It can only be assumed that they performed some form of ritual involving dancing and super-human feats to instil the feeling of possessing supreme power; ingestion of the mushrooms during such a state of mind would certainly make everything look small (See *Alice in Wonderland*). Whatever they practised as a preliminary to eating the mushrooms was certainly very effective. They were in many battles able to simply walk over their enemies by filling them with fear of the Berserks' totally animal aggression. During prohibition in the U.S.A., the mushrooms were not only cheaper but also far more effective than boot-leg liquor.

In the modern world, fungicides and pollution play important parts in the progressive extinction of hallucinogenic mushrooms, but biochemists are constantly creating new compounds with the extracted alkaloids, and these seem to play the same mind-changing role today as the mushrooms did yesterday. It seems that all attempts to stop the use of hallucinogenic fungi and the new synthetic equivalents have failed; it is therefore no wonder that many people ask themselves whether or not they are products or manifestations of invisible Forces or Powers, which, as the old stories tell us, have come to earth to do some important task relating to the spiritual guidance of mankind, and shall remain here until completion.

#### SUBJECTIVE EFFECTS

There follows two recent reports from people who have eaten Sacred Mushrooms. From all the reports available to me I have chosen those I regard as the most interesting. The first deals with Psilocybe, the second with Fly Agaric.

(1) *Psilocybe*. Subject was at the time living in a small very old English village, with a church and graveyard opposite his cottage.

After collecting the mushrooms, he dried them slowly by the fire, ground them into a black powder, then ate them mixed with jam.

*"Before the mixture had even entered my stomach I distinctly felt a pleasant electric shock shoot up from the base of my spine to the top of my head; as the initial tenseness subsided my head began to tingle, and this tingling spread all over my scalp, slowly down across my forehead, followed by a sensation as if a white cloud quickly brushed across the surface of my eyeballs; the next moment the idea flashed across my mind: "My eyeballs have just been cleaned and see how new the world looks!" All this happened in perhaps two or three seconds. Moments later I was back in my familiar old room again, in a quite normal state of mind, wondering what on earth happened a moment ago?*

*Slowly I began to feel my body tingling, not a normal tingle, but as if my body were "going away". I became claustrophobic and had to leave the house, so we both went together, and noticed, immediately we were outside, that the church was pointing the wrong way. We went into the church to investigate and discovered that the ground plan was the reverse, longitudinally, of what it should be. We noticed that the floor was now lower than the original, and saw many ordinary architectural and decorative details which only served to confirm our idea that the church was pointing the wrong way.*

After looking at the well-designed Kabbalistic figures on the front we walked out into the street, for things were very strange in the church.

Some months later I discovered from a local farmer whose ancestors had owned the farm for many centuries that the present church was built on the site of an earlier chapel, built on the site of an even earlier Celtic temple. Such temples being built in geometric alignments with stellar and planetary motion, the Romans destroyed as much as they could and even rebuilt some of the churches' pointing in the wrong direction, thus hoping to resist the invisible magical powers supposedly flowing along the alignments and used by our Celtic forefathers in their divinatory practices."

(2) *Fly Agaric*. Subject found some Fly Agaric in a wild mountainous region and decided it must be the right time to eat some, for it was growing on the path. He partially dried it and ate it together with some special oils prepared to counteract the unpleasant sickness which might result from eating partially fresh mushrooms.

Initially there was the slow onset of nausea accompanied by a strong desire to vomit, although, having specially eaten nothing for a day or so, there was nothing in his stomach. The nausea developed to a most uncomfortable degree, but as the oils effectively counteracted this, he began to feel very happy.

*"I was simply happy that everything was happening in such a beautiful way. Everything seemed to be essentially good, but as time passed I began to feel sad. I realised that I was seeing qualities of things I hadn't noticed before. Whenever I witnessed dishonesty, even to the slightest degree, my own honesty or that of others, I felt sick, yet when I witnessed creative and loving forces pass between people, I felt supremely happy. I understood dishonesty in a different sense from the normal; it was the refusal to understand, see, or acknowledge the obvious and as time passed everything became obvious."*

*"A single, pure, flute-like note played inside my head, and as I walked across the landscape this note changed, the cause of which I attributed to invisible energy permeating everything. I understood that everything has its particular note, or vibration which we can hear and feel if we become receptive. I heard choirs of angels and deities singing from the tops of hills, and each hill had its unique music; not music I can describe for we do not have such music in our world; it was the music of living things, music of the trees and the sky, music of the wild animals, and then I realised that human music is usually a very poor attempt to communicate with living things, or at least to reflect some of the qualities of living things."*

Later, he continues, *"I felt very tired and so went to lay down on my bed to rest, and must have fallen asleep because when I awoke I couldn't tell whether it was dawn or dusk. After I discovered that it*



was dusk and I had not been asleep for several days after all. I remembered what had happened. I had just returned from a conference held somewhere in the depths of the earth, where an important Grand Meeting of Gnomes had taken place. We discussed many things of major importance relating to my future and past, and they showed me many things which I can not repeat for they were not communicated by words: they came into my mind and that is how I must have spoken to them. I must have fallen asleep at the conference too, because I remember waking up to find a Gnome standing beside my head (he seemed like a giant at the time) holding out to me, in his left arm, a Fly Agaric in its button stage of growth, saying: "Eat this and it shall all happen as you wish". I reached up to take the mushroom and then awoke.

"Later I walked outside to observe a few things and saw that everything contained its own life. Even the rocks and soil, houses, trees, the river and the sky were alive; rivers of energy were flowing everywhere, and I was a part of one particular river. I found I could understand people even before they spoke; I understood them by what they really were, not by what they often appeared to be."

"All life was sacred, and essentially very pure, while all the evils were simply hurt feelings from long ago, not only in their lifetimes, but moods and subconscious drives inherited through centuries and centuries of family trees. Everything not only contained its own unique characteristics, but a long long history, which was at the time as clear as the words on this letter."

"Later, the nausea came back and I could not enjoy the company of others, who I suddenly began to regard as inferior in some way; their words seemed harsh and lacked vitality; they were not real words of communion, but simply accepted symbols in a system designed to help people communicate. The words were as heavy as objects and seemed to come out with great difficulty. Others seemed sharp like daggers, and hurt very deeply. I chose to remain alone and finally went to sleep."

"I spent the next two or three days reviewing the experience and trying to translate them into coherent terms, but have to this day been able to record only a tiny fraction of what happened during those few days."

It appears that after a heavy dose of Fly Agaric, emotions and reflexes become more attuned with the environment; that is, it becomes increasingly difficult to suppress reactions to the outside world. Aggression outside produces fearless aggression inside while peace outside produces peace inside. In this way one becomes analogous to a mirror which simply reflects what is happening. I assume that during the "introspective periods" the subject is totally immersed in his own inner world. There are periods when communication is absolutely impossible because, by all appearances the subject enters a state resembling that of a dreaming person, when it is possible to arouse him but only very temporarily, for he quickly slips back "asleep".

No attempt should be made at this stage, to arouse or communicate, for he will be so deeply involved in watching the scenes of his life and imagination pass in front of his vision, sudden severance from that "world" and re-awakening to this far denser world could be mentally totally exhaustive or even painful.

It is interesting to note that many of the experiences recorded above are simply a modern version of some of the events of 'mythological' stories. A thorough search of old bardic poetry, ancient myth, fairy tales etc. will reveal the truth that they are simply a more primitive means of recording information than we have to-day, and that the basic information in them is correct and based on actual observation.

## GATHERING, DRYING, PRESERVING, PREPARATION

When a mushroom field has been found one should arrange for them to be transported as quickly as possible to the place they are to be used, for they are very delicate plants.

Ideally, they should be collected in large baskets during a fine morning, after the dew has risen but before the sun has a chance to weaken their strength. Never fill baskets, but always pack very loosely. It is an old law never to collect more than you yourself need, but if you wish to break this law, then they should be threaded together in such a way that they can be hung up over a natural fire; not in the direct radiation, but over the warm (not hot) air currents rising from the fire. They should be left there for some fortnight or more until they are bone dry, and to accomplish this it is necessary to check them every day to ensure that none of the caps are touching under more than the slightest pressure, otherwise rot and maggots will quickly settle in.

If this preparation is followed, the degree of nausea always associated with eating Fly Agaric can be lessened, although unfortunately not counteracted completely. Toxins do not affect physical reactions, but mushroom nausea is increased by fear or rejection of the experience. Always remember that the slightly distressing symptoms will pass away in time and that following my instructions for mental preparation will help allay them quickly. Acceptance is the keyword. Five to ten drops of Essential Oil of Peppermint mixed with two or three teaspoons of olive oil are used by some people at the same time as eating Fly Agaric to help counteract nausea, but it won't work at all if food has been eaten during the previous 24 hours.

When bone dry, they may be stored for a maximum of a year, when it is best to collect another crop.

Some Mexican Indians store psilocybe mushrooms in gourds for a year after which they are crushed to a powder and mixed with Thorn Apple roots and three other flowers to sweeten the taste, all other four ingredients having also been stored for a whole year and ground to a fine powder. The ingredients are then mixed in the proportion of one part fungi to one part of each of the other four ingredients. The mixture is then stored in a sealed gourd for another year, after which it is then transferred to a leather pouch kept hung around the neck and used when required. This was the mixture used by Carlos Castaneda to help turn him into a crow. (See Bibliography).

After Koryaks have dried their mushrooms in the sun or in an open hearth, they get their women to chew the bitter fungus, for the vile taste alone often causes nausea and interference with the pleasure of the experience.

If the mushrooms are soaked in water and left in a gently warm place, covered with fine muslin, for about three days or more, stirring or macerating each day, most of the poisons (including of course the magical properties) are dissolved out into the water, which the Koryaks and certain East Europeans put into wines and liquors, which they relish naturally enough.

The essential alkaloids of the Fly Agaric are excreted via the kidneys, which accounts for the Koryak custom of drinking the urine of mushroom eaters. This custom tends to nauseate western visitors but to refuse an offered draught of urine is the most foul of crimes to the Koryaks, who could not possibly be expected to understand why one should refuse the chance to speak with the great spirit. Indeed in many desert regions of the world human and cattle urine is drunk with relish for the value of its salt content, without which the inhabitants would die.





## SPECIAL POINTS OF DANGER AND CAUTION

*Amanita Muscaria* is only one fungus of a family containing over a hundred species, many of which are very similar in appearance to each other. A common assumption is that all *Agarics* may be used as hallucinogenic agents with some great degree of safety, or alternatively that all *Agarics* are fatal poisons. Neither assumption is entirely truthful.

It would be as well to purchase a well illustrated text-book on fungi spending the first few months simply learning to recognise different species. Never eat fungi until the identity is known. No one wants to take one of the irretrievably fatal species during a hasty experiment.

Never take decaying or maggot-eaten specimens for consumption, even when you know that the species in question is definitely edible, although those slightly attacked by slugs are perfectly allright after thorough washing with cold water. Maggots eat into the flesh of the fungi leaving tiny holes, while slugs simply eat away holes at the surface, like little craters.

It is apparently easy to overdose with Fly Agaric, so one should never eat more than two or three thoroughly dried specimens (about 3" diameter) to begin with. After at least an hour, preferably longer, one or two more may be eaten. With larger mushrooms take less in number. Some *agarics* are more poisonous than others so to begin with even smaller quantities than suggested above may be advisable. However if the practical hints and proper methods of preparation given are followed, and combined with common sense rather than paranoid caution, there should be no danger at all. Experience, patience and sharp perceptions are necessary (speed kills) It should be remembered that throughout history precautions have been taken to ensure that poisoning did not occur. Such precautions usually involved becoming experienced in the art of knowing mushrooms i.e. knowing by the look, feel smell taste and vibrations whether it contains more of the poisonous principles or the hallucinogenic principles.

Such very real dangers are some of the reasons why the Sacred Mushrooms have been kept as closely guarded secrets. Misuse has already brought them into disrepute in many parts of the world.

## ANTIDOTES

When experimenting it is best to learn of the various antidotes and partial antidotes available, and to keep them handy in case anything should go wrong.

In severe cases of mushroom poisoning it is always best to seek medical aid, and to specify to your doctor, if possible, exactly which mushroom has been eaten, how much, how long ago. If this is not possible, take a piece of the fungus to the doctor or give him a good description and details of where it was found. In cases of mild poisoning where a doctor does not appear to be necessary, but some form of amelioration is required, the following may be administered carefully, in small doses, slowly and regularly, (every half hour at first, decreasing dosage and increasing times between doses as symptoms wear off):- brandy (be careful), camphor, medicinal charcoal, coffee, fat or oil to relieve the stomach. Emetics and purgatives can be used.

Things which tend to aggravate the poisoning are:- being in open cold air, cold weather, after eating, sex, before a thunderstorm and sitting quietly.

A good exercise is to continue moving about slowly.

## LAWS TO BE OBSERVED DURING COLLECTION AND CONSUMPTION OF NATURAL SUBSTANCES

Man is one tiny part in a vast system of living things, all of which play important roles in the smooth flow of life. Until a certain awareness of the life inherent in all things has been attained, there can be no personal understanding of life, or respect for the self.

Your body, although capable of hanging on to the last fraying strands of life, is a very delicate structure indeed, and it should be learned which substances your body is capable of assimilating and using to further health.

Health does not only imply physical health, but a certain internal quietness or clarity of mind. Aggressiveness, clinging, jealousy, fear and hate, are just a few of the internal distresses we all have to overcome before we are entirely independent spirits. Independence means that we do not NEED any particular thing, nor do we seek out useless pleasures when at peace. We indulge in energetic exercises with nature and accept what is placed on the doorstep with gratitude.

Indians collecting peyote cacti do not seek them, but walk through the selected country in a straight line, and if they happen to "bump into one", then it is for them to pick. They do not wander away from their path to collect those perhaps ten yards away for they assume that Mescalito will guide them if the time is right.

This is the attitude of many primitive peoples, who regard those who hurriedly search through the undergrowth as seeking pleasure and power.

It may be debatable whether or not fungi contain some resident "spirit" but many doubtlessly have the power to induce peculiar and important states of mind and if we look objectively at the effects, we find that they can do no more than alter the state of our mind, AS IT IS PREVIOUS to consumption. Thus those who make a habit out of using such things gain progressively less benefit each time, for they do not allow time to assimilate each experience into their life patterns, a process which may take weeks or even months.

Enjoying or suffering the purely chemical effects of hallucinogenic mushrooms serves no purpose other than to intoxicate the brain and therefore dull the senses, exactly the opposite of the desired effect. Over stimulation of the system not only introduces harmful toxins to the body, but quickly uses up

natural sources of energy, producing tiredness, inability to focus the mind, restlessness, lethargy, progressively deepening melancholy, nervousness, etc.

The key to perception of subtle things and of enjoying pleasures fully, lies in your own awareness of the pleasure and importance of being in this state for a while and indulging in the vast variety of things the world has to offer. To rely on our own resources rather than the weekly ingestion of some chemical is more honest. In many parts of the world mushrooms are taken only a very few times in life, to act as a catalyst in the awakening of dormant senses, which once awakened may be exercised in ordinary daily activity to keep them awake. Love of all life will eventually produce greater effects than a weekly dose of fly agaric, although it may sometimes be necessary for some people to take a close look at the activities of deeper regions of the mind, in order to solve some baffling problem.

Mushroom eaters always prepare themselves for some days beforehand they decide exactly what it is they wish to achieve and ensure that any necessary directions are firmly imprinted on thy mind so as not to lose their objective during intoxication. Unless such procedure is attended to, the experience is likely to be merely a barrage of sensations and ideas welling up from within; such experiences may indeed be pleasant, but are in reality no better than getting drunk every night (it must be remembered that Fly Agarics are highly toxic). The value of the experience depends upon an understanding of the two kinds of pleasure and the two kinds of pain.

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Lynn Danton



# ILLUSTRATED SMALL ADS by Peter Till

(Small ads taken from East Village Other, Berkeley Barb and various New York pornzines.)



**MIRRORS MIRRORS EVERYWHERE.** I have mirrors on the ceiling, mirrors on the wall, I have assets to share with docile males who dare. Your letter is requested, my equipment is prepared. Your sample dollar will cover a picture of me in rubber. NYC Female. Box 8126.



A young healthy European fellow, blonde, well cared for, wants many and I mean abnormally sized cocks to open up my fast closing small-sized ass, well rounded in shape, but **MUST HAVE COCKS** well over the 10" lengths and very thick, quickly Payment assured for a good job well done, prefer colored, but not essential, but **MUST** be large. Harold L. Brian Washington, DC



**GAY MALE** seeking male stud, 21-35, long haired type preferred but will consider all. Enjoys being used for toilet. Only those with exceptionally large bowels need apply. Also enjoys all other sex. All letters answered. Write Berkeley 94707.





Once in a while, a truly outstanding model becomes available from private work. ACTION HOUSE is proud to offer this blue eyed hunk of man, 6'3" young stud, hung thick, sexy face, rugged action to satisfy you. RATES: \$18 an hour. Call now Berkeley 387-8888.



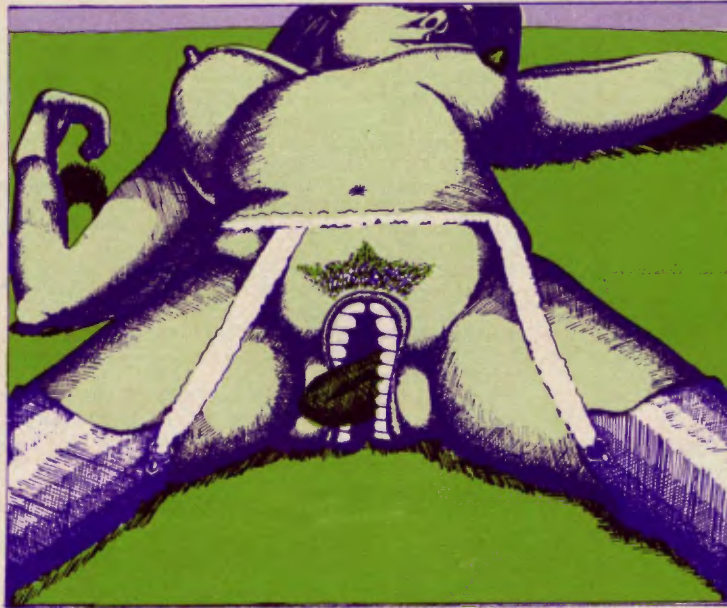
GET INTO PANDORA'S BOX! HER collection of LOVE TOYS will make you giggle & wiggle with delight. Her profusely illustrated catalogue will fill you with wonder at the many imaginative uses of Ultramodern materials. CENTURY SEX EQUIPMENT - S.F., Calif.



SEXUAL CLIMAX is a totally beautiful experience. WITH or WITHOUT a PARTNER. We have developed a complete line of hand-crafted erotic pleasure devices to satisfy your every erotic desire. IF 21, send \$2.00 to: BACCHUS & CO



YOU KNOW the story about the guy who had 300 wives and they were all satisfied? That was a sneak preview of 'Mouth Power' says the friendly old Frenchman at 'Le Salon' the Supermarket of Risque Books open 7 days 8 a.m. till 1 a.m. 1118 Polk. 673-4492.



MEN MEN MEN. I love large groups of men who are wild and ready for me. The more the merrier, I am well stacked and love those gang parties. Send photo and I will respond. NJ, NYC Female. Box 51310.

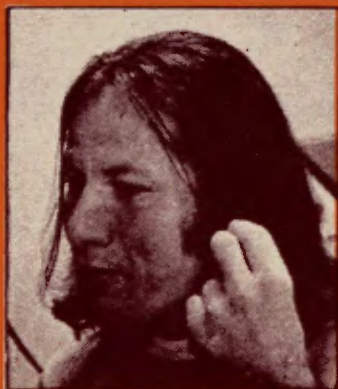


SEXATIONALLY curvy Caucasian beauty, professional exotic dancer, desires males, any race, any size, for fun and frolic. No holes barred. NYC Female. Box Q Pussy Magazine



# "LET ME HELP YOU"

SAYS  
DR. HIPPOCRATES



Customs check at London Airport. Dr. Hippocrates says, "Leave your stash at home when you travel abroad."

## PISSED OFF

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

The discussion of male and female urination postures in your recent column blew my mind. It must have been a put on!

Just in case it wasn't, however, let me say that there is no psychological reason why women can't urinate in a standing position. As a matter of fact this was the case in ancient Egypt, according to Herodotus. The necessity of these positions is all in the mind. I'm surprised Women's Liberation hasn't caught on to that one.

Some chicks (sic) I know are insulted by being repeatedly told they can't urinate standing up and are threatening to have a piss-in."

ANSWER: My secretary and several other female members of the Hippocrates research arm (or whatever) decided to test your hypothesis. The consensus was that barring practice and an absence of undergarments your friends had better bring a change of clothes should their demonstration come to pass.

## BALLOONING BALLS

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

For the past six weeks or so I have been finding it extremely difficult to get an erection on. I have also noticed that one of the testicles is becoming larger and the regular size one appears and feels like it has a growth coming on it. Do you think this would have anything to do with the erection problem?

Otherwise everything appears to be normal. Since I have always led a full sex life, I would like to know what you think.

ANSWER: You should see a physician right away—either your own or a urologist. Referrals can be made through nearby medical schools, county medical societies or free clinics.

Many people put off a visit to the doctor, even when they know something is wrong, for fear of confirming their worst suspicions. Paradoxical, true, but delaying medical treatment for this reason is a very common and sometimes very tragic occurrence.

## 5 O'CLOCK SNATCH

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

I am a happily married woman. My husband and I enjoy cunnilingus. However, my husband has a beard, which I like except that it is scratchy and irritates my genital area.

Usually he wets his beard with good warm water so that it is comfortable during the act. But afterwards from the rubbing I am itchy sometimes for days.

I don't want him to shave his beard. Can you recommend something that would soften his beard more than warm water and especially can you recommend some kind of soothing lotion (or something) that I can apply to the vaginal area afterwards to relieve the itching?"

ANSWER: Two of my bearded friends responded to your problem with great empathy. One said he shaved his moustache and the area below his lower lip especially for his wife. The other, a Berkeley physician, wondered if your husband's beard was yet too short for comfort. (A baby lotion or Vitamin A and D ointment will soothe chafed skin).

G. Legman, the erudite and witty author of *Oragenitalism—Oral Techniques in Genital Excitation* (Julian Press—1969). Legman devoted himself so enthusiastically to this subject that rumour persists he was asked to will his tongue to the British Museum.

"The man in cunnilingus (sic) simply places one of his palms, cupped tightly against his chin, so that only the back of his hand touches the woman's vulva, which is completely protected in this way from the touch of his chin-stubble."

Legman ends his book by recalling a 1920s divorce suit against Charlie Chaplin in which the great man was "accused" of performing cunnilingus on his wife. "All married people do that," replied Chaplin.

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

Do you offer any precautions against taking mescaline during childbirth? It seems ideal for maximum mental alertness and physical endurance.

If the idea is a very dangerous one, perhaps you can suggest a similar, safer drug. But I'd really like to try it for those reasons."

ANSWER:

Students taking a course in human physiology would learn that an unborn baby's circulation is linked to the mother's and that drugs taken by the mother also affect the child. Physicians administer drugs during childbirth with great care because of possible effects on the fetus.

The best way to insure the health of your unborn child is to eat a nutritious diet, abstain from all drugs (including alcohol and tobacco) and receive regular examinations from your family physician or obstetrician.

## DOPE BLACKOUTS

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

To be blunt, I'm scared. I was smoking some grass about 3 weeks ago and I started to feel dizzy. Next thing I remember is waking up on the floor and being told I'd been unconscious about 7 minutes.

This wouldn't bug me so much except that I can remember coming close to blacking out 4 times when I was younger: in pre-school, at the blackboard in a writing class in the third grade, at confirmation when I was about 11, and at a wedding when I was 15.

All of the times I've fainted were when I was very uptight, like wanting to be somewhere else, so I've usually figured it's just some psychological trip—like I shut myself off when I'm threatened.

ANSWER: Recently I treated a student for bizarre symptoms after he'd smoked marijuana from a waterpipe with a group of friends. He had been noncommunicative for several hours before being brought to the hospital.

When I first saw him he was lying on the floor, face down trying to crawl away from his friends. Then he crawled into a corner under a stretcher, obviously terrified. He couldn't be talked down (as most people can on bad trips) so I had the nurse give him a tranquilizer by injection. Within a few minutes, long before the effects of the tranquilizer could have taken effect, he was responding in a normal manner.

The student told me similar experiences had occurred before he had ever used marijuana. I referred him to a neurologist to determine whether any physical cause could be found for his behaviour.

You should have a thorough physical examination soon.

## BURNT OUT

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

Since this question would waste my doctor's time I'm asking you.

I've been REALLY TRYING to get over my LAZINESS for at least 3 years. When I discovered the hippy world I felt a little proud of it . . . but it is getting worse.

I have lots of dreams to be a teacher of biology one day, but I'm too lazy to study. It takes a lot to pick up after myself, my house is always messy, I have no children, but I am worried and it's driving my husband away from me.

I've been lazy for as long as I can remember—no energy to do what I have to do, but I did have an active life of fun while my husband was in Viet Nam.

I've always been sickly, I seem to catch every cold there is because I don't get any exercise, because I'm lazy. What do you suggest?"

ANSWER: Why not waste the doctor's time long enough for him to refer you to a psychiatrist or psychologist?

Yeah, looking at my cluttered desk I know just how you feel, all these journals, articles, letters . . . Think I'll take a long vacation soon.





The Equation runs like this—Government = control = justice. You can govern the country if you can control it. And you can make the control attractive by calling it justice. But justice is the process of deciding whether or not what you've done interferes with the government's control of the population. The *process* may be impartial, the *process* may be fair but the framework in which that process (the lawyers, the courts) work is political and as unfair as only politics can be.

IT has been charged and convicted, OZ charged and committed for trial not because some absolute rules were broken or because some biblical gent was rustled on his throne. But because enough people in the country wanted it to happen. So they complained until the government thought it worth the trouble to do something. They complained for a variety of reasons ranging from the fact that people are scared of anyone who is different and want them suppressed, to some sort of righteous idea of morality. But in the end it was the people who live amongst us who complained.

So what's the effect now? A few scared people. Perhaps duller more cautious publications. Perhaps more violent ones. The machinery of justice is slow, quiet, polite and very very brutal. When you're at the Old Bailey you realise that a state can do anything to its citizens. Its only got to pass the right law. Also a minority group—homosexuals—won't be able to advertise. Just who is that prohibition going to benefit?

Maybe IT got off lightly. They have at least to April if not longer because of appeals to find roughly £2,600 in fines. They need right now £800 to cover defence costs. If you can spare the bread send it to the IT Bust Fund.

But should it have happened? Do you want to live in a society that punishes people for doing things that don't harm anyone? In the name of justice. In the name of control. In the name of government.

**UNDER-  
GROUND  
PAPERS  
SUCK**

**!!!  
I.T. SUCKS  
MORE THAN  
MOST...**





# HOW TO GET YOUR MAN... ..

**THE FEMALE EUNUCH** by Germaine Greer  
In the introduction of her book, 'The Female Eunuch' (pub. Macgibbon & Kee) Miss Greer says,

*'If it is not ridiculed, or reviled, it will have failed of its intention.'*

With the recent play Female Liberation has received in the media, and the antagonistic stances adopted by some of the more histrionic of the 'soul sisters', one might expect this to be another exercise in name calling, yet more salt in the wound between the sexes. To my great relief I found it to be, for the most part, just the opposite: something rare in such an emotionally charged subject—a cool, massively supported, vividly written analysis of the 'female condition', its evolution through history and present character in consumer society. Far from being a revolutionary tract, 'The Female Eunuch' more resembles a collage of what the great philosophers, poets, suffragettes, and psychologists have thought of women through the ages. Despite occasional lapses, Miss Greer comes through as something much more exciting than a proselytizer. She is an intellectual in possession of a trained critical mind that shows itself at home in a stimulating range of subject. Her antecedents, at least in the beginning, are plainly humanistic, her allegiances veering on the existential. Of the liberated woman, she says,

*'She could begin by not changing the world, but by re-assessing herself.'*  
and goes on to warn that for the woman considering the step into autonomy,  
*'Life is not easier, or more pleasant... but it is more interesting, nobler, even.'*

In short she grounds the question of female autonomy in a classically moral realm, the need to attain selfhood is represented as an obligation which no self-respecting woman can afford to ignore. This is worth noting for later on she

seems to abandon the position, or even openly contradict it, and it is precisely at those moments when she does abandon the viewpoint furnished by her intellectual heritage, that I find fault with the book. But those moments are rare. If she is anything, Miss Greer is well informed and up to date. Her conclusions, apart from the literary criticism, do tend to restrict themselves to the limits of traditional New Left reading: Marcuse, Freud, Marx, Blake, Nietzsche, Norman Brown, Eldridge Cleaver, Norman Mailer, etc; almost the table of contents of an underground newspaper, but its result is a very thought provoking blend of scholarship and journalism. Mordant, witty, at times passionately autobiographical, she traces the roots of modern woman's malaise and illuminates, using the terminology and methodology of her sources, what she considers to be her present impasse. It begins as an autopsy but the corpse of romantic love turns out to be more alive than ever. Her attempt to cover so much area—she flies from denunciations of vaginal perfumes to reconstructions of medieval sexual neuroses—inevitably results in a certain thinness in parts, a too facile treatment of subjects which demand more detailed exegesis. The ideal picture of sexually healthy medieval English peasantry appears too exaggerated, as does her characterization of the middle class housewife as the perpetually idle, indolent consumer of her husband's labour. Similarly her description of the conventionally raised girl of today as a 'female faggot' seems too absolute, too melodramatic. It obscures the reality it was intended to illuminate. The situation of the male homo-sexual in society is very different to that of the woman alternately repressed and lured by the unattainable myth of the Feminine Stereotype. The homo-sexual can and does gain ascendancy in society and precisely in those fields where women have proved unfruitful. Is the average man then a kind of male lesbian?

Granted the present state of most women is a result of centuries of servile conditioning, that visual and consumer values have been substituted for the physiological and psychic integrity of the individual, that relations between the sexes enact a symbiotic pattern of sado-masochism, that the patriarchal family is an indispensable analogue to the capitalist state, that it is the breeding ground of the Oedipal complex and the means by which the mechanism of servility reproduces itself, accepting all this, as Marcuse did, and Miss Greer does, our ending must be despair. The woman who desires liberation from this nightmare must, out of integrity to herself, refuse the servile trap of marriage, yet if she stands alone she cannot responsibly commit herself to bringing children into the world. Having formulated this intractable position, the book seems to fall apart at the seams. It would be churlish to demand of Miss Greer that she come up with an alternative where her authorities have left her with unresolved contradictions, but this is what she tries to do and her personal statement deserves criticism. She

outlines an alternative to the repressive 'nuclear' family—a loose association of adults and children conforming to some vague tribal law and existing somewhere far from the horrors of fragmented, urban existence. She suggests that children can be brought up successfully without neuroses by non-parents, although there is nothing resembling conclusive evidence to prove this. The English middle class has traditionally handed its children over to educational institutions at the age of seven. Their upbringing is carried out to a large extent by non-parents yet it seems to have had little effect in limiting their neuroses. Her justification of a woman's right to abandon an unhappy marriage is equally unconvincing.  
*'It is much worse for children to grow up in an atmosphere of suffering, however repressed, than it is for them to adapt to a change of regime.'*

This too blatantly begs the question—what does the change of regime consist of? She suggests that men are better at bringing up children alone than women and that a woman could pay alimony to her deserted husband in exchange for assuming the burden of child care. This alternative hardly corresponds to the social or psychological realities that would make up such a situation. Miss Greer laments the misery that flaws most marriages in our society, yet informal promiscuity between the sexes usually partakes more of the myth of the Feminine Stereotype—what all men seek and all women seek to become—than do marriage relations.  
*'A woman seeking alternative modes of life is no longer morally bound to pay her debt to nature.'*

In that case, the new woman will be short-lived indeed and our children left with a choice of the eunuchs. Is there not a natural rhythm involved in bearing children, a necessary loss of self, a sacrifice to the future which, like the planting of seeds, delays gratification but ensures we may be nourished at a later date? Servile marriage or sterile autonomy? With the millstone of human equality around her neck—revolution must be for all or none—Miss Greer ends her book by asking,  
*'What will you do?'*

Fortunately the last chapter is not representative and for the most part I was avidly absorbed in what Miss Greer had to say. I spent so much time on the last chapter because it seemed to contain the most original portion of her argument and because, after having been so bluntly asked, 'What will you do?' I thought she deserved a serious answer.

There remains something abstract and unreal in Miss Greer's alternatives; as an ideal her justification of abandonment seems ready minted for general corruption. Like her I am born of a woman and can only feel threatened by her hesitations about bringing children into the world. Without a faith that does not shirk the sacrifice of reproducing herself, the future must remain closed to the liberated woman. That would be a great loss because the world plainly needs more Germaines and fewer Eunuchs.

Entertained on a mass scale, the problems of women in society are hopelessly bitter. To her question one can only reply—that it is impossible to supply satisfactory answers to such abstractly constructed problems. This is understandable and inevitable. The truth is most women and men lack the energy or capacity to live their lives in accordance with the blue prints of freedom which Marxist-orientated writers like Miss Greer supply. The assumption with a question like hers is that the reader must now face the imponderable contradiction Miss Greer has set up and claim it for his, or her own problem. This I happily refuse to accept. The Female Eunuch is an abstraction, the question a failure of nerve on Miss Greer's part at the vital moment. 'Neurotic', 'moral', 'responsible' are all terms with more meaning when applied to an individual personality than to an age, sex, or people. The question is an uncharacteristic bit of bullying, for whatever I do, or Miss Greer does, or you do, will in the end be the result of our individual destinies.

It would be a distortion of the books spirit to end on such a critical note. Apart from the last chapter, Miss Greer is overwhelmingly correct in her analysis of how men and women have produced the fragment called 'feminine'. Comparison between reality and the spectre of the Eunuch is uncannily absolute—suddenly one becomes conscious of a whole area of experience previously blinded by habitual response. To have altered our perceptions, enlarged our world, and amused us in the process, that is a brilliant feat.

Tim Harris

## ..the book that men love and women hate

Reading 'The Female Eunuch' I felt that there was not one Germaine Greer but several. There was one I liked a lot, who had the defiance, the controlled, if sometimes desperate dignity, of revolutionary feminism. Sometimes her writing captures the note of Wollstonecraft's 'Vindication', of Emma Goldman's 'Living my Life,' of a woman torn between two poles, divided by the contradiction of trying to live as a woman and as a person. This tension has sometimes developed into an emphasis on celibacy amongst feminists. There has been a connection between emancipation and the denial of sexuality. Germaine is not of this tendency any more than Mary Wollstonecraft or Emma Goldman was. She writes, 'A lover who comes to your bed of his own accord is more likely to sleep with his arms around you all night than a lover who has nowhere





else to sleep.' This is very much like the ideas of freedom in love which have run right through the revolutionary movement. The personal commitment not to cage or trap another person has always been intimately connected to the idea of a different society where nobody would be imprisoned.

I think it was this kind of feeling that led me to question the morality that was dished out to me in my early teens. When I read about Mary Wollstonecraft & then later discovered Olive Schreiner's story of an African Farm, it seemed to me theirs was a more honest and dignified way of living. Later I was to discover it is also more difficult. It is still terrible when all the walls are down and you're completely defenceless and he turns away. Women who break away from the established framework of things are left still very exposed and there's a high casualty rate. There have been many women who have shared the hope of self-reliance, who have struggled against dependency, but have suffered terribly for it. The Diggers had a rhyme about this directed against a rival puritan sect.

Germaine herself seems at her happiest sometime between the 16th and 18th centuries. She takes a kind of rumbustious delight it's impossible not to share in women with gallant pin boxes. London wenches 'Their tails are peppered with the pox' being contrasted to 'Buxom country Country lasses Hot piping from the Cow' Exactly what they were doing with the cows which turned them on so much isn't clear. Though it seems like male propaganda to me because the city girls had learned to play the market like the lass of Islington who kept her hand on the cellar door until she got a fair price. Given the kind of contraceptives they had around then I can't see what else they could do. But there are hints despite this of a time when sexually, the process of castration was still incomplete. For example in Samuel Collins 'loving' account of the vagina. As Germaine Greer points out, this is not only an exact and eloquent description, it's an active one., 'the vagina speaks, throws, is tense and vigorous'. Again I wish she'd gone into this more. If you locate the final triumph of female passive sexuality at the end of the 18th

century and early 19th centuries, how does this relate to changes in the family and the organisation of work—in fact to the industrial revolution. She abstracts the process out of history.

'The castration of women has been carried out in terms of a masculine feminine polarity in which men have communicated all the energy and streamlined it into an aggressive conquisitorial power, reducing all hereto-sexual contact to a sado-masochistic pattern.'

To some extent the cliteromaniacs who have popularised Masters and Johnson are on to this. Germaine asserts the vagina again, to my relief, because I was never happy with the idea that a quick rub off was any kind of substitute for the kind of orgasm you get when a man you are incredibly deeply together with is inside you. Not only did I find Anne Koedt's pamphlet didn't relate to anything I'd ever experienced, but it seemed mechanically to reduce orgasm to the lowest common denominator of sensation. As if you could measure something which you experience each time in a completely different way. ALSO, TO PRESUME THAT ORGASMS ONLY COME AS A RESULT OF DIRECT STIMULATION OF THE CLITORIS, STRIKES ME AS VULGAR MATERIALISM.

Germaine Greer is often funny. She lays into the female stereotype in no uncertain terms, and she is biting about Barbara Castle, making sure she looks attractive when she goes off to keep the workers wages down. Germaine's got a keen nose for this particular kind of dishonesty in women who play the system for their own ego. Her image of the 'Omnipotent Administrator in frilly knickers' is a nasty description of a nasty phenomena. She's at her ironic best on the typing temp and the secretary instructed to be beautiful—but not provocative. Baby has to be hot enough for man power, but she mustn't put the heat on. Presumably his stocks might fall if he got a hard on while he was busy running capitalism for us.

But in the midst of the defiance and the irony there's a gawky, forlorn girl, miserably dragging sanitary towels about in her school satchel, uneasily moving into an unhappy adolescence, not liking her mother, selfconscious about being tall and dreaming of crush-

ing her nose into a giant's tweed suit. Incidentally there are problems about being short too especially if you go in and out in an fairly obvious kind of way. You find yourself patted on the head, chuckled on the cheek and an immediate target for bottom pinchers. Early on I developed a ferocious scowl, the 'watch out if the wind changes' sort. But it's very easy just to drop jollily into being patronised, getting angry becomes exhausting. As for that tweedy giant, we all have him in some shape or size. Some day my prince will come and take me off on a motor bike far, far, into the hills, and I'll be lost in speed and black leather and never worry about my bust/hips/nose/ears/feet/being too big/little/short/fat etc. I mean we're still making contradictory and impossible demands on men and the sooner we come clean the better. Even if they're pretty reticent still about their projections on to us.

All Germaine Greer's comments on womens' liberation both in England and America have an external quality. They lack both the passion and the self criticism which women who have experienced working within the movements write. She misses out, too, on the way you learn and discover all the time and are, forced to reexamine all your preconceived conceptions, painfully often. There's a danger too when you're just writing on your own that you start to throw out alternative stereotypes of the liberated woman. These are just gags on other women. You reduce what is a unique dialogue for every individual woman, between her, the movement and the world outside, into simply new ways in which she ought to behave. Thus the liberated woman is ready to lick her menstrual blood off his cock, she doesn't make up reading lists, or sit on committees. There's a funny way in which people who are most concerned to resist all the rules individually start inventing a whole lot of new ones for other people. I mean menstrual blood on his cock might just be a matter of taste not liberation.

Oh wow it's been done before Germaine. Ever heard of scare crow radicals?. They frighten the sparrows a bit at first until they get used to them. Scare crows can look very impudent but they can't do anything. There have

been lots of scarecrow feminists, lots of bold women who resisted the servile lot of other women, who made a great flurry and a show, and who ended up like George Sand rejecting the feminist socialist groups to perform for a male audience. You avoid the stiff tense humourless lightness you see as a feature both of feminism of the revolutionary groups, and you suddenly find yourself becoming a sophisticated brand of titillation on the media. Its a trap that destroys people—ruthlessly.

The only way out is to create consciously a movement which is confident gleeful, generous and loving. Ideally it would always be so but we are children of this world, fighting a knowing and nasty system. You can't duck the contradiction by declaring 'Revolution is the oppressed'. It may be but it also has costly overheads. It devours, drains exhausts twists crushes and destroys.

Somehow we have to find a way of living this contradiction if we are to survive. For women all this is even more true because we face not only the enemy without but the enemy within, male opposition within the revolutionary movement, and our own desire to submit to men.

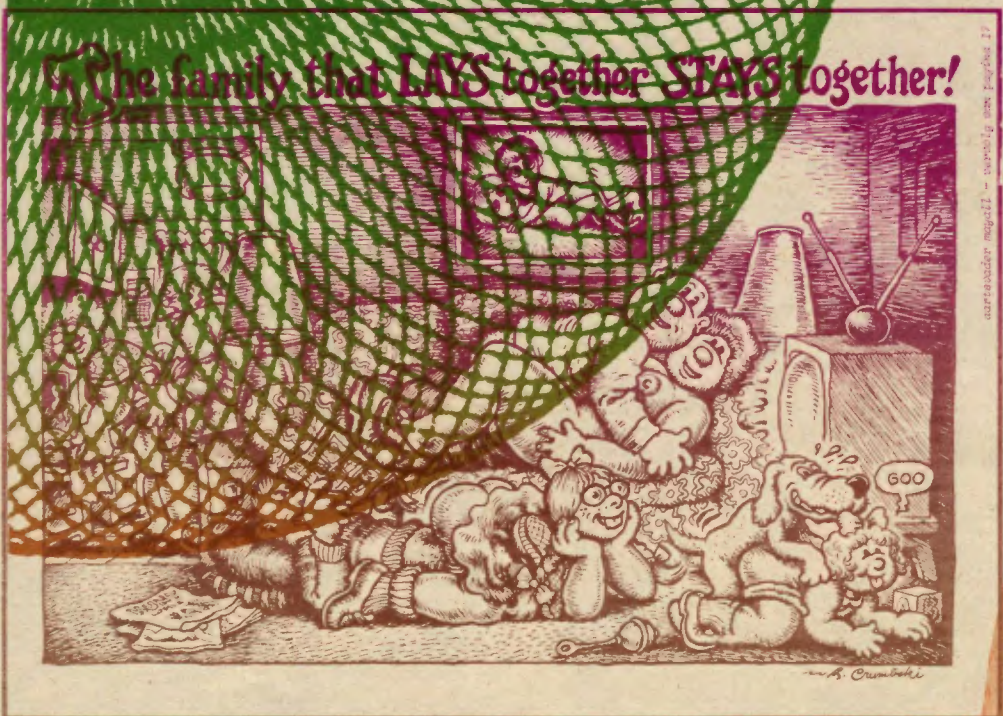
Apart from these bits which I did not like at all, 'The Female Eunuch' is still subversive enough which is what Germaine hopes. Put it in the hands of the fuckedup young and old, male and female, and let the vagina speak straight to the jam rags, jelly bags, sex behind the hand and frustration writ large on lavatory walls.

Sheila Rowbotham





# SPIKE



SUCK, the first European Sexpaper which is (hopefully) presenting the Wet Dream Festival (a four day film orgy of flashing cocks and steaming cunts in erotic Amsterdam) has announced a few added attractions—a Masturbation Contest, an S/M and Bondage Wear Fashion Show, and special screenings of gems from King Farouk's blue movie collection. To get into the Festival, you have, theoretically, to belong to S.E.L.F. (POB 2080, Amsterdam) the Sexual Egalitarian and Liberation Fraternity, but I'm sure if you happen to be in Amsterdam from November 26-29 you will be able to pay your membership fee on the spot and participate in the way that relieves your frustration best. Otto Muehl fresh from a spectacular success in Frankfurt, has been invited to attend the festival and plans to explode a cow and have a fuck in the resulting mess. London rejected Muehl's chicken action, but in Frankfurt he cut off a goose's head, sprayed its blood over the audience, put a condom on its neck and fucked his girlfriend with it. I wonder if the ICA, the NFT or the New-Arts Lab could cope with that.

A.J. Weberman, the world's only living Dylanofist is at it again. His mass circulated review of Dylan's LP *New Morning* starts off like this: Holy motherfucking shit! A new Dylan album 3 months after *Self Portrait*. . . the Dylan heads must be flipping out. Like anything would sound good after *Self Portrait* which nobody dug except a few hard core Dylan freaks who would probably say Dylan was right on even if he shat on top of some blank LP records and asked some people to listen to the needle as it tracked the turds. But that's not to say that *Self Portrait* is useless; I heard that Bellevue Hospital was playing it to freaks who have been accidentally poisoned, in order to induce vomiting . . . and after several pages of indigestible and spurious analysis which interprets *Went to See the Gypsy* as a record of a visit he paid to Dylan one Sunday when Dylan told him never to come hear his home again, he concludes that Dylan can't be part of the solution, so he must be still part of the problem. According to Weberman, John Lennon sings in *Give Peace a Chance*, "Let me tell you now, everybody's talking about Weberman, evolution, masturbation . . ."

## CHRISTMAS NUDE-IN, FREAK-OUT

Everyone is invited to a PARTY at the Roundhouse, Sunday December 13, to celebrate with FRIENDS, OZ, and IT the end of 1970. Groups and organisations so far appearing include The Pink Fairies, Evensong, Hawkwind, Steve Peregrine Took and Shag Rat, Alexis Korner, Ginger Johnson, Black Frog, Lightening, Pretty Things etc . . . Anyone who is outrageous enough to provide their own floorshow or help in any way ring Stan at 969-2884. Roundhouse—Sunday—December 13. 3.30 to 11.30. Cost: 10/- to cover expenses and all kinds of free goodies.

## PERNICIOUS ANAEMIA.

Alternative life style commune ecological freaks might be interested in the Canadian ALTERNATE SOCIETY which has interesting articles on commune living in the States and British Columbia. Subscriptions 12 issues 5 dollars plus postage 10 Thomas St. St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada. On the same subject, Clem Gorman is compiling THE BOOK OF COMMUNES which is designed to appeal to anyone who wants to share work, play, living space or time, young people who want to move to the country, pensioners and poor people interested in new ways of sharing and cutting the cost of living. Anyone with information or help write to 8 Colville Terrace, London W.6.

## STERILITY.

If you have had money refunded from those subscriptions you so optimistically took out with Cyclops, Strange Days and Idiot International, and you still want to take a chance on another youthful, radical magazine, try SNAPDRAGON whose first issue is out now with articles on US deserters in Britain, Fairport Convention and the delights of rural living (Hermann Hesse etc. Send 2/6 for a copy to 12 Bond Road, Bitterne Park, Southampton, Hants. Contributions and suggestions welcome.

## THE LUNATIC LIBERATION FRONT "Lunatic but Proud" "Lunatic is Beautiful"

In Amsterdam, where five years ago the Provos introduced the notion of lunacy into politics, Dutch film-maker Martin Seip has launched the Lunatic Liberation Front with the slogan "A lunatic in every home". Seip has succeeded in obtaining money from the government to set up a film workshop providing equipment and aid to enable people to make their own films. Initially this will take the form of a children's workshop and an adult's workshop but the next stage is to be the lunatic workshop. The children's workshop will pave the way for this allowing free expression to untrained minds,

producing films which Seip sees as personal information facilitating communication & understanding between people. The lunatic workshop, possibly inside asylums, will give lunatics opportunities for free expression. This information can be studied by psychiatrists, but it is soon hoped that films made will be available in open screenings in underground cinemas & film museums. A cinema called the 'Open Asylum' is already proposed. ("Not for Everyone—Madmen Only".) Seip sees an early acceptance of such films for public screening as underground films have provided vanguard action, and currently the Netherlands Film Museum is showing films by Dutch filmer Frans Zwartjes who once worked in an asylum. One of Zwartjes films is explicitly called *Anamnesis* which is the name for information given to psychiatrists by patients. One effect of underground film is that now many people have the courage to show their home movies long hidden in cupboards and denied to others. This new transmission of information increases understanding between people and lessens fear and uncertainty. It is this same fear & uncertainty which has resulted in lunatics being the most oppressed people in our society. They are caged like animals, submitted to electric shocks, forcibly fed diets of drugs & denied intellectual & sensual stimulation. SANE CHAUVINISM Open Asylums will end this, for free expression by lunatics will provide films which are information that all can assimilate, & understand lunatics & see them as equals. Seip sees the time as right to end sane chauvinism which is supported by the power elites determined to rule. "A lunatic in every home" is a motto of anarchism, a description of a society in which no one will be seen as sane enough to rule anyone else and in which individuals will co-operate with each other for their common good. The Lunatic Liberation Front is a reformist action, aiming at turning all asylums into open workshops in which film & videotapes are made & the information recorded by them transmitted to people all over the world. Other reformist gestures might include a demand for "a lunatic for president" but the patent absurdity of this will force consciousness of the absurdity of such an office. The opportunities for the lunatic liberation front to infiltrate existing society have already been demonstrated by the Kabouters in Holland and the Yippies in USA. The Wizard of the University of NSW (OZ 24) is another example. But at the moment overt lunatics are all behind walls and locked in cages. The covert lunatics get by under the guise of artists, writers, psychiatrists & intellectuals. But most other people repress their lunacy leading to all kinds of violence & hatred. Reformist gestures like the Open Asylum begin lunatic liberation. The repercussions can only be imagined. Albie Thoms



## STRAWBERRY TONGUE.

Searching for lady musicians for an all-woman rock group. Ladies who play drums, lead-guitar, bass, piano-organ, and violin, call Wendy at 722-1959 or Terry at 262-1234 ex.879.

## SWAB.

As for the dope situation, it seems that if the pigs don't get you, your comrades will. British dopefiends are by now tired of hearing that rival Americans are either buying up or wiping out all the hash, long before it reaches us: but despair won't meet the demand or make it any cheaper. If the special relationship can't help, steely patriotism must be the keynote of the British effort to stay high. This year's home-grown crop, such as it is, must be carefully examined for quality when it comes on the market soon. Nobody really knows whether British grass is going to be good enough, and it certainly won't relieve the crisis for very long—but it's no use perpetuating the myth that it's impossible.

'The Shortage', though, is emphasised by widespread and justifiable paranoia: rip-offs are running level with tip-offs in London just now, so many dealers won't sell to strangers even if they've got the dope. And after the bust, the ability of the fuzz to up the real value of your stash by 2000%—as in a recent Durham case—is one more indication that there's no justice in Edward Nixon's England. At this stage it's not enough to 'stay cool'. Either we pay through the nose for dubious dope or we start planting next year—and if that fails we may be forced to smash capitalism.

Terry Milewski

## SYPHILIS

There's a new emergency nightphone number in London—NIGHTLINE Night Information Service—658 0044—which is open from 6 pm to 7 am every night and all day on Sundays and Bank Holidays as well. If Release fails you, try them. Who knows what they might come up with.

## PARKINSON'S DISEASE.

As the new academic year accelerates, the Vice-Chancellors are discovering that their scrupulous control of university intake, backed by firm discipline for the inmates, cannot stem the militant tide. Doubtless those rejected will not be idle, nor those thrown out. The untidy swarms of drop-outs, bums and dealers hanging about most British campuses is threatening the influence of official students' union bureaucracies. A penchant for free concerts by passes the entertainment secretaries; petty theft increases; dope spreads and individual extremism becomes popular, while the Vice-Chancellors are forced into dictatorial intransigence which aggravates the frustration they seek to avoid. Even if a Students' Union disapproves the actions of a maverick member, it will not

usually sanction any subsequent bullying by the authorities either. And what disciplinary action can a university take against a non-student?

There are other signs that the campuses cannot relapse into obedience. At Cambridge yet, students have been shocked into realising that the proctors can no longer be tolerated; at Keele, the scene last year of bombings, nudity and hooliganism, wholesale expulsions of 'those responsible' have already given way to renewed subversion by yet another 'tiny minority'. The old theory that, if you crippled the ringleaders, peace would miraculously descend on a contented campus is now useless: will it be followed by attempts to bribe students back into the middle class? Why is the Tory government so eager to consult the NUS on grants? Watch out got liberal concessions.

Terry Milewski

## SWINE PLAGUE.

The present popular belief is that all police are pigs, bastards and whatever other names the harassed freaks can think up.

But it ain't quite true. Our blue-eyed boys in the Metropolitan Area, judging by the pointless busts of both IT and OZ on stupid corruption raps, the continual harassing of the hippies in Piccadilly Circus and the ever increasing number of drug busts throughout London are vindictive morons.

But out in the country, the police more or less fulfil what they were supposed to do when they were first invented by Robert Peel in 1892, ie They give a genuine service to the community, and are part of the social life of that community. But first, some slander on the Mets. Ambition is what separates a true cop (or pig if you must) from

an ordinary bobby on the beat. The cops in the Metropolitan force get more bread, and there is a great deal of class prejudice between different levels of cops. The P.C.'s envy the D.C.'s, because the D.C.'s have a more important job and get more bread, and the D.C.'s envy the D.I.'s and so on all the way up the slimy ladder.

A friend of mine in Highgate, who recently received an unexpected visit from various members of the local fuzz, noticed a lack of co-operation between the P.C.'s and the D.C.'s, and a reluctance to obey any orders, which made the bust extremely unproductive.

This situation is brought about by a lack of communication between two different ranks of cops. There is no social contact between the ranks and hardly any friendship, and therefore, all cops try and improve their position to impress everybody else.

This of course means that all the cops have to be terribly zealous to get as high as possible in the social ladder. The trouble is that the average copper has an I.Q. of something less than the national average. An ordinary copper is just a pleasant idiot, but the stupid Met boys become complete and utter bastards when their ideas of grandeur clash with their stupidity, and they become completely irrational, illogical, and totally vindictive.

Policemen are usually kids who have not enough O and A Levels to get into any other profession, so drop into the police force. Out in the country, they become just pleasant lower-class straight cats, who are willing to help the hairiest freak. But in the city, their illusions of power warp their minds.

The country fuzz are different. As a journalist, I have to go to the Oxted fuzz station every day and get the news. They are really friendly, will talk for hours nothing in particular, as they really have nothing to do all day except scribble pieces

of information in the day-book. They are just ordinary people who get paid for doing a job. They complain about getting hardly any bread after working long hours and sometimes weekends.

They get really bored with the job they have to do as there is hardly anything to do in a small country town, and rap among themselves, chase chicks, and act like any lounge in an office. There hasn't been a drug bust in Oxted for several years, and maybe there never has been, as the C.I.D. are not really interested in busting people who mind their own business.

Bob Thorp and Graham Burnett, of C.I.D., could be mistaken for hippie businessmen, and take time off, pretending to be working, to walk around the streets of Oxted and look at the local talent. Everybody knows everybody in the station, and are all friends outside the office.

They are coppers in the old sense of the word. They treat heads like ordinary people, which we are, not like an animal to be hustled and fucked around as much as possible. Maybe the place for all heads is out in the country, where the scene is much cooler.

A local bobby near Southampton who wanders around the lanes on his bicycle, has so far given some friends of mine warning of pending Southampton drugs squad busts when a bust is imminent.

But the fuzz in the country are after the creeps who commit antisocial crimes, not hippies who just want to enjoy themselves. Yeah, the place for heads is in the country.

Treat them as helpful friends, and not as pigs, and you might even make close friends with them as I have done with several Oxted bobbies.

Maybe even try and use your charm on the Mets. It might work.

Charles Prendergast

Daily Mail

We are certain that there is no school of any kind which is entirely free from pupils experimenting with drugs.

—Evidence to the House of Commons standing committee on the Misuse of Drugs Bill.



FIRST... these are the eyes of a normal healthy child



The wide-eyed look of a child who has taken pep pills: Note dilated pupils.



The pin-point eyes of a child who has injected heroin: Note tiny pupils.



The Flaccid washed out face of a typical Daily Mail reader.



# smalls

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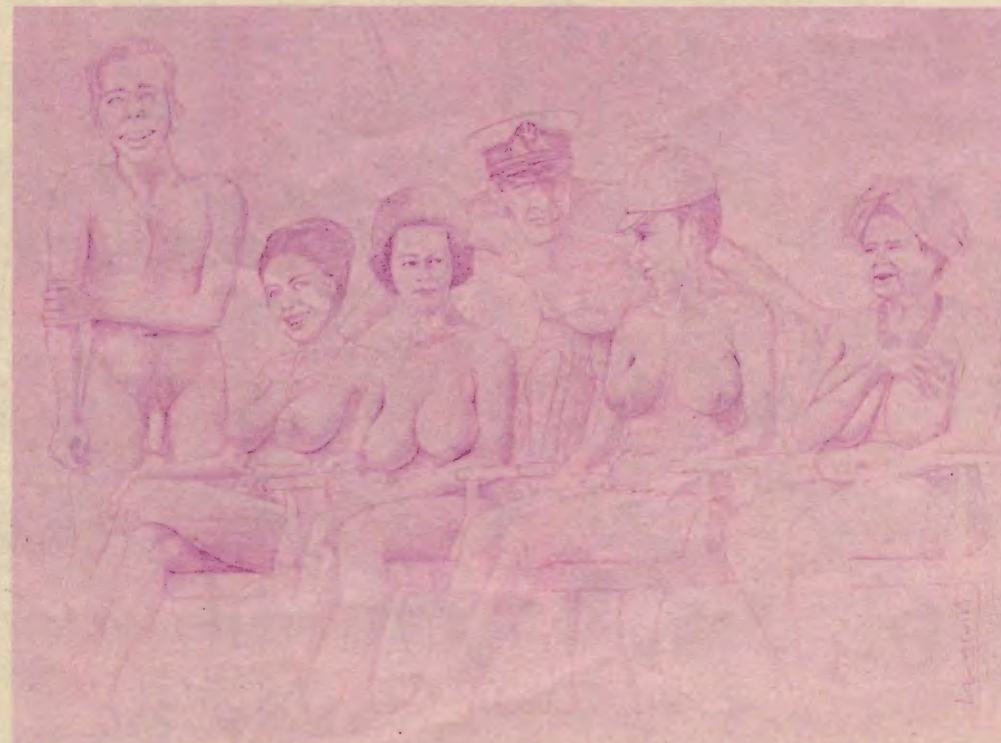
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ESSEX UNIVERSITY. Mixed Media Event. Saturday 28 November with Juicy Lucy, Edgar Broughton, Nucleus, Gregory Frenzy Jericho. Oxford Animation Festival Roadshow, Poetry, light show etc happening all over the Lecture Theatre block.

LEST WE FORGET: CNO Demonstration SATURDAY November 28 against NATO and WARSAW PACT, GREEK COLONELS, CZECHOSLOVAKIA. 1pm outside Czech Embassy, then to Trafalgar Square rally 3.30 to 5.30. Melina Mercouri will speak. BE THERE!





# Notes from a Sewage Farm

Dear OZ,

Fed up with the rotting image of what the Love Generation was all about: nauseated by the plastic and super-selfish pseudo-hippies who increasingly pay lip service to our ideals for their own personal pleasure alone.

I've met individuals who preach at length about friendship and sharing, but who will happily swindle me out of my hard-earned food money in order to buy themselves acid, telling me for good measure that I shouldn't be so attached to Capitalism's most basic symbol.

I've met types who will spend hours asserting their 'right' to live as they wish, but who won't allow the majority any right to live differently. Instead, like the pathetic American super-freak who wrote to OZ 30, they want to force their ways onto everybody else.

On the other hand, I've also met comfortable fatmums and car-washing dads who have shown me the most incredible human kindnesses.

For God's sake. Let's let the sunshine back in. We are all people. The elderly couple who live next door to me would certainly be very confused, to say the least, if they were suddenly made to live our way. I believe them to be mistaken and to be missing out on some of the best bits of life, but it certainly does them no good if they see a hermaphroditic individual who sneeringly refers to them as 'pigs'.

I'm not a saint and I know it. I simply try to make my reactions to other people more loving. I often fail, mainly because of a quick temper and a hatred of those who treat me (simply because I work for my living) as the natural source of whatever they happen to want. But I keep trying, because I'm trying to change Society from the inside—living within it and attempting to persuade people, rather than forcing them, into a better way of life.

When I die, I may only have a very small heap of achievements in this direction to look back on. But, I shall even so have done more good than those who insist that because they disagree with Society, it should support them and feed them and house them. And more good than the weirdies who say that the way to make everybody love one another is to blow them up if they don't.

It is wrong to kill. It is wrong to hate. It is wrong to steal. It is wrong to destroy. Those are our ideals: somewhat tarnished nowadays. It is high time we reasserted our faith in them, instead of copying the antagonistic posturings of the other side.

As long as we continue to threaten straight society, it will react with oppression. That is unfortunate but only natural. (we react the same way when it threatens us). And it stems from a

fear of the unusual, just as race-hatred does. Perhaps, if we tried to be a bit less startlingly unusual and tried spreading around a bit more of that famous love, we might begin to get somewhere. After all, out of the many people who have influenced my thoughts as I have grown up, none of them has done so by twisting my arm: but, by reasoned discussion or by personal example they have shown me that their ideas were irrefutably better than mine.

love  
Tony Peters

Dear OZ,

My second letter today to you—I've spent the intervening hours going through number 30 for the second time. (Finding everything that is there is a bit like doing one of those 'Find the Difference' puzzles involving two similar pictures). About the obscenity that I borrowed that issue from a friend, and I must honestly say that in my opinion it was definitely obscene. By that I mean that it was overloaded with smutty and unimaginative reference to the sex act, references which could only be appreciated if I were prepared to believe that sex was invariably hilarious, regardless of the circumstances. I vividly remember that when I was a school kid, I felt exactly that way about it. I didn't understand, then, that it was far more often a beautiful thing.

What is wrong with the charge against you is not the charge itself, but the definition of the word obscene. I just don't understand how that particular OZ could be said to deprave or corrupt anyone. As I said, if one were very young it would presumably have been very funny. If one were a little older it would be interesting only for the light it shed on younger minds, but in itself would be a bit of a bore. And if one were older still it might even cause considerable outrage. But you are not charged with any of those things.

I think that obscenity should be defined in a personal instead of a general way. Like this: an audience experiences a work of art. If any one man in that audience feels that the work of art portrays unpleasant things in an unpleasant manner, then as far as he is concerned the work of art may be called obscene. There may also be a school kid in the audience, of course, and for him the thing might have been a brilliant success. So, I think that parts of that OZ described sex rather in the way that I might try to describe the mysterious operations within a sewage-farm, and those parts were in my opinion obscene.

If I'm right about two things: (a) that most of OZ's readers would basically agree with the above, the school kids being in the minority; and (b) that the issue concerned was an experiment—an experiment which worked beautifully and which there is no point in repeating just now, then it is unjust to dismiss the magazine generally as obscene. (Which is what this case means to most people, despite the limited terms of the charge).

It is also interesting that OZ may be inferred to be obscene only if children are writing it. But

you have been charged, not the children. They, of course, are under age and not responsible for their actions. It is even more interesting that you are apparently considered to be more responsible for the actions of the children than their own parents are. Thank heavens there was no OZ when I was a kid—I might have been perverted into believing my parents and wearing a bowler-hat or something. (And I'd look pretty silly, let me tell you, with a bowler-hat on top of this lot). But there was no such influence, so I grew naturally away from my parents just as children always have. There was nothing to drive me back: nothing to show me the other side of the coin and allow me to see my parents' good points. In fact, I would say that the existence of a magazine such as OZ must tend to drive more waverers back into the system than it attracts out of it: if nothing else, OZ certainly reveals the terrors of independent thought.

Plus, also, the fact that you are receiving unrivalled publicity in every sector of the mass propaganda machine. Quite apart from the certainty that you now sell at least one copy of each issue to every pervert in the country, hundreds of new minds must have come into our world, their waking-up begun by reading an OZ which was only bought out of curiosity after hearing the News.

You know that you haven't done the things they accuse you of having done. Your friends know that, too. Consequently, the worst that Society can threaten you with is temporary personal inconvenience. For most prisoners, the punishment really begins when they leave jail—your sentence would end there. But, I would much rather that it never happened. I can only promise you that, if my personal utopia ever comes about, then OZ and everyone else will be allowed to publish whatever they bloody please. There is an OFF switch, marked 'eye'.

More love and a little peace, Tony Peters

## Idyl Freaks

In 1956 I was a tearaway Art student in Bristol, Jim was a layabout (but such a lovely one); we clicked and mated up. Society didn't approve of our union and we were persecuted, kicked about from one place to another; we lived on beaches, existed on hop fields, in barns, with gypsies, on farms and lived the life out of 'The Grapes of Wrath' for a few years. We had two kids, one of them was called 'Moses' and was born in the squalor of a hop pickers hut, in straw. The other, Illia, in an old thatched farmhand's cottage. I held down my reproduction by successive abortions (self-induced)—I'd had one at 15, so I knew what to do—because although kids are beautiful, the system turns life so rotten that when you live on that level it's too hard to bear.

We did somehow buy a caravan, and a car to pull it and we lived on the road for a time but still we were persecuted and laughed at. So I got paranoid about going out into public, we had no friends, we couldn't communicate with anybody, we were kicked out of society because we resolutely refused to conform, because we believed society was based

on the wrong values, materialism, and money-worship is sick and this modern sickness has (so far) left us clean. We ended up in Wales a few years ago, the country seemed outrageously beautiful so we embarked on cutting wood for private firms and here we still are. We live close to nature and are extremely poor. We never read papers or went out and it was only about six months ago that we discovered there were people called 'Hippies' and such a thing called the 'Underground' and that a whole new way of life had emerged, without us knowing anything about it.

I know nothing about drugs, hardly; never had any except psilocybin mushrooms (very common in rich English grassland) and a few 'joints'. I don't understand the jargon that is being used, so you could call us innocent babies comparatively; but the strange thing is, our idea that we're born out of purity, seems to be the same as all you people have.

We believe that everything is much better in the 70's than in the 50's and 60's; the music, clothes, ideas, etc. and I'm so happy that the young can love easily today. Somebody has taken notice of the worthwhile thing we were scratching and fighting for then and the capitalist system now stands a chance of being overthrown if somebody powerful enough comes and leads things along.

I accidentally came across OZ when we ventured 'out' and went to a one-day Pop Festival at Knighton, Radnorshire. It was No. 29. I was pleased to see a school kid's issue, also, because we are having a battle with our kids' schooling, right now. We have tried to protect our kids from the trials of being 'different' and I've attempted to let them look 'normal' (whatever normal is!) so they aren't ostracized (but of course they have been) but it is the eldest's time to go to the local comprehensive school and the establishment have asked far too much from us. *It must be regulation* uniform (all of us utterly abhor suits) and short back and sides. Well, Moses isn't having any of it, at any price. His usual dress is a typical boy's dress and his hair length is nothing abnormal (but very attractive). Obviously his father will back him up, because *he* knows a child of 12 is capable of deciding how he wants to appear. Unfortunately the Establishment Headmaster will not and cannot see anything beyond the image of the poxy school and he has refused Moses' admission to Tregaron County School. He has also told the bus driver not to let him get on the bus 'unless he is in uniform'. The Director of Education for the county backs up the Headmaster, so the next stop is them prosecuting us for 'failing to allow the child to attend school', whereas it's really 'the school that won't educate the child' which Jim will put forward as the point in question. Why should we submit our rights and sacrifice our children to the system? Why should babes be used as pawns in the gigantic machine that they are trying to turn us into; if the establishment courts of law support the school all the choice we have, is to go on the move again. The school's name should be made to public<sup>ly</sup> STINK first.

Jim and Chainy Beman,  
c/o Tynygraig PO,  
Ystrad Meurig,  
Cardiganshire, Wales.



# BANG! BANG! YOU'RE DEAD...

## WINNING THE WAR

*'I sometimes think that if we just took coach loads of miners and showed them how people live in Knightsbridge, we'd have our revolution overnight'*

*Arthur Horner Communist Miners leader 'I declare that World War III is now being waged by short-haired robots whose deliberate aim is to destroy the complex web of free wild life by the imposition of mechanical order'*

Tim Leary's escape note

The mechanical order of Knightsbridge is alive and well. Zomby-ladies stride out of dress shops and restaurants, eyes wild for taxis, Alfa-Romeos are belligerently reversed into mews and typists wait for buses and blow their noses. Behind complicated Knightsbridge locks, the manager and political advisors of Third World War tell you about the impending crisis. Its mainly paranoid Readers Digest chemistry, "You know man, do you know, the atmosphere is so fucking loused up, man, we're all going to be dead in 5 years . . . like if you were to take a mouthful of your flesh, you'd be dead in minutes". And then about the new spirit of modern youth, its like the Duke of Edinburgh followed by Prince Charles. A room full of ex-druggies ('The whole flower scene was, like, negative'), record pushers and resident freaks take self absorbed turns to prophesy chemical doom, youth revolt and smoke cigarettes. The actual group, who aren't allowed to talk, play Pick-a-Stick and read Exchange and Mart. A girl asks permission to go to the shops. 'Like, last time I rapped with Zappa, man, like he

said he'd given all the politics he could, like he was taking his energies some place else', says someone in reply to a question you didn't ask. The set-up is Big Pink out of Groupy, like is the world ready for our boys yet?

Just about everything stinks about the Third World War's proletarian advance publicity except the music. And that's blatant and violent and terrifying and tremendous. Its like a Cummings cartoon set to music, a bloke in an overall marked 'Shop-steward' is giving the V-sign (*not* the Peace sign) to the Crown Jewels, marked 'National Interest'.

It's like the noise that goes up on a picket line when a Rolls Royce drives past. It's like a bottle through the window of a chip shop, with sweet and sour and broken glass everywhere. Terry Scamp's songs are about betting shops and the cops telling you to move over and the Communist Party's uselessness and a thin wage packet and a fat landlord. They are against the faithful slavery of the working class to the Queen and the Tories if not the boss and the cops.

Some of the songs have the home-made amplifier cockyness of the Liverpool records of 8 years ago, only much more political, because it is these days. Little bangers like







the Englishness, even the Londonness of the Kinks, especially songs like 'Brainwashed' and 'Yes Sir, No Sir' on the Arthur album. The Third World War (its a stupid name) are not at all like the self-deprecating saga of the Lowlyborn songs of Motown/'Patches' though . . . not at all.

'Teddy Teeth Goes Sailing', a tasteless song about our Prime Minister's hobby carried on at Cowes while the unemployed fight on street corners and the employed threaten strikes (Business News Headline 'More strikes this year than any since 1926 General Strike'). Or 'Get Out of Bed, You Dirty Red' about not wanting to go into work in the morning. Terry Scamp says that when he worked in a factory, he felt he was a Communist just because he hated it so much. He was sent, like most kids, whether Bronco Bullfrog or Kes or the remaining ¾M no one makes films about, from school to the Youth Employment Agency and thence to sweep up in Woolworths. Sometimes the songs (first single before Xmas, LP shortly after) sound almost too crude. When in 'Working Class Man', the chorus goes on about 'stop licking the Monarchy's arse', it sounds a bit like a Footlights skit on the jolly workers. But Terry wants every line to have a punch and he's proud of that punch, 'I want to really tell the fuckers, they are getting shit on'. Socialists brought up on obedient listening to Ewan McColl in Kings Cross won't like the cultivated roughness and insolence, although one of the songs 'Tow Rag Girl' has all the ugly truth of the courtship described in McColl's 'Dirty Old Town'. And you are reminded of

Really there's no direct comparison at all, because this type of music, in every man's heart, usually gets stopped at the tonsils. So what comes out is a kind of musical agro, the same anger which has in the past produced the less defiant but more bitter working class songs to be heard on albums like 'The Iron Muse' or in the play on the miner's struggle 'Close the Coalhouse Door' (which Terry appreciated a lot). The Third World War's picture of revolution is a lot different though. Rather than the painstaking battle between boss and union, between man and machine, between striker and scab, there's a Cinemascope version with red banners and rifles gleaming on roofs. Its melodramatic and rather inhuman but its a million times better than all the macrobiotic mindexpanding in the next room.

Terry Scamp and Jim Avery are writing the song which is written on every factory wall in our society. That they have to go through the Knightsbridge business to get a hearing and that they will probably end up thrilling post-graduate stereo headphones rather than being heard on the Mile End jukeboxes, is one of the ways capitalism stays alive.

David Widgery



# Yippie cult murders rock Paris...

## De Gaulle dies of drugs overdose

The public had nothing to do with one of the usual 'gauchiste' meetings at the Mutualite. It could rather have been French pop concert at the Olympia, considering the external appearance—hippie looking crowd which usually doesn't show at student meetings—but in reality it had more to do with the Sorbonne in May, with a climate full of anarchist and rioting rumblings. Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman took the stage like pop stars and it was to see and hear them more than to participate in a political debate that most people came. Unfortunately there were very few French, maybe 20% and you could have mistaken it for a meeting of all the American freaks of Paris, everybody waving and kissing each other enthusiastically. In New York or in London, all that would not have been very surprising, but in Paris it was, considering the usual austerity of student political meetings, even the most revolutionary ones. The most mind blowing event, at least for a Frenchman, was when Jerry Rubin pulled out an enormous joint and lit it, smoked a puff and passed it around—this in front of a few hundred people, which was the first public dope-sitting in France, where anti-dope repression is really heavy and the police were everywhere. He then pleaded for Tim Leary, and recalled that the fact of turning on millions of young American kids was a revolutionary act, which was a good thing to do in Paris where most of the left students have very puritanical ideas about these things. The reading of the YIPPIE statement was done in a relaxed way which also surprises in Paris when you think of the usual uptight marxist rituals as they happen in France. Jerry Rubin has some humour and does not only entertain people but convinces, informs and contributes blows to the establishment structures. Another speaker came to say how much he was struck by the fact that young revolutionary French were uptight with their intellects and that, if for fifty years, all kinds of American intellectuals, artists and drop-outs had come to Paris, it was now in America that everything was happening and that it was time for people to go back. And then the music came and everybody started to yell, dance, clap, sing 'Revolution, Revolution' and so some of the French people escaped furious, shocked and not at all convinced that all that had anything to do with Revolution. In fact, the real interest of this evening on Boulevard Raspail was to show the total difference of style between the young French revolutionary left and the American one. In France, to be revolutionary consists first in reading Marx ten hours a day, then talking about it for another ten hours. You need to have some tough ideological basis, and to be very clever in defending them or attacking one of the other student groups. You

have to know perfectly all the 'gauchiste' vocabulary and rituals. And if you don't, you are treated as a petit bourgeois which, in fact, most of the French students are, fucking academic revolutionary boy scouts. In America they want the revolution now. They don't rap about abstract theories of a perfect future, but their daily life is a revolution and they create a new society. The French revolutionary people are introverts, academic and aggressive. The Americans are extrovert, energetic and smiling. Do but don't talk about it. Their music is more important than their ideologies, their way of life more than their talks, their humour and their experience (including the psychedelic experience) more than their cleverness. That's why, if you walk in some street of New York or San Francisco you get an impression of revolutionary happenings (even if there is a lot to say about it) and if you walk in a street of Paris, you feel like being in the most uptight middle class drag city in the world. Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman should come back to Paris and troublemake, but this time, in the streets.

Sylvein

*Dear Oz Paris Hallowe'en*

One of our superstar revolutionaries split the morning of the manifestations and so didn't participate at all—Abbie and Anita Hoffman flew back to NYC early Friday morning. None of the Chicago Conspiracy were allowed into Algeria because they are out on bail and Algeria has no extradition treaty with USA. So Anita went, representing Abbie and found that since both Cleaver and Leary had old axes to grind with her husband, she was receiving for him. I guess she was treated badly and came to Paris carrying heavy grudges. Things had not been going so well for Abbie either and the effect was synergetic and very negative. After much bad feeling and many unkind words, they split, first assuring themselves that they wouldn't be 'fatmouthed' by the others by requesting an edition of the most anodine political yippie statement I ever done seen.

'Yippie is directed at 7 and 8 year olds—Yippie hopes to steal the children. Buildings like this should be burnt to the ground. Yippie goal in Amerika is to destroy both pigs, communists and hip capitalists. A demand will be made for the withdrawal of all American troops from Vietnam either on or by 15th April (I didn't understand about the date) or else on May 1st, all signs of Amerikan Imperialism will be trashed all around the world.'

Paper airplanes zoomed overhead. The room was filled with the sound of cheering and booing. Some people sat on desk tops obscuring the vision of those behind them. One young woman was hit on the head with a handful of pebbles. The last day of school? The Frost Show? No. Jerry Rubin was speaking at the Faculte de Science of the University of Paris, and these were his sympathizers come to see their leader. Neither he nor Stu Albert were prepared to address what resembled a kindergarten class. Even French political leader Jean-Jacques Lebel, translating for Jerry, was unable to hold the group. The best they could do was to throw the paper planes back at the crowd and try to get across a few of the key Yippie slogans. "Go home and kill your parents," yelled Jerry. Many of the young French would have liked nothing better. Next time maybe he should tell them that their parents are inside of them. The chaos continued—an anti-anarchists delight. One would have felt more secure blowing joints at a policemen's ball.

They did announce a party at the American Centre for 10:00 that evening and there had also been an advertisement in the Tribune for 9:00—WOW, was that crowded. 2000 people? 3000 people? It's hard to estimate. They read that tired statement again—that was the fifth time I heard it—I'd already seen the preparation the evening before and the reading to Eldridge by telephone (they were like Boy Scouts checking it out with their Commander—"Don't follow leaders, Watch out for parking meters) and then Jerry paraphrased himself only smoother without the translation since the audience was mostly hip American runaway. But the hog farm's patience was out and they began snake dancing through the crowd with a rhythm band and one 6 foot chick with a platter on her head. There was no room—the place was packed and it took them 15 minutes to reach the stage at which point Calico got the mike from Jerry to present him with the hogfarm's "bizarre prize"; on the big chick's platter was a 3 ft. patchwork phallus and that was the prize. When it was teddybear snug in Jerry's arms, the hogfarm began to stomp and scream "Let's have a party" and I realized that 2/3 of the people there were tripping on acid.

I still can't believe that that happened in Paris. Talking to Phil Ochs the next day, we decided that it was better thinking about it afterwards than being in the middle of it: there was a stomping thrashing, trashing of the furniture in the restaurant, 150 people skinny dipping in the pool, lots of ecstatic dancing to the people's own spontaneous music, smoke-ins in the garden wigwam and with nude meditation in the dance studio. I never made it upstairs but I bet that was great too, what with all those little offices. Walking home, I heard them still chanting it up in the Metro. Well, it's a beginning. Our friends left the next day for Amsterdam.

*Love and all that crap,  
Constance Sbernathy  
Wendy Weiner. x x x*

# When you think think in thousands

Next morning you'll still feel the same:







When the Red Red Rubin  
Comes A Bob Bob Bobbin

Jerry Rubin's six days in London caused as much controversy within the Movement as it did outside it. He demonstrated a genius for communicating to the world through mass media; but on a human, individual level he might as well have been mute.

People rallied to support the disruption of the David Frost show on the strength of Rubin's political reputation. Disparate sections of the Underground community combined in an encouragingly carefree, spontaneous way to participate in the mini-military operation. They smuggled themselves into the studio without tickets, climbed the barbed wire fences, smoked real dope and even tried to let off distress flares . . . there's but to Do It or die . . . not bothering to reason why, until the next day at the Underground Press Conference in Portobello Road.

Rubin began by revealing that he now repudiated his book. "It's too individualistic and male chauvinistic", he said, "I can't read it anymore". He has since written another book to correct these mistakes, which he's having difficulty publishing. Travelling with Rubin were Stew Albert and Brian Flannagan, old time yippies recently returned from Algiers. Albert attacked the Underground Press for its concentration on the Movement's Star figures, thus imitating the celebrity syndrome of mass media.

The yippie trio soon began dismissing some questions as 'bullshit' or ignoring others (usually by talking among themselves). Several questioners were enraged by such elitist superiority and stormed from the meeting. Rubin, Albert and Flannagan refused even to discuss issues raised by the very people who had supported them on the Frost show.

While many were disappointed by the yippies in person, their boost to the national Underground energy level was considerable, and their commitment to the revolution unquestionable.

Interrupting the control and manipulation of tv—even for a few seconds—was a fruitful enterprise; and the whiff of pot, obscenity and chaos brightened up a damp Saturday night. British Yippie was created and thousands of kids out there now think that its party is more fun than the one their father votes for. Jerry's purpose in London was not to make friends, but history.



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# SCOTLAND PIG STY

## SCOTLAND YARD

by Peter Laurie

Bodley Head

The dust jacket says this is an important book about freedom and society. To me it reads more like a PR handout for the police.

Every man carries a policeman's truncheon in his briefcase. It's an unfortunate fact of life, like the lemming tendency to go to war that periodically drives men to wipe each other out. But it's no good pretending such things don't exist. It's more a question of what you do with the truncheon. Who you lay it on, or in, as the case may be. Hitler used it on a mass scale to mobilise Germany behind him.

*'The Polish State has refused the peaceful settlement of relations which I desired and has appealed to arms. Germans are persecuted with bloody terror and driven from their houses. A series of violations of the frontier intolerable to a great power prove that Poland is no longer willing to respect the frontier of the Reich.'*

*'In order to put an end to this lunacy I have no other choice than to meet force with force from now on.'*

*(Herr Hitler, Proclamation to the German Army, 1/9/1939)*

The reluctant intervention to stop destruction and injustice. It's the best way of getting a property based middle class on your side. A whole series of justifications for minor wars were presented to the public as 'police actions' in the years after World War II. The Conservative Party still talks (and presumably always will talk) about policing this or that part of the globe.

The idea of appointing policemen to guard society is always much more acceptable than trying to deal with the violence in us. The policeman become an expression of that violence. That's why police work is so hideously attractive. The thing most crooks would like to be is a successful policeman. Look at all those crime novels where the police win—Z Cars, Softly, Softly, Dixon of Dock Green. As long as there's a policeman around we're safe. From whom? Not from ourselves, presumably. Our neighbours probably. Suburbia intervenes and informs on itself with delight when something is going on up the road. Or look at the practice of sending in information on things like unpaid tax or unpaid television licenses.

Peter Laurie, the author of *Scotland Yard*, is no different. Whatever his original intentions, his book is, at best ambivalent about the police or at worst, simply playing along with their activities as







though they were an exciting romp. He's definitely been converted to their side—although he might argue that he had no choice in order to get access to the force. Imagine what they'd do to him if he was hostile.

But when he mentions the 1968 Legation Pro Rally in Hyde Park, he shows where he's at. He obviously relishes the police view. There's gratuitous stuff like:

*'The usual hippy crowd, beads and shawls and the usual aimless wandering to and fro with sullen uncommunicative faces.'*

There's none of that biased shit when he talks about football crowds. All the time he is for policing for policing's sake. He identifies very quickly with police attitudes:

*'Rain the best policeman of all begins to fall.'*

Along with the police he's glad the rally has been stopped. And it's the same with Grosvenor Square demonstrations. He never asks why the people are there or why they react to the police the way they do. They're an exercise in crowd control with a few sneers at the participants.

Mainly he lists the police methods, customs and styles he sees. Some interesting things turn up. Like the fact that young unmarried police live in Section House where they can't meet girlfriends except under the eye of the station house Sergeant. And they have to be in by midnight. Poor bastards, no wonder they sometimes seem to have been living on Mars.

Most important of what comes out is the dehumanizing process of policework. It had its effect on Laurie quickly enough. Continually, members of the public are referred to as though they were things or animals...

*(Following a car) 'We run behind him for a mile and a half; he has the air of a goat, but I'm afraid I can't either to take off or to notice us and slow down.'*

Notice the 'initially', or 'The weeks of patrolling began to make me see the fascination of policework. They transformed the dull streets of the city where I live into a hunting ground, made me see my fellow creatures in terms of the oddest and most exciting game: as predators and prey.'

Maybe it would be better if the police (and Laurie) began to see their fellow creatures as human beings.

On the other hand: 'Detectives look different from ordinary people. Their faces are expressionless... Their fractured conversation makes it easier to conceal what they are thinking. They affect a deliberate absence of conventional response; they won't laugh at jokes, don't react the way one expects, take a longer or shorter time to reply than normal; their speeches and manners are full defensive disconnections.'

Which seems to me to be a fair description of a psychotic. And which brings me back to my original point. The police are one way of expressing something that is in all of us—a mass psychosis perhaps, a desire to control, to attack and destroy anyone who doesn't agree with us. And in fact in legislation society exaggerates small differences and draws lines between groups of people so we can have something to control by using the police.

Important criminological theories hold the view (see for example Dennis

Chapman—Sociology and the Stereotype of the Criminal 1968) that a substantial proportion of recorded crime is actually generated by the police, the courts and the magistrates. And if you think about it, without them there'd be no crime. The book illustrates this: 'detectives arrest scores are closely related to their abilities' and trainee detectives are 'expected to bring in roughly an arrest a week for two years'. For the police, results are measured by numbers arrested and that is a nonsensical criterion. The theory goes on to say that only about 10% of crimes prosecuted actually do society any harm. The rest could be handled in other ways: by private arbitrations, insurance, by taking the crimes off the registers or by simply forgetting about what happened. Every day we are faced with more and more offences and crimes which are brought into being simply to satisfy this or that pressure group—a fantastic number of motoring laws and much of the drug and alcohol laws are like that.

But even if it is true, as Laurie says, that the police role is theatrical and symbolic, that it's their presence rather than what they do that counts, the response must be so what? None of that helps people who have been busted on charges which don't make sense. Who was being hurt by what? Who was doing it? What about the million who do this and don't get caught? And jail is not entertaining. We must never forget that courts, police and jail destroy people (that's collectively they do it) far more than in human terms than the people they are supposed to punish or are trying to punish. And let's not ask ourselves why this is, or at all. There must be a better way to organize ourselves.

Andrew Fisher

## BENEATH THE CITY STREETS

by Peter Laurie

Allen Lane The Penguin Press

Perhaps because it's an easier thing to know where you stand on a matter like Nuclear War than on the use of police Peter Laurie's book on government plans for such a war makes light reading. There's something about lists of atomic war-heads, their destructive power and general preparations for Megaday that is quite funny. It's all unthinkable and yet there are all those bureaucrats calmly building railway lines that detour round London, setting up emergency ports in deserted inlets with marker buoys and unused railheads and storing millions of tons of food. To say nothing of the plans they make for their own survival in underground citadels and deep tube stations. Dr. Strangelove was accurate about the way governments think. It's just that they do it in a much more boring way. But it's there all the same.

*'The Treasury (planning for Nuclear attack) is rumoured to have a subtle scheme to seize all the readily portable luxuries—whisky, cigarettes, chocolates, aspirin, coffee—that are to be found after the attack, and to store them under guard as titbits with which to manage the battle economy that will replace money.'*

In this book Laurie makes important points: 'When Russia rattles her rockets the USAF, or USN responds but the real ultimate effect the American war machines hold over the American people. Each sides possession of strategic weapons is an invaluable bogey in the woodshed for the other.'

That's the sort of observation he could have made about speeches by Home Secretaries about crime waves, but didn't; And it's worth noting that the Regional Commissioners and the ideas of Regional Seats of Governments to run the country after air raids emerged from plans in the 1920's to deal with revolution.

The book produces evidence to show that after a nuclear attack the damage—particularly to people—will not be nearly as bad as everyone assumes. For example, with all the existing deployment of weapons being used, taking into account errors, failures etc. perhaps 1/3 of the British population might survive. Disappointment to those who see themselves alone in a parched and blackened landscape regarding the heroic task of creating a new civilization.

But Laurie points out the result may not be unbeneficial. As the book would, he says, 'The displaced people of Britain's slum houses, all because the population to thirty five million, a lot of whom some people feel would be more comfortable for these islands.'

And in the early recovery period the ratio of population to fixed assets might be higher than it has been before the attack—the survivors would be better off.

It would decentralize governments. And improve the balance of payments problems.

Provided you can forget about all those people who died. And most governments can easily.

But one thing is true. There is much less war now than there was in Europe in the 1930's. One can almost trace the beginnings of real international morality from the invention of the atom bomb... possibly one should welcome the spread of nuclear weapons as the means of imposing a standard of dealing with nations as harsh as that between adults.

Because nations have in the past behaved like greedy children—taking what they wanted when they were strong enough.

Laurie's most interesting conclusion is that under the apparently bumbling and ineffective peacetime government there is a very hard machine ready to run the country in the event of trouble. And under the guise of nuclear war preparations they've been able to construct a complete defence to revolution.

*'If the anarchists had got into the BBC as they said they would (during the October 68 anti Vietnam demonstration) then a technician safe within the block of concrete at Maida Vale, or in the tunnel under Holborn, would simply have isolated the building from the transmitters and broadcasting would have gone on as before. Even if there would have been no need to defend the radio station with tanks.'*

So really it's not funny after all.

Andrew Fisher





## JOHNNY WINTER AND

JOHNNY WINTER (CBS)

For the first week of listening, this album sounds moderately derivative of other people's guitar styles. The only immediate impression is that this is obviously something new for Winter. *Ah, but that's the first week.* This is one chunky, energetic set of music. Unchained rockola. Very professional. In another age we might have called these guys "Psychedelic Cowboys" or something.

These guys are, of course, the old McCoy's, now siding Texas John Winter. ('Siding' is perhaps the wrong word, as there is a union here that his old band just didn't have). The McCoy's, as they will readily tell you, were a band ahead of their time. *Human Ball* was a successfully experimental album, (successful on album, not in the charts), and even 'Hang on Sloopy' was, why shit, teenage call-and-response rock'n'roll! What they've done for Winter is brought him back to where he probably belongs: rock. I, for one, never thought that his previous blizzards-of-blues feelin' was particularly exciting or interesting. Gone is the endless soloing, and while this album might be more commercial, (yes), it is, just the same, more thrilling, or-gaz-mic, meaningful...

Winter for example shows genuine plaintiveness with Traffic's 'No Time to Live'. It's melancholy, even. 'On the Limb' and 'Ain't That a Kindness' on the other hand, are great rockers. Which is to say, it's Heavy Music without the steel-shoes pretension. The production on 'Let the Music Play' is so superb, with background choruses and sinewy guitar lines, that I wish CBS would make a single of it. Not that I'm suggesting that Winter should (choke) Sell Out; I'd just dig hearing this song all over town in transistor radios.

The overall quality of this album serves well to pinpoint what a lot of bands are doing wrong in their records. A song doesn't *have* to crash your defences on the first listening. Melodies, choruses, finger-snaps are often just as valid as a hot twisted guitar line. That the Led Zeppelin are now singing boyhood songs with banjos and castanets drives the point home a little further. Getting your mind torn apart now and again is very healthy. But I'm beginning to understand

that it has to be done by the right people.

And Johnny Winter is a rock'n'roll natural. His very earliest recordings, like *First Winter* on Buddha, recorded ca. 1963, show him to be not too distant from Roy Orbison and Buddy Holly. And jeez, that's going back someplace. The dues that Winter paid, playing hamburger music all over the rural American southwest under pseudonyms like Texas Guitar Slim, were rockabilly dues. He was playing twist music, cocktail lounge bubbles, roadhouses. There are few traces right on this album of early Sixties music; music about having somewhere to go, singing along booby-bop. If he keeps drawing from these old roots, (plus he'd never forget his blues), then he's going to continue to put out this kind of fantastic fortissimo rock. Yay rah.

Chris Ho denfield

## ALONE TOGETHER

DAVE MASON (Harvest)

Dave Mason has joined the current vogue of successful sidemen doing their own thing via solo albums, produced by themselves with lumpy help from weighty name-friends. Commercially, this is a fairly-guaranteed proposition for everyone involved: the artist, the recording company and the consumer. Drop a name and more people will try and catch it. No-one will deny a competent musician his desire to stand up front, but when he doesn't quite make it, par ratio of expectation, no-one can be blamed for feeling more than disappointment.

This album features Mason and his compositions, with small print back-up by a string of super session regulars including Bonny & Delaney, Leon Russell, Jim "Gentle Heart" Capaldi, Don Preston (ex-Mothers), Chris Ethridge (ex-Burrutto) and Rita Coolidge. Needless to say, the music is proficient; everyone's in there neatly and cleanly. Mason and Capaldi just as good as they used to be as members of the Traffic alumni, with a scent of that immortalized era on at least two of the eight tracks. Bonny is unmistakable and unmatched vocally by Mason whose voice qualifies but doesn't solidify, which is about where the whole album is at. It has the credentials but lacks the guts that

earned them.

The flavour of the Bramlett's *On Tour* album, which included Mason, comes in on the first track, 'Only You Know and I Know' and continues through-out, minus the original verve but maintaining the craftsmanship. All this adds up to a pleasant totality, but not a distinctive one. The material and sound is mainstream rock, the packaging is ambitious, the production almost faultless, which leaves the concept to be questioned. There are no easy answers to that, except that perhaps he should have waited a little longer before putting himself on the block. Perhaps whatever Dave Mason does next will appease this belated result of his wanderings to and fro, instead of in and out. He's not the only one to lose points lately on the solo syndrome. Clapton fell heavily, so it's undoubtedly time for both recording companies and their gilt-edged securities to think twice about squeezing that already strangled stone. Stanislaw Demidjuk

## COME TOGETHER

IKE AND TINA TURNER (Liberty)

I heard the Rolling Stones, then I heard Creedence Clearwater, I hadn't heard Mad Dogs, but then I played Ike and Tina Turner's *Come Together*, and I said to myself, Rory, go no further, this is what the people need, so relentlessly I replayed it, and flushed with funk, I drew the zipper on my bag and faded away.

Side one could have been better than side two, with 'Honky Tonk Woman' and 'Come Together' versus 'I Want to Take You Higher'. But Ike Turner tunes, which filled the rest of the album, routed that reasoning. None of them more outstanding than the Stone, Beatle, Sly songs, but Ike, with his hot productions, has created a balance with the big-time numbers, and with both sides of the record. Unfortunately all but a couple of albums these days have got A and B sides, like 45's.

He's been tongue-in-cheek for so long he's turned into a mad plagiarist, touches of old tunes and snatches of every guitar style known to mankind appear all over. Ike Turner's emergence on this

album is related to his role of both producer and arranger. Previous albums had a sharing of these duties with outsiders, and the cataclysmic counterpoint of Ike and Tina was unrealised. Ike's comic cuts provide the squeaky bedposts to the heaving mattress of the lovely, the beautiful, the goddess Tina.

All the hard work done over the years by Atlantic, Stax, and Tamla, has at last been rewarded with this Liberty album of electrical black blues. The troops have not been affected as much since Led Zeppelin Two. T. R. Zelinka

## CHUNGA'S REVENGE

FRANK ZAPPA (Warner Reprise)

A review by A.J. Webberman Jnr. 'The world's only living Zappaologist'.

My old man's become something of a celebrity these days. Seems like everytime I turn on T.V. or open an underground paper, there's 'pops', laying down his boring shit about that creepy, washed up country singer. Y'know, the one with the cricked back and dude shades. Bob Dylan... *who needs him??* Listen freaks, there is only ONE band, and really only ONE musician you need to f.y.r. (= feed your head) about. Ha can squeeze your lemon, cure your acne and show you how to make a million bucks without hardly trying. FRANK ZAPPA!

No wonder Z's 'yawning' on the front sleeve of this, his *tenth* album, (*tenth*... g.t.s.? = get the significance), released to date, excluding, of course, the rare basement tape bootleg, *Cunt-Bred Canary*, recorded in a psychedelic dungeon (i.e. the Albert Hall) last August. This 'yawning' is symbolic of his c.c. (= current condition), i.e. "The man who *knows*, says little" (ancient Chinese proverb). Z knows so much, he is absolutely too bored to say *anything* at all! He can only 'yawn'... But, hot zitz, I'm jumping the story.

For the past eight years, (ever since I was four years old), I have dedicated my life to becoming an expert on 'the little pimp with the hair gassed back'... i.e. to becoming the world's foremost,





only living Zappaologist. Couple of months back, f'rinstance, I used my entire July allowance on hiring a private detective, Albert Mangross, to feed and fetch me background on Z's personal and private life. The following is part of his report, recorded a few weeks ago during a visit to A.M. at the asylum.

"... after following my client's advice and disguising myself as a female member of the 'G.T.O.'s", (whom I later discovered to be a subversive group of transvestites and nymphomaniacs — with the sole function of feeding Mr Zappa's apparently endless and perverse sexual appetite), I gained easy access to the household, a multi-million dollar mansion in Beverley Hills, complete with 300 bedrooms (all, as far as I could tell, occupied), a private zoo and a heated, phallus-shaped swimming pool set in four acres of plastic 'syntho-jungle' and not-so-syntho giant marijuana plants.

"Various longhaired, bearded young people, of both sexes, wandered and lounged aimlessly, naked among the tropical plants and closed circuit colour televisions, showing endless images of the most disgusting and lewd kind — apparently filmed the night before at one of the routine 'group-gropes'. A sinister person in a morning coat and wearing a fish's head mask, (referred to, I believe, as 'The Captain'), led continual community singing, obviously of a communist, black magic nature, which included the lyrics to the hymn, 'We Plough The Fields And Scatter...' sung backwards to the melody of 'The Star Spangled Banner'. At this point my automatic slipped from its holster attached to my 'falsies' and fearing that discovery was imminent I attempted to make my 'excuses' and leave."

Unfortunately for A.M. he didn't leave quite fast enough. The last thing he remembers is being strapped by live electrodes to a kitchen table (k.t. = earth g.t.s. ?) while four flower children fed him wriggling pyrrannah fish (eaten from the inside g.t.s. ?) and a member of the p.c.'s (= plaster casters) poured molten bronze over his erect appendage. A copy of the resulting sculpture is currently being exhibited at the N.Y.M. of M.A. (= New York Museum of Modern Art) and both MGM and Columbia are reportedly bidding for film rights based on the video playback of Alb's

entire visit. (Naturally I had informed Z several hours in advance of A.M.'s arrival).

This incident, bizarre as it may seem, bears directly on, and is in complete accordance with, **Chunga's Revenge**. The i.s. (= inner significance) of the role played by Mangross, the selection of the 'yawning' photograph, the wah-wah of Ian Underwood's electric alto sax and the absolute give-away title of track two, side two, 'Would You Go All The Way' (my italics), can only add up to one thing. That is, as far as C.R. (= Chunga's Revenge) is concerned, y.f.g.i.a.g.a.m. (= your fucking guess is as good as mine). f.y.h. on that, Suckers!!!

Felix Dennis

## ATOM HEART MOTHER

THE PINK FLOYD (Harvest)

Has the success of their film scores for *Zabriskie Point* and *More* gone to the Floyds' heads? *Atom Heart Mother* is an emotionally satisfying and beautifully integrated piece which successfully avoids most of the pitfalls inherent in the rock group-choir-orchestra combination. So successfully, in fact, that practically all of its 25 minutes could double as a score for *The Virginians* without too much fear of detection.

The ponderous, meandering title track manages to overcome a series of hackneyed changes and some widely differing styles ranging from Wright and Gilmour's impersonation of Booker T and the MG's to the John Aldiss Choir's excerpts from the *Desert Song* and even including 'Mind Your Throats Please' where the melody dissolves into staccato organ.

Lost in the overwhelming grandeur of this amazing musical throwback, it's almost impossible to identify with what the Floyd are doing, especially remembering the raw excitement they used to generate in the days of 'Interstellar Overdrive'. In fact the roots of *Atom Heart Mother* can be found on their 'Saucerful of Secrets' album, where the appearance of 'Remember a Day' and 'See Saw' was evidence of their hankering for a fuller, lush sound. In a long series of singles that never quite made it, the group gradually developed the cloying melodic

style of 'If', 'Fat Old Sun' and 'Summer 68' which take up the second side of this album. Of their recent material, only Rick Wright's 'Sisyphus' has retained their original power and terrifying imagery. The remainder of the studio half of *Ummagumma* was given over to a series of indulgent, disconnected pieces which, unfortunately, reappear on here as 'Alan's Psychedelic Breakfast, where Alan (the group's roadie), wanders from one speaker to the other, mumbling about wet Corn Flakes.

Consequently, a lot of people have been hailing *Atom Heart Mother* as evidence of a new maturity in the Floyd's music, meaning, I suppose, that the group don't make nasty noises any more. Certainly the Floyd sound more relaxed and together than ever before, and scoring a work as complex as *Atom Heart Mother* is a considerable achievement. But I prefer to see this album as the beginning of a new phase which has its origins in the choral climax to 'Saucerful of Secrets' and the group's 360° stereo concerts. It'll be interesting to see how they follow it up.

Jim Talbot

## VINTAGE VIOLENCE

JOHN CALE (Columbia)

(only available as import)

It was an enormous canister-like object. It was painted grey, and they wheeled it through the fences on a red steel trailer. There was the constant risk of it becoming stuck in the places where the excrement was deepest (the D.S.E. later wrote that the possibility of actual shit had never occurred to him. But he tended to underestimate them, generally). There were further difficulties when the trailer reached the more or less clearly defined line that marked the beginning of the expanse of those who were sitting or lying on the ground. Many of these treated the canister with a peculiarly familiar derision, as if it was a commonplace interruption. (Perhaps the colour made it unsympathetic). Several refused to move at first, but then some of their number, who utilized this opportunity to enjoy a moment of vicarious authority — they possessed rudimentary weapons

— succeeded in clearing a path, using more than a little brutality. Our men were conspicuous in their sober dress (the D.S.E. had decided against the usual 'blending-in' approach).

From the radio helicopter they looked like lines of beetles conducting an orderly attack on their breakfast of abandoned chili con carne. As the central sector of the mass was approached, there was a greater demonstration of interest; in fact some of the secondary defences suffered damage as the increasingly excited crowd pressed rhythmically against them. Eventually the appointed place was reached, and the technicians began treating those who were nearest. The canister had half a dozen outlets to provide some measure of choice — this was, after all, a gathering in the cause of self-expression. Some of those who had already received the attention of the technicians laughingly encouraged others to choose one outlet in particular; some even attempted to rejoin the queue further back, but we were prepared for this eventuality. The numbers were so vast that some of the first to be treated had gone down long before others had reached the trailer. With the attendants working in shifts, the whole process had been completed in approximately two and a half hours.

While the machine was being hosed down, the men relaxed, some sitting down on girls to smoke cigarettes. Their surroundings were impressive enough — an amorphous landscape of flesh and anonymous belongings, many of the latter improvised out of branches and waste materials. There were some poignant tableaux — one of the lately male members of the audience had brought along a small dog which was now nonplussedly urinating against a stick to which a large orange balloon was attached. Richard and Ronnie were almost childishly happy. Skipping over tangled limbs, they had highest-pissing contests, their streams arching up against the blue sky (the sun had come out) and — to their delight — splashing down into an adjacent pair of empty skulls. Several acres of similar receptacles distant, one of the first treated lifted his head a little — the face, as is usual, covered in that rather disgusting membrane — and in an almost comic voice began to sing.

"Cleo, Cleo,





RAG/UPS JFKN 70

won't you come out and play, girl?  
Cleo, Cleo . . . ."

Or maybe John Cale really meant us to sing along to these immaculate Pop tunes. 'Adelaide', for instance, sounds like Donovan; 'Big White Cloud' sounds like the Bee Gees. Each number states its position right at the opening — we're swept into 'Cloud' by the Swan Vista String Ensemble, and sucked into 'Adelaide' by an Anglo-saxonised R&B harmonica.

The production is beautiful, the pace is jolly, there goes that little Country phrase, the Rizlas and the mattress beckon. But it slips sideways at you, like a girl's eyes in the street. After about three hearings you get maybe half the words; after six you might get most of them. The words to 'Ghost Story' are:

"It was seven o'clock in the morning  
too late to handle the day  
at home it was only 2.30  
the skin on my wrists turning grey.  
He stood up  
wished us good luck  
he changed his attitude twice  
the box in the corner shivered in fright  
it was tired and hungry for day.

Next year she bought a new stomach  
(Liverpool — made in Detroit)  
constantly passing old matches  
some sentries and millionaires.

Who did Gallagher give  
the same old thing every time?  
Gave her  
more empty cups  
they were tired and hungry for night."

And the rest, before you're dropped a couple of feet into 'Fairweather Friend', is equally impenetrable. But it's all explained on the back sleeve. Gallagher, it says, is a troll. So that's all right. But by writing those words out I might have given the wrong impression — it's not at all like the Velvet Underground, although it has an approach similar to that of the third Velvet Underground L.P. 'Cleo', for example, has a lot in common with 'Afterhours'. Nothing is more chilling than the half-enigmatic. Lurking behind the most mundane — and simultaneously the most polished — of musical styles is the most unsettling

of presences. Listen, in this context, to 'Charlemagne', the longest of the tracks, which has the bare-faced line "simple stories are the best."

In short, it's the kind of record that I think our very own Kevin Ayers would be happy to put his name to. It understands that few things are as sinister as the everyday given a great deal of menace. Like the way the Detective Sergeant says, 'Good Morning', at 3 a.m. *Mal Peet*

## AFTER THE GOLD RUSH

NEIL YOUNG

(Reprise)

To start with Neil Young ain't tryin' anything flashy — he does what he knows and he does it with the perfection of a trained craftsman. In fact a lot of the material on this record draws heavily from some of the cuts on his last effort with Crazy Horse (RSLP 6349): 'Only Love Can Break Your Heart' cribs off 'Round and Round'; 'Southern Man' up-tempo's the basic riff used in 'Cowgirl In The Sand' and 'When You Dance I Can Really Love' uses that riff yet again. Frankly this tendency towards repetition doesn't bother me a jot, mainly because Young's music, however simple, is astoundingly original and also because his spell with CSN&Y has taught him new ways of arranging and recording his songs, particularly the vocals, which give them new depth. So I can't understand why this latest album has gotten such shitty (or at least careless) reviews. Neil Young is his own man and his stuff should be judged by suitable standards — this is no heavy rock-freako-acid-guitar-bashing-crud with fifty thousand wonderful watts of belching feedback to obliterate every mistake he makes; no *sir*!

And of course, all Young is doing is learning and developing those very real talents that he has, and applying them both to his own wistful little melodies and also other people's stuff. The best example of this, which also shows his excellence as an arranger, is perhaps 'Oh Lonesome Me', released as a single some time back. Yes, it's the Don Gibson song you heard on Three Way Family Favourites whilst digesting your yorkshire carbohydrates. But Neil Young does what should be done to a song of loneliness and longing — he makes it really *sad*, when before it was just so

much schmaltz, he takes it slowly and gives it that old quavering vocal treatment that, next to his fat double chin, (sorry pin-up fans, but its the truth), is his trade mark and makes it an unashamed tear jerker.

And that's just one of the contrasts on the album, there's more, of course: 'Southern Man', whilst it uses the old chug-chugga-chug-chug riff that we've grown to know and love, is the sort of meat that should've made the CSN&Y single 'Ohio' the marching song of the hip, erstwhile revolutionary panzers, 'til Nixon and the BBC stepped in and did their censorship thing; 'Til The Morning Comes' is pura honky-tonk whimsy; 'Birds' is a natural vehicle for the talents (?) of showbiz's most

prolific wop, namely Gene Pitney, and 'Only Love Can Break Your Heart' was surely written with Dusty Springfield in mind.

So all in all its a belty little waxing from Neil & The Boys (i.e. Crazy Horse, who are a lot better than CSN&Y as far as letting Young have his musical head, which is cool by me, S. Stills does some fittingly fancy guitar pickin', Greg Reeves doesn't distinguish himself at all, and why should he (?), and Nils Lofgren, the session pianist, sounds very much like Jack Nitzsche who in turn was the uncredited pianist on the last Neil Young album or my name's not Percy Plodder the West Bromwich Child Raper & Sword Swallower. He may even be Jack in disguise). *Mark Williams*

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# Wimpie Quiz

## Just where do you stand?

1. Which is the better movie – 'Z' or Patton?
2. What present would you prefer, a bottle of Scotch or a tab of sunshine?
3. Was Robert Kennedy a Hero misguided or a pig?
4. Are short haired adults potential converts or the enemy?
5. Should a movement entertain or educate?
6. Should students seek a voice in their university decision making, or burn it down?
7. Is it more revolutionary to kill your parents or to organize an action committee?
8. Do you watch Twenty-Four Hours or News at Ten?
9. Do you get all the news you need on the weather report?
10. Is Johnny Cash a right winger or a people's balladeer?
11. Which has more news:
  - a. The Mirror or the Times?
  - b. Private Eye or IT?
12. Which has more sex? Penthouse or the News of the World?
13. Do you prefer Pop or Impressionist art? TV commercials or a stimulating debate?
14. Is colour TV evidence of (a) a new consciousness, (b) a sign of bourgeois decadence, (c) government infiltration, or (d) personalised dream machine?
15. Would you rather read a good book or got to a movie?
16. Which phrase is it better to use, NLF or Viet Cong?
17. Who has more to say, John Galbraith or Harold Robbins?
18. Which is the higher form of communication, a teach-in or a smoke-in?
19. Is a picture really worth a thousand words?
20. Should you burn your draft card or your draft board?
21. What's funnier, Laugh-in or Fanny Craddock?
22. Which is more damaging to the system, belief in Communism or practising vandalism?
23. In university politics, which is the more revolutionary act, killing a porter, or taking off your clothes?
24. Is Spiro Agnew a brilliant fascist or bumbling oaf?
25. Was the Chicago Conspiracy Trial great theatre or a legal landmark?
26. Is Timothy Leary a misguided mystic or a political scapegoat?
27. Where would you prefer to spend time, Trafalgar Square or Kensington Market?
28. Who represents the greater threat to the power structure in England, the Kray Twins or the White Panthers?
29. Who would you rather have as Prime Minister, Tariq Ali or Enoch Powell?
30. Does the biggest dream always win?





# GIPSY ROSE UNDERGROUND

## Shameful exposure at N.F.T.

A THOUSAND FEET UNDERGROUND  
AND STILL GOING DOWN

This has to start with an admission: I didn't see all the Underground films at the NFT and I'm told that I missed some good ones from San Francisco. But I saw quite enough to get movie-shock and catch the pungent odour of the counter-culture as it wafts across the barricades. It's hard to say what the Underground means by 'underground' but its supposed to catch the flavour of the impermissible, the revolutionary, the counter-cultural, the liberated.

And that's what everyone told each other was happening in the incredible conversations in the bar and foyer, celebrating being-together in the presence of 'revolutionary' art. And laughing at the Maoist in the foyer because they found he used all those well-worn phrases of Marxist criticism about their festival, tight little inelegant expressions. But ironically, even inelegantly, he was quite right and they were quite wrong—the underground movie makers and viewers. The films were almost all unmitigated shit, they were flounderingly bourgeois, they moved along very similar channels to the old commercial ones just a bit better hidden in the smoke screen of dense self-indulgence.

If the underground is any kind of statement of the revolution, the US Administration can sleep easy tonight. They've a million years more in power. It's true that there were one or two moments of good film, but like everyone else who didn't walk out, I suspect that we sat there because it seemed unwarrantable to leave and risk missing the ten minutes that might justify the previous three hours. After each film there were people turning to each other and saying, with the heavy reason of Late Night Line-Up, 'Well, it had an interesting rhythm', or whatever, and our presence appeared a little less ridiculous. It was the straightest film in the festival, *Chicago* that came closest to communicating a wide experience.

It's hard to single out the films which operated most appallingly in the opposite direction. But perhaps the frenetic Malcolm Le Grice's *Spot the Microdot*, *Your Lips*, *Lucky Pigs* get the award. Forming a series he called 'How to Screw the CIA', the films were a series of flashes of light and excruciating noise, technically produced, the fascinated scholar learns, by punching holes in opaque film, or loops of murky film continually repeated. People winced, and sat their ground, staggered out at the end, battered but applauding the 'rhythm', and predicted the effect the film would have on the CIA and the NFT (which would 'never be the same again', but is), to summon up enough energy and fortitude to get back in there under fire again. The films may mean something to Le Grice, but it only meant anything to the mock-revolutionaries because they've been told that it should. The CIA would undoubtedly be happy to arrange finance for future productions like these if it gets the kids off the streets and into the boredom.

Or Leggett and Breakwell's *Sheet*—'The making of the film was an event-process lasting one year from May 1969'—when Ian Breakwell decided to go drape a sheet over a bush and out of a top floor window & in a few other exciting places, and film it. Leggett says that this 'event itself was promising and so was the film'. Some of us are clearly won by small promises and it's hard to believe that a year in the Stock Exchange wouldn't have been more creditably spent. It is, of course, a pity to use only a very few examples, but they are not deceptively unlike the rest—or almost all of it.

**THE FILMS AND THE FESTIVAL WERE OBJECTIVELY BOURGEOIS AND OF NO USE WHATEVER TO US IN REAL STRUGGLE FOR LIBERATION. THEY WERE NEITHER POLITICAL NOR MADE POLITICALLY** (See Godard in *Afterimage* No.1).

1. The movie is generally advertised in newspapers and on posters and people whose names appear credible, stars and critics, promote it by a series of well-learned techniques. Illustrations and copy are tied to established box office formulae. Given an appropriate launch directed to as undiscriminating an audience as can be achieved, so long as they now emphasise nihilism, youth, and sexuality, some movies will make money. The underground movie is promoted by the technical device of calling in 'Underground'; that is its public relations label and mode of marketing. Call a movie 'Underground' and some people (and never any others) will turn up to fill the auditorium. The movie operates within





the same success criteria—youth, sex and nihilism, plus a calculated effort at bad cutting and total lack of camera skill. These are the ingredients of parallel success. **THE MARKETING STRUCTURE IS BOURGEOIS HIDDEN IN NOVELTY; IT IS ANTI-NOTHING AND THUS, POSES NO THREAT.**

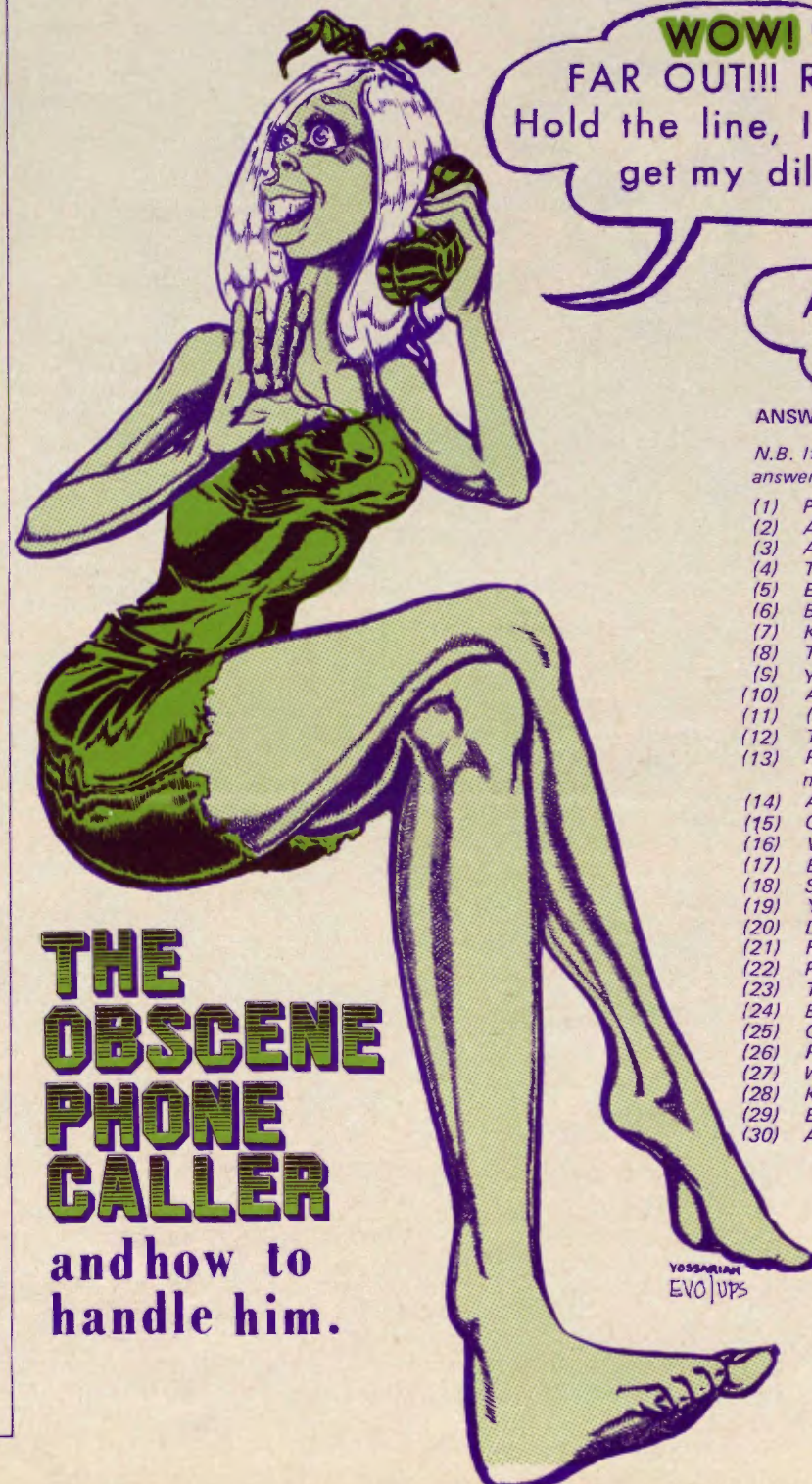
2. The underground is substantially not anti-art. It has nothing on Dada or even Kerouac's final political cynicism, both of which, even if lost in the past, have infinitely greater historical validity. The underground poses no threat because it calls on exactly the same people to celebrate its existence as successful avant-art anywhere, namely the young, educated, advanced (?) bourgeoisie. It has no word whatever for the working class, who many of these people think it fashionable to deride. Art is, as it happens, uncannily close to the ideology of the ruling class (not only in advertising copy), and we would expect that anti-art would align itself with the subject class. The 'underground' is made by the inheritors of the ruling class role for their counterparts; its makers and audiences laugh at crude working class Maoists who have the temerity to criticise them in the hall outside. **IT IS NOT ANTI—BUT SUBSTITUTE—ART.** It lies in the twilight on the edges of the most conventional artistic relationships, serving the same population for the same purpose: to anaesthetise them from class struggle by vacarious and insubstantial attachment to revolt against the image of establishment. **IT SHADOW BOXES AND EXPENDS ALL ITS ENERGY.**

3. It is thus not counter-culture, but parallel or surrogate-culture and consequently fills a counter-revolutionary role. Some films are quite deliberate in this. Hartog's *Molotov Party* monotonously laughs at some of the absurdities which were in the student movement and invents some which were never there, straw man, to leave no room for a positive approach. It asks us why don't you beautiful people quit doing the totally laughable and get back to the real task of beautiful people—fucking—the natural expression of your beauty. When you get together in more than twos (when you are concerned, that is, with power), you become ironical and absurd. Give it up. Well, the natural twosome theory has been around a good while; last time out it was old Duverger (*Political Parties*) who gave it an airing for the European Bourgeoisies.

Even when the message isn't specifically counter-revolutionary as in *Molotov Party*, it is directed toward intensely personal experiences of indiscernable origin, the expression of which is believed in the underground to be liberating. Complete self-indulgence may or may not summon up empathising individuals out there in the darkened stalls, each in his own personal nightmare; it may or may not attract a measure of collusion by the audience in the significance of what is presented. I think the likelihood is that it doesn't, but hardly anyone would dare say so. But the very notion of this self-indulgence counter-poses individual communication against the validity of the mass, to whom the expression is completely inaccessible. The 'liberation' of the underground is wedded to the individual and never to a class. The BBC would certainly (like the NFT) show almost any underground movie rather than the tamely terrifying *War Game*, the NATO film or Godard. Such selfish isolation is characteristically white middle-class; it despises those to whom there is no meaning—namely the working class.

4. What the film makers felt, coming together as young revolutionaries was a curious solidarity. It is the solidarity of that sector of the bourgeoisie that chooses to define itself as 'outsider' from straight society or the working class, in order to be counter-cultural. This self-definition requires one thing to preserve itself, and dies when that thing vanishes—A HEALTHY, STRONG BOURGEOISIE WHO ACCEPT THE DEFINITION AND REGARD THE COUNTER-CULTURAL AS CONSTITUTING THE POSITION 'OUTSIDE'. With such insignificant opposition, it is no accident that they direct the workers, punitively, to provide a surplus, some of which they'll happily see channeled into the realm of young men, refreshingly like their own offspring, who wage class war by punching little round holes in opaque film stock.

David Triesman



**WOW!**  
FAR OUT!!! Really?  
Hold the line, I gotta go  
get my dildo!

And some  
dope!

#### ANSWERS TO THE YIPPIE QUIZ

N.B. If you need to be reassured by answers, you have failed the quiz.

- (1) Patton.
- (2) A tab of sunshine.
- (3) A pig.
- (4) The enemy.
- (5) Entertain.
- (6) Burn it down.
- (7) Kill your parents.
- (8) Top of the Pops.
- (9) Yes.
- (10) A people's balladeer.
- (11) (a) The Mirror. (b) IT.
- (12) The News of the World.
- (13) Pop and TV Commercials (you must get both right to score).
- (14) A new consciousness.
- (15) Go to a movie.
- (16) Viet Cong.
- (17) Buckminster Fuller.
- (18) Smoke-in.
- (19) Yes.
- (20) Draft beer, not students.
- (21) Fanny Craddock.
- (22) Practising vandalism.
- (23) Taking off your clothes.
- (24) Brilliant fascist.
- (25) Great theatre.
- (26) Political scapegoat.
- (27) Wormwood Scrubs.
- (28) Kray Twins.
- (29) Enoch Powell.
- (30) Always.

**THE  
OBSCENE  
PHONE  
CALLER**  
and how to  
handle him.



# SEIZE THE TIME



The Story of the Black Panther Party  
by Bobby Seale

The beginning was in Oakland, a black ghetto suburb of San Francisco, strategically situated next door to Berkeley University, scene of the first and some of the most violent student struggles.

The story of the Black Panther party is largely the story of one man: Huey Newton. Bobby first met him when Huey, then aged about 23, was addressing a street corner meeting during the tense days of the Cuba Missile Crisis. Over the next few years Bobby gradually got to know him better and the first part of the book describes this extraordinary man and his political development.

Huey managed to become an intellectual (meaning someone who thinks hard about ideas) without ever losing contact with ordinary people. Maybe its got something to do with retaining a faith in them. What particularly impressed Bobby, and California is so full of bullshit artists that he was right to be impressed, was the way Huey would always argue in a concrete way sticking hard to the facts. He also had the rare ability, essential to great leaders, of expressing complex ideas with a simplicity that anyone could understand. Slowly he developed a strange double reputation of being both someone for the West Coast black movement to take seriously and also a man who the brothers on the block would have to reckon with personally if they crossed him. "The bad cats terrorised the community—and Huey terrorised the bad cats".

The dominating black ideology of the time, to which Huey subscribed, was cultural nationalism. They believed that the enemy was the white man and that all black men were already equal. They tended to wear African dress and learn Swahili.

Now the one thing that most people think they know about the Panthers is that they hate white people. The truth is that the Party was founded on a split from the nationalists on exactly this question. Huey knew it was racist lunacy to hate white people simply for being white. He knew that there was no great difference between a white capitalist and a black one and that the problem was not primarily race but class. He knew these things not so much from Marx but from his own experience. Just as he also knew that the brothers on the block were not going to be impressed by African gear and black history lectures. "Power for the people doesn't grow out of the sleeve of a dashiki".

The final break was over the question of guns. Malcolm X had said that black people have a right to defend themselves. Huey wanted to do just that. The proposal was put to the group they belonged to and everyone rejected it except for Bobby. So the two of them split and the Black Panther Party was launched.

"And that's how it happened, the college boys—the cultural nationalists, all the bullshit, jiving dudes who articulate bullshit all the time and don't ever want to get into the real practice of revolutionary struggle, the black liberation struggle in this country—Huey'd say, 'Well, later for them. We'll go to the streets.' And I'd say, 'Huey, I'm with you, brother. Let's go on and do it.' So we went on out into the streets, and that was it".

The ten point programme was drawn up and with the money they made by reselling Mao's book to Berkeley students they started to buy guns. But first "Huey studied those law books, backwards, forwards, sideways, and catty corners; everything on gun laws. And I was right there with him, trying to study them too, run them down, and understand them." They discovered that it was legal (even for a black man) to walk the streets carrying a loaded gun and proceeded to put this discovery to the test.

The confrontations that followed are a part of our revolutionary history. One of the first and most famous was outside the Ramparts office when the Panthers were providing a guard for Malcolm X's widow.

"One of the brothers had his back turned on the pigs and I guess Huey saw the cops pulling the straps off the hammers all of a sudden, so Huey says 'turn around! Don't turn your back on those back shooting mother fuckers!' Just like that. We all turned around. I turned around, Little Joe turned around, Little Bobby turned around and Huey goes 'Spread!' and jacks a shell off into the chamber of his gun."

It's like a Western. And that was the point. It was a kind of street theatre with a political lesson every black man in America could understand. If you live in a ghetto surrounded by armed white troopers any one of whom can shoot you down and think little of it, then you can get so used to living with fear, it becomes so much a part of you,





that you don't even recognise it. But when Huey stood up with a gun in his hand he stood up for every black man. When he made those swaggering racist motherfucking cops back down he walked into history by creating the heroic myth that all revolutions need. Of course, they should have shot him immediately. In most other countries (certainly this one) they would have done. He did something that millions had only ever dreamed of doing and his incredible bravery worked and he lived.

The police soon realised their mistake. They were appearing in Huey's plays instead of writing their own. They took the initiative and began a war which is still going on. Over 30 Panthers have died, mostly defending themselves against murderous attack. Some, like Fred Hampton of Chicago, were killed in their beds. Huey himself was badly wounded and spent over two years in gaol. About 300 face charges at this moment.

Bobby has several charges pending including the Chicago conspiracy frame up. Simply for insisting on his constitutional right to defend himself he was shackled and gagged. There is an horrific description of the Marshall's attempt to forcibly insert a plug of wadding into his mouth. But Judge Hoffman's success in silencing Bobby became another bizarre Panther victory. The image of a chained black man in a court of law said more to the world about repression in a free society than a thousand political pamphlets.

It was a disgusting scene. Defence lawyer Kunstler was so right and blazingly honest when he said in his BBC interview that what they should all have done when they gagged Bobby was to walk right out of that court room and not come back. It would have created an almost unprecedented situation but the trial could hardly have continued. By sitting there and carrying on with the trial procedure they, all white men, were in a sense condoning the outrage.

But it isn't all shoot-outs and dramatic gestures. A lot of this book is concerned with the daily grind of organisation, education and agitation. That's how revolutionary parties are built. Huey is out now and back in the struggle. The Party is going to have to change as it comes out of its first phase of confrontation. Other black leaders have criticised the Panthers for being too conscious of the media, too suicidal in their tactics, too short term in their objectives. Huey's leadership is about to receive a severe test as the Party consolidates and builds up strength and power for the new battles ahead.

Bobby talked this book into a tape recorder and it comes at you hot and fresh, straight from the streets. But through it all, in and around the words, there is that same beautiful gentleness that distinguishes "Soul On Ice". It was there in Jimi Hendrix too. Maybe it's something to do with being a black American. Whatever it is I hope they can hang on to it. The Second American revolution is only just beginning and already it's bloody enough. They are going to need all the beauty they can find. So read this book. It is part of the revolution and it is beautiful. *Clive Goodwin.*

# NOW! FOR MEN



Now available - MAGNAPHALL - a sound and successful method of improving virility, and increasing the size of the male organ. A method which is absolutely SAFE, involves no drugs or apparatus and is GUARANTEED. MAGNAPHALL has helped thousands of men, all over the world. There is no longer a need for any man to envy the sexual vigour or proportions of others. You don't have to believe us - we can send you such PROOF as will convince even the most sceptical. For full details of how MAGNAPHALL works and positive proof of its success, in strict confidence and with no obligation.

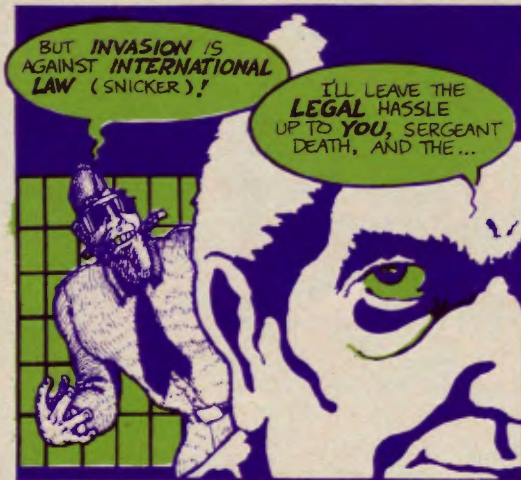
From Room T  
Pellen Personal Products Ltd.  
47 Muswell Hill Broadway  
London N.10.

or send for details (free) of this and other products.



# SERGEANT DEATH MEETS WONDER WART-HOG

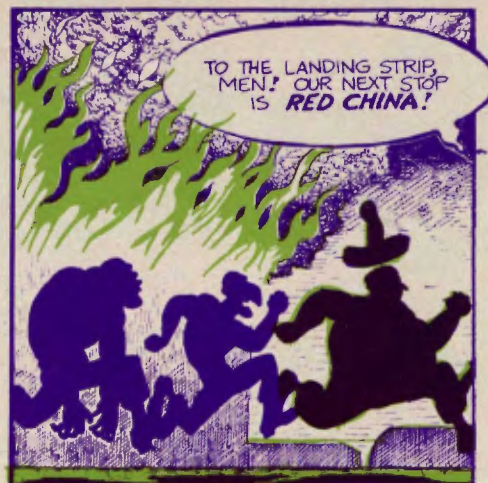
## SCENE 1: THE PENTAGON!







BURN IT.



TO THE LANDING STRIP, MEN! OUR NEXT STOP IS RED CHINA!



WE'LL BE OVER PEKING IN ABOUT THREE AND A HALF HOURS, SERGEANT!

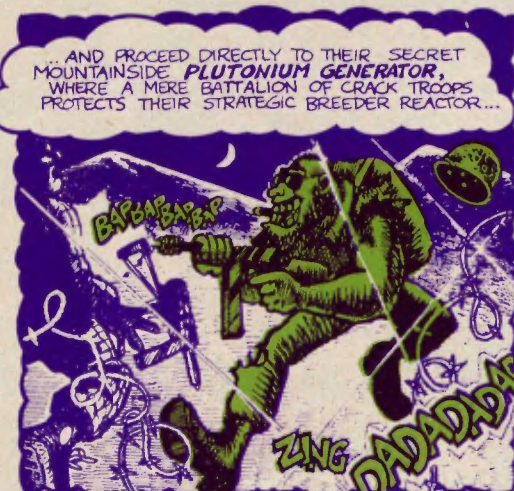
THANKS TO OUR MACH 3 TROOP TRANSPORT!



THE WAY TO GET THE CHINESE MISSILE-PRODUCING COMPLEX, MEN, WILL BE AS FOLLOWS: FIRST, WE BAIL OUT OVER PEKING'S SUBURBS AT MIDNIGHT, FROM A FLYING ALTITUDE OF 50 FEET IN ORDER TO ESCAPE RADAR DETECTION...



...DIRECTLY INTO A RED CHINESE ARMY MOTOR POOL STAGING AREA, WHERE WE STEAL SEVEN OF THEIR MOTORCYCLES. WE THEN BREAK OUT ON TO THE MAIN HIGHWAY...



...AND PROCEED DIRECTLY TO THEIR SECRET MOUNTAIN-SIDE PLUTONIUM GENERATOR, WHERE A MERE BATTALION OF CRACK TROOPS PROTECTS THEIR STRATEGIC BREEDER REACTOR...



A SMALL AMOUNT OF PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE TAKES CARE OF THE SETUP — WE PUT THEIR PLUTONIUM IN THIS LEAD BOX...



...AND ESCAPE USING OUR BACK-PACK ROCKETS TO CARRY US TO THE OPEN SEA...



...WHERE A U.S. NAVY VESSEL WILL BE WAITING TO PICK US UP AND BRING US BACK TO THE STATES...



...PROVIDING WE'RE NOT ALL KILLED, OF COURSE. YOU MEN REALIZE THAT OUR CHANCES OF PULLING THIS OFF UNSCATHED ARE APPROXIMATELY TEN THOUSAND TO ONE AGAINST OUR SUCCESS...

WE'RE WITH YA, SARGE!!



WE'RE THERE! HIT TH SILK!!

GERONIMO!



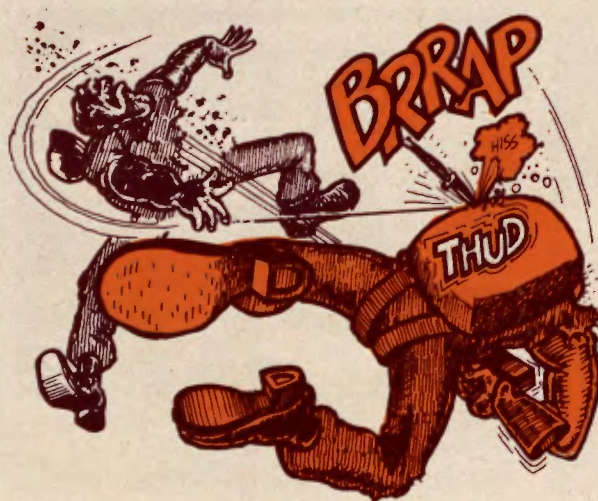
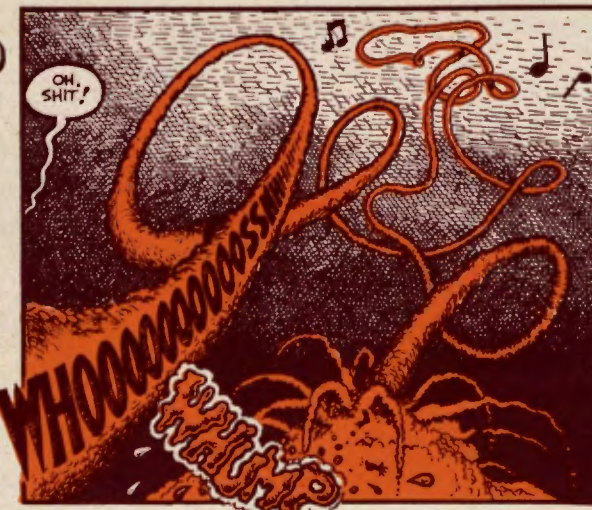
OH JESUS CHRIST! LOPEZ CHUTE DIDN'T OPEN!!

OH, MY GOD! (URP)

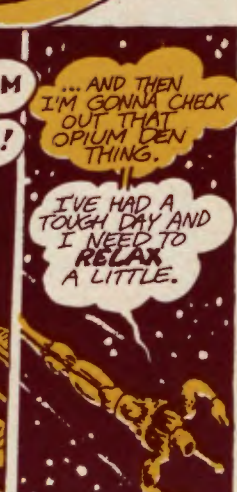
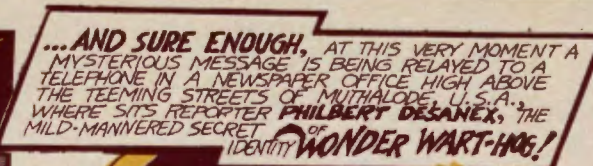
(BE QUIET! YOU'LL WAKE THE CHINKS!)

FIFTY FEET WAS JUST TOO LOW FART-ASS LIKE HIM!











# LETTERS

Dear OZ,

Just got out of jail (after 4-months) and well, I'm not really out yet (waiting in the police building behind doors still locked for my transport back to Germany) but I already have all my own things around me—letters they never gave me, books I wasn't allowed to read, clothes they didn't let me wear—and so I also find four OZ and a letter and I get so high.

It's crazy to see what they let you have and what not. A friend of mine sent me a magazine he makes now (after he flipped out on STP—and too much speed—several times last year and went to the nut house). Anyway no one knew anything about him for a year and now POW—a letter, a magazine—he's become a Muslim and the paper is religious and beautiful (not even what they call pornography, you know) but they never gave it to me.

Well jail—I just remember that shortly before I got busted, I read an article by Bill Levy (OZ 27) whom they wouldn't let into England and who stayed in jail for some days. I always figured I couldn't take it (jail). I put myself in his place and really flipped.

But now here I am, more vital and living than ever, reading magazines and outside the sun shines...

The only reason to be scared of jail is, I think, when you're strung out (then they really treat you bad—medieval experiments... I saw it all being practised on a girl who became my friend in jail) but otherwise, you just get the physical feeling that theoretically you've known so long: that the only jail is your mind, and the bullshit it can put you through when you don't treat it right. All the rest never bothers you too much, bars and all...

You know, I'm so very happy right now on the FLASH OF FREEDOM and I want you to partake of it!

Love and Peace,  
Tina Vietmeier, 6FFM (BRD),  
C/o Simon,  
Beethovenplatz 4,  
Z63.

P.S. The worst Jail did for me: I started smoking cigarettes again after total abstinence of 1 years.

Dear OZ,

Enclosed (Commonwealth of Australia Notice of Seizure from Dept. of Customs & Excise) you can see what I received instead of my OZ 27. It's the first time it's ever happened to me and came like a Bolte from the blue. I thought you'd like to know what happens. Can you do anything. I want my OZ, naturally, I guess the covers couldn't come much plainer than plain brown paper or was this one different?

I have spoken to the Collector of Customs in Victoria and he informed me that it's just that I've been very lucky so far. Apparently practically every OZ issue (except 1, 2, 5 & 24) has been a prohibited import to Australia. No news of issue 28 yet which I am yet to receive but I'm hoping. Apparently seizure of prohibited imports only follows random spot check of mail or if the wrapper is printed with some identifying material which could hint at its contents.

Yours ever,  
Richard Petersen,  
25 Edgevale Road,  
Key, Victoria,  
Australia 3101.

OZ 27 has been re-dispatched in a very plain wrapper, addressed to "Reverend Richard Petersen".

Dear OZ,

I would like to apologise to all brothers and sisters for a political action which prevented Otto Muele from holding his happening at the New Arts Lab (OZ 30 Broadsheet). I now realise that my action was revisionist (hat) and not in the best interests of the people. Because it denied the idea of pluralistic society which we are all trying to create.

Maybe we can all come up front a bit more get thru the paranoia and act. I think the Red Telephone plan is a good one. The Red Telephone Network exists expressly to jam switchboards of organisations in society which have to be pressured by us. 25,000 people demonstrate in Trafalgar Square or Grosvenor Square and get a good beating up by the cops and then fucked by the media. Fifty people alone can fuck up a TV station or a newspaper for a whole day just with their telephones by jamming the switchboard.

One of the first targets of Red Telephone will be collective action on the day of the beginning of the 1<sup>st</sup> OZ obscenity trials, whichever comes first. The whole movement is getting pressure from the man: blacks in the Gate, freaks in the Underground Press, dope users everywhere, workers with strike laws, and all the children with sexually repressive politics, the kids with rip off pop festivals where the promoters go conveniently broker.

We're now going to fight back. The entire city can be jammed with a few telephones. Now talk to your friends about it and pick up on the next rumour in time for the obscenity trial. Guy Fawkes was right. Parliament is pigshit. None of us are even represented there. Electric democracy is the voting power of a Red Telephone to fuck up communications.

Hoppy,  
TVX,  
1 Robert Street,  
London N.W.1. 387 8030

Dear OZ

On the 9th September 1969 I was goofing on 'barbs' outside Tooting Bec bin; it was about 9.30 a.m. by the way. They were discharging me due to my refusal at being locked up as an informal p.t.

So inevitably the fuzz arrived in a nice big car and after a short harangue on the rights of man, they hustled me away to the nick. During the short ride I was hit a number of times by the pig holding my head between his knees, although a point in his favour is that he very humanely removed my glasses beforehand. On reaching the station I was locked up for the night after having my toes crushed by the station sergeant's size 12 boots. At the time I was wearing a simple pair of sandals (no socks). A medallion, the five bags of Buddha, confiscated (never returned) and being screamed at in terms of dirty degenerate hippy and I'd like to shoot the lot of you up against that wall. Whereupon to my surprise I was fingerprinted and charged with assaulting two police officers and breach of the police. Statement was refused. Phone call was refused.

I had an open sore on my left arm which was in need of attention. On request for medical attention I was told to shut my mouth. Two hours later a doctor walked in and looked at my arm...

On going to the sessions I realised that the pigs had talked me into pleading guilty to secure a conviction. So I got Borstal which means I am going to have to answer to the government for at least 3-4 years, as, although it is a 6 months-2 years sentence, a further period of two years licence must be taken into account. I have completed the locked up part and I am now on licence. Honestly, the penal system is so fucking archaic and screwed up that I am going to take a while to get straight again. It's not like a prison thing, everything is geared to psychological approaches, probes pushed thru your ears to see what your lobes are like. They try and fuck your life style up and impregnate their own fucked-up basis into your mind. The screws are so paranoid and violence-orientated towards the inmates that often they don't even use violence just the weapons of psychology.

The only outcome is rebellion in the mind of any adult human being with any intelligence which is why 90% of Borstal boys are potential failures and I was NOT guilty.

With love,  
Dave.

P.S. Please print this letter that people will see and learn, out of knowledge comes change...

Dear OZ,

I don't know how Peter Till arrives at his drawings (Cuntpower OZ, "The Perils of Pauline" and Page 3) but I don't think he is fair: I can't copy him, because if I copy him I copy me.

OZ must be too busy to notice the similarities. Rather a pity!

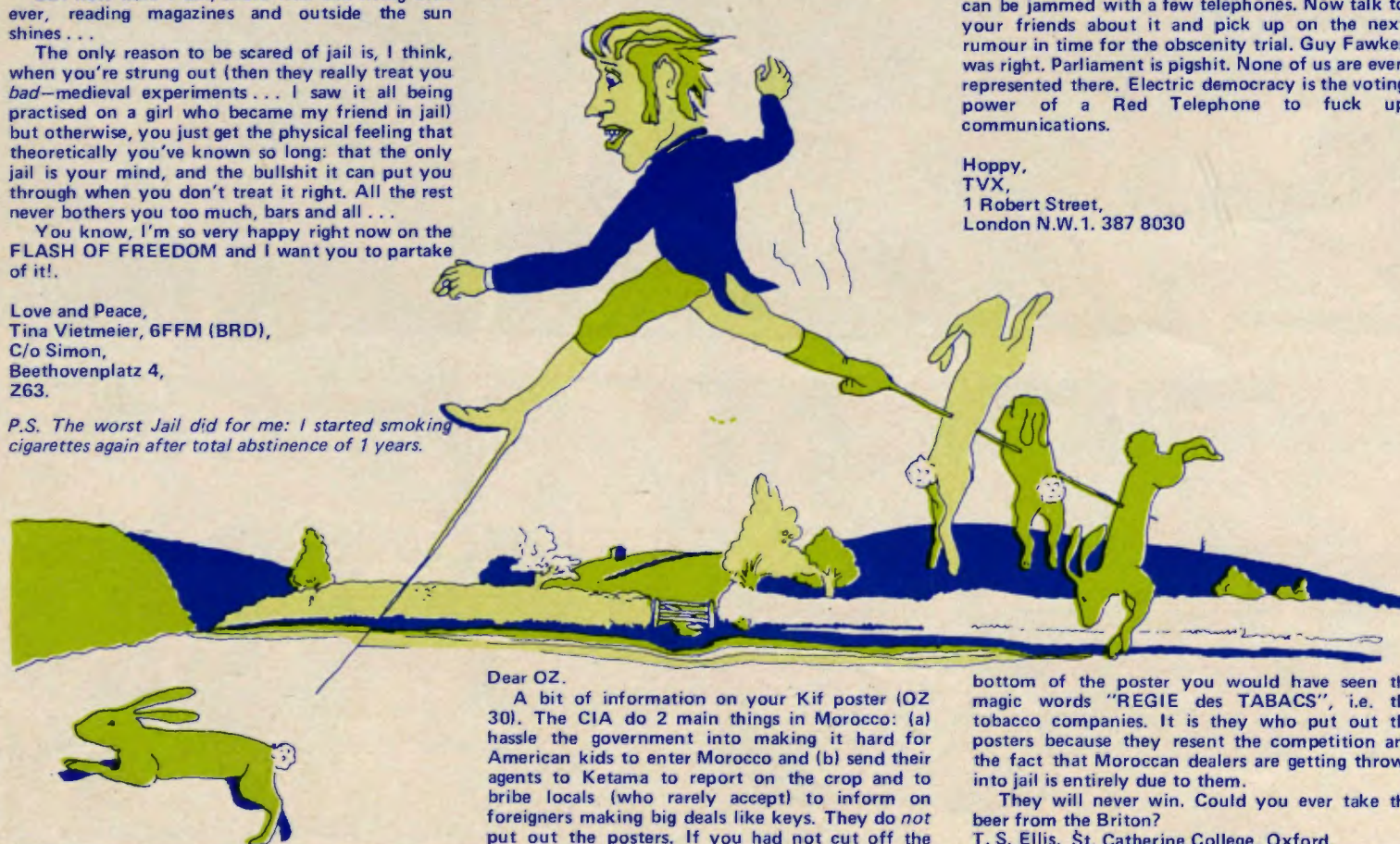
Sincerely Yours,  
Roland Topor,  
11 Rue Jacques Louvel Tessier,  
Paris 10.

Dear OZ,

A bit of information on your Kif poster (OZ 30). The CIA do 2 main things in Morocco: (a) hassle the government into making it hard for American kids to enter Morocco and (b) send their agents to Ketama to report on the crop and to bribe locals (who rarely accept) to inform on foreigners making big deals like keys. They do not put out the posters. If you had not cut off the

bottom of the poster you would have seen the magic words "REGIE des TABACS", i.e. the tobacco companies. It is they who put out the posters because they resent the competition and the fact that Moroccan dealers are getting thrown into jail is entirely due to them.

They will never win. Could you ever take the beer from the Briton?  
T. S. Ellis, St. Catherine College, Oxford.





Dear OZ and all Gay Heads,

We want to form an alternative scene to the straight gays. We are a minority within a minority sub-culture and so therefore we need to get together and work towards something real. We need ideas, scenes, etc. so that we can see how big we are and possibly help each other and the gay ego trippers.

We can't accept the straight gay scene (as yet) because of its plasticity and overall uncoolness. Have you ever felt a feeling of brotherhood/sisterhood in a gay scene? What would happen if somebody spiked the drinks in the Boltons, William IV or some other shitty gay pub? I'm sure all those cats would freak out when they saw the plasticity of their little 'gay scene', or took a real look at each other and themselves (possibly Shirley Bassey sound good on acid).

We must do something as every other fucking scene is getting something together so it's about time we did also. Danny la Rue and April Ashley may be different (to straights) but they are both in the same bag when it comes to bread (go into April Ashley's exclusive restaurant and ask for (1) a job, (2) free food, then you'll probably understand, if you dress in rags like me you probably won't get past the front door. Please write as all help is needed and someday a joint can be passed as we discuss our ideas.

Peace and Love,  
David,  
C/o 46 Parkhill Road,  
Belsize Park, N.W.3.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. B. COOKE.



## Local Jew Boy Makes Good



New Morning is a breath of clean air in a darkly polluted musical environment. With the prevailing sound being the grinding urban paranoia of the Black Sabbath/May Blitz syndrome, we need all the fresh country open spaces we can find. This album is full of them. Bob Dylan speaks to us here in what sounds closer to his true voice than anything we have heard since John Wesley Harding. He has forsaken the Ruben-and-the-Jetset where he left off before those last two digressions. Musically, the impetus comes from Al Kooper's Easy Does It band, who act as rhythm section throughout. The frequent comparisons of New Morning with Blonde on Blonde are probably caused by the return of Kooper's inimitable roaring, surging organ to Dylan's records.

This album represents a coming together of all the music that Dylan has played over the last eight years. All Bob's previous faces and voices have superimposed and fused together to produce an image that is both reassuringly familiar and exhilaratingly new. The word that immediately springs to mind is "mellow" — Dylan's back on the land walking those country roads without seeing the insipid Roy Orbison B-side jukebox of Skyline. The c-and-w side trip has been fully worked out, and now casts a faint shadow through Dave Bromberg's gentle stoned dobro and slide work.

For the first time, the material is subordinate to the music. Certainly there are no classic songs here — no 'Mr. Tambourine Man', no 'Like a Rolling Stone' — though there are enough of Dylan's surrealist images here to keep Alan Weberman boring the balls off everyone for the next six months. Also for the first time, the music on this album sounds as though it is the product of a group, a blowing, playing band, than of a soloist with a bunch of session dudes. It's that tight and unified, and that loose and free.



Dylan's voice is rougher than it has been on any of the post-accident records, and it's also deeper in pitch than ever before. The intonations are pure Robert Zimmerman, and not ersatz Cash, and he's in tune all the way, though without that irritating facile smoothness. The youthful



about nothin'



harshness of his first three albums here finds its equivalent in the kind of patient, timeless, paid-all-ma-dues repose that you find in the old blues singers. Sort of like a country Albert King.

The instrumental progression is mainly due to the discarding of that clique of Nashville war-horses who've backed him for the last three years and their replacement by a group of tough cats who know how to take care of business in the city, but who can also bring it back home after hours. Kooper, as well as producing that superbly nostalgic organ sound, shares piano duties with Dylan, and as if that wasn't enough, helped Bob Johnston out with the arranging, production and mixing. Harvey Brooks from the Electric Flag and Super Session and Billy Mundi from the Mothers and Rhinoceros, both from Kooper's Easy Does It trio are unobtrusively funky on bass and drums. Part of the early dawn freshness stems from Dave Bromberg's acoustic lead guitar. For some reason, the sound of single string licks on an acoustic box calls forth a totally different set of responses from the same sequences played electrically. (Bromberg will be remembered as the country/blues guitarist who got about ten encores on the Wednesday at the Isle of Wight this year). Where electric lead guitar is used, it's played by Paul Butterfield's guitarist Buzzy Feiten or Nashville Skyline/Blonde on Blonde sideman Charlie Daniels, who also worked on Kooper's first two solo albums.

But perhaps the greatest instrumental surprise on this album is Bob's own piano playing. It knocked me flat on my arse. Kooper describes him as "the best piano player in the world" and in a curious way, that's right. He's certainly come a long way since he hammered out 'Black Crow Blues' on Another Side six years ago. It's a joyous thing to hear Kooper's sighing Hammond floating over Dylan's rolling and tumbling piano, particularly on 'Sign at the Window', and on a virtual solo piece, the hymn 'Father of Night', which is just piano, voice and gospel choir. It is an unlikely fusion of gospel music, a Jewish cantor and a Gregorian chant. It lasts eighty-four seconds, and is probably the best short track ever recorded, even outclassing Julie Driscoll's 'Word About Colour'.

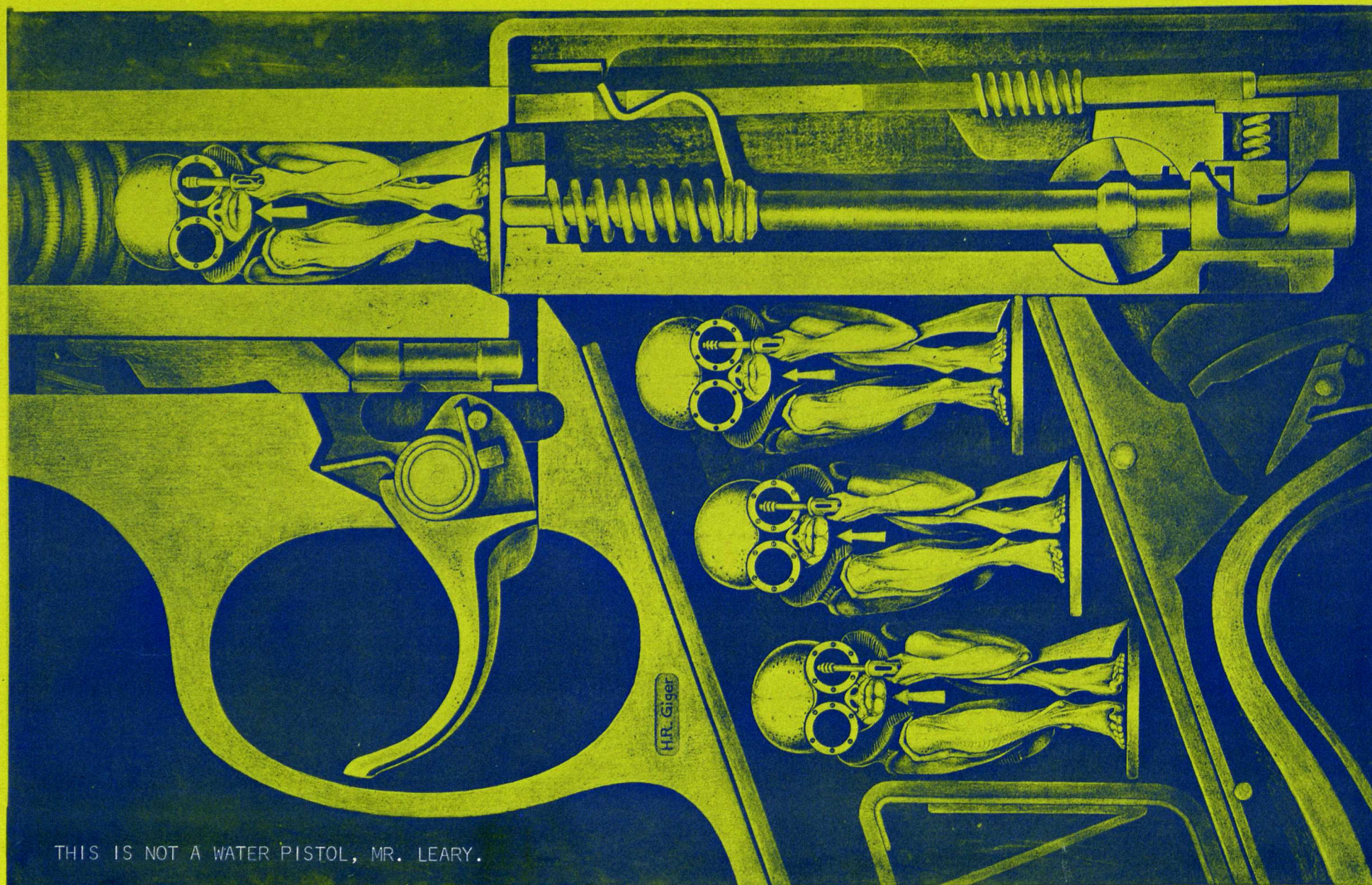
This album was organically grown. It gives the impression of being almost a force of nature. It is more than the music of the people — it is the song of the earth. It is the voice of a Jewish cowboy peasant, and it's the most optimistic music imaginable. The acid paranoia of 'Ballad of a Thin Man' and 'All Along the Watchtower' has withered away because Bob no longer needs it, and neither, he implies, do we. There will be an answer, let it be.

Welcome back, Bob Dylan.

Charles Shaar Murray







THIS IS NOT A WATER PISTOL, MR. LEARY.



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# CHUNGA'S REVENGE



BIXARRE

A Gypsy mutant industrial vacuum cleaner dances about a mysterious night time camp fire. Festoons. Dozens of imported castanets, clutched by the horrible suction of its heavy duty hose, waving with marginal erotic abandon in the midnight autumn air.

