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Richard Neville
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OZ 38

Description

Content: The Day the Earth was Out to Lunch cover by Peter Brookes. Ad for John Lennon's *Imagine*. The Scotland Road Free School IT underground history+ logo. Charges against STYNG. Chit Chat on Dress C18th enema graphic. Souvenir OZ obscenity trial programme ad. 'Silly Sympathies' cartoon. 'Survival?' ecology + flower graphic/Mick Farren on utopian alternatives. 'Kisses: The Sweetest Kiss of All' – Chris Rowley on the OZ trial and others. 'It's Just a Shot Away' – from a drug treatment center in Vietnam. Demented Waving Brothers cartoon by Edward. Mike Harrison ad. OZ mail order. PC 49: The Case of the Spotted Toad cartoon and poem by Alan Stranks & John Worsley. 'Tough Shit in Bangkok'. Ad for Eddison's *The Worm Ouroboros*. Centrefold Stewart MacKinnon graphic. 'Abbie: An Das a Fact' – Hoffman attempts to refute charges made in OZ 36 that he stole most of the material for *Steal This Book*. LP reviews: Grateful Dead, New Riders of the Purple Sage, Jerry Garcia, Jefferson Airplane, Hot Tuna, Traffic, Howlin' Wolf, Larry Coryell, Country Joe and the Fish, Daavid Allen, John Lennon. Film ad for *Danish Blue*. Ad for Nottingham alternative mag *Third Eye*. Robert Crumb strip cartoon featuring ad for IT. Full page William Stok cartoon. Full page ad for Hawkwind. 'Fans' – condemnatory letters from the mother of a 16 year old OZ reader and (slightly less so) two American women. 'Penguinpower' ad. Ad for Roger Zelazny's *Damnation Alley*. Oxfam petition/ad. Dr J advice. 'Captain Video' From Larry Menkin, Free Video America, Seize the Media. 'Poor Paranoids': Rock by John Coleman. 'Letter to the Lumpen' from Eldridge Cleaver in Algiers, Minister of Information, Black Panther Party. Velvet Underground LPs/tour ad. 4p Robert Crumb 'Honeybunch Kaminski the Drug-Crazed Runaway' cartoon. Lone Ranger & Tonto "I think they're all bozos in this OZ" graphic. Back cover Bop Diddley Wah Wah Clang Honk graphic.

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.



No. 38
20p
80 cents

SCOOP!! THE DAY THE EARTH WAS OUT TO LUNCH!

Turn to page 8
before it's too
late!

PETER
BROOKES



IMAGINE / JOHN LENNON / PLASTIC ONO BAND ON APPLE RECORDS PAS 10004 AVAILABLE NOW ●



And now....OZ 38

This issue of OZ has been brought to you by the tender ministrations of that same band of pornfiends as last time.

We thank all those who've lent a hand, especially the magnificent Barney Bubbles....and all other our benefactors.

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For everyone who might have been missing the annual beano down at the Isle of Wight, and who weren't satisfied with Ricki Farr's performance at the Oval last month, be glad of one thing: absence has certainly not saddened the IOW residents any.

Even if the sun failed to shine, even if you found others at your favourite cafe table or picnic spot, even if the wind blew too keenly for sunbathing or too boisterously for an enjoyable sail, even if you did lose money on the fruit machines or grandmother on the front, no-one can deny that this bank holiday was decidedly more peaceful and enjoyable for the family than those which have immediately preceded it.

You can remember only too well the problems which confronted you at the same time last year in connection with the pop festival at Freshwater, when your transport, medical and local services were stretched to breaking point, when your police force was quadrupled, and all because of an 'invasion' of people who, as events proved, came to enjoy themselves at your expense. That it was an exercise by some to make money need not be dwelt upon.

But what a welcome change this holiday has been! No fields of litter to depress one, no nudity or scenes of copulation before the family to depress one, no need of financial assistance for the horizontally inclined workshy, and no special cleaning of the ferries. Nothing but peace and contentment for you all and another year's grace in which to restore the damage wrought upon your tourist industry. You have just seen what happened to the unfortunate village of Weoley, when its people and local authority have experienced their first taste of a pop festival. You saw once again the dregs of society en-

joying themselves in a manner still only appreciated by themselves, and it is with these scenes still fresh in your mind that you should all thank the Isle of Wight County Council for their judgement that in insisting that no pop festival should be held here this year.

This decision, it would seem, was taken because of the reluctance of the promoter to provide the council with sufficiently adequate information of his intentions in time for the necessary detailed preparations to be made to safeguard the health and welfare of the Island, its population and visitors. As experience has shown, pop festivals can only be made tenable for those attending them, and, equally important, although sometimes overlooked by their promoter, for those not attending them, if they are intensively organised with proper attention being paid to each and every detail.

The Island's leaders are not men and women lacking in courage, and if their sustenance depends on your support then you must be prepared to ensure that they have it. Such issues are not decided by faint hearts or dithering and twittering sycophants you can do well without.



A moving plea by a Navaho woman for the strip-mine operators to stop ruining her land in the American southwest is reprinted in 'Conservation News'. The plea, in the form of an Arizona court affidavit by Kee Shelton's mother, declares, when translated:

"The coal mine is destroying our grazing lands because the grass is being put under the earth and our sheep are getting thin and not having many lambs. The mine also destroys our springs and water holes... the explosions scare our horses.

"The whites have neglected and misused the Earth... our mother. The whiteman is ruining our mother. I don't know the white man's ways but to us the Mesa, the air, the water are Holy Elements. We pray to these Holy Elements in order for our people to flourish and perpetuate the well-being of each generation.

"How can we give something of value to Mother Earth to repay the damages that the mining has done to her. We still ask for her blessings and healing even when she is hurt."

Maintaining that this society "is the most chemically oriented, pill-conscious one in history." Dr William Abruzzi, the top medical man at Woodstock and subsequent festivals, charges that the advertising and communications media have contributed to a feeling that to suffer even mild discomfort is a sign of weakness or ignorance or both. "The self-deceptive illusion that these ills may be softened or postponed by drug usage may be one of the chief unconscious motivations for the widespread use of dangerous chemicals," he writes in 'Win'.

HEADS

Do we really have a marijuana problem in America, he asks, or is it something that is a result of excessive concern over our youth — a furthering of our own puritanical and hysterical legislation of people's individual habits and excesses?

But there is truly an epidemic of hard drug usage, the doctor says, and the way to deal with that is not with more policemen and more punishments but with programs of education, therapy and rehabilitation.

"I submit to you that the kind of disillusionments that exist with what our society represents is a factor in drug abuse as we see it today. Maybe not a conscious factor but at least an unconscious one. If indeed the human spirit is supposed to be looking for meaningful interpersonal values, it isn't going to find any in a society which is as detached and alienated as this one is."

Other Scenes.

The Scotland Road Free School: The school will be a community school totally involved with its environment. It will not seek to impose its own values, but will have as its purpose a total

acceptance of the people and the area. It means, perhaps, an enlargement of the 'social' as opposed to the 'academic' function of the school.

The aims cannot be dismissed as impractical or Utopian as comparison with the Danish system will reveal. At this time in Denmark there are 174 free schools.

Here the educational milieu tends to be fairly permissive and informal, with a heavy emphasis on creativity in the arts and stress on development of co-operation and humanitarianism. These schools are based on the principle that pupils must be allowed a great deal of democratic freedom, that the students ought to play an active role in the educational process and running of the school as the teacher, that creativity be emphasised, and that parents play an active part in the daily workings of the school.

Estelle Fuchs, 'The Free School of Denmark', Saturday Review, 1963. These principles will be emphasised in the Scotland Road Free School.

The school will not have a headmaster or a hierarchy, nor will it recognise any central authority, but will be controlled by the parents, teachers and children together. This would be achieved by a school council.

The school will operate as a day school but will never close whilst people desire to use its facilities. Lessons will not be compulsory, the only will be upon the teacher to stimulate the children sufficiently to attend. At the same time the school will offer its participants a range of social and academic activities compatible with state schools. These activities will be ascertained by observation and pupil-staff consultation.

The school will be co-educational and will admit children between the ages of seven and sixteen years. Eventually the aim is to lower the age of entry and extend the school-leaving age. It is hoped that parents will run pre-school programmes in the school.

We wish to say that the educational process should continue throughout a person's life, but in the comfort within the present curriculum is allotted to someone attending a university place is 10 times greater than for a person leaving school at 15. A major aim of activity for the Scotland Road Free School will be to demonstrate how a community school can continue the educational process into all areas of life throughout life.

The Scotland Road Free School needs support! It needs the support of all those who believe in the ideas and principles above. But most of all it needs money!

Please will those interested contact The Scotland Road Community Trust, 149a, Limekiln Lane, Liverpool 5.



SPEED, fast reading is a moderately innovative magazine that aims to explore and expand the counter culture with a view to the re-constitution of society itself along the lines of that culture. Formally loose, but conceptually heavy, we hope to encourage the level of free thought equal to our experience. We're tired of hacks whose one-way McLuhanism has let them waffle along Easy Street for years: our message and medium will differ substantially from the syncretistic scrawl of the rock press and the equally mechanical drool of the formerly underground press. The underground's gone deeper. To generate genuine penetrative depth of analysis, and to stimulate controversy, prophecy, art itself and generally making radical waves of the imagination; to build the unity of our people, tribes and outlaws, will project syntheses of our culture functioning as our community, our community functioning as our culture, our thought as our life, and our life as art. And we'll do it good.

Specifically SPEED, fast reading will:

Analyze straight society and free societies, emphasising the potential and means of the freak to transform the squack.

Explore alternative lifestyles and art-forms, developing self-critical perspectives within a transcendent affirmation of our identity as a people.

Review Movement and alternative culture books, music, comics, press, media and consider ephemeral ripoffs to oblivion.

Publish articles, essays, satire, cartoons, art, polemics and muckraking assaults on the swain empire.

Serve to unify and improve communications among brothers and sisters, energy centres and liberation fronts throughout the world.

SPEED, fast reading needs:

Participation — written in politics, art, music, guerrilla theatre, comic underground press, electronic media, film, fiction, sex, sexual politics, eroticism, prophecy, sci-fi, interdisciplinary co-integrative counter-culture studies, etc, etc, and other species of your thing. We also need art, comic, and photography.

Feedback — In order to make SPEED fast reading a dialogue within the community, we hope to pass comments, criticism and ideas from you. And we hope that you'll pass this around to any friends who might be interested in us.

Write: SPEED, fast reading, BOX 1317, New York City, 10001.

Dear Friends,

I would like info from the following people on the following subjects: Anyone who has had either visual, oral or audeo contact with UFOs. Any one who is interested in the ley system of the British Isles or the rest of the world. Reports of leys, stone circles, burial grounds, psychic contact with unexplainable people events and places. Also contact with the following people who I have lost contact with, Rick Meller last seen in Quetta, Tony Lambert last heard of in France, Lindos, Tiger and Mur last seen at yennas in Istanbul.

Thanks and love,
Barry Fitton,
57 Bellshill Crescent,
Belfield, Rochdale,
Lancs.

Fillmore founder Bill Graham, who once taped a shoe polish commercial hopes to resume his long-interrupted acting career via a cameo role in the movie version of 'The Godfather'. . . . Rumours abound in Michigan that John Sinclair, jailed for 10 years in 1969 for giving two joints to an undercover police agent, may be released before the end of the year . . . The whole idea of doing an opera

8. Have a newsletter of all our activities.
9. Demand lower prices for rock concerts.
10. Have folk and rock workshops.
11. Audience participation with music artists.
12. Free services and help from all phases of professional rock.
13. Free music be-ins — locally, nationally, and internationally.
14. Learn how to record, publish, write perform, prepare yourself in the rock field.
15. Own a real peoples music company — controlled by the people.
16. Eventually having a 'International Arts and Culture Center' for all.
17. Helping the 'Movement' through culture.
18. Helping people who are really in need for help.
19. Keeping aware of the crooks in the rock profession and in the rock movement.
20. Celebrate our own rock holidays.
21. International rock cultural exchange throughout the world.
22. Finally — any suggestions that you come up with — let us know!

Free rock 'n' roll — join the RLF/RCM!!
For the people who want to join the rock Liberation Front, write to:



called "Jesus Christ, Superstar" is deplorable to start with but the undignified squealing from the greedy Robert Stigwood Group and the endless legal suits they're bringing to try and stop people performing it is even more degrading . . .

The Rock Liberation Front and Rock Culture Movement has been formed by David Peel and the Lower East Side and AJ Weberman, Dylanologist; in order to establish a relationship of understanding and participation in the world of rock. It's a world of fun, peace, and happiness.

This privilege should not be extended to only the rock professionals, but should be part of everybody's life.

Our rock culture has been getting ripped off too long! There's got to be a stop to this . . . right now! We are all going to help together and help each other.

Here are some of the actions we propose to do:

1. Have demonstrations against rip-off people in the world of rock.
2. Demand and have free concerts from professional and up and coming rock groups.
3. Have free rock seminars.
4. Have rock culture and liberation front chapters started throughout the USA and world.
5. Have a rock'n' roll institute — free tuition (Chuck Berry — Part 1 and 2 etc).
6. Have rock culture centers throughout US and world.
7. Have free international rock music people's hostels throughout the world.

Rock Culture Movement, Rock Liberation Front, 209 East 5th Street, East Village, NY 10003.



After the news of Jim Morrison's death was announced, a Washington Post reporter called up his mother in Arlington, to get her comments. 'Is my son dead?' she asked him. As the reporter prepared for an outpouring of grief, Mrs Morrison's maternal feelings rather surprised him: 'As far as I'm concerned, she announced, she died six years ago when he took off his pants in front of the audience. Then she hung up.

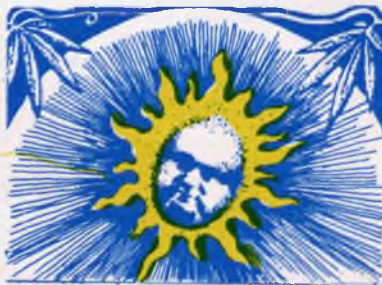
Because Luxembourg has no crematorium, citizens who want their relatives cremated ship the urns of ashes back. Now the Luxembourg government has slapped an 8 per cent tax on the imported ashes defining them as "material processed by a foreign firm and reimported as a finished product."

Mrs Pat Nixon, one of Washington's most public spirited citizens, is busy on a new civic project — turning her girlhood home into a museum.

The house, in Cerritos, Calif, is being developed into a museum by the local Chamber of Commerce. Mrs N, who dedicated the house and adjoining 'Pat Nixon Park' in 1970, is taking 'an active role' in the project.

The museum is supposed to tell the story of Mrs Nixon's life through the years that led her to the White House and the place as the US's First Lady. She has also made it known that Boy Scouts and Campfire Girls are very welcome to use the place. (UPS)

'Nomads': The London-based Globe-trotters' Club (BCM Roving, London WC1) is a worldwide organization of travelers who are more used to riding on donkeys and bicycles than in cars and buses. Some of them have been wandering around the world for a score or more years.



OTHER SCENES

For next four columns send \$1 to Box 8, Village Post Office, New York 10014

Float in Liquid Luxury



The Aquarius Water Bed

2 Blenheim Crescent
London W11
01 727 2895





Just the other day we wuz sittin round an talkin an someone said that IT was 5 years old this October. We thought about that fer a while. Things like 'the psychedelic revolution is 5 years old' an 'wow, wasn't it different then' seemed to float through minds. Yeah Five Years ago the London Free School was flourishing along with weekly raves at All Saints Hall in Powis Square. UFO was germinating, the whole Frak Thing was about to explode into (to quote Anne Sharpley Evening Standard at the time) a 'Lost Psychedelic Weekend'. Hippies were starting to spring up all over the place and everywhere a tremendous surge of enthusiasm and hope seemed to hang in the air. The Pink Floyd were starting to play an so were the Soft Machine. The Roundhouse was acquired for the opening launch and out of nowhere a horde of wierdos appeared to well and truly launch the International Times. 'Hip people take the Times' was the comment from Printing House Square. Rats abounded in the Roundhouse then, along with incense, marijuana and LSD.

IT has been sort of bi-weekly ever since and it comes into the house these days quite regularly filled with

cheerful belligerence, odd humour and solid street politics. Good stuff Yas O Yas. Its sort of the official 'underground paper' a little bit of an institution and a lot different now than it was in October 1966. Those early issues now seem quite unremarkable but at the Time! BUT after 5 fucking years what else have we access to apart from the Underground Press. We seem to be back where we started to a certain extent. There are several Charity Organisations, great Communication between the needy. Rock music which once seemed to hold such hope as a social tool, belongs solidly to record companies, promoters and richer than thou musicians. No social change there. Every rock hall in London is straight owned or straight controlled (what has happened to Implosion and the Roundhouse?) busily making money fer straight enterprise. No money fer underground purposes there unless you're on trial and desperate to pay lawyers. Are there any Cinemas? Hmm, yes, the Electric. Any coffee houses, restaurants, Psychedelic Shax? No.

There is consequently no economic basis for most freaks to survive on no jobs, no money. So whaddya

do? Get some straight job an dream about violent revolution, become a full time student, go straight, drop out an starve an hustle an barely survive, deal dope and perhaps go inside.

Is it any use to fight the cops on the streets or to bomb ministers or 'reak into mental institutions? Is it important to achieve anything for all of society, is it possible? Will we drown in our own pollution first? Should we all become practising Buddhists Full Time? Naaah, what seems necessary is just to take to heart that old maxim 'to live outside the law you must be honest' — even to yourself. In other words practise what ya preach an recognise that to all practical purposes to be a freak is to be an outlaw. It requires accep-



tance of the outlaw role, to be constantly harrassed by the law, to be the subject of dislike and hatred from the majority, to be some kind of instantly identifiable alien — a long haired nigger, an thas a fact!

So to survive we have got to be a lot more together and prepared to get down to a number of things that require effort. For instance raising money, visiting charities, organising food buying groups, getting a Rock Hall together that puts the money back to the community rather than to a board of Directors and shareholders. It's strange but it seems almost the same as it did in 1966 except that there are more of us and perhaps we're a little wiser now. We won't get fooled again?

Eco-freaks everywhere will enjoy a new mag oriented towards their interests: Street Farmer.

Produced by Bruce Hoggart and Peter Crump in London, it comes in a polythene bag, coloured predominantly green and with its spreads unstitched together.

Naturally its topics are based around the environment and what is happening within and without it. Visuals predominate and explanations are in cartoon form unless, it seems, words are absolutely inevitable.

Any enquiries, street sellers etc ring 485-3107. This ish should be on the streets till Xmas, when number two will emerge.



Charges against STYNG, Yorkshire's number one (and only) alternative rag, brought last summer by Leeds City police, have been dropped. All Hail. One of the contributory factors may well have been the story that appeared in STYNG 5 — referring to the activities of one Barnsley cop, whose idea of a fun time was to pick up hitching girls, take them up onto the moors and rape them. STYNG's story was enough to get an official investigation into the uniformed perve and it looks like one good turn has created another. Thanx to 'Suck' reader Superintendent Storey, boss of Barnsley law. Of course enough is enough — and STYNG still face charges for allowing two minors to street-sell for them. The saga lurches on.



CHIT CHAT
ON DRESS



Reg King—A Voice in a Million.
 Monster Album available now—
 "Reg King" UAS 29157
 See him "live" with
 B.B. Blunder.



The OZ Obscenity Trial at the Old Bailey was the longest and most expensive trial of its kind in legal history. It encompassed more than a million spoken and recorded words and cost the British taxpayer in excess of £75,000.

This gigantic eighty page, glossy souvenir programme, 8¼" x 11¼" represents a chronological diary of events leading up to the trial with edited highlights from the court transcript and an enormous selection of photographs, press coverage and comment. Published by Ink Publishers in association with two of the (ex-) editors of OZ, James Anderson and Felix Dennis, here is the inside story of what one newspaper called '... a declaration of war on the alternative culture... ', and what Judge Michael Argyle impassively described as '... just another trial, ladies and gentlemen... '.

OUT SOON at your local newsagent, all branches of New Scotland Yard, or mail order direct from INK and OZ. Price: 50p. Percentage of profits to the OZ Appeal Fund.



Dope: Widely reprinted throughout the alternative press was the disclosure by the American Historical Reference Society that seven different US presidents smoked pot: Washington, Madison and Jefferson cultivated it on their plantations . . . Pierce, Taylor and Jackson smoked it with their troops, especially during the Mexican War . . . Monroe brought the habit back from France and continued smoking until he was 73. "Pot was common among tobacco growers for when mixed with tobacco it gave a mild intoxicating effect, the leaves and resins were used to season food and as medicine." . . .

Be wary of the money-raising organization called 'Norml' (National Organization for Reform of Marihuana Laws) which sounds like an FBI front. In their recent as in the allegedly CIA-backed 'Ramparts' Norml declared: "We do not advocate the use of marihuana" — a strange statement from a group that is appealing for funds to legalise it. There are of course many more honest organizations — such as Lemar — that not only want it legalized but actively proselytize Nixon's plan to stop Turkish opium production is proselytize its use . . .

Austin's 'Rag' pointed out that the joy over Nixon's plan to stop Turkish opium production is premature because — apart from the fact that the market will just shift elsewhere — most of Turkey's crop goes into the production of morphine, the cheapest and most effective pain killer known. "With the end of Turkish opium most of the world's doctors will have to use synthetic painkillers, expensive and manufactured at high rates of profit by US drug companies. Ain't Free Enterprise great?"

As of now, MAGIC (Manchester Alternative General Information Centre), is operating a free 24-hour info and referral service. We are prepared to tackle anything, if we can't help you ourselves, we probably know of someone who can.

To make all this available we need the following: info on what's happening, jobs and flats going, crashpads and anything that can help us stay afloat — cigarette coupons, green shield stamps, even money. And mainly we need people willing to devote a little time and energy towards making MAGIC work.

All concerned write to: MAGIC, 7 Summer Terrace, Manchester 14. 061-224-9087.

What may be the world's only frank run gas station is Carter-Johnson Service along Berkeley's Telegraph Avenue. The Texaco franchise fell vacant and after some hassles bearded Ron Carter, 24, acquired it. Now acid rock blares from the loudspeakers, a huge wooden stage sign sits around, and reports "Sundaze", 'the man who wears the star' is quite likely to be wearing the symbol of the Red Guards. Apart from constant ripoffs and too much shooting up in the classrooms, the station is doing fine and will soon take on two more mechanics to cope with increasing business.

I suggest that in our culture today there is a notable absence of light, and a ominous preoccupation with what St Paul, in his Letter to the Ephesians, calls the unfruitful works of darkness.

I have worked in the Media — press radio and television — for forty years past. As I well know, they are largely in the hands of those who, for one reason and another, favor our present descent into decadence and godlessness. It is high time that the others — who are many, many times more numerous — made their voices heard.

I know...how deep is the concern today about the moral pollution of our nation, and especially the deliberate and systematic corruption of the young. How parents are concerned with their children and artists and writers and musicians about the degradation of our language, literature and art.

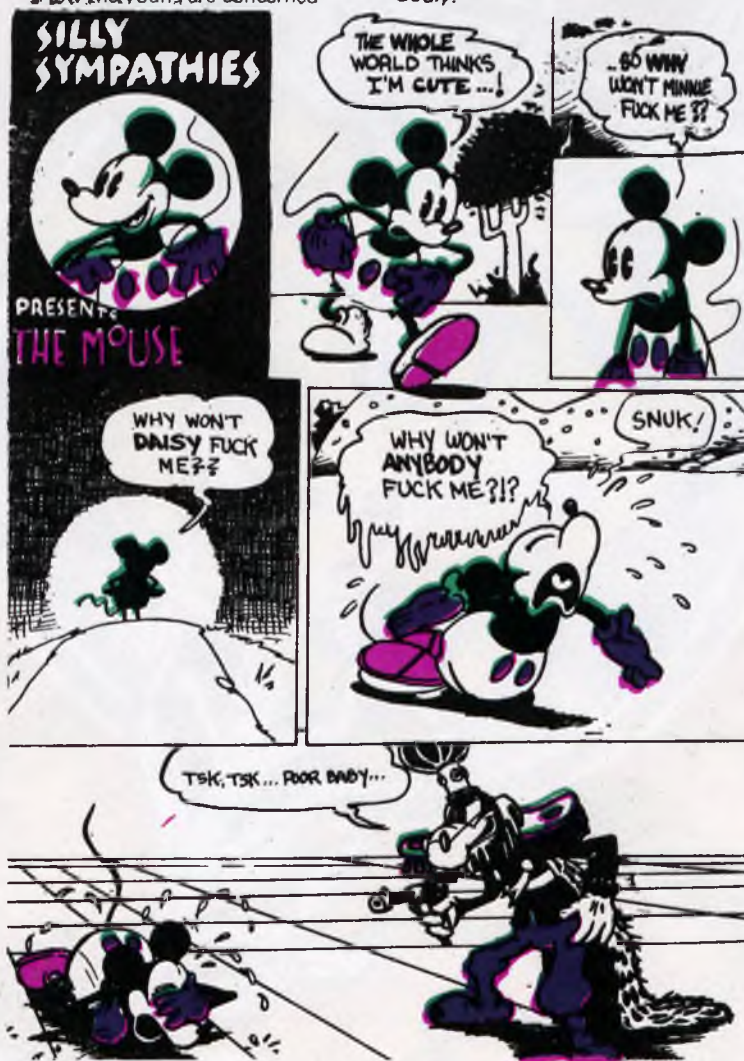
How the young are concerned

about their future, and the old about the world they will leave behind them. Above all how Christians are concerned about the erosion of their faith.

I share this concern myself as I see the shadow of the dope-peddler and the pornographer fall across my grandchildren and grieve over the pollution of the English language that I have so loved and tried so hard to use with grace and truth.

...The forces of darkness are powerful and persuasive. They insist that it is possible to fly away to freedom on the plastic wings of sex and drugs and violence. Thereby they pollute minds as surely as a greedy technology pollutes air and sea and rivers and land....

And then...a few words from Malcolm 'I just don't like homosexuals' Muggeridge. Excerpted from 'Buzz', like it or not, the journal of the Youthful Godly.



Mediamix: If you want to get advance warning of an approaching tornado turn your TV set on, darken the screen until almost black and then switch to an unused channel. As a tornado approaches the screen will begin to glow with a strong bright light.

Canada will ban ALL advertising of tobacco and cigarettes not only on television but in any media after the end of this year.

A new device to convert black and white sets into colour for under 100 pounds may be available within a few months according to the hip TV newsletter 'Videa 1000' which also forecasts the availability of (i) a TV alert that can turn your set on from Civil Defense headquarters; (ii) built-in time signals which would not only appear on the screen but reset all the clocks in the house; and (iii) a split screen set so that one screen could be 'frozen' for closer study by pressing a button.

The Schools Action Union wants to draw attention to the fact that our mail is being tampered with, so if you've written to us and not received a reply: write again and, if possible phone to tell us that you've written.

We were there, were you . . .

URGENT — Anyone who saw the arrests at the Festival of Light at Trafalgar Sq. and/or Hyde Park: we need witnesses, photographs, witnessed statements with addresses. Please contact Gay Liberation Front, 5 Caledonian Road, London N1. Phone 837 7174.

Will the blonde-haired girl who approached Jon (the first guy to be arrested — large hat and shoulder bag — just before his arrest please get in touch with him at Frenz: 969-5557. You are urgently needed as a defence witness.

People who just 'drop-in' on communes without warning have been causing a lot of problems. Britain's best-known commune, Selene, has had numerous crashers about whom co-ordinator Tonky Kelly writes: "Oddly few of them seem aware that they are one of many or that it costs something to feed them or that we can spend all day discussing macrobiotics, revolution, yoga, etc. — or even that we get bored discussing things with so many people, and with so little feedback and covering more or less the same ground."

Selene, situated at Cymnu in Wales, finally solved the problem by accepting only those who, apart from covering their expenses, "had a genuine interest in communes as a way of life rather than as convenient crashpads."



Army Captain Leonard G Goldman was courtmartialled in Vietnam in 1968 for dereliction of duty (failing to safeguard prisoners and failing to report a non-battle death). The story of his conviction only came out this year, in the US Court of Military Appeals.

It involves the rape and torture of two Viet Cong nurses (aged 14 and 17) by members of an infantry platoon, and the murder of one of them in an effort to get a third prisoner to talk. This took place three months after My Lai in the Dragon Valley, near Chu Lai.

Witnesses said that about 15 US soldiers took turns with the two girls in a foxhole. The next day another VC prisoner was forced to shoot the 14 year-old while a sergeant stood with an M-16 at his head. Then a lieutenant fired shots into her head from his M-16, blowing out her brains. The lieutenant and another soldier then dragged the body into some bushes.

Goldman, the company commander, received a reprimand and a 1200 dollar fine at the court-martial — held at the division base camp to prevent the facts spreading to the US. The Court of Military Appeal upheld the sentence. (UPS)

The Black Workers League is trying to mobilise black workers in respect of their problems. They want to involve the advanced black workers in the various situations involving the mass of black workers in their factories and localities, and thus want to involve the non-political workers in organised struggle. Their Central Committee is at 27, St Charles Sq., W10. Days: 735-2102, Nights 960-0636. All sessions of the BWL courses (including Self-defense, Marxism, the position and potential of the Black Worker in Britain) are held in All Saints Church, Powis Gardens, W 11.



SURVIVAL?

1. This Planet Is Dying — Fast

In the last three decades man has changed the delicate patterns of life on this planet in ways which would have taken millions of years to occur naturally (not that most of them would ever occur naturally). These changes have been executed bit by mindless bit with absolutely no consideration for life. It is hardly surprising that already life on this planet is on the way out: evolution has been thrown into reverse. Populations of most organisms (other than man and pesticide-resistant insects) are crashing. Whole species are becoming extinct at an absurd rate. The variety of living things is being reduced: a marine biologist estimates a general reduction of 20% in the number of species in the oceans (some areas are far worse off). Diseased organisms (especially fish and humans) are on the increase. Biological productivity is slumping (by an estimated 30% in the oceans).

Biologists who bother to consider the problem, and few do, expect man to become one of the next species to become extinct. One gives us a 2 to 3 per cent chance of making it to 2000, another gives us a 50-50 chance of making it to 1980. Both are pissing around (they don't have anything like the knowledge to be so precise — nor does anyone else) but their message is clear. Meanwhile the conservationists are worrying about dirt, Lord Longford and his cronies are whining about moral pollution and somewhere in Amazonia various blissful tribes who have never met the goddam white black mauve yellow man are truckin' on regardless.

The news gets worse and worse every day. Because our slide to extinction is reported in such a piecemeal uncomprehending fashion it is difficult to realise just how far up against the wall we have pushed ourselves. The media are interested in local rather than global catastrophes, cute, furry animals rather than the more critically important phytoplankton, dirty beaches rather than devastated oceans. Here's some of the news they have missed.

The Seas. What goes up must come down. On this planet down usually means the oceans and seas — consequently most of the crap man has dumped has ended up there. The seas not only cover most of the surface of the planet, they also contain the majority of its living matter. It is, therefore, depressing to hear angry marine biologists tell us that all the seas have slipped a long way into decline and that that decline could well be irreversible — i.e. there may be nothing we can do except, possibly, slow things down.

Press reports of isolated instances of pollution 'accidents' give us the mistaken feeling that compared to the vastness of the planet only small amounts of shit are being chucked about. This is a tragic misconception. Take oil.

Oil is basically 'natural' inasmuch as it consists of the products of millions and millions of ancient organisms compressed by geological processes. The composition of oil is, as one would expect, similar to that of existing living organisms. After water, hydrocarbons are the major component of most life forms — and of oil. It is therefore alarming to read that there is much, much more hydrocarbon in the world's seas in the form of oil than in the form of living matter — and there's plenty more being added every day. Oil can be found at any time, in the form of tar particles, droplets and slicks, right across the North Atlantic Ocean. As a result life is being decimated right out to mid-ocean (the oil deprives living organisms of oxygen, smothers them, reduces the amount of sunlight reaching them, poisons them and generally wrecks them).

In addition to oil the seas are being dosed with a ludicrous range of chemicals in vast

quantities. As legislation tightens up on land, more poison will end up in the sea. There's enough arsenic in one single Baltic dump to kill the entire human population of the world three times over. Back in 1966 the Russian biologist Polykarpov, the only man alive to have made a comprehensive survey of the effects of radiation on sea-life, stated flatly that 'further radioactive contamination of the seas is inadmissible'. It has of course increased a lot since then. Lead used to be one of the rarest metals in the sea. There are now hundreds of millions of tons of it in the sea.

Some seas are at death's door right now. Vast areas of the Baltic Sea contain nothing longer than an inch — they used to be rich in fish. The Baltic is expected to collapse completely and go the way of the Great Lakes in a mere two or three years. Cousteau predicts that within three years the Mediterranean will be dead for 15 miles out from the shore — all the way round its perimeter. The oceans of the Northern hemisphere are in serious decline: fish catches are falling (despite all the technomaniac efforts to pull more and more fish out). The phytoplankton, minute sea-plants which are thought to supply 60% of the oxygen we breathe are far less numerous than they were and their productivity has been reduced by the fact that they are finding it increasingly difficult to obtain their vital fix of solar energy (thanks to the increasing turbidity of the atmosphere and of sea-water).

The Air. The entire atmosphere is fucked. It's far more serious than local spectacularly, visually obvious messes (such as the photochemical smog of Los Angeles) might indicate. A 1968 UNESCO conference concluded that man had only 20 years to go (three have already gone) before the world became uninhabitable for man — due to air pollution alone. Experiments have shown that in the middle and temperate latitudes it only takes 15-25 days for aerial pollutants to circumnavigate the globe. If you run away to the country don't expect to avoid poisonous air — there's just as much strontium-90 and lead in the sea air of the Shetlands as in London.

The Land. Russian estimates indicate that man has removed two thirds of the planet's forest cover. Together with the phytoplankton these are the planet's main source of oxygen...

2. The People Aren't Any Better Off Than Their Planet.

It is appropriate that in addition to wrecking our planet we should fill our bodies with shit. Most people on this planet are underfed. The minority who do eat, eat shit.

The Indian has at his disposal today less than half the food which his ancestors had a century ago. This great triumph of imperialism and progress over the primitive forces of darkness is only surpassed by the knowledge that whilst most people starve a minority is worried by the 'problem' of agricultural over-production and is busy dumping and destroying its extra food (see 'Food Explosion' by David Ramsay Steele in OZ 19).

The people who are eating strange food. However organic, natural or whole, everything we eat has some unintended additive: radiationactive substances, lead and pesticides brought down from the skies by the rain and so on. Processed food has anything added to it which the pharmaceutical companies can get away with — i.e. just about anything they feel like. Analysis of the tissue of Americans shows them to have more DDT in them than is permitted in meat sold at butchers. Moral: don't eat Americans.

Equally as impressive as the progress in food

production are the great strides made in medicine. Thanks to the wonders of science and technology a middle-aged western man (figures don't exist for anyone else — just as well) can expect to live a wonderful three years more than his counterpart in 1841. When he dies there is a whole new range of diseases to choose from: coronary heart disease, peptic ulcer, lung cancer, any other cancer or diabetes. These diseases are known as the diseases of civilisation or, more aptly, as the degenerative diseases. Doctors reckon you can mess your body around for twenty years before the effects catch up — this usually causes degeneration to set in round about the age of 45. Expectations are that degenerative diseases will increase and that the life expectancy of over-45s will fall.

Expectations for the future of food production are equally bleak. The total annual world fish catch is actually declining. Food production lags population increases in most of the third world. More of the world's protein is being wasted on cats, dogs, pigs and other animate appurtenances of the rich-man — who clearly rates them higher than his fellow man. Underlying this terrible physical deprivation are the physical threats of conventional man-to-heli-copter imperialist warfare, chemical and biological warfare and good old thermonuclear warfare. If a small country like Denmark could (and did) cheaply develop enough biological weapons to destroy the entire human race you can imagine how much of the stuff is stashed in America and Russia. Nuclear scientists consider that recent changes in nuclear weapons technology are such that the risk of accidental or deliberate, war are greater than they have ever been. Couple this with the proliferation of nuclear weapons and the fact that some scientists feel that it is now technically possible for private individuals to build their very own atomic bombs. Might as well remember, whilst we're at it, that annual expenditure by world governments on military crap increased once again last year (both absolutely and relative to expenditure on everything else) and that one fifth of the world's scientists are employed by the military. If the planet doesn't die beforehand, the pressures induced by the widening void between the increasingly undernourished, increasingly diseased third worlders and the overfed first worlders could easily cause the outbreak of a disastrous lunatic war of revenge. Meanwhile the competition between different factions of the greedy rich is sufficient to kill a good few people every year.

On top of this obvious physical deprivation and the dangers of war it is necessary to consider the escalating mental oppression of man. More of us wig out and commit suicide every year. No wonder. Swezey, in 'Monopoly Capitalism', does a good job of describing the sterility of monopoly capitalist societies. State capitalist societies such as Russia are no better off. The slide towards '1984' is amazing to behold — even the minutest predictions turn out to be accurate (the American spacefreaks and war strategists have developed Newspeak to a remarkable extent and the Russians have been editing undesirables out of photographs for some years: Dubcek has disappeared from many photographs and been replaced by carefully touched up scenery).

3. The Common Cause

It is no coincidence that the collapse in the life support systems of this planet and the decline in the mental and physical condition of the people who inhabit it should occur simultaneously. Both are caused by one thing. That one thing is an exponentially expanding, increasingly centralist, increasingly authoritarian,

increasingly inflexible, increasingly unresponsive dinosaur of a system which feeds on greed and mentally and physically enslaves everyone caught within it whilst tearing up and poisoning all forms of life outside it.

Barry Commoner has shown, using the dinosaur's own statistics, how the rapid decline of the environment is directly linked to the post-war technological boom — particularly the auto-obil mobile, petrochemical and agribusiness industries. These have caused a massive switch from natural to synthetic products. More power is needed to produce synthetics, they are difficult for natural processes to break up and their by-products can be equally difficult. It is traditional to blame the third world population explosion — rather than our saviour technology — for the ills of the world. This is little better than an excuse for genocide abroad and class warfare at home (the workers, as well as those nasty foreigners, breed like rabbits). As it takes fifty Indians to get through as much crap as one American gets through in his or her life this seems a trifle unfair. It also neglects to mention that the effective way to stop population explosions is not to sterilise people (in return for a free transistor radio) but to cease exploiting them and to cease to remove the products of their labour. If the third world received the fruits of its labour the various motivations to breed would be removed.

The sick joke of the dinosaur system is that it enslaves everyone involved in it. The apparent bosses are mindless old farts with no real power and a semi-total inability to enjoy any 'benefits' accruing to their immoral positions (make a million bucks and realise your greatest dream: have your impotent prick teased by a bunny). It's however difficult to feel compassion for the bastards when one examines the enormous greed involved. America contains 5.7% of the world's total population and accounts for 40% (this is a low estimate, some say 70%) of annual total world consumption of resources. Of course only a minority of the American population gets its hands on the goodies — so that in the end it's probably far less than one per cent of the population of the world which is ripping off the majority of its resources. This inequity of distribution is mirrored by the inequity of responsibility for the destruction of the environment. Whilst the effects are global the causes are predominantly local: the industrial nations are busy finishing this planet off for everybody.

The dinosaur maintains its grip by stamping out concern and care for fellow humans and living things and by replacing it with greed, competition and a feeling of insecurity. The latter is linked to a carefully contrived dependence on the system brought about by division of labour, specialisation, expertisation and professionalism (this is even carried to the extent of passing on the unpleasant task of feeling to specialists, artists, who have unfortunately forgotten how to do the job). Each of us is reduced to a dumb motherfucker who needs someone else to feed him, clothe him, house him, transport him, tell him how to pass his allotted leisure time. The fact that these needs are rarely satisfied and that when they are someone somewhere suffers terribly as a consequence is politely explained away by yet more specialists — the media liars.

This physical fragmentation, contrived dependence and increasing control is all echoed mentally by our bizarre attitudes (see Erich Fromm 'The Fear Of Freedom'). Even if some friendly Venusians landed tomorrow and kidnapped every single director and major executive of the major international corporations and all the governments of the world we would be lost and simply recreate the old mess. We need something far more drastic. Something which will shock us into thinking, feeling and acting as one. Some people expect 25 million refugees from Bangla Desh to die this winter. Even if this terrible forecast is exceeded we will probably try and explain it away. Maybe most of us are too far gone.

4. Business As Usual

The dinosaur plods on regardless of its pending doom. Bits of it mutter about dirt, filth, poor salmon fishing, blue whales, the cost of cleaning up pollution and so on but it seems to have no complete conception of the gravity of the situation or any plans for remedial action. In its slow stupid uncoordinated way it makes the occasional pathetic token gestures. Vague threats are made that in the distant future cars will have to pollute less. Too late. After-burners are shoved on

exhaust-tubes to boost an ailing platinum industry and to make car pollution less visible (out of sight, out of mind: the emissions of after-burners are in fact more noxious than those of straight exhaust tubes).

You will be pleased to hear that the 'Readers Digest' response to the death of man is a special insert entitled 'Pollution Control 1971' full of fascinating fairy stories about industry's wonderful attempts to clean itself up. It is a common fallacy that all we need is a bit more of the same and we will be alright. All we have to do is tie up billions of tons of rapidly diminishing metals and tie millions more people to deadly production lines to manufacture devices to clean up crap which could easily not have been produced in the first place and everything will be alright. Bullshit. The death of the planet has been made taboo (naughty to be a prophet of doom), consumerised (Buy Coke In Special Recycle Can), voterised (Vote Nader For A Clean America) and fragmented (so that massive birdkills and fishkills look as if they have nothing to do with industry). All the dinosaur can do is ignore the problem or pretty it up (like Coke) or attack anyone who persists in spreading the word.

Rachel Carson came under ridiculous attack from the insecticide industry for publishing 'Silent Spring':

'Unfortunately . . . members of the chemical industry in this country and in Western Europe must deal with sinister influences, whose attacks on the chemical industry have a dual purpose: (1) to create the false impression that all business is grasping and immoral, and (2) to reduce the use of agricultural chemicals in this country and in countries of western Europe, so that our supply of food will be reduced to east-curtain parity. Many innocent groups are financed and led into attacks on the chemical industry by these sinister parties.' Louis Maclean of the Velsicol Chemical Corporation.

More recently we have seen how the American Atomic Energy Commission zapped Goffman and Tamplin for daring to suggest that far too much radiation was being leaked by the AEC into the environment. We have seen Mobil Oil's pathetic attempts to cover up a report that lead additives to petrol cause dangerous air pollution. We have watched Shell's unsuccessful attempts to stop 'Environment' and 'New Scientist' from printing the truth about the potential hazards of Vapona fly-strips. We have heard Dr Frank Mellanby warn the British Association that scientists employed by British government ministries had been muzzled when they made embarrassing environmental discoveries. What have we not been told?

Another frightening response is the Paul Erlich brand of Big Brotherism. He will calmly say that the last few American presidents have all been idiots and that America must stop stealing all the world's resources but in the same breath tells us that the only solution lies with some 'big businessmen' friends of his who have an outfit known as the Club Of Rome which is trying very hard to save the planet. Once again all we have to do is sit back whilst our every need is attended to by someone else. Of course some people will have to be coerced by the world government (for some reason, bigger and better than national government) not to breed. Otherwise everything will be fine — particularly for the big businessmen. Erlich has almost as big a following as Ralph Nader. The two of them could do strange things together.

It seems that the dinosaur would do anything rather than die quickly and quietly. It will drag on slowly messily and stupidly until we get something better together.

5. Survival

It seems inevitable that most, if not all, of us will be wiped out fairly soon. The northern hemisphere is more vulnerable than the south as it contains all the major industrial nations and the major imperialist states. Fortunately for the southern hemisphere the air and sea currents of the two hemispheres are largely separate — although ultimately a fraction of the crap floating about the north would penetrate to the south.

The most vulnerable regions of the northern hemisphere are the densely populated urban zones. The populations of these zones are made vulnerable because of their total dependence on the dinosaur for everything. The dinosaur is already overloaded, unable to provide the services intended but quite capable of producing poisons in food, air and water with the greatest of ease. The New York power cut of Nov 1965 which paralysed 80,000 square miles of America was a foretaste of things to come. Since then the power

company that supplies most of New York's power needs has had to disband its sales promotion department because they have insufficient power shortages and power stations to cope with existing demand. Severe power shortages and major breakdowns are now commonplace and customers are being told to conserve power (meanwhile the electrical appliances industry is spending a fortune attempting to con people into buying power-consuming devices of little practical use). Water supplies are likely to be inadequate in the very near future in densely populated zones — particularly southern England and water engineers warn that purity of the supply cannot be maintained for long. Mid-city transport systems are gumming up. The air of smog-ridden cities is fast becoming unbreatable. Air has been killing people for years but we haven't seen a thing yet: Kenneth Watt predicts a spectacular wave of mass deaths in California — perhaps beginning in Long Beach — starting in 1975.

Food production is becoming increasingly erratic as the structure and fertility of the soil deteriorates and pesticide-resistant pests proliferate. Overfed people are going to find it difficult to cope with a starvation diet. People who flip at the thought of the slightest disruption of their routine will find the mental stress of the coming catastrophes hard to take. They will find it hard to survive without continuously working card, TVs, fridges, cookers, pill-dispensing doctors and other knickknacks. They may also have difficulties coping with the violence directed at them by the desparately dispossessed. They seem to be worried enough by the mild start to the recession that we are seeing now.

Should anyone survive the coming mess, it would be totally absurd if they merely repeated the current cycle and continued the 'progress' habit only to produce yet another dinosaur hell bent for oblivion. The only way to survive is to start immediately to cease to be enslaved to the dinosaur. Those least enslaved tend to be: rural populations (subsistence farmers); populations of countries such as Tanzania and China, which have decentralised production, reduced the scale of much of their industrial plant and instigated the beginnings of peoples' control of production (China has just ordered the Concorde, is playing with nuclear weapons and still clings to similar dinosaur idiocies so she still has plenty to worry about); isolated hunter-gatherer societies; one or two communities of freaks, religious non-conformists; paratroopers and one or two other bits and pieces of the military. God knows how that lot would co-operate to off the dinosaur.

Whilst an increased awareness of the global environment would have to be part of any dinosaur substitute, a more important part would be a very loose decentralist society with a correspondingly dispersed man-size production system. Ludditism and reversion to old technologies is unnecessary — not to mention impossible. It will be necessary to ensure that any new techniques, machines or artefacts are comprehensible to everybody in society — i.e. that they are small, simple and effective. People should clothe, shelter, transport, think and feel for themselves. As soon as responsibility is divided and the division is reinforced by habit, doctrine or ritual the stage is set for the return of the dinosaur. Most non-renewable resources will have been exhausted, or virtually exhausted, by existing technology so a switch will have to be made to renewable sources such as solar energy. An integral part of this change will be a change in mental attitudes. Just as monolithic artefacts (enslaving production lines, monstrous earth-fucking dams, enormous machines of destruction) will get the chop so monolithic concepts will have to go: goodbye God, Progress, Man The Master Of Nature, Country Competition, Helmsman Mao, Sailor Heath and Bob Dylan. It will be necessary to be flexible: the environment will be in a diseased, unpredictable state for millenia. It will be necessary to co-operate with, and love, not just each other but everything else that creeps, crawls, and fucks on this planet. All this is a basically easy step to take — it merely involves throwing away chains and simplifying and enjoying life. Right now, looking from the arsehole of the dying dinosaur it all seems remote. However, the collapse of the Mediterranean, the Baltic, the Atlantic, the Pacific and all other oceans and seas, the collapse of the economies of all western nations, world famine, massive civil unrest, drastic shortage of water, and other resources — all within a decade or two — might change our perspective. These events are of course more likely to kill us.



I don't think there are many people who seriously believe that the revolution will be over by next month.

Even the greatest optimist in the movement will admit that the process required to bring about a major change in our social structure is, by definition, a long and gradual one. AH Moorcraft's article (page 8) raises the question: is there time for revolution?

The destruction of this planet, the poisoning of air, land and sea, is a direct result of an industrialised consumer culture, and reflects totally the attitudes of a civilisation based wholly on principles of greed and exploitation.

In simple terms, it would seem that the human race cannot survive on this planet with the level of population and individual consumption that the present consciousness of society dictates.

The solid destructiveness of a capitalist structure is easily demonstrated by the example of the USA. For over two thousand years, the Indians maintained a culture that was based, instinctively, on sound ecological principles that both preserved the environment and gave the Indian a reasonable quality of life. The white man then moved in and, by force, substituted a culture that has, in only two hundred years, destroyed vast areas of air, land and water throughout the country.

It has always been obvious that humanity needs a major change in its consciousness if it is to survive as a species. The search for emotional security through consumption of material goods, and the preservation of order by fear and hostility, have to be removed if ecological and nuclear disaster are to be averted. This is the real basis of the concept of an alternative society.

If, as Alf tells us, capitalism has finally run its destructive course, and there is now a definite deadline of maybe twenty years for a total change in society if the earth is going to be able to support human life at all, it makes one very pessimistic as to whether a broadly based revolution has any chance of succeeding in time.

The freaks at least have the makings of a group without the extreme emotional need for material goods that obsesses the rest of society, and it would seem that the time is approaching for us to examine the possibility that, if it seems that revolutionary change cannot be achieved in time to avert disaster, it might be more productive, in the long run, to direct much of our energy to establishing systems whereby at least a small section of the population can survive in an increasingly hostile environment.

In "Dune", Frank Herbert created the fictional 'Fremen', whose culture, religion and technology were totally directed at survival in an environment almost completely lacking in water. In the same way it might prove necessary for the underground to begin to develop and promote a culture that is geared to surviving in an environment that has eventually been damaged to the point where even the air is unbreathable.

Although this is beginning to sound like a sci-fi fantasy, it is important to remember that the great science fiction stock situation the end of the world, does actually seem to be at hand.

There are already the seeds of survival techniques within the underground, although usually well hidden by some kind of consumer shuck. The rock festival, for instance, does provide the very minimum basis for many kinds of experimental communities.

Even in commercial terms, the traditional three day event is only just viable, the drawback being that the energy / money expended in setting up facilities that are only used for three days and then dismantled is extremely wasteful. If one thinks in terms of a permanent site, with a small permanent population and a variable number of transients, it then opens up all kinds of avenues to explore new social structures.

One of the notable things that could be observed at events like Glastonbury Fair was the way in which the ownership of property began to break down. The only advice that could be given to a cat who had his tent ripped off was to go and rip off another one; a situation that quickly opens the way to dealing with basic problems of food and shelter on a shared community basis rather than on an individual level. Already entertainment was operating on a collective pattern, rather than the isolated and individual system represented by the personal colour TV.

If a rock festival site was a constant place of geography it would be a small problem to expand the life support systems as each subsequent event brought injections of energy and cash. Projects could be established to, say, recycle human waste eventually to yield auto fuel and plastics. With very slight adaptation all internal combustion engines will run on methane, which is easily obtained by breaking down human shit. The cultivation of algae is an obvious, and very simple, source of obtaining basic protein, and hydroponic crops provide a relatively easy solution to poisoned land. All these and many more experiments are possible in a society functioning on solid communal principles.

Most current rural communes make the mistake of resorting to peasant style agriculture, often on bad land. There are already too many of us to live off the land in this primitive manner. Technology can really work for anyone; the fact that it is currently used destructively does not make it bad in itself, and, indeed, if we are to survive in a seriously damaged environment we will really need all the technology we can get.

To make any community of this kind work we also need a major change of consciousness within ourselves, away from our exploitive, sexist, consumer programming. We may unfortunately need to fight to maintain a community, as the hysteria that would surround the breakdown of the present society may make it necessary for the survival unit to defend itself at gunpoint.

Obviously I have only talked about one kind of solution; there are many others, all the way from hijacking starships to becoming a hermit. You cannot, of course, announce that you are "going to the country" and turn your back on the problems of urban life in a pig culture. The role of the guerrilla in hastening the breakdown of the death culture is obviously valid. The problem does remain, but with the writing so solidly on the wall, we do have to come up with some specific plans for survival.

As I said before, sure it sounds like an Aizimov novel or a stoned fantasy. It is the 'sensible' approach of our parents that got us into this mess, it may take weirdness to get us through it.

Mick Farren

Kisses

The Sweetest Kisses of All



*'We do understand one another, do we not?', Brian Leary, QC.
'You can't honestly expect me to say yes',
Caroline Coon.*

Law 'n' order, 'justice', the social system, and all the other guiding principles of 'civilised society' exist, though no one ever seems to remember, on tolerance. The tolerance of the people, the members of that society. A simple theory, but for class stratification, authoritarian repression and the varying evils that are also such integral parts of that same society. Lenny Bruce's world theory had it right: Life divides into three basic functions — eat, sleep and crap. If of course one of the crappers doesn't bother to get over to the right place when he has to go, then someone, some poor fall guy, has to do the dirty work of putting him in the right place. And you get the police force, laws, rules and regulations.

If law 'n' order is impossible without mutual, albeit unloved and grudging tolerance, then the agents of law, the courts, and their attendant servants, are worthless, or certainly lose their credibility and force without the acceptance of another abstract — trust. One group of people (the prosecution) are pitted against another group (the defence) and the whole issue is in the hands of twelve individuals (the jury of 'good men and true') and refereed by a single person (the judge). Everyone, so it is assumed, or certainly hoped, is hip to the case in hand, not just to the evidence — for the most binding of oaths isn't any deterrent to self-interest or self preservation — but to the life styles, the ways of life of all participants. Obviously the trust which should underlie the judicial process is useless if one side can't or won't understand the other.

This 'comprehension gap' is the key to a couple of books that have been published over the last month. Both of them the record of trials; the edited, but still 700 page long 'Transcript of the Chicago Conspiracy Trial', which took place over the Winter of 1968-70, and 'The Trials of OZ', by Tony Palmer, a rush job, the preface of which is dated merely a fortnight after the trial ground to a halt.

Chicago 1968, the demonstrations at the Democratic Convention held in that city, and the publication of OZ 28 Schoolkids Issue have little in common, but for their position as the external manifestation of what is known the 'alternative lifestyle' and, less accurately, as 'the Under ground'. Many thousand people went to Chicago to protest the Vietnam war, the external and internal problems of Amerika, to participate originally in a festival of Life. The only festival there was may have been for the Chicago Police Department who smashed heads and bodies, hippies, newsmen and the occasional bystander all included, with a will, and 'Seig Heil-ed' their bosses at a 'party' afterwards. About a similar number of people bought OZ 28, though they didn't have to suffer physically or mentally, for their 4/- expenditure.

Their similarity is in their eventual confrontations with the Establishment at close quarters — the courtroom. A neon oven in the States, the slightly musty, almost surreal — if that means no basis whatsoever in reality — surroundings of the Old Bailey in England. The pigs were questioning the Yippies, the straights were analysing the alternative press. The form of the two trials has disturbing parallels; perhaps all ideological conflicts take this form — blank incomprehension of the necessity for the charges by the one side, total inability to appreciate the nuances of another lifestyle by the other. Expert witnesses are trundled out: Mailer, Ginsberg, Phil Ochs, Country Joe, Saroyan, and Anne Kerr, MP; in England the liberal establishment likewise did its duty: George Melly, Feliks Topolski, Professor Eysenck, Michael Duane and, with all due respect to the unmentioned, so on. The prosecutions in both cases were

similar — the Chicago police department said their pieces, backed by the occasional reporter and four informers (undercover men), the Obscenity Squad trooped into the Old Bailey and paid their dues, DI Luff to his fulminating fore.

And in both trials the experts were dumfounded at their treatment, the police had a beanfeast, and when it really came down to it, all the verbiage, the six months in Judge Hoffman's courtroom and the five weeks in Judge Argyll's were hardly worth the time and certainly not the money.

There are, inevitably, the subtle differences: In Amerika where the practice is to beat you up on the streets as well as down in the cells, Judge Hoffman never bothered to disguise his sympathies. At the Old Bailey, Argyle, ever the English gentleman, kept relatively quiet until his summing up, which effectively destroyed the defence case, and in his post-verdict comment to the jury: 'I am very pleased with the verdict, though of course it had nothing to do with me.' The sterility / tradition of the Old Bailey, conspired, if there was any conspiratorial activity at all, to quash any ideas of dramatising the trial — only the Friends of OZ kept that end of things up front.

Both cases have been given enough space already. So what about the books. Not too much to say on a Transcript, William Kunstler and Leonard Weinglass introductions notwithstanding. Most interesting hilites are cast on the two participant Hoffmans: Abbie and Julius. Whatever the outcome of the 'Steal This Book' debate wherever Abbie is considered to stand in the Movement status role, the record of his appearance at the Conspiracy Trial can only enhance his reputation. As he has said elsewhere, his preference is for 'Courtroom dramas' and at Chicago he was able to overindulge. But more than his clowning is the realisation as there is with the evidence of the other defendants, that the Judge, the Prosecutors and, by inference, the Jury just were not orientated to the ideas, ideals and attitudes of the eight, and subsequently seven men they were trying. Every page underlines this fundamental side of the trial; five months of missing each other's points.

Naked bias lacks charm, and the courts in England are more careful of showing their hand. So too should the self-appointed analysts of the affairs of such courts. Tony Palmer, whose characterisation elsewhere as 'the Weasle' does him no more than

justice, makes no bones about where his feelings lie. On roughly the same lines as those of the leader writers in the Sun and Mirror who deplored the sentences in the OZ trial, but applauded the verdict. 'The Trials of OZ' is of course one man's book, and his opinions are, mercifully, his own. He feels, and attempts to prove that it is not OZ that is on trial, that the prosecution is not a political one, in fact that OZ and the three defendants are pretty irrelevant. The Obscene Publications Act, the Law itself is what Palmer has decided was up for trial at the Old Bailey for 5 long weeks and at a cost of £100,000. He also seems to conclude that it was found guilty. If he believes that sentences totalling three years in jail are a proof of the Act's guilt, then his logic is interesting. Among other things the Act won't have its hair cut off.

Opinions are one thing — inaccuracies are less tolerable. For instance in describing the pre-trial march to the Old Bailey he dismisses it for its lack of numbers and contemptuously observes that the elephant scheduled to lead the march wasn't there. He fails to mention that the Sun Street police, under whose jurisdiction the march came, refused to permit the march to become a circus, even if the Judge was happy enough to ring-master his men alone in Court no 2. And again, the tolerance for the demo after the sentences. Almost in parenthesis, he mentions that an effigy of Argyle was burnt. Of course for a man intent on proving his own point he failed to note that the OZ trial, this apolitical and essentially abstract event, inspired one of the few demonstrations in this country that were not merely shadows of similar events in Amerika, and for causes that are ours only as sympathetic bystanders.

His hero is Brian Leary, who had already rushed off to his Mexican hols before the sentencing. One can see the attraction: Palmer and Leary both enjoy the half truth, the snide crack, perhaps even the blatant inaccuracy.

But Palmer's book fits in ideally to one facet of this trial: like Luff and Leary (who can at least be excused as 'doing his job') Palmer doesn't really have the first idea of what's going on. There's this gap which has nothing to do with age, or generations. It's a division of values of attitudes and of beliefs. No one expected OZ to be acquitted, the Chicago Conspirators were never in line for a Not Guilty verdict. The haves are never overinclined to give everything up to the have nots. If the have nots can summon

tens of thousands of people plus an ever attendant media, or sell 40,000 copies and gain a possibly 1% of the nation as a readership then their grip will be all the more intense. These two trials will be repeated, as they have been preceded by similar versions on the same theme — the Establishment good guys make damn sure that the Alternative bad guys stay right where they are. There are of course ways of making them change, but that, dear reader, is another story . . .

Jonathon Green



The Worm Ouroboros ER Eddison published by Ballantine Books 40p, 520pp. It's Hippy Book time. This largish tome contains a fascinating but flawed piece of fantasy writing that has been resurrected by Ballantine in their current drive to corner the Fantasy Paperback market. They have currently some 12 titles out in this country mostly old, unusual stuff and including a trilogy by Eddison that starts with the 'Worm' and William Morris's fantasy work such as 'The Well at the World's End'. It's interesting to note that in the states Ballantine scored the paperback rights to Lord of the Rings and having made a fortune with that one I assume they are looking for further successes in the same field. Well you if you like fantasy on the epic scale of Lord of the Rings and prose like . . . "and again the King pronounced terribly the word Voarchadumia. Thereafter for the space of ten heartbeats silence hung like a Kestrel poised in the listening night. Then went a crash through heaven and earth, and a blinding wildfire through the chamber as it had been a thunderbolt". . . then zip out and add this one to Lord of the Rings, Hobbits, Conan and whatever else you've got cluttering up your bookcases. Good escapist stuff, oh yes.

Chris Rowley





The following is a transcription of a tape recording by a First Lieutenant serving as Director of an Army "Amnesty Program" drug treatment center in Vietnam. His identity must remain suppressed for obvious reasons.



My new thing is junkies. Let me explain my job. The Army, of course, is a pig outfit with a police mentality. To their minds possession of drugs is a legal problem, but the overwhelming number of strung out GI's have begun to make them realize that something has to be done, so they've begun what they call an 'amnesty program'. "Amnesty" means that if you are using drugs you can go to your commanding officer and say "I am using heroin" which constitutes an admission of guilt. And his commander will say "That's great, I grant you amnesty. I will not bust you for admitting to me you use heroin. However, tomorrow if we find you with heroin we'll put you in jail."

The people down at the grass roots realize this is just a sham, a joke, unless you can offer the guy some way to stop using the drug. So we've been opening up centers where what they actually do is go cold turkey. We give them some tranquilizers and medicine for cramps, shit like that, and try and help them out, help them through their withdrawal, and we have group therapy sessions and individual therapy sessions. You know, try and work it out so the cat won't go back on scag.

Nobody knows how to cure junkies, nobody knows how to cure alcoholics, so nobody's got any hard figures on success rates but probably the average halfway house in Vietnam is about 10-20%, which is much higher than the ones in the States.

The reason for that is the guys who use heroin here smoke it and their habits aren't as bad as the people back in the United States, cause they aren't shooting it and a lot of people back in the United States have been using it for years and years and years. The average guy over here has been using it for just a few months. So it all adds up to a not as bad a habit and therefore an easier time getting off and staying off.

Anyway, the heroin over here runs about 20 times the concentration and about 1/20th the price of heroin in "the world". Heroin in "the world" is about 5-10% pure, and here it's 90-100% pure. A 5 dollar cap of heroin here would cost about 100 dollars in the States, comparable purity and all, so that a guy who's on a 10 dollar habit here would be on a 200 dollar habit in the States. And to let you know how big it is, some guys here are on 50 dollar a day habits, so when you multiply that by 20 you begin to understand the quantity of pure heroin that's being smoked around this place.

Most junkies in the States don't want to quit, they love the drug too much and the problems that they have in their lives are too overbearing, they can't deal with them and the heroin is a lot nicer to them than reality. But this is a different population over here, this is the All American Boy. This is not the middle city, ghetto person, not the hard-core poverty type who's suffering from racism and a fucked up economic system and living with rats and all this kind of shit. This is the boy next door, the blond-haired, blue-eyed boy next door. He's not even the draftee. A lot of these guys are enlisted, go in the Army, rah, rah, the whole thing. Some of them even think of the Army in terms of a career. It's not the typical image of the junkie.

A lot of studies have been done on the amount of addiction, but they haven't been published or publicised — they've been done by independent dudes like myself who have just been working with the problem and decided to get down and do a study. The averages show that between 10% and 40% of any given unit is strung out on smack. I would say a realistic average for all enlisted men, rank E-5 and below, (E-5 is buck sergeant — three stripes), is approximately 20-25% using heroin. Now that's horrendous; that is phenomenal in itself. I don't think that's an exaggeration at all. Even if it was just 10% — now that's the minimum estimate based on highly scientific studies — that's a lot of junkies. And that's not a static number because they're always going home and there are new ones coming in and getting strung out all the time.

Last year if you remember all the guys coming back from Vietnam, all the talk was about the dynamite grass — Thai flower grass and Cambodian red and MeKong Delta green and all this real dynamite grass. All that's true; the local grass is about the heaviest in the world. But there was no heroin. All of a sudden last year, during the summer, large quantities of heroin started appearing out of nowhere, literally out of nowhere. Like magic, over night heroin was everywhere. It wasn't a chance happening, it wasn't something that happened like a natural process of any kind. It was well planned — logistics and everything. I'm sure of it. It's not the military paranoid mind hard at work — it's just so obvious that when there's no heroin in Vietnam for years and years and years and all of a sudden, in a month's time, it's everywhere, that somebody made plans to deliver it in large quantities and at cheap prices.

Other things have happened since that time . . . they noticed that in a week's time this one type of vial, (the heroin comes in little plastic vials — some of them have brand names on them), showed up everywhere from the Delta to the DMZ in a week's time. Some large supplier had turned

loose this new type of vial filled with heroin in a matter of a week all across the country. We know it's not a small operation. It's not a bunch of independent small-time dealers just smuggling it a kilo at a time across the Cambodian border, although I am sure that after the initial big boys moved in there's a lot of small-time operators doing a lot of business. But essentially it's a large operation.

Now the two major theories that exist over here are the Communist Plot theory, which at any other time of my life would have seemed ludicrous beyond words but now seems completely plausible . . . and that's that the Communists are unable to defeat us militarily so they've turned to psychological warfare and propaganda, like the United States. It's become a public relations war being fought in the newspapers. Nixon with his POW's and Hanoi saying "Right on" to the peace marchers.

People believe that the Communists are disseminating the heroin to destroy American troops, not with bullets but with drugs, and at some given point the supply will be cut off and large numbers of American GI's will be incapacitated and unable to fight or do anything and the Communists will have a chance to move in and do some heavy-duty killing. Either that, or on a large scale sending thousands and thousands of junkies to the United States and further adding to the decay of the fiber of our society.

So these are two ideas of why the Communists would want to push drugs in on the Americans. They've found VC carrying kilos of heroin and they know that the Laotians are heavy into manufacturing heroin. Possession of opium is legal in Laos if you have a license, and the name of the game up there is corruption. All you have to do to get a license if have enough money and then you can carry heroin make heroin, grow opium, do anything you want. It's that simple. As a matter of fact the US just launched a protest with the Laotian government because this Air America, which is a "private company," but *actually* CIA operated, is a major means of transportation around South East Asia. Everybody flies Air America and these Laotian dudes were using Air America to transport their heroin so there was some bitching and moaning about that. Anyway, there is good evidence that the Communists are shipping it into the country. It comes in several ways, out of Hong Kong on airplanes, smuggled in by airline stewardesses, Vietnamese government officials, civilians, etc. It comes down the MeKong River out of Laos and Cambodia into the MeKong Delta, and it's brought in by VC.

The second paranoid theory about where the drugs are coming from is the "International Crime Theory". The Mafia and "them" boys, trying to drum up a lot of busi-

ness for when the boys come marching home. You know, when Johnny come marching home we'll have his 25 cents bag and his fix waiting for him we'll sell him a set of works and business will keep booming. There is evidence for this theory too. Some GI's who have come back from Vietnam have reported to their local authorities that people have approached them upon their arrival at home. You know, a guy does his year in Vietnam, goes home to wherever, he's home for two days and some dude comes knocking on the door, says "Hi, my name's George. I understand you just got back from Vietnam and you were strung out on skag and we could work out a deal for regular supply." This kind of thing. The talk that goes on about this is endless. No body really knows but those are the two major theories with evidence behind them and they are probably *both* true.

Heroin is a very seductive drug. To make an analogy — it's like women. In your barely post-pubic years when you've never tasted of the woman's flesh, you really don't get horny, you don't really long for women beside you because you really don't know what it is. You have these faint feelings in your crotch, but when you've made love to a woman then you know there is nothing like it in the whole world. It's that simple. And you've always got to have more. You'll be horny for the rest of your life. And it's the same thing with heroin. It's a very seductive drug. Once you've tasted it it's very hard to stay away from it, even though you know that if you continue to use it you'll probably have a five-year life expectancy or you'll OD or you'll get some of it in your lungs by sniffing it or snorting it or smoking it and you'll get this chemical phenomena that will kill you in a few days, and there's no treatment for it, and that you'll lose 40, 50, 60 pounds and become a walking skeleton and you'll have to dedicate the rest of your life to hustling for smack. You know all those things in your mind but you can't help yourself. And that's what these guys are up against.

Guys think that if they smoke heroin they won't get busted because the officers can't smell it. A cat will stand out there in front of his Captain smoking heroin right in his face and the guy'll never know it cause it has no odor, especially if it's mixed with tobacco. It just smells like a cigarette and so it's the easiest thing in the world. It's as easy to get as air really.

Back to my job, I'm director of a program here near the hospital. I started out being a part time helper. Our doctor, the psychiatrist, got transferred up north to some kind of roadbuilding unit to be their battalion surgeon and I got stuck with running the whole fucking show. So I'm in charge of 100 Vietnamese amputees



IT'S JUST IT'S JUST A SHOT A SHOT AWAY AWAY

and who knows how many American junkies. It's really heavy man, let me tell you. These dudes run down some heavy raps about how fucked-up their heads are, how fucked-up their lives are in Vietnam and why they started on heroin and they all say they're going to stay off it, and then when they leave the program a week later most of them are back smoking scag. So I don't know where it's all going to end. I really don't, it's such a heavy problem. I think the only

way to end it is to get everybody back where they belong, where they should have been all the time, back home. But anyway, there it is. I don't know what else to say about. A quarter of the people in Vietnam are junkies. Think about that, super heavy.

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(THEY PROMISED MEMORY)





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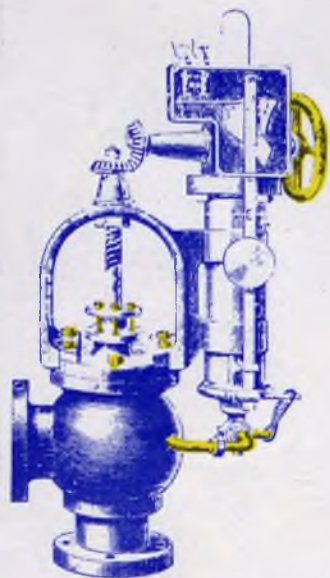
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P.C. 49 by ALAN STRANKS and JOHN WORSLEY THE CASE OF THE SPOTTED TOAD

BEGIN READING THIS
THRILLING NEW P.C. 49
ADVENTURE TODAY.



P.C. 49'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

All the Gang had got together
For a wizard Christmas Treat.
Happy laughter shook each roofer at The Club!
Outside was bitter weather -
Driving snow and blinding sleet;
Inside was Bags of Cheer and Tons of Grub!

Sure, the MULLIGANS were present -
Och, they're Terrible those Twins!
And they're up to ev'ry mortal kind of trick.
But you can't tell who's the culprit,
For they're like as two new pins
And you might be blaming PAT instead of MICK.

There were TOBY, MONGATIKI,
SNORKY, GIGS and BUNNY, too,
With his funny little "physog" all a-shine,
Impatiently awaiting
For a certain Blake in Blue -
Their Friend and Founder - P.C. FORTY-NINE.

When at last their Hero entered
How the Gang began to shout!
They nearly burst his eardrums with the din!
They drank his health thrice over
Till the Ginger Beer ran out,
Then ev'rybody started tucking in!

How they talked of the Adventures
They had shared in days gone past
And the perils they had faced beside their Chum.
The pile of grub diminished
And the moments flew too fast
While they dreamed of New Adventures yet to come.

All too soon the Party ended,
All too soon the grub was gone,
Then at last The Founder scrambled to his feet.
"Well, Cheerio!" he chortled,
"Time and Crime are marching on,
And it's time that I got marching on my beat!"

As he stood there, gaily waving
At the open Clubroom door
He little knew that just across the road
Two evil men were waiting
With a grudge against the Law
And so begins - "The Case of The Spotted Toad."



TOUGH SHIT

The sight of a speeding police jeep in Bangkok is not unusual, but the fact that I was sitting in it, handcuffed, with two other criminals' made the occasion memorable.

Hustling, hustling Bangkok, sucking into the crutch of the Gulf of Siamese Bay, whose lifeblood flows from the thousands of tourists and R & R yanks, who pour into the city each week, glowing as the neon lights of the city's clubs flicker into life, the girls appear like a beautiful swarm of moths. To walk into a bar is to be confronted by a smorgasbord of human flesh and to many, the more succulent dish than a Bangkok steak. Dozens of tender, young girls, barely out of puberty, are fed daily by the city's huge octopus-like vice. They are screwed out, generally warped and body, in a few short years. When a prostitute hits 20 in Thailand, unless exceptional, she is "over the hill". The majority of the girls are pill freaks, many, turned on by their yank boyfriend, are morphine and heroin addicts. The "bloom of life" is so short-lived that a frenetic pace and 'tomorrow' doesn't exist in their vocabulary. I've watched young chicks swilling beer and beer courtesy of some drunken foreign tourist, followed by a palm-ful of 'uppers or downers', until they're locked out of their minds.

On the surface, Bangkok is the original swinging, sinning city, but underneath is the ugliness, poverty and despair, present in many Asian cities. The hundreds of massage parlors, prostitutes and allied vice rings are controlled by a handful of gangster networks, all operating hand-in-glove with the cops. Nobody 'free lances' in Bangkok, if he or she wants to stay on the ground. Life is the cheapest commodity in Thailand. A 'hit' costs around £2. Making contact is easy, just ask the nearest driver — they all belong to one gang or another. The police are totally corrupt. The only way to tell the difference between a cop and a thug in Thailand is that the cop wears a uniform. Corruption is a way of life in the East, but the extent of the corruption cannot be realised unless you are unfortunate enough to meet it face-to-face.

At the time of my bust I'd been four months in Thailand and Laos trying to get enough bread together for the air fare to London and a little more to take me overland to Europe. I was staying at the main pin-off place for travellers in Bangkok, Atlanta Hotel, Sucumvit Road, where nearly every room has an established prostitute and it's possible to spend a relative immunity from police interference. The owner, Dr Henke, a nanly little German-Jew, whose business interests included a fleet of oil tankers, was such a big dog in the scummy pool of Bangkok that a cop with brains would risk upsetting the short-arsed doctor for the sake of making a few hippies. Why a guy with the doctor's assets spent his time running such a joint for peanuts is a mystery, but being such a total egomaniac I rather think he looked on it as his own little kingdom and as his all-Thai staff went, he ran it

that way. I can find one doctor one evening by refusing to give him the name of a Thai girl, who had sold me a bag of grass in the hotel a few days previously. The dear doctor became quite hysterical and in real Jimmie Cagney style hissed "you and your friends will be on ice before morning."

The doctor kept his word and early the following morning half a dozen cops of the Thai drug squad crashed through the door wiring cannons and it was "up against the wall mother fuckers." Myself and a friend, Ed Mankes, from Portland, Oregon, both pretty fuzzy from a heavy night's smoking were hurried out of our beds before we were totally with it and handcuffed. Our other mate, Bill Castell, a British marine, AWOL from his unit in Singapore, was in the room directly opposite, screwing a Canadian schoolteacher chick he had picked up the night before. Unfortunately, Bill had to put his head out to see what all the noise was about and it could have been funny to see his face when they clamped on the cuffs, but it wasn't. The chick was as wild as a shot and would have pissed her pants if she'd had any on, but after a few pocket winking questions and much peering, the cops let her go back to bed, and that was the last we saw of her. Meanwhile, some of the cops had conducted a fairly thorough search of the room and had come up with only a few grams of hash and a small bag of grass, which made them look a little put out. (We found out later from one of the cops that the doctor had said we were part of a ring smuggling hash and heroin into the States.) This, I guess, accounted also for the presence of a full colonel from the Thai CID and the big girl from Interpol. At this stage neither Ed nor I were too worried because we knew possession of shit or grass in Thailand was generally only a small fine.

Watching the egg appear on those ugly cop faces was even becoming enjoyable until they opened Bill's suitcase. Bill still had all his army equipment including a medical kit which contained a syrette of morphine — harmless, totally, but by the sudden happy smiles we understood we were in trouble. Possession of even a small quantity of morphine in Thailand can bring anything from six months to 10 years. The irony of the whole thing was that Bill had never smoked or had anything to do with drugs at all. He was a super-straight 'ging-ah' brainwashed marine, whom I'd met about nine months previously in a Singapore bar. He found his way to Bangkok after trying to hire himself out as a mercenary in Cambodia and Laos, but couldn't make the right contacts. Immensely strong, six foot four and over 200 pounds, Bill (used to give demonstrations) of all the never-learned combat stuff he'd learned. He'd been sleeping on the floor of our room, but a week earlier, hearing half the hotel in a hotel to death with his bad knees. However, sitting in that police jeep I was thinking that having Bill around on this trip wasn't such a bad thing.

We were taken to Samyod Police Station Bangkok, and locked together in a huge cell — indescribably filthy and alive with vermin which we discovered in the first few minutes. It was impossible to see the ceiling, and because it was miles deep in shit, a good portion of the ceiling, so to take a nap, one squatted over a piece of newspaper held in the right hand, then hurled a further offering onto the original nauseous pile. The wooden sleeping benches running along two walls were infested with myriads

IN BANGKOK

of tiny Black fleas plus bedbugs and every evening the mosquitos arrived for their chomp as well. The nights we spent there — seven in all — dragged miserably, full of itching, scratching and cursing. Apart from about a half-hour of questioning on the first day of our arrest we'd been left totally alone by the cops, but they did allow us a visit from some friends. At no time were we formally charged, but the Thai CID colonel made it plain from his attitude that someone was going to pay for his being dragged along on such a 'fizzle' of a bust and we were the logical choice — to him anyway. The colonel had also sent one of his lackeys to inquire whether we had any bread and hinted that for a couple of hundred bucks he might be able to see a way out of our 'problems'. This is normal practice in Thailand and nobody thinks anything of it, but being stupid Europeans we decided to stand on our dignity and that little piece of bullshit cost us three months in the clink.

What we didn't know was that under Thai law, the police pick anyone and hold them 91 days without actually bringing any charges while they carry out so-called investigations. At the end of that time, the person is brought before court and formally charged or if the public prosecutor decides the police case is too thin or the cops don't want to go ahead, the suspect is freed. He is paid five baht (25 cents) compensation for each day he spends in jail. At no time during the 91 day period is he allowed the services of a lawyer because he hasn't actually been charged with anything. It wasn't until weeks later in the main prison that we discovered this info and realised the colonel's little game. After a week we were mobile again, jammed into an oven-like police van along with 80 other prisoners in sweaty misery, en route to Bangkok's main gaol, Klong Prem Prison. Some of the prisoners looked as mean as hell, and a couple of real heavy dudes were making with hard stares, but happily Bill's baby blues set on the top of that giant frame seemed to win the day. More than half wore leg irons, some two, as added punishment, and about then I guess we all realised a heavy scene was coming off. The prison was big, overcrowded and ugly, with 4000 prisoners jammed into eight blocks. We were out with the political prisoners and shared our room with 30 other guys, the majority accused or convicted of being communists. Some had been there 7 or 8 years without having been tried; one 18 year old had been arrested when he was 14 for learning Chinese from his brother, who was also in jail for teaching him. Sleeping next to us on the floor was a 68 year old man from a tiny jungle village near the Burmese border, who was accused of being a Communist terrorist. The 68 year old bastard spoke an obscure dialect and wouldn't have really known what a Communist was, but the local cop was after a couple of elephant tusks he had salted away for a rainy day and eliminated him by having him arrested as a 'suspected terrorist'.

However, compared with the rest of the prisoners the 'politicos' have it soft. They are permitted certain books, writing materials, and other small material possessions, all supplied by relatives, while the ordinary inmate is lucky if he still has the full set of clothes he arrived in. It's also almost totally unheard of for a guard to strike or generally make a pest of himself with a 'political', who knows, they may be next year's government. However, discrimination ended with the food which was brown rice and generally fishy type, goosy, grey stew thing that would make a pig petch. Bill, because of his size and generally aggressive attitude had started to stand out in the prison while Ed and I were doing our best to fade into the woodwork. In a prison like this and probably elsewhere, everything is reduced to basics and the first rule of survival is to realise the value of anonymity. Most of the prisoners were forced to spend the entire day in the yard until headed back into their cells at 4.45 pm and because of some of the things we'd already seen, taking a stroll was a nervy business. If a fight started the cutting equipment pulled was frightening. I was within yards when two Thais stabbed a young Chinese guy to death with dagger-looking steel spikes. He was a jail 'taxi driver' (heroin pusher) and apparently tried to make a little on the side. These 'politicos' were smoking out the 'bills' in the yard. The heroin trade was run by the 'prison heavies' and the guards, who got a rake off, allowed them to operate freely. When, in particular, a 'brawl' happened, the guards went absolutely berserk. Those involved, who could still walk were dragged onto a concrete apron in front of the administration block where they were smashed to utter shit with iron bars, the 'bills' and 'bitches' and 'bitches'. One of the bastards, Fred Adams because of the pleasure he took in felling a man with a brutal kick from his small shod boot. Once unconscious, they were blought round with a few buckets of water and it would start all over again until the concrete was properly with blood and vomit. Many men in the prison had twisted and misshapen faces from just such a beating — others had died. Whenever a man died at Kong Prem for whatever reason his chest was crushed with an iron bar before the body was covered over in relatives just in case he was stomping.

All these things, nasty as they were, I don't think affected us very deeply, but rather the constant mental pressure was down more than anything. The ordinary criminal once in prison finds that he is in his own society. He doesn't have to pretend to be something he's not and can't relax — he's home. Not being criminals the reverse process worked for us, and to make it doubly difficult, we were foreigners as well. We found ourselves walking a very thin line between the rest of the prisoners and the guards which made it almost intolerable. It was impossible to obtain even a few minutes privacy. You couldn't ever have a shit in peace — the crapper being a raised concrete throne in one corner of the room. If you tried to find a spot in the yard to just sit in the sun, there would be half a dozen nasty little Thai thugs around you within minutes, either trying to provoke something, or just generally shit stir. Your whole social personality has to be suppressed because of the fucking system with the guards reading your



incoming and outgoing mail and sometimes keeping letters for a while. They censor whatever books you read and tell you when to eat and sleep. You are a nothing — you have no control or choice over your environment.

Bill for example trained like a madman each morning and evening, driving himself to the limit and in this physical outlet he could keep some means of identification with his previous life. The guards stopped it because they felt the violence of his exercising might excite the other prisoners, for Christ's sake. This really got to Bill because it hit him where he lived and he became morose, withdrawn and downright mean. He deliberately sought out the jail tough and fought him to a draw at the guy's speciality Thai boxing which allows the use of feet, knees and elbows. This was Bill's way of saying "fuck you" to the guards and gained him grudging respect throughout the prison, but they still stopped his training. Eddie and I apart from being friends anyway had both been on the road a long time and the ability to identify with one another saved us from a total freak out. Although our various embassies had been informed of our arrest from the first day, it's interesting to note their reaction, or rather lack of it. The American Embassy at no time made any attempt to see Ed or to offer assistance of any sort. I had two visits from the Australian vice-consul, a gross, fascist pig called John McElally, who adopted the aggrieved 'John Citizen' attitude and "how could you disgrace your country like this" shit. The

Swedish had condemned me before I had actually charged or convicted of anything. The British Embassy, on the other hand, supplied Bill with clothing, toilet articles and the three of us with food. Someone came at least once a week, sometimes twice, to check on his welfare and generally made him feel he wasn't forgotten. On Christmas Day, they sent us a fucking gift of hot roast duck and sweet specially delivered. Neither Ed nor I got much apart from sucking caraway seed from Bill. We were visited by Government representatives.

Six times during the three months that we were taken to the Bangkok Central Criminal Court to hear that our case had been remanded for a further 12 days pending police investigations. The poxy CID colonel was stringing his little joke out as far as possible. We never actually even got into court. We were kept in an iron cage down at the end of the day down where the colonel would demand paper for signing. We were required to sign a couple of times, but it didn't make any difference. This, of course, had a hell of a lot of mental pressure too, because we weren't help hoping that each time might be the last and something would happen one way or the other. Bill stood to lose whatever way the cat jumped because once the government had its satisfaction out of him, he would be handed over to the British authorities and returned to his home in Singapore for punishment. For the last day of our detention we were all told that because we knew the cops had no case against us, something had to be done. That afternoon with no explanation Ed and I were taken to the admin. block and confronted with two of the arresting cops. They explained that we were both to be charged with possession of heroin, but only Bill on the morphine. We sat there trying to play it cool and let the bastards know how much it meant, but it was useless and we finished with stolid guns plastered from ear to ear. It was good news for Bill and it even seemed a little ominous that the cops intended to push such a ridiculous charge. It would never have got past the public prosecutor in a serious court of the world interested in social justice done. The fucking pig knew I was a marine, this was confirmed by the British Embassy, and the syretic was part of a normal medical kit issued to each man of his unit. It was the most blatant fuck-over you could see anywhere. The cops were calling the tune and I wanted to be seen how heavy they could





push it. The one ray of light was that the British Embassy was obviously angry at the cavalierish treatment handed out to one of Her Majesty's subjects, even an AWOL marine, and we figured a little judicial pressure was being applied somewhere. Ed and I were being transferred that evening back to Sam Yod and it was an ordeal saying goodbye to some of the guys in our room with whom we'd grown close during those three long months. It seemed somehow we were deserting them — 'copping out'. Every eye was saying "very soon you will be free men again, but us, maybe never" and they clouded with hopelessness. We were taken to the administration block to sign out and collect our few meagre personal possessions. Handcuffed together, we were escorted through the main gate to a waiting police jeep.

A typical night in Bangkok, hot and sticky, with people scurrying by, we stood on the footpath like a pair of stunned mullets. We were back in the world, or practically. It was like old home week back at Sam Yod — even a few of the more decent pigs came over and shook our hands. This time they put us in a large clean cell upstairs with three Chinese. They had been there two years after bribing the police into letting them stay at Sam Yod instead of going to the main clink and by prison standards had a pretty sweet set up. All three had a heavy heroin habit and a woman

who was allowed to visit them freely, came every second day with a supply of very bad 'red rock'. They had a smoking outfit hidden in the toilet and we spent four days blasted totally out of our minds. After being straight for so long we would have smoked camel shit and this stuff wasn't much different. Finally, one morning, bleary eyed and slightly unwell from the bad 'rock' we were taken before a magistrate, feeling totally unequal and pleading guilty to possession of two grams of hashish. He fined us \$5. In my mind I was screaming "what about those three fucking months out of our lives, you poxy cunt". We didn't say anything. What was the use? We found out later Bill had been charged, pleaded guilty and received a six months sentence. However, because of the guilty plea, the sentence was halved and having done three months already, Bill was technically free. The Navy provosts waiting in court thought differently and poor old Bill was off to clink again, in Singapore. It wasn't a kiss and "goodbye Harry" for us either. Once outside the magistrate's office, we found that we were enroute to the Immigration jail because our bloody visas had expired.

Jesus! We were screaming 'sabotage', 'fix 'rape', but we learnt the only ones who

could spring us were our embassies. The jail was a long cage within a cage, a building behind the immigration headquarters and besides us there were more than 20 other poor bastards of varying Eastern nationalities. Some of the guys had been there for years because they had no passports and because their country of nationality refused to accept them. They stood a good chance of being there until they died. With all this fucking about we were feeling quite desperate and had considered trying to break out, as it was only a hen coop compared with Klong Prem. However, after a few days, McNally, big, fat and swearing, arrived, with the news that I was to be deported from Thailand the next day and "won't I be glad to see the last of you". I itched to bore it right up the smug son of a bitch, but I wanted to get out even more, so I shut up. An Ivy-League schmuck from the American Embassy sloped through the door not long after and told Ed he was due for the boot as well, but in a few days. Friends outside had arranged air tickets for us to Malaysia which blocked possible deportation to our own countries.

The next afternoon, walking on air, I stopped off at the Atlanta Hotel with a two man escort to collect my gear before catching the plane. The first guy I ran into was an Australian I knew, permanently broke and permanently stoned. "Hey, man, where ya been, for Chrissake?"



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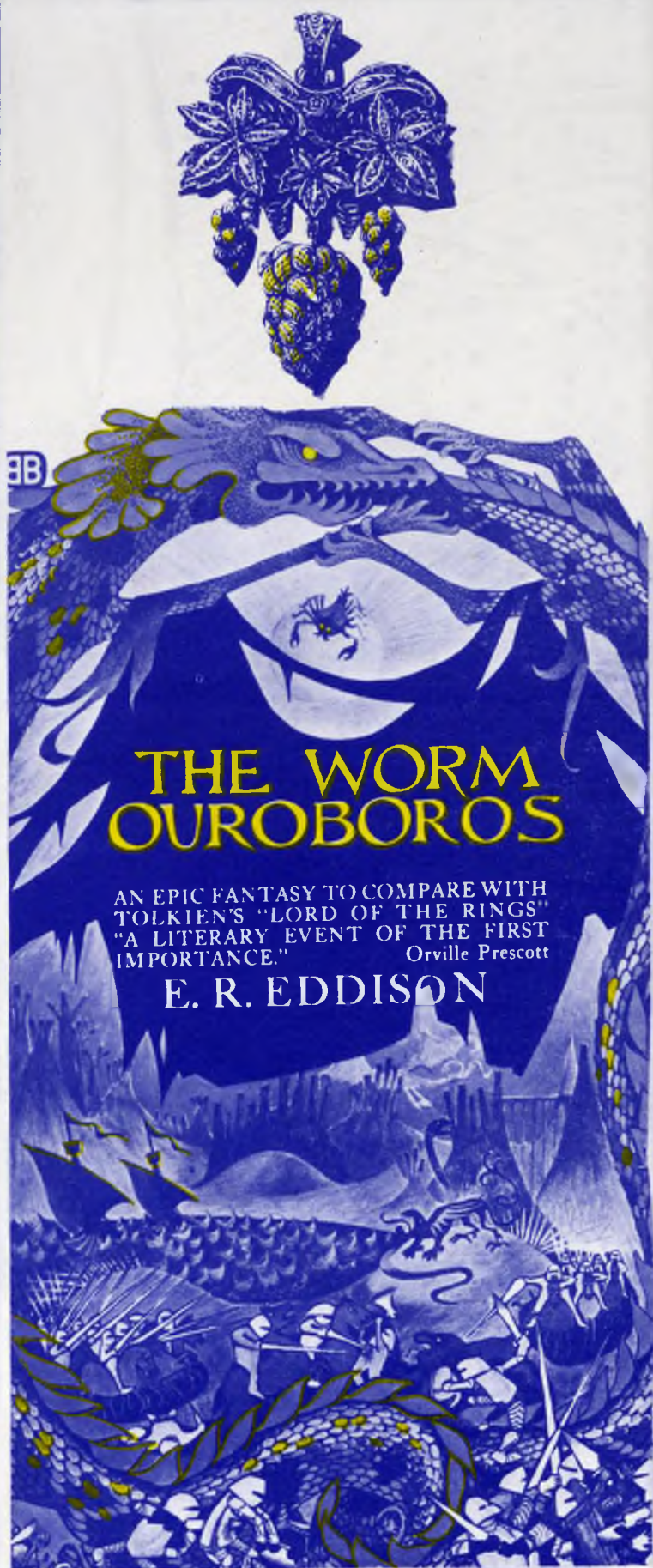
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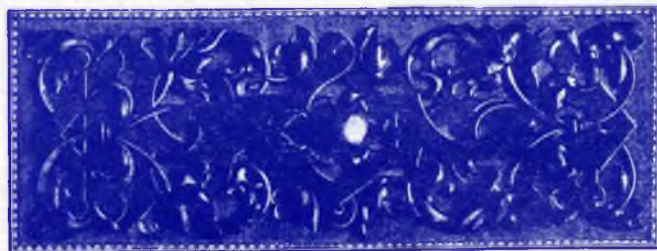
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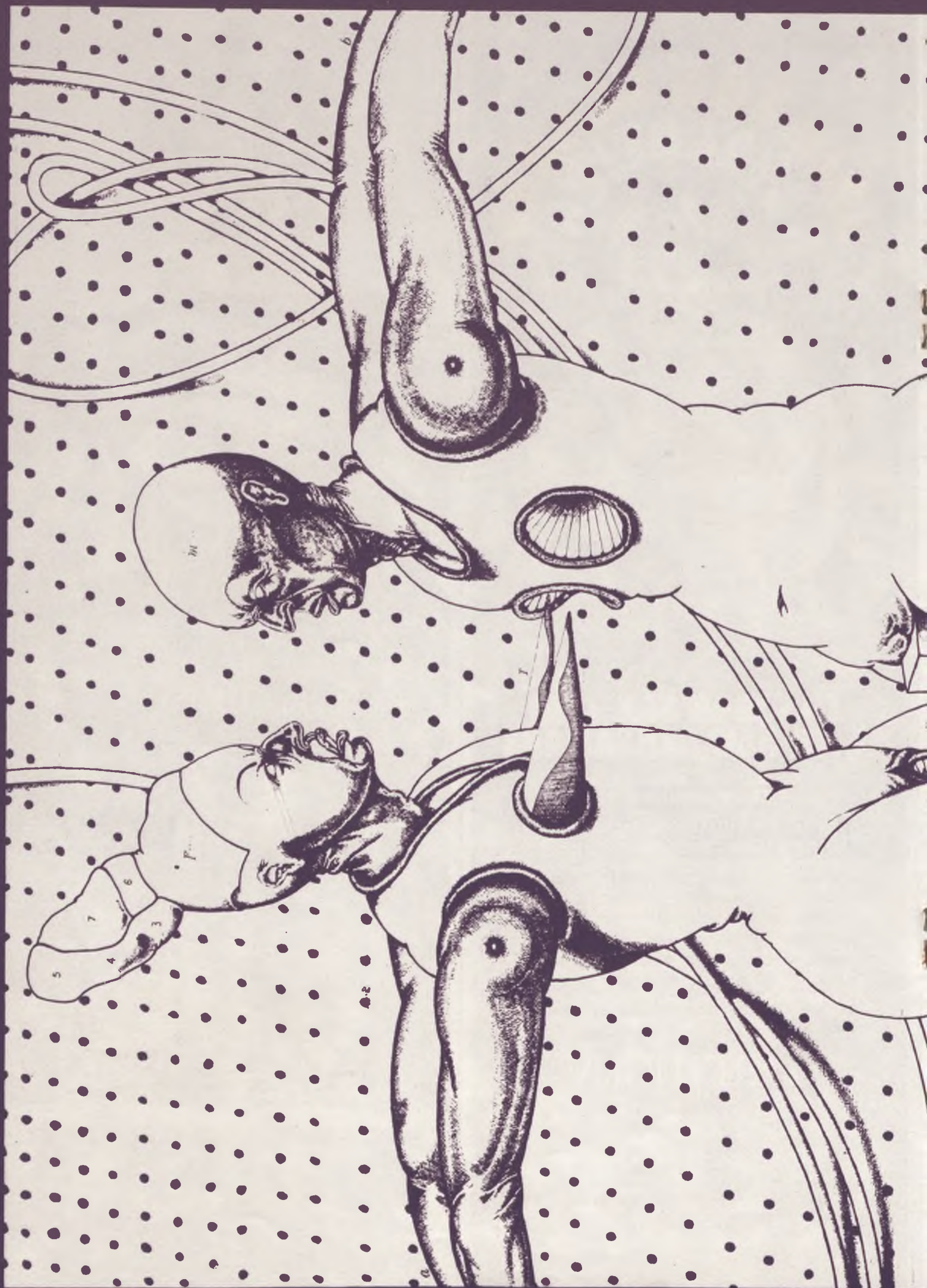


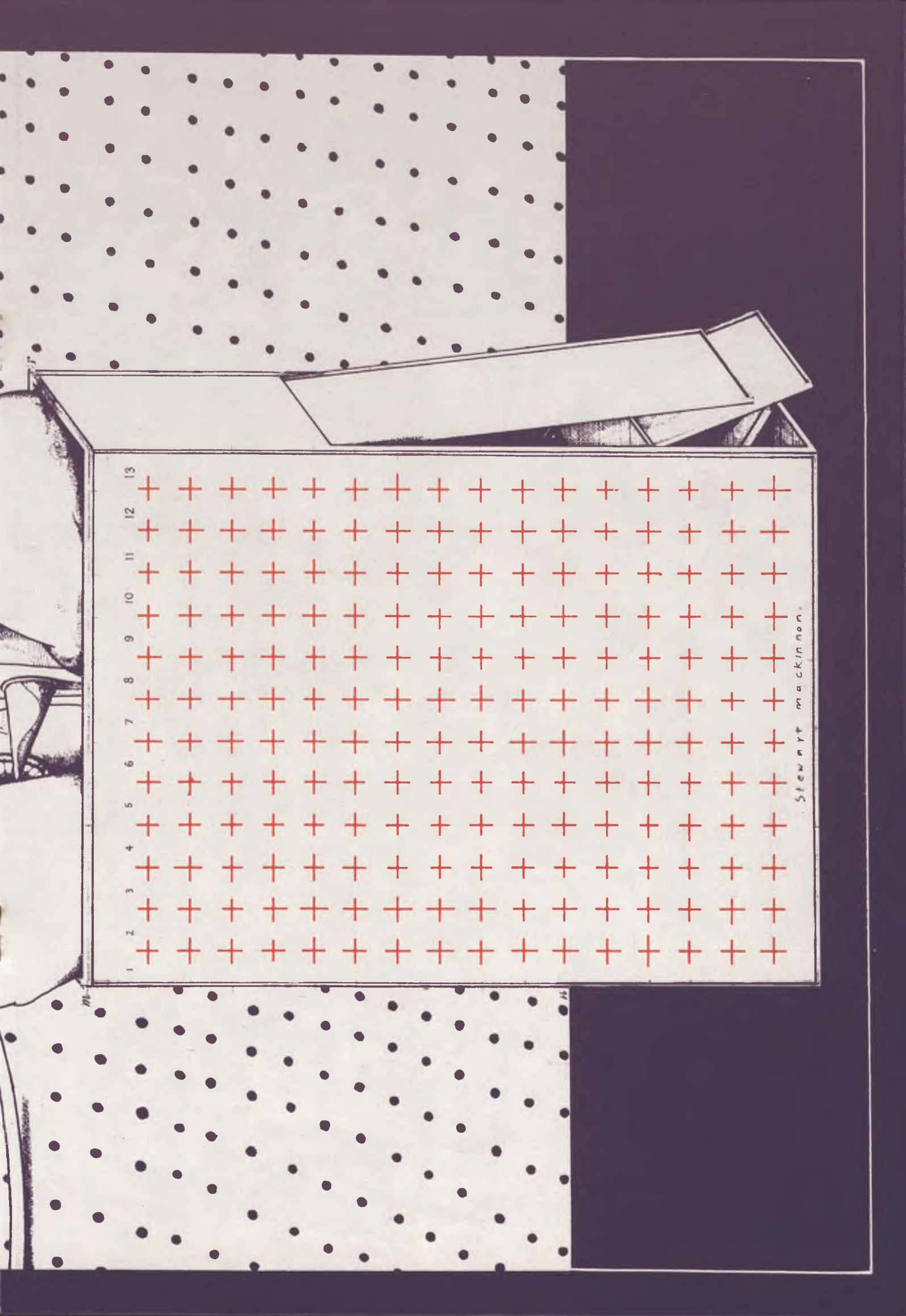
THE WORM OUROBOROS

AN EPIC FANTASY TO COMPARE WITH
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"A LITERARY EVENT OF THE FIRST
IMPORTANCE." Orville Prescott

E. R. EDDISON







1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13

Stewart Mackinnon

The great controversy continues: this issue it's the turn of Abbie Hoffman to attempt to refute the charges levelled at him in OZ 36 by Izak Haber — who claimed that he, and not Hoffman was responsible for the authorship of 'Steal This Book'. Hoffman's latest publication, Letters from both Abbie and Jerry Rubin, who also considers himself an injured party, appeared in OZ 37, and the following pages are the extension of these complaints. As Abbie in his 'PS' promises — 'Anyone from OZ or anyplace else is free to examine my handwritten drafts of the book, talk to me, my lawyers' It does appear that he knows what he is talking about. But fascinated readers, we only give the evidence, the verdict, as they say, is all yours...



Naturally it was a shock to read the article claiming that I stole my own book. I was not shocked at Haber as much as you. Haber wrote to me during the trial saying he'd like to help me do an expanded version of 'Fuck the System' — a book that I and I only authored, financed and distributed free and only a year later even admitted it because it came up in some court hearing. There were no names on the book. I wrote back that it would be a good idea. When Haber showed up in New York months later he had a wad of typed sheets. I said, "Wow, I'll just rewrite a few things and we'll get it out." OK, the terms varied. First he said, "You take it all." Then I said "No, 70—30 (in favor of him)." Then 50—50, then... well we never agreed. See, I write very fast; almost all of 'Revolution for the Hell of It' was written in three days, and 'Woodstock Nation' in five days. That's so fast not many folks believe it but it's

true. Besides I'm not a professional writer, preferring courtroom dramas instead. I had no agent, my lawyer was, at the same time, involved in the Panther trial in New York

So I figure on 'Steal This Book' I'll work for a week — how much morally should I get for a week's labor? At this point I should add that \$25,000 from 'Revolution for the hell of It' (almost the entire royalties) went to the bail fund of the black Panthers who had absolutely nothing to do with the book, and money from 'Woodstock Nation' went to the John Sinclair Defense Fund, ESSO, (Lower East Side Organisation), the Movement Speakers Bureau, and the Conspiracy Trial.

The 'Penthouse' which Haber describes in detail is in reality a three room artist's loft that Anita, I, and our new baby 'america' live in. We used to pay \$130 a month rent but now it's \$150 'cause the landlord doesn't like me. That's cheap for New York. It's on one of the worst blocks but we love it 'cause it's heaven to us. Much of the fancy furniture we built or found on the streets. The 'exotic' art paintings are all by my oldest friend and all given to us free. We both water all the plants on the roof and have painted the place very pretty. It is heavily fortified because on three occasions neanderthal types have tried to "even the score" in the down home way that has made Amerika great. Anita's 'flowing nightgown' she probably made herself although I wouldn't really call her the domestic type. She has written a novel that's been published (under a pseudonym) a number of articles and is an excellent photographer. She's been arrested about five times for everything ranging from using obscene language to felonious assault on a policeman. She, as I, had thrown away a Masters Degree when she dropped out, long before we were 'known'. She was a huge obstacle to Haber's desire to 'possess'

his hero and therefore had to be attacked. Anita and I are after all hopelessly happily in love with each other, a state not considered very hip in radical circles for reasons known only to the circle-jerkers themselves.

But enough of the gossip stuff and back to the book. When Haber handed me the pages I didn't read them. It never occurred to me that he couldn't write a word. I was very busy 'cause the trial had ended and we had just been released from prison so I really didn't have the time. It was a hectic period and I was running around doing 3—4 speeches a week raising money for our appeal. About a month later when we took off to California I decided to get into the book. After an hour of reading I was aware of what had happened. Haber had ripped off underground newspaper articles word for word and had his girlfriend type them up and arranged them in order (not so decent order I might add). I immediately called him and screamed that we couldn't cheat the underground press. There was no attempt to disguise it I might add. Each chapter had a different style. It was strictly plagiarism and I refused to participate. I said, "Look I want out. All you did was some research." He said, "Look Abbie, I love you, finish the book, keep it, etc etc." I was all hung up. Already Random House my publisher, was showing the jitters and the thought of making the people there squirm a little wetted my appetite. Besides, I had been constructing the book in my head as well as asking people for suggestions, so believing Haber's word, I plunged ahead on the book. I worked day and night for six months. I made hundreds of phone calls and interviewed numerous people. Finally something began to take shape. This was to be the first of 21 re-writings of the book, about 10 of which were done long after Haber had left the country; the last of which occurred in December of 1970 in Cook County Jail, Chicago. Naturally I have almost the entire first manuscript in my handwriting if you care to see it.

Taking the book step by step I'll go over it with you to show how it happened. This will be a little rough but the error will be in favor of the researchers, not me. I have written proof in the form of handwritten notes, checks paid out, statements to back up everything I now write. (Abbie now takes free pages, and approximately 1700 detailed words, to explain how he, plus certain specified researchers and the aid of his other books, 'Revolution For The Hell Of It', 'Fuck the System', in fact compiled 'Steal This Book'. Anyone who wishes to see the full text is at liberty to do so. For reasons of space, and interest, the exact delineation of each and every chapter and section of the book and Abbie's proof/justification for his argument — that he wrote 'Steal This Book' — has been cut. Once again, if you really have to see it, just call us up...)

Again it should be repeated that I, Abbie Hoffman penned every single word in the fucking book. Haber at best was the top researcher in what really consisted of a team of researchers. I have numerous articles and pamphlets that he had his-girl friend retype and try to claim were original. After my insistence he labeled each in his own handwriting "Taken word for word from ILS pamphlet" or "This originally appeared in total in the 'Chicago Seed'," etc. They have nothing to do with

the contents of 'Steal This Book'. Much of the book was written in the months after Haber left the country, as was all the layout, editing, indexing, typesetting, etc. When we quarreled it was about September as I recall. He then left the US and I worked continually on the rewriting and arranging of the book until the end of December.

Haber is receiving 19%, Lynn 1% and Haber's lawyer 2½% as I recall the contract. That amounts to 22½%. My lawyer Lefcourt gets 10% leaving me 67% of the royalties. All the researchers, photographers, cartoonists, etc. were paid handsomely by me and all this was done before anyone had even agreed to publish the book. Haber's lawyer is a very honest ACLU lawyer named Jerome Gutman — he would never have allowed Haber or himself to sign a contract that did not adequately represent their interests. I should say here that Bert Cohen listed as the "accessory after the fact" on the title page had more to do with the entire book than Haber.

Finally the long hard task of publishing it myself began. The borrowing of money (for a percentage), distributors (for a percentage), more lawyers and office space (for a percentage). Right now I'm still out of money on the book and the distributor, Grove Press, is in a financial bind so money is slow coming. There is scarcely a publisher in America that will handle me since I burned a lot of bridges. Try turning down a \$40,000 offer just 'cause you refuse to change the title or deliberately stealing from stores that refuse to carry the book. But enough. I've been obsessed with this book too long although making it a success almost single-handedly was definitely a feat I'm proud of. I hope other radical writers get out of their ivory towers and experiment with different forms of self or collective publishing. 'Steal This Book' has paved the way for a movement in that direction.

I just want to say a word about your concept of fair play in publishing an article which is 90% lies written by a cheap hustler whose hero would not let him continue in a sick image love that wasn't real and refused to plagiarize articles from the underground press. Don't you think even an establishment rag would have asked me for a comment or two before foaming off at the mouth? As you know, Richard, I can no longer return to England. Remember the last time you asked me to come there from Paris to help you publicize the OZ trial? You know I entered at great risk and later went to Belfast and was ordered out. My lawyers assure me I cannot return to England until the political climate changes, perhaps never. It doesn't matter because since then I was jumped by police in the streets of Washington, received two serious injuries (a broken nose and slipped disc) and 20 stitches in my head. (I was smuggled out of jail only to be grabbed by the FBI four days later). I face ten years in prison on top of the five years already in Chicago and need special court permission to even go to New Jersey. I am forbidden from leaving the country. Only the worst gossip sheets in this country and yours would run such a piece without even asking the person involved whether or not the charges were in any way true or seeking some proof of the allegations. My only regret is that you'll use my name again to feather you own nest as you did on your book.

Furthermore, dear Richard, if I ever see you in New York, I plan personally to kick your la-de-da ass. Abbie.

PS. Anyone from OZ or anyplace else is free to examine my handwritten drafts of the book, talk to me, my lawyers, I suggest also Haber's lawyer, also the people at Random House who foster no love for me since I've said a lot of nasty stuff about them for refusing to publish the book, or anyone else. I'm sure they will dismiss Haber's claims as so much hogwash. I defy you or Haber to furnish any proof of

ABBIE: AN DAS A FACT

the charges in the article in the way of witnesses, notes etc. Haber, as well as all researchers were thanked for their

contribution in the Introduction to Steal This Book.

Everyone connected with this book has been given a percentage of the profits or a flat fee and there have

been no complaints by anyone that I know of (with the exception of Tom

Forcade, who interestingly enough, also claims to have written the book).

In fact I have many letters written from folks saying how surprised they were to get bread since the practice in the counter-culture seems to be not to pay writers or cartoonists, ie, OZ has never, to my knowledge, paid any US writer, including myself, for articles excerpted from books or any other publications. *There has never been any attempt on my part to conceal that a number of people participated in the project.*

Haber is listed on the title page as co-conspirator. The introduction reads as follows:

"Obviously such a project as 'Steal This Book' could not have been carried out alone. Izak Haber shared the vision from the beginning. He did months of valuable research and contributed many of the survival techniques."

I then proceed to acknowledge the contributions of others. Your article makes it appear that I try to hide all this. Fuck, I even thank the typesetters by name. Can you name another writer that ever did that!

I can excuse a very sick in the head cat but people that you tried to help at the

risk of bail revocation, for them not to give you a fair shake is incredible.

This whole affair is not to be believed. OZ has given birth to the biggest put-on since Paul Krassner published the "parts left out of the Manchester book". At least Paul later admitted it was a hoax. Perhaps after sending someone over here to examine the evidence, OZ too would have some second thoughts on the immorality of back stabbing.

Response to Haber article in OZ 36. Sent August 27, 1971 by Abbie Hoffman. No editing allowed without prior permission.



Grateful Dead MM4
New Riders of the Purple Sage CBS
Hooteroll? Howard Wales and
Jerry Garcia Douglas 5
Takes Off Jefferson Airplane RCA
First Pull Up Then Pull Down Hot
Tuna RCA
Bark Jefferson Airplane Grunt

Time for all west-coast rock fans to cream. (I do believe there are a few). Cunning timing and promotion from various very big record complexes have resulted in a deluge of material from the Dead and Airplane families in recent weeks.

First though, one album, not at all available here yet and a US bootleg, of the Dead in concert: Sugar Magnolia, Casey Jones, Uncle John's Band, Good Lovin' etc, all played at their best. Watch out for it hitting London, not forgetting that a double set (also live) is soon to be unleashed by Warner Bros (the parking meter people).

On Columbia the New Riders have finally got their first set down, including some songs first heard on tape over a year ago. It's been worth the wait for the finished article. Garcia called this stuff 'snappy electric country rock' and there's no reason to doubt it. Marmaduke has laid down ten crisp songs, with the family members backing him up. Garcia on huge sweeping pedal-steel runs, Mickey Hart (no longer with the Dead) on a couple tracks and Spencer Dryden on the rest, and the soon-to-be-famous-and-much-admired-Commander Cody on piano for 'Dirty Business'. Remember, remember the Lost Planet Airmen). A sharp delightful set that slides away the time in much the same way as 'American Beauty'.

Garcia's album with organist Howard Wales may come as some surprise: he surges along in the wake of Wales' keyboards, containing himself in tight, jazzy arrangements, backed by brass on most tracks. Good strong music, all instrumental, revealing a very fine organist, a Larry Coryell streak in Garcia, whose solos are a treat at every note, in particular in the spatial 'One AM Approach', a slow chessboard piece of classical/madrigal/Elizabethan evocations. A hugely warm album.

The Airplane and their offshoots have been putting in time too, as we know. RCA have finally put out 'Takes Off' to rake back as much as they can from the Airplane's expired contract. Not before time, though it is still energetic music, it sounds a little lean through the years. With the release of Hot Tuna II and a possible tour with the everlovin Stoneground to come off soon, it looks like the good times are here again. Tuna *must* be the most exciting 'new' working outfit anywhere, if only because Kaukonen and Casady have worked together so long and so completely. Joey Covington introduced Papa John Creach's violin to the group, and with 'drummer extraordinaire' Sammy Piazza plus a little more harp from wily Will Scarlett this album may be the most satisfying music I've yet heard; for me anyway. 'Bark' is the first Airplane album for longer than I can remember (discounting Paul K Kantner's solo effort last December). While Marty Balin apparently flounders with Grootna, his proteges are achieving more than he ever could. Kantner has most of his fantasie together: he just has to wait in preparation for 1975 when 'All the people rose (sic) from the countryside' and then fourteen

years more for the time when we capture the first starship. Simple really. Yet his techno-lyrical songs (three of them here) are letting him down a little. 'War Movie' was wrong as anything he's written but the opening cut 'When The Earth Moves Again' has none of the thunderous flow of the Starship songs. It falls in comparison, dragging its metaphorical plot. Grace has her bizarre childbirth/carcass/Kurt Wall song and her triple Scorpio 'Crazy Miranda', and Joey Covington's 'Thunk' is a shiny little pastiche, but the ones that come through are Grace Slick's defiant 'Law Man' and all the material provided by Joanna Kaukonen. 'Free So Good' has more power than all Kantner's scold didacticism, 'Third Week' is a wistful delight, recognisable to us all, 'Pretty As You Feel' (written with Casady and Covington) is just highly refined music, and 'Wild Turkey' is a Hot Tuna instrumental, with Papa John nows fulltime Airplane member. With 'Bark' the Airplane surge forward once again. They have no peers in the whole spectrum of rock music, and they are beginning to owe that to the growing prominence of Kaukonen as a writer, quite apart from his extraordinary instrumental work: all these albums in their own ways are some kind of essential. They do come from the best rock musicians anywhere. *Dick Lawson*

'Welcome to the Canteen' Traffic (Island ILPS 9166)

Well folks it's all live stuff from this year's model of Traffic otherwise known as Winwood, Grech, Mason, Capaldi, Gordon, Wood and 'Reddog' Kwaku Baah. Recorded at the Fairfield Hall and the OZ Obscenity Benefit at Central Poly this summer, I understand that due to electronic devilry the first part of the OZ concert was beset with problems so it may well be that side one is Fairfield Hall and t'other is from the benefit. It's a great album, yes, well worth having. It's always amazing that Traffic, a band of seeming chaotic personnel alternately should get such smoothly measured, rolling music pouring out. The African man percussion team of Capaldi, Gordon and Baah give the band an exhilarating strength and the congas just hum with dynamism. It really rocks.

Side one chugs along very smoothly in somewhat restrained fashion thru 'Medicated Goo', '40,000 Headmen' and 'Shouldn't have took more than you gave'. Chris Wood's flute floats across 'Headmen' as of old and it really is the most enjoyable track this side. Side two consists of long extended versions of 'Dear Mr Fantasy' and 'Gimme Some Lovin', a tremendous blast from the past. The drums and congas roar and pulse while Winwood and Mason flash out with organ and guitars and it works as a live album. They seem so obviously comfortable and relaxed about their playing that they throw out a feeling similar to that produced by other long established bands such as the Dead or the Band: they could play anywhere in any state, even in their sleep.

The best thing here is to my mind the last track 'Gimme Some Lovin' (some 8½ minutes of it) where Winwood's organ creeps stealthily into the centre over galloping drums and congas, and then he rips into the song with that incredible high wailing voice which has turned on Winwood fans for

years now. (Do you remember Jimmi?) No doubt about Winwood's genius, his music shines but Traffic is definitely a vehicle for a contributed sound not a showcase for individual talents. God knows what this bunch will do next year but maybe he's waiting too. *Chris Rowley*

Howlin' Wolf: The London Sessions (Rolling Stones)

This album is a delight, especially when coming to it from the arid territories of John Lee Hooker's capitivity titled 'Endless Boogie', which also attempted to beam one of the titans of the blues with a group of well-meaning young superstars. As with Muddy's 'Fathers and Sons', the fusion succeeds brilliantly. It's almost enough to restore your faith in white blues.

Howlin' Wolf has never captured my imagination to the extent that Muddy, Hooker, BB King or Terry and McGhee have, but here he effortlessly remains in control of a session that could so easily have gotten top-heavy. Eric Clapton, Stevie Winwood, Bill Wyman, Charlie Watts, Klaus Voorman and Ringo all drop in for their customary cameo roles, but here they're all playing Wolf's music rather than their own. It's a HOWLIN' WOLF album, a fact which may disappoint anybody who buys it for these four legendary names across the bottom of the cover. Even at its liveliest, it's mellow, thoroughly laid back, and — what else — it's the blues.

Most of the material is familiar, even though I'm more used to hearing 'I Ain't Superstitious' from Muddy, Beck and Rod Stewart, 'Sittin' On Top Of The World' by Terry and McGhee or Cream, 'Little Red Rooster' (blush) by the Stones, and 'Howling Wolf Doodie' by the Who. To hear new recordings of these songs by the man who originally cut them, with a backup by the men who made them famous, causes a weird feeling of time warp, and musical doubling-back.

This may just be the best white blues band ever gathered together in one studio since the original Butterfield Blues Band, and Wolf is just the man to lead them. With a vocal style that formed the basis for *Bentley*, *Howlin'*, and *Howlin'*, and lesser mortals, the Wolf brings out the best in his illustrious sidemen. It's a shock to be reminded what a fantastic guitarist Eric Clapton really is, after all those records which convinced us that he wasn't as good as we always said he was. He is. And if anyone ever tells you that Richie can't play drums, just play them 'I Ain't Superstitious'. Despite Klaus' customary dullness, Ringo is outrageously funky.

Inside the beautiful sleeve, with its stylized acid Precadilly Circuit, and Yellow Submarine caricoes of Wolf and friends, many goodies await. The first thing you hear is Eric opening up 'Rockin' Daddy' with a stuttering, precisely funky intro that would even stand good on an Aretha record, and his Cream 'Sittin' On Top Of The World' next sound just as good with Wolf on front, though Watts and Wyman lay down a very different groove from good ol' Jack and Ginger. There's a 'Dust My Broom' sound-alike ('Highway 49', why not re-titled?) and a couple of minutes of rehearsal time, in which Wolf shows Eric where the changes are on 'Rooster'.

In the final analysis, an album of fine, gentle funk from a bunch of people who really know how it should be done. And no one who hears it won't lose much sleep over the fact that nothing on here is as powerful as Wolf's original, eleven-year-old, 'Sittin' On Top Of The World'. *Charles Shaar Murray*

'Barefoot Boy' Larry Coryell Flying Dutchman PD 10135
From Habit Ashboro to Woodstock Country Joe and The Fish, Vanguard VSD 7204
David Allen 'Banana Moon' Bygones 529345
Imagine John Lennon Apple SW 179

First, Larry Coryell and a positively amazing album that definitely comes in that essential category. Called 'Barefoot Boy' is the best example of Coryell's impossibly fluid, space jazz-rock I've ever heard, including some breathtaking sax blowing from Steve Marcus and Roy Hayne's perfectly geared drums. If you can just forget the title of side two the twenty

ON THE NEW

minutes of music beyond are a totally mind bending excursion through the mind of a lightning fast, superb musician.

Country Joe and the Fish are one of those bands that mean something to many of us because they were as much a part of our growth as we were part of theirs and if nostalgia is something you dig then 'From Haight Ashbury to Woodstock' is a double album you ought to have. Six of the nineteen tracks were recorded live at both the Fillmore and also at Woodstock and have never been released before, whilst the others span the development of the Fish since their earliest days. Even a 1965 version of 'Fish On' and 'To Die Rag' which is needless to say a gas.

All the tracks have been re-mixed and Barry Melton's 'Fish' is just a much less obnoxious than it was and the magic of 'Bass Strapped' (the original acid hymn) 'Grass' 'We Are 1', 'Flying High', 'Porcupine' 'Mud' and all the other winners that you'll find strongly today as it ever did. Beautiful albums, worth every penny. You'll have to part with to buy them.

Daavid Allen and Gong are possibly the most exciting group I've seen performing this year and Daavid's second solo album with a scattering of Gong and help from Gary Wright and Robert Wyatt is available on the French label 'byp', which means it may never see English release. 'Banana Moon' is a strange and compelling album with flashes of Allen's inimitable genius, especially on 'Stoned Innocent Frankenstein' which occupies the whole of side

two. The ingredients of Daavid Allen's music are his roots in jazz, his impossible and hilarious mythology about Porthead Pixies, Bananas, Octave Doctors, luminous Hashish from the moon and electronic rock music. If that doesn't whet your appetite look out for Gong in England soon as they are finally about to tour... total amusement is sure to be your reaction.

Finally John Lennon. It probably won't be too long before 'Imagine' is released over here by Apple, but in the meantime the impatient amongst you can rush out and buy the American version of this, his answer to the people who found his first album self-indulgent and too personal. I wouldn't presume to say few words to review the record, there are eager thousands just waiting to get their teeth into it but I would like to say that it's a fine and occasionally stunning collection with some of the hardest head crashing ones you'll ever hear, 'I don't Wanna be a

Soldier Mama, I don't Wanna Die' and 'It's So Hard' as well as three or four sensitive, and extremely moving love songs, 'Imagine', 'Oh My Love' and 'How'. Lennon has produced an album that equals and surpasses anything that the Beatles ever did and we might easily suppose that George Harrison, Klaus Voorman, Alan White, Nicky Hopkins and John and Yoko might soon be a permanent band. Its a stimulating thought, the music they make is finally catching up with Lennon's intelligence and it's so very very good to hear. Listen to Lennon's biting sad song for Paul McCartney 'How Can You Sleep' and hear and old mate saying a few things he had to; not easy, just he was too much of a friend to say nothing. Music fine enough for me to want to say thank-you. Thankyou.

John Coleman



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FANS

Dear OZ,

I don't know if I am writing this letter to the write place, but your dreadful magazine does not say where to write letters to. I have found several of your magazines in my 16 years old daughters bedroom and I think they are disgusting. I read OZ 34 from cover to cover to find out exactly what my daughter seems to be reading and one story I found very disturbing was 'My Lay in My Lai'. I wonder do you understand what you are doing when a girl of that age, a child in fact, can go into a shop and buy your magazine what affect it may have on children of that age. The language is sickening. My daughter thinks that OZ is very funny and also interesting. I dont see anything interesting or funny about OZ 34 or any other OZ for that matter. I have burned all the copies of OZ that I found as well as Frenz, IT, Styng, Ink, Time Out, Rolling Stone and several others and I have confined my daughter to her bedroom for a month. After school every evening she goes to her bedroom and has to stay there till the next morning. I am also keeping her in her bedroom all over the weekends, she has her meals on her own there and has no TV to watch and no pocket money. And I will keep her to that punishment for the Month. I don't want to do this but I have to make her understand that she must always do what is morally right. I blame you for me having to punish my child. You all must be very sick in the head and I advise all of you to see a doctor. She now tells me that she is pregnant and the father is some long haired member of a rock group and he is only nineteen. My daughter has completely shamed herself in my eyes. Sex seems to be the main topic in your magazine and it is people like you that drive children to have sexual intercourse. I blame people like the members of OZ for everything that has happened to her. How could a sixteen year old girl understand about sex and experiment with out being encouraged by people like you. I hope if you have any feel-

ing at all that you will print my letter so that some young children may understand what you and people like you are doing to them. At least give them a chance to realise right from wrong. I have not given my address and refuse to give my name because I don't want to be related to people like you in any way. If young people were kept to their religion others would be not pregnant 16 year old girls and so nineteen year old long haired layabouts who have no idea of like at the age of even nineteen. There should be no such thing as sexual intercourse until the age of 21 and then it should be in the laws of Matrimony. I should like to know what am I going to do about my daughters baby and what am I going to say to my friends and the rest of my family this is something that my wife and I are never likely to forget.

Yours truly,
A Struggling Parent

PS. I would be most grateful if the letter has not been addressed to the write place that it is put into the proper hands, thank you. please excuse the writing and spelling.

Dear OZ,

In the land of OZ we American women readers would like to see (in reference to issues number 33 and 34 especially) some pictures of small boys with over-accentuated penises, men being ass fucked by frogs, and an article about a male lamb fucker. So far we find OZ to be overtly sexist with no corresponding exploitation of anything male in your magazine on a regular basis - what sort of Emerald City do you want anyway?

We are writing this with the warmest feelings for the continuation and expansion of OZ and the entire English underground - good luck to Anderson, Neville and Dennis.

Sincerely,
Fran Goodstein,
Sandra Limeburner.

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Damnation Alley

ROGER ZELAZNY

SCENE: America fragmented by nuclear war; no planes, no radio.

MISSION: To run Damnation Alley from California to Boston. To face everything from Gila Monsters the size of a barn to bone-stripping radioactive storms and still have something left to tackle the humans left around.

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For the rest of today you're stuck with the political system we've got.

Make it work to help save 40 million lives.

If this country along with all other United Nations members, doesn't get to work straight away to pressure for an immediate peaceful solution to the Pakistan problem, we may have on our collective conscience the biggest human disaster in the history of mankind.

The fact is that something like 40 million lives in and around East Pakistan are threatened by famine and disease if a massive relief operation isn't put into effect immediately. Of course Oxfam, along with other relief agencies are doing what they can as are the Indian Government, but it simply isn't enough. The only way this problem is going to be solved is for the governments of the world to unite in demanding action. You've got the power to start that action now, through your MP.

Urgent. Sign here and send to your MP

To the Member for House of Commons
Westminster, London SW1.

I add my plea that the United Nations use the power invested in it to press for an urgent political solution to the Pakistan problem, and immediately organise the relief programme desperately needed to avert further suffering.

Name

Address

.....

Sign here Date

Inserted by Oxfam 274 Banbury Road, Oxford, on behalf of human beings in need.

DR J



What we want to do is to publish some useful information about medical problems that the ordinary straight GP or your uptight shrink won't handle. Speaking personally I spent a year working full-time for a well-known underground charity in London and it opened my eyes to the depths of nonsense that the majority of doctors come out with when such topics as Acid, sex, police brutality, etc are mentioned by patients. (Incidentally I would sign my full name were it not for the law that forbids doctors to 'advertise' on pain of being prevented from prescribing for their patients.)

Only last week a girl of 23 telephoned with the following story: She had suffered from high blood pressure — whatever that is, because peoples' blood pressures do vary extremely — and asked her family doctor what would happen if she dropped LSD. "You'll drop dead", he replied. He had no scientific basis for such a grim forecast, and so far as I know he was trying to say that she would be breaking the law or risking the comfort of her mind. As it is she is still determined to drop her trip and I only hope the doctor proves wrong. **Speed can kill, but Acid**

trips mental mechanisms that are still far from being understood, and are very, very rarely lethal. In the next issue we hope to publish a First Aid Guide for Bad Trips or What to Do if your Daughter Claims she was Raped by Dope Fiends. (Details of that actual case, which occurred in Sussex this Summer are presently sub-judice and cannot yet be printed.)

A 19 year old girl (why the boys don't complain I know not) wrote with the following problem: "My boyfriend and I like all sorts of sex and I'm peculiar because I enjoy being buggered more than being fucked in my vagina, and that isn't a problem especially as my boyfriend always wears a *durex* to keep himself safe" (what's up your arse, tintacks?) "but what is bothering me, and my boyfriend's penis is average size, is that now whenever I shit I bleed. Is this normal? Also what can I do because it's painful too?"...

In answer I must point out that most men's penises are no larger than most turds and medically it is indeed odd that shitting is usually fun whilst being buggered is often painful — at first anyway. Probably you have a small tear of the skin of the anus — a 'fissure in

ano'. In England, Syphilis, the most serious of venereal diseases, is practically only found among people who practice anal intercourse. This may be why buggery, even between man and wife is a felony (!) but Syphilis is a rare disease and can be diagnosed by a simple blood test. It is treated confidentially, and cured very reliably with antibiotics obtainable from VD Clinics and most doctors.

If neither you or your boyfriend have come out in a rash, or if he has no sign such as an ulcer, or a painless lump on his penis or a discharge, then it's just a simple tear of the skin. Do go to any doctor and complain of the bleeding. There are ointments, suppositories and agents to soften faeces which are commonly prescribed for this condition, which is often caused by constipation anyway — so do not be shy! It takes about two weeks of treatment to heal your damage so why not play with Pussy Power meanwhile? Useful ointments for sore sex-holes contain local anaesthetics. Locan, Xylodase and Nupercainal are available at chemists and Stud aerosol from sex-goods shops. All these can (rarely) cause itchy allergic reactions.

Now can any reader help the distressed mother who wrote to me about her daughter Veronica? This is the letter she wrote:

Dear Sir,

My daughter Veronica went overland to India in July 1969 and wrote every fortnight until Jan this year, then came the postal strike. In her last letter she said she would see me soon, so I thought she must be on her way home. I think she intended to be home end of May beginning of June. The Embassies between here and India have been advised of her apparent disappearance, also the Salvation Army is helping.

But when I heard what is happening in Afghanistan, I was appalled, and although her letters were always lucid and extremely descriptive of the country etc I wonder if she has now become involved in some way, and is in Afghanistan. Therefore, I immediately thought that if I wrote to Dr J he may be able to advise me, as to whom I might write there for assistance.

*Yours sincerely,
Mary Singleton,
12 Woodland Way,
Winchmore Hill, N.21.*



To the Video Generation
From Larry Menkin, Captain Video, 1949
1971, Free Video America, Seize The
Media.

Video Collectives! Video Communes! Video Co-Ops! Hey, Charley, you hear that! Charley Speer, I'm calling you, world's most facile, prolific, creative, clever, fucked up radio-TV writer! Charley, turn over in your grave. I'm calling you, Listen! You can tell them to go fuck themselves. No kidding. They can't fire you. Because you won't be working for them. You'll be working for yourself. No bullshit. Charley. You'll be paid. You'll share the bread with other cats like you. Creators. Talent. Listen, Charley, it'll blow your mind. No speculation. No free stuff for guys to make money out of; no chasing a guy to collect your money which he has already spent. Nope, they can't steal your ideas, talent, experience and then discard you like the obsolete man. Dig. Charley? Outta sight. Far out. Don't cry Charley it's not another lie. You'll write and produce the programs. You and your commune, co-op, collective associates will make and sell and distribute the software. No phonies, finks, backstabbers, two timers, thieves to rob you, Charley. No more lies, doublecrossing, promises, promises and no loot for the rent. You don't have to have anything to do with the guys who kicked you in the teeth, drove you to drink and the sleeping pills and the long, last rip out. Charley, believe it or Not. Ripley, I swear by the Hit Parade and Pat Weaver and Wide, Wide World and the presentations you wrote for NBC, for Today, Tonight, Home, for \$200, that you won't be gypped, conned, paid off in Wilkie buttons. Charley, get this, they can't fuck you. You can fuck them!

Please don't cry, Charley. I swear by Johnny Weismuller-Tarzan, the guy you used to psyche out by telling him he had the clap, just before you dived in for the race, I swear by The Shadow the Lone Ranger, The Cisco Kid, Captain Video, Mr District Attorney, Grand Central Station, First Nighter, Walter Cronkite, Eric Sevareid, HV Kaltenborn, Aw, there's good news tonight, Gabriel Heatter; I swear by radio hatelers, Father Coughlin and TV hatelers, McCarthy, by Fred Waring, Guy Lombardo and Kate Smith and Bing Crosby and John Wayne who, Newsweek says, quoting, said Indians? They were selfish not to want to give up their land, it was okay to take their land from them, and blacks, they're not responsible enough for leadership yet; and Tom Mix and Jack Armstrong and the Columbia Workshop, and even on the Bible of showbiz, Variety, I swear Charley, by all the times you have been censored, edited, cut, destroyed, defeated, by every news show that has, by commission and omission, censored itself, lied, deliberately broadcast falsehoods; by every damn fool news director who is so brainwashed, he kisses ass and doesn't have to be told what to cut or leave out, I swear by AL Alexander and Good Will Court and John J Anthony and What's your problem, Charley I swear by the millions of hours of radio and TV broadcasts and over the graves of Irving Reiss, of Columbia Workshop Days, and We, The People and the lies spread by I LED THREE LIVES, THAT PHONEY LYING THING, I swear by that damn fool Dr Dumont who wouldn't pay Jackie Gleason another \$ 2.50 a week on Dumont, so Jackie went to CBS, I swear by Canada Lee, the immortal black star of Native Son, who couldn't get on the WMCA Barry Grey show to tell the world he was not a fink, I swear by all the finks, anti-commies, birchers, hatelers, I swear by all the phoney freedom fighters, The Green Hornet, Dragnet, Jack Webb, Highway Patrol, Rocky King, and all that shit you and I wrote for years and years, I swear, Charley, YOUR SON HAS A CHANCE today!

Information is a gun. Information is the new revolution. Be your own boss. Share. In a collective, a commune, a co-op. Build your own video. cassette network and forget the establishment networks. Stop turning and tossing in your grave, Charley and listen.

Repeat loud and clear: Video collectives. Video Combines. Video Co-Ops. Video cassette free information exchange, a new service for the alternate media in video. Share costs, profits, experiences in the videosphere of your local community. Be your own portable TV station, producer, distributor. Use your profits to create more programs; find new outlets, develop your own distribution outlets.

Start. Go. Begin. 1971-1972. Now is the time. Organize your own company. Find the talent. Sell units or shares in your company. Borrow. Work and save for it. Start.

Read Gene Youngblood's 'Expanded Cinema'. Dig it. Dig in. Go. Go. Read Gene's brilliant stu of videotronics, the cinema, new technological extensions of the medium; the revolutionary implications of videotape cassettes and cable television as educational tools. 'Expanded Cinema' is invaluable to all who are concerned with the audio-visual extensions of man, the technologies that are reshaping the nature of human communications.

Members of the Captain Video Universe, members of the human people, fellow passengers on the space ship, Earth, read R Buckminster Fuller's inspiring introduction to Youngblood's 'Expanded Cinema'. Fuller writes:

... "tomorrow's youth will employ the video cassette resources to bring in the scenario documents of all humanity's most capable thinkers and conceivers. Only through the scenario can man possibly 'houseclean' swiftly enough the conceptual resources of his spontaneous formulations. Tomorrow's Expanded Cinema University, as the word universe-towards one-implies, will weld metaphysically together the world community of man by the flux of understanding and the spontaneously truthful integrity of the child."

That means YOU, video generation, video cassettes, forget the traditional, the conventional, the commercial; use Cable TV, sure, use the establishment — buy your equipment from the institution — but they CAN'T BUY YOU WHEN YOU HAVE HOME TV CONTROL AND DON'T NEED THEIR DISTRIBUTION!

Think! Anything they say NO to, don't take NO for an answer now, say yes with your answer, your ideas, your perception of reality, realism, fantasy, synaesthetic fantasy-reality; the relevant world you know; white, black, third world, youth, truth; truth, free of repression, suppression, censorship.

Sex and Freedom. Sex and Education. Sex and the Law. Love and marriage. Man and woman. Birth. Pre-natal care. Pregnancy. Post-natal care. Bringing up your child. How would you like to visualize it.

How about programs like, HOW TO FUCK SPECIAL BULLETIN. WE INTERRUPT THE PROGRAM TO SAY YOU CAN SAY THAT HERE, ON CASSETTES' For things you can do and want to know, see MONTAGE-COLLAGE, FREE VIDEO INFORMATION EXCHANGE, AT THE CLOSE OF THIS PROGRAM. Now back to all the network and local commentators, newsmen, establishment opinion makers, Nixons, Reagans, (who? Me pay taxes? Agnews (I can so gag all of you, because I'm God the Second) Mitchell, Mrs Marie Antoinette Let Them Be Killed Mitchell, ALL IN THE FAMILY type racial satire programs (Johnny Carson: Gee, the producer is a nice guy for a heeb!) For protesting stereotypes going back to pre-Hitler days I got fired a half dozen times; for protesting use of kikes, spicks, heeb, beloved bigots, the neologisms of prejudice, bigotry, hatred, niggerism. I got fired from local and network stations; for protesting pandering to the lowest kind of hostilities, for ALL IN THE FAMILY type crimes I was beaten up, hit cockalized, struck in the face, called names, fired, kept out, left out, ignored, kicked, lied to, deceived, cheated, robbed, for protesting the caricature-stereotypes glorifying and making a nice, acceptable guy out of a sonof-a-bitch who would be first in line in the pogroms, the lynch mobs, the gas chambers; to see this racist guy, phonily put down, and supposedly taught a lesson while we accept him as "after all he is a nice guy" is to make a mockery out of all the bigotry, racist freedom fighters in the space time continuum of our fight against oppression, our odyssey toward freedom. We will have our own home TV and ignore this stimulation of intolerance, hatred, racism. Ugh!

I hate it like it hates me. I fear it like the monster it is. And what it does to people. So more than ever, we need the educational tools of video cassettes. How To Love, Not Hate. How Fuck. How Do I love thee? Let me count the ways. Sex education. For newlyweds. For young and middle and old.

Produce a simple narrator, illustrations, with a few actors in scenes on YOU'RE WHAT YOU EAT. Nutrition. Health. HOW TO — whatever you want: raise a child, buy and sell real estate; know the law, run a meeting, know your union, know black history, any ethnic history, how to shop, buy, survive, read; to see what you won't — on commercial TV: simple production with a narrator, a few local actors, or whatever of adaptations of Cleaver's 'Soul on Ice' 'Autobiography of Malcolm X'; Bobby Seale's 'Seize the Time', etc.

Menkin's Mono Drama Technique of ONE ACTOR, no sets, few props, telling, acting out a

Captain



video

story. Award winning 1953 Dumont series, accoladed by 'Variety' 'New York Times, etc. LIVING HISTORY, I MADE HISTORY. I am. I was I am Here. Right in your own living room. On your own TV set. In your home. Like: I AM KARL MARX. I have come here to tell you my story. I have come here to read from my works and discuss my ideas with you, I have come here for the transition in the space time continuum of yesterday, today to tomorrow, for you, the video generation, the information generation.

ONE ACTION. In limbo spotlight. Choose your own music. Slides. Photos. Newsclips. Two actors. Three. Question, answer. A monologue with questions, answers, groups, panels. FREDERICK DOUGLAS, NAT TURNER, I CHING, MAO, Ho Chi Minh. FDR Engels. Hegel. Socrates. Plato. Spinoza. Einstein. Name it. Call them bring them to life. Let them speak and tell their story with folk song background, rock blues background, classic, moog synthesizer, electronic, jazz, whatever.

Everywhere, in your local community, produce a SEIZE THE MEDIA, a VIDEO FREE MAGAZINE (that's what I'm planning) Digest the underground press, in audio visual, video tape-film cartridge cassettes.

Use high school and college paper editors. Do your thing. Film it. Video tape it. Running time? Half an hour. Or hour. Weekly. Bi weekly.

Do documentaries on people like ANGELA DAVIS, Political Prisoner. Innocent until proven guilty? Oh, sure, we'll give her a fair trial and then we'll lynch her! How about a documentary on THE CASE OF RUCHELL MAGEE, HELD IN SLAVERY. Magee says he is being treated as a slave. As a slave is seeking, struggling, to break his chains; paranoically claiming all are in collusion against him? Maybe they are depriving him of his constitutional rights. Maybe he is A SLAVE. A 20th Century Les Miserables: FOR A LOAF OF BREAD, TEN BUCKS — ten years in prison and so on and so on into fantasy-death land. And a great detective, mystery suspense non-fiction story of a man's struggle to be free!

Media critic — will the truth set you free? DON'T BELIEVE WHAT YOU READ. Adapt a book by a cat named Robert Cirino: 'Don't Believe the People'. How the news media use bias, distortion, and censorship to manipulate public opinion. Published by Diversity Press, Box 10045, Los Angeles, 90045. Published it himself.

How to read, otherwise, you know. A guy named Gledhill who says he used to work with Seroyan in the old San Francisco City. Had a gut full of publishers in the establishment. Needs writers and wants to get into video cassettes someday. Meanwhile runs a Co-Op Publishing, Loose Leaf Library. Helps writers make a buck. Prints and sells their material. That's Gledhill, Co-Op Publishing, 417 Avenue D, Redondo Beach, Calif. 90277.

Stand by! Okay, I read you, loud and clear. Right on. It's a long list of new video information to exchange. I'll boil it down. Okay, okay, stop jumping up and down in your grave, you'll disturb the dead in Vietnam. They're still dying there. And in the streets of cities in America. Yes there's a war on. We need video cassette information education tools so that we can live together in peace.

MONTAGE-COLLAGES — Free Video Information Exchange: For people's media films: John Downey, American Documentary Films. 379 Bay Street, San Francisco, Ca. New York. 336 W 84th Street. Trade magazine: 'Videorecord World', (get the first 3 issues) Urbanus Square, Box A-Z, Irvine, California. 92664. Att. Michael McFadden, Editor at Large. 'Videorecord World' is a general establishment — hopes to be the Broadcasting Trade journal of the new video world. Contents include lots of useful information for you, the video generation. (No, I don't work or sell for any of those people; they wrote to me; sent me their books magazines, thoughts, questions.)

... idea: present local rock and roll shows on video cassettes. Ask youth to talent search and bring in new groups. Tape them. Play them back to youth audiences. 'Videorecord' says: "Everyone is choosing up sides in a game where there are still no rules. There are the big guys and the little guys, the hippies and the establishment, and the pros and the amateurs. Who will win? Who will lose? The answer to both questions is the same: maybe everybody."

The answer Mr Videorecord, is something is happening, changing, and youth will make out in the future if they seize the media, some chance, some part of it, and if therefore, there is a future.....ideas: Interviews with blacks. Present and past. Past? Call up the ghosts of yesterday.

and let them speak for themselves through the superimpositions of actors . . . Integrate . . . stories for children. Show people of different races, creeds, nationalities, colors, working, playing, living together, get more involvement and participation into children's programs: do a EXERCISES WITH CHILDREN. A physical instructor, a few children with him, and ask the children to go along and participate in the exercises.

SCREAMIES, SCREAM ALONG WITH ME. A one man show. Set: A door. I'm going to open this door, says the narrator. I invite you to enter with me, into the World of Imagination and Screemies. Scream along with me. For fifteen minutes, scream along and let go of your primal screams, conflicts, tensions. You'll feel better. Okay. Let's enter the world of imagination and screemies.

THE CREATIVES . . . tape your local creative people. Artists, craftsman, writers, poets, teachers; do talent scout shows for poets, playwrights; tape your local high school, college newspaper, radio, TV, campus people; their vjews; comments. Plays, Special events. Do your own CONSUMER REPORTS on your local shopping centers. Tape your Council Meetings, members, let your community share in what is happening.

How do you get all this information? How do you make duplicates, how do you mass produce cassettes, they wrote and asked.

Video tape producers may find the services they need by writing to: VIDEOTAPE PRODUCTION ASSOCIATION; 222 East 44th St., New York, NY. They list names and addresses of some fifty creative-consultants and production houses.

For complete details of CBS Electronic Video Recording, write them at 51 W 52nd Street, New York, NY 10019., for complete details on EVR system. For a brochure on THE NEW MEDIUM: VIDEO CARTRIDGE, CASSETTE, DISC. Write to New York University, School of Continuing Education, 2 University Place, Rm 21, New York, NY 10003. For who's who in audio visuals, 'Audio Visual Communications', a Media Horizons Publication, 200 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016.

Write to AKAI, AKAI America Ltd, 2139 East Del Amo Boulevard, Compton Ca 90220. They have an ad in Audio Visual about their AKAI's 14" video tape recorder. Total price for everything \$1295.00. Try VIDEO EXCHANGE DIRECTORY, c/o IMAGE BANK, 4454 West 2nd, Vancouver, 8 BC, Canada. Write to SONY, Sony Corporation of America, 47 Van Dam St., Long Island City, New York, NY 11101. Get their brochure on their video tape recorder.

And most important, subscribe to the first 4 issues of 'Radical Software', the most comprehensive alternative news magazine on the video world. 24 East 22nd Street, New York City, 10010.

... Discover the paradoxical design implications of some new social revolutions on some old social institutions. What are the likely effects of the powerful new revolutions in communications, consciousness, sexual politics, and the third world, on learning, loving, and working? What will be the impact on the designer's work? How, in the light of these changes, can today's designer direct his talent and energies toward shaping a new society?"

Explore these issues in a new participative conference format with design scientist Bucky Fuller, Esalen founder Michael Murphy, Feminist writer Caroline Bird, media critic Gene Youngblood, civil rights leader Andrew Young, psychologist James Fadiman, FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, happenings inventor Allan Kaprow, video artist Nam June Paik, social planner Jivan Tabibian, designer/filmmaker Saul Bass, organization theorist Warren Bennis, environmentalist Hans Proppe, and others.

Freeze frame, Charley, my collaborator of yesterday, is calling again. Okay Charley, yes you can come along in spirit. Oh . . . hey, man, that's cool. You're going to bring along your new friends, spirits of thinkers, creators, artists, inventors, dissenters, protestors, revolutionaries, teachers, changers, great minds from the space time continuum history of this spaceship Earth . . . great . . . you mean, minds like Einstein, Shakespears, Ibsen, Odets, Lawson, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Jesus, Moses, Mainmonedes, Tesla, Edison, Spinoza, Lenin, Hegel, Marx, Jefferson, Tom Paine, Du Bois, Malxolm X, Adam Smith, Newton, Descartes, Buddha, Martin Luther King, Oppenheimer, Spartacus, Bolivar, Debs, and the unknown soldiers. Larry Menkin, Los Angeles Free Press.



Somehow London has yet to find the cohesion and brotherhood amongst its musicians that is currently promising yet another deluge of foxy music from the stalwarts of San Francisco. They are together, and despite the carping of purists claiming that the West Coast sound lacks balls and that musicians like the Airplane and Crosby are self-indulgent super-stars, the end result is invariably special, high quality music. Of course they make bread, they happen to be shrewd and soulful professional musicians with both feet firmly in what looks like being the beginnings of an alternative society . . . and do we need that.

If you search around for such an embryo culture in London you'll get nearest to the feeling by watching the progress of a bundle of 'Grove Groovers' including the remainder of Pink Fairies, Hawkwind, Mighty Baby and various emergent bands that pretty soon look like being handled by a new management/agency set-up called 'Fun and Games Inc.' that may well take over where the regrettably defunct 'Clearwater' left off. The difference between the 'straight' agency and management that groups get tied up with and small outfits like 'Fun and Games' is down to one or two major differences . . . friendli-

hour. She has a loud shout and a persuasive manner. Around sill-mid-off an hermaphroditic young man or lady was taken away strapped to a stretcher by a painfully embarrassed ambulance crew . . . Fellini by the Gasworks end; he was peaking strongly on some psychedelic, (' . . . ' . . . this is serious and I want you all to listen,' said Ricki Farr at one point, 'the acid is BAD, I'll repeat that . . . ') and as he rolled over pointing his cock and proud nipples at the sky a blushing St John's medic quickly turned him back over with a gentle, trembling, prodding toe.

All but the keenest bopper missed the immaculate Grease Band who were first on the programme for some obscure reason and the rest of the afternoon saw us treated to an average set from Mott the Hoople and an unforgivably sloppy set from Rod Stewart and the Faces who seem too often inclined to leave the soul for the last three numbers and fuck around for the rest of the set. Ricki Farr proudly announced an Irish singer called Eugene Wallace who had 'never sung in front of more than twenty people in his life' and who thrashed his way through about five protest songs, delivered in an anguished roaring voice. I imagine his hernia was impossibly strangulated.

sang 'See me, Fee-eel me, Touch me . . . a guy sharing our Member's Enclosure status with a smile and a fat joint gave a loud, involuntary gasp, rolled his spaced out eyes in ecstasy and slid off the wooden bench, happily commending his buzzing head to the under-seat gloom and ice-cream wrappings. The Who . . . where next I wonder?

Import Albums, either a luxury or a necessity, it depends on how eclectic is your listening ear. Still unavailable on any British label are hours of excellent music that need little more than mentioning. The following is a selection from the albums currently available from the import stocks at 'Virgin Records' and, whether or not you appreciate paying the extra pence they assure me they must charge in order to cover costs, the music is almost all extremely good and sometimes darn right essential. (See reviews pages for John Coleman on Coryell, Country Joe and Gong and Lennon.)

. . . Brewer and Shipley have made three albums 'Weeds' and 'Tarkio Road' have been released over here but their first, 'Down in L.A.', is unlikely to appear on any British label, and that, for those that like their dulcet toned, lyrically excellent

then they're guaranteed to rock yer legs off.

Jo Mama are the band who backed James Taylor on most of his last two albums and they have a new album in their own right just out in the States. A five piece with a lady singer, Abigale Hanes, they make some superb noises in that same country funk tradition that Taylor does so well. Not the most exciting music on the planet but tight and slick with some especially fine guitar licks.

The James Gang are certainly one of the few really fine out and out rock bands that America has found in recent years and if you, like me, were disappointed by their only average 'Thirds' then there is now a sample on record of the power of their live performances. Recorded at The Carnegie Hall it succeeds in capturing the Zeppelin-like frenzy that they manage to create on stage and the few patches of slightly messy recording are barely noticeable. Joe Walsh wields a mean guitar and his creamy technique is almost enough to make you do just that. Its called rock and roll and James Gang 'Live' is great stuff.

The Great Society were one of the original San Francisco Bands, along with The Charlatans and The

ROCK

ness and an understanding of music not business. 'Fun and Games Inc.' will be promoting concerts sometime in the near future featuring their bands and probably others, so look out for them.

Tempted by the thought of a blast from the sheer guts and power of Townshend and the Who I found myself at the Kennington Oval, in the Member's Enclosure yet, on a hot September Saturday, sharing the unisex loo with hordes of freaks and ladies, listening to all kinds of mediocre music and watching in amazement the crowd of thirty one thousand. My sticky eyes were refusing to focus on the seated hordes and only the moving figures were clear, the faceless masses became a technicolour blur with super-imposed, crystal sharp images of bog or hot-dog bound hippies tripping and floating across the foreground to the somewhat constipated strains of Atomic Rooster, who were incidentally, immensely popular.

The entire staff of 'Frendz' could be seen stumbling happily amongst the gathering selling their paper with understandable zeal whilst Pat, the paper's Ad lady stood amongst the entrance chaos and sold three hundred copies of OZ in just over an

He finished with a song that I could make little sense of but seemed a classic example of universal paranoia, 'Tell me who those bastards are who hide the truth away' he exerted the crowd for about ten minutes, finally culminating with an embarrassing bellow, 'The CIA'. I was totally mystified by his enthusiasm for the subject. Farr made a few ill-chosen comments about the money that various un-named American bands had demanded for the gig to justify his protegee's inclusion. It fooled very few.

Then, slightly late, the Who hit the stage. Townshend doesn't introduce songs anymore, he shouts, exploding with white, incendiary force and more and more shading out Roger Daltrey's slick histrionics with the energy of rock that he contains and releases at will. It's impossible to watch the Who and not be aware of how much effort has gone into the shaping of their assault on the senses, their performance was the highest, most powerful statement of entertainment we've seen in London since The Band rocked everybody's ass off at the Albert Hall back in June. That brilliant white forest of adulatory waving hands at a Who finale is a sight I could see many times. As the spotlight hit Daltrey in high melodrama and he

harmonies, is a shame. Brewer and Shipley are Aquarian minstrels and the quality of this album is surprising for a first recorded outing. America has produced a number of duo musicians like Seals and Crofts and, of course, Simon and Garfunkel, but the combination of wit and wisdom that earmarks Brewer and Shipley easily gives them the edge. Try 'An Incredible State Of Affairs' or 'Keeper of the Keys' from 'Down in L.A.' and you'll see.

Listening to 'Siegel Schwall 70' first flashes me on the sound that a hundred bands were making back in the early and mid-sixties over here in England. It's that metallic frenzied rattle that cries out for maraccas and a hoarse singer . . . The Pretty Things were good at it, so were the Yardbirds and even the Mojos. Siegel Schwall are a Chicago band that make no concessions to progress, their music is brash, energetic and completely un-selfconscious. There were three previous albums to this one, none of which is available in the ordinary racks at your local store but if you strike lucky you may find 'Say Siegel Schwall' or 'Shake' in the import section. 'Siegel Schwall 70' has two live tracks 'Angel Food Cake' and 'Sunshine Day In My Mind' and it joyous, frenetic rock is your trip

Warlocks they were there right at the very beginning of the music scene that has snowballed to it's present, er . . . interesting state. The backbone of The Great Society was the Slick Family, Jerry, Darby and the star, Gracie. Available on import is a live album called 'Somebody To Love' and although the information on the album is minimal we can probably assume that it was recorded around 1965 at somewhere like The Carousel in San Francisco. Grace Slick is an astonishing singer and her confidence and maturity show through clearly on these tracks, she belts her way through every song and the applause, which is scattered at first, gets stronger with each song until the final flute-ridden rave-up 'Father' when everything is shuddering and soaring along with her knife-edged voice. This is a classic album but unlike many it has a freshness and strength that clicks through as well right now as it did back in the days when Grace was wearing a suede miniskirt and black stockings. Some of the songs sound slightly dated, rhythm sections weren't quite so tight back then, but it was the start of something important and it shows in every note.

John Coleman

The Black Panther Party, decimated by American police murders and infiltrated by FBI agents, are now operating major international headquarters from Algiers. The headquarters is run by Eldridge Cleaver, Black Panther Party Minister of Information, and a dozen other Panthers who have successfully made the hazardous journey, often without passports.

The Panthers live and work in a white-washed two-story building which approaches consular status. The brass plaques at the front entrance proclaim, "Black Panther Party - International Section" in Arabic and English.

Eldridge Cleaver has spent two years in Algiers since his escape from California in 1969 after refusing to comply with an order returning him to jail for unspecified and unproved parole violations. Author of "Soul on Ice", Cleaver has an international following.

Earlier this month, Alex Renif spent two days with Cleaver at the Algiers headquarters and brought back his most recent essay. Entitled "Letter to the Lumpen" it is to be sent out shortly from Algiers as a newsletter to Black Panthers around the world.

After a lifetime of checking shit out from the sidelines, the Lumpen now wants what's his. All arguments requiring him to accept deprecation fall on deaf ears. The

USA retreated, panic stricken, for the shelter of more rhetoric and feigned confusion.

It had not been the conscious, premeditated will of anybody to usher in the new level of struggle. It was in the wind. Objective conditions called for an organized force that was ready and willing to leap off into the chaos, pick up the gun, and Vanguard the action. Many attempts were made to provide such organizational machinery and ideological direction. It happened that the Black Panther Party offered the best possibility at that time. So, phase one of a three phased process was entered into.

The task that had to be accomplished was to expose and break the power of the machinery in the hands of the ruling class that was used to control, repress, and contain the revolutionary upsurge of the oppressed people inside Babylon. In practical terms, this meant that the following three targets had to be dealt with:

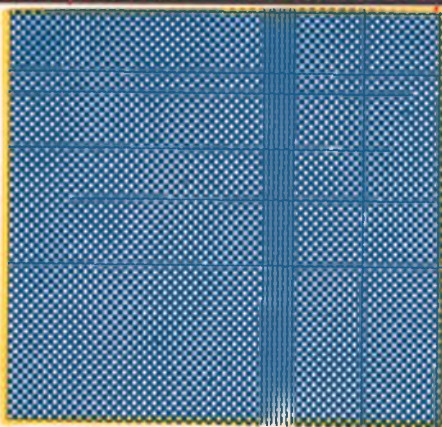
1. The Occupying Army of Racist Pig Cops.
2. The Racist Pig Judicial System.
3. The Racist Pig Prison System.

Without these instruments of control repression, and containment to rely upon, the rulers of Babylon would be on the chopping block — like a Christmas Turkey. This special repressive force — Police, Courts, and Prison — was known to be the

real thing, our deep down thing. Dig it.

The retaliation of the pigs grew slowly. They were stymied. They went through heavy changes. The actual shooting of Afro-Americans in the San Francisco Bay Area plunged to a new low. Not that the murderous pigs did not want to vamp, because vamping on a weak foe is their thing, their deep down thing, but they were not psychologically or militarily prepared to vamp. Police departments throughout Babylon launched crash programs to reorganize and gear themselves for war which clearly had to be waged.

The first significant attack against an office of the Black Panther Party occurred two days after the Oakland courts found Huey P. Newton guilty of Manslaughter instead of First Degree Murder. The Oakland Pigs, with their frozen Law and Order brains, knew that they were being moved on by revolutionaries. They also knew that dealing with revolutionaries meant war. And like all ruling establishments, they struck out, viciously, in a vain effort to stamp out the first fires of a peoples' war. We knew that we were their targets, but they were also ours. The most atrocious vamp on our Party was the murder of Fred Hampton. It is also the most revealing. It clearly lays bare the Nazi-like cops of Babylon in the process of terror and retaliation, in the cold-blooded murder of a young leader of the people.



Lumpen is prepared to take it.

In 1966, the Lumpen, with a few members of the black bourgeoisie participating, formed the Black Panther Party, dedicated to organizing and speaking for the voiceless, unorganized, but potentially powerful black Lumpenproletariat in Babylon. Always the first victim and easiest target of the oppressor's reactionary violence, unleashed through the instrumentality of the racist pig cops, the Lumpen was the most enthusiastic and willing to move when an organization stepped forward to deal on a for-real level with the task of ridding the people of the terrorizing presence and practice of the occupying army.

By contrast, when the Lumpen first posed the alternative of organized revolutionary violence to counter the organized reactionary violence of the ruling class, the Lumpen found itself isolated. Relating to the complaints and demands of the Lumpen as these were stated in the 10 Point Program and Platform of the Black Panther Party, the other classes panicked and got as far away from the Lumpen as possible. The fact that the Lumpen was actually picking up the gun, and actually using it, blew the minds of many people who were supposed to be the friends of a just cause. Even so-called revolutionaries, many of whom were to the Left of the contemptible Communist Party of the

foundation of the American Social Order.

This foundation had to be destroyed in order that the fiendish, inhuman, and totally rotten system of capitalist exploitation, fascist repression and imperialist aggression could be gotten hold of, demolished, and thrown into the oblivion of the grave.

To bring the day of freedom, liberation, peace, and happiness for the people one step closer, the Black Panther Party zeroed in on Target No One. We declared war upon the entire system, and we went into battle against the first line of pig resistance: the Racist Pig Cops.

Offing the Pig Cops

When Huey P. Newton offed pig Frey, he set a Lumpen Standard that had to be met. For the Lumpen, there was no question about it, it was right on, and the feeling was good for the first time. The death of pig cop Frey marks the death of all pig cops in Babylon. The correct method backed up by the correct analysis was confirmed in Lumpen eyes at the moment that Frey was officially declared to be dead. The absolute right of the Afro-American people to take up arms and wage war against their oppressor gave itself the seal of approval through action, by moving, by taking the initiative and actually attacking the pigs, with guns, and killing them. This became our thing, our

Offing the Pig Judicial System.

The good part was that pig cop Frey was dead. The bad part was that Huey had gotten captured. Though the victory was still clear, it was marred by the fact of capture. The capture gave rise to the case. Our struggle was now being moved from the streets into the court house. We had our first conversation with Attorney Charles R. Garry at this point. War was thus transformed backwards into politics. What started as an act of revolutionary war against the pigs was turned into politics inside the pig's court. The direct link between the pig in the street and the pig on the bench was made. Soon the pigs on the bench were carrying guns under their robes. Political prisoners stood up in court and exposed them inside out, forever. It is no longer a question of can I get a fair trial. The question has boiled down to how do we break these chains? When Jonathan Jackson marched into court with his guns, a qualitative leap in theory and practice flashed like lightning through millions of skulls. From California to New York, a vanguard commune had gone out. The revolutionary demand for a Jury on one's peers is a rallying cry. Backed up by resisting arrest and killing the judge transforms the rallying cry into a war cry. The courts are dead in the eyes of the people.

Offing the Pig Prisons

If the Afro-American people are the most oppressed as a group inside Babylon, then Afro-American prisoners, who are the most oppressed class inside Afro-America know what it means to be a slave. The stark naked reality of chains and dark dungeons, the cruel and brutal methods of the guards, the total exposure of the lies of society, and the fact that the pig cops bust you on the streets and drag you before another pig in court; the pig in court turns you over to the pigs who hold down the prisons. From top to bottom, from beginning to end, it's a no-go pig show.

The Lumpen, trapped within walls of steel and stone, sees very clearly what is going on. He understands himself to be a victim of a flim that the pigs have put down. It's not funny anymore. Before, the Lumpen laughed at it. Dreaming of trips from rags to riches, the Lumpen had spent some time dreaming the All American dream of the shoeshine boy growing up to be President. Now that they had been convicted of a felony, that dream was dead. The Lumpen had to dream up new dreams. The dreams inspired by the situation were dim. The reality was brighter. 400 years of oppression were distilled into steel, stone, and slave drivers called wardens and guards. The Lumpen draws the unshakable con-

military skills. He half regrets that he did not join the Army and master all the guns. But he also knows that if he had gone into the Army he wouldn't see things as he now does. He treasures his vision above all, it becomes his most precious and perhaps only possession. The Lumpen also knows that it is this, his vision, the way things look to him, that the pigs want to blot out. Why? Because they cannot deal with it.

Each day becomes a torturous struggle to keep from grabbing a pig and slitting his flabby throat. He wants all these pigs dead, but with his present limited means it does not seem worth it. Or is it? The Lumpen confesses that he really doesn't know. His convictions on this point swing back and forth. Some times the temptation overwhelms him. He moves, but not all the way. His prison term is extended. The shit becomes crystal clear. What the Lumpen does next is his secret. He has become a revolutionary.

Offing all the Pigs

It is a fact that at this very moment inside the United States there are people who have reserved especially for themselves the best of everything. For them, reality unfolds over the lip of a silver spoon. The best food, clothing and shelter; and even the air that they breathe is cleaner. If they get sick, then they have

try to destroy us, every move that they make will only hasten the destruction of their machine. Each time that they breathe, they reveal even more to the people their contours of evil. And after the great victory, ain't nobody going to mess with us. When the pig of Babylon is sliced up again, not only will the Lumpen get its share, but standing there with guns in their hands the Lumpen will see to it that everybody else gets theirs.

If Mayor Lindsay of New York, dipping his fingers into blood that hated him, finds it to his political advantage, this year, to attack Nelson Rockefeller as the Butcher of Attica, and not as one of the chief exploiters of the oppressed people of South Africa through his Chase Manhattan Bank, it means only that we have the pigs fighting amongst themselves.

Now, while the world situation permits it, we must make our move for the freedom and liberation of our people, realizing that nobody and nothing can stop us. To be successful, all we need to do is become fulltime revolutionaries. We have nothing better to do. No more of their programs for us. Let us enact a Lumpen program for them. No more investigations and inquiries, no more nothing, not even elections. When the forces of fascism find it necessary to kill Mayor Lindsey, it will not mean that we have been defeated. It will only show us even more clearly the

Letter To

The Lumpen

clusion: these pigs should be killed and these walls razed to the ground.

From this point on, the Lumpen gives up everything, including all allegiance to the living. From now on, he makes all his deals with the dead. The Lumpen at that moment discovers a new life. The future, which under the regime of the pigs was closed, is now suddenly open. It's not that the Lumpen has been born again, but that now he *understands!* The wisdom that had been hidden is now his. Before he came to prison, the Lumpen's reality was the pig on the corner, in the squad car, on the beat, a certain distance away. Now it is a pig in your face, armed with a rifle, just there on the catwalk.

The Lumpen takes an oath. To kill, to destroy — in order to make the necessary room in which to build. Nothing that the pigs have to say at this point could matter less.

The oath of the Lumpen is to reject the pigs totally, to condemn all their works, to hate them forever, and dedicate one's life to destroying them and their system.

At this point, the Lumpen has lost even the fear of death, which he first had to conquer before he could kill. He does not feel himself to be a member of a minority group. He knows that he is invincible, that he is equal to the world. He spends no time debating these points with himself. He becomes more and more interested in

the best doctors standing there waiting with golden instruments that fit neatly under their tongues. It is clear that they think that because we rejected their diplomas and pissed in the faces of their teachers that we are stupid. But we are the architects of their doom. And we are not all in their prisons. We are everywhere: in their buildings, in their streets, in their air, in their water, we are in their Army, and we are even under their skins. Let that pompous punk, Spiro the skunk, that who talks like he's studied every cheerios and wheaties ad ever composed, continue to sell his wolf tickets. There are those of us who will bury every one of them. We do not have to be as fat as they are in order to kick their asses. When the Lumpen moves, the entire society has to move, because the Lumpen is on the bottom and the only way he can go is up. As the bottom starts to move towards the top, everything between the bottom and the top has to move — if nothing else at least out of the way.

(We shall storm the walls of their castles in our lifetimes. We are living in the day that it has become possible for us to snatch a final victory from fiends who have oppressed and tortured us for 400 years. Millions of Lumpen, armed and on the ground, pursuing the enemy with a passion and implacable determination to defeat him, are an invincible force. When they

rigor mortis setting in on the corpse of Babylon.

Our guns are turned on them. Let us fire at will. When they scream for law and order, they are asking us to stop. Our answer to them must be the bark of guns, bigger, better, and louder bombs, better placed and no phone calls warning them. The only open forum now is the barrel of a gun. Let the pigs debate with our bullets and talk back to our razor blades. The whole earth will tremble as Babylon falls, but we must not be afraid. No tyranny is eternal and no oppressive system can endure the armed wrath of the people. And time runs out on every pig. Over and over again, the oppressed people, throughout history, have risen up and killed their masters. Time has run out for Babylon. And everything we do speeds up what time is left. If Babylon fell today, it wouldn't be too soon. But soon, the pigs will retreat to military bases and forts and try to negotiate a deal, while we, like Indians, with some real Indians amongst us, will tighten the circle around them in a dance of death for them and a new life for us.

**ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
DEATH TO THE FASCIST IMPERIALIST
PIGS!**

Eldridge Cleaver
Minister of Information



Velvet Underground

On Tour
Now

ALBUMS

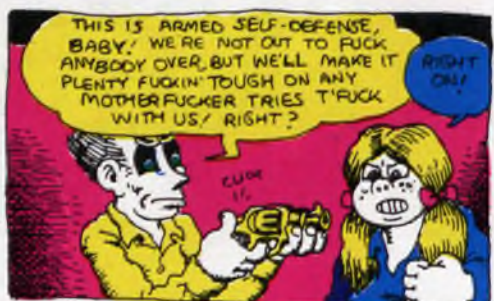
Loaded Velvet Underground
Also on musicassette & Nico

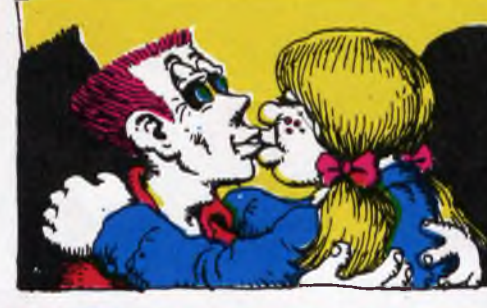
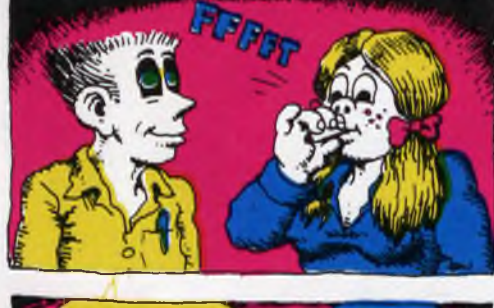
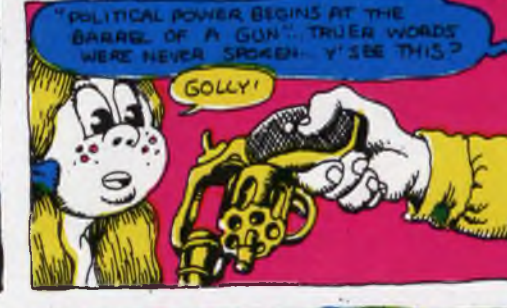
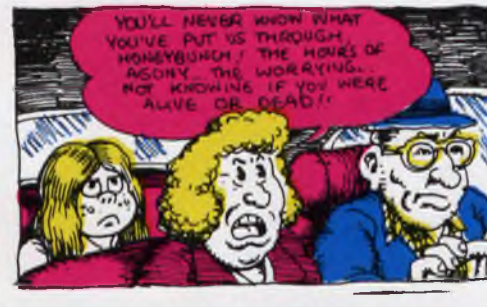
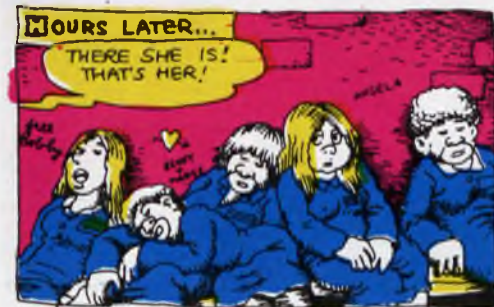
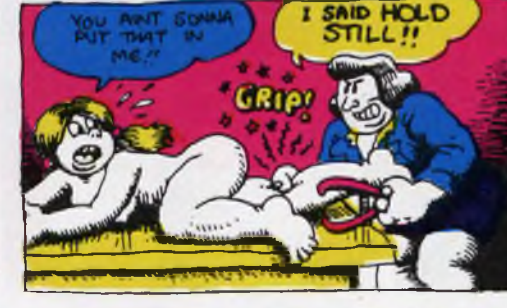
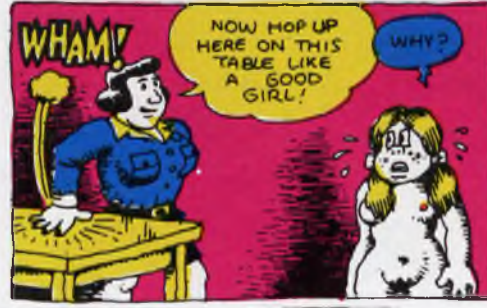
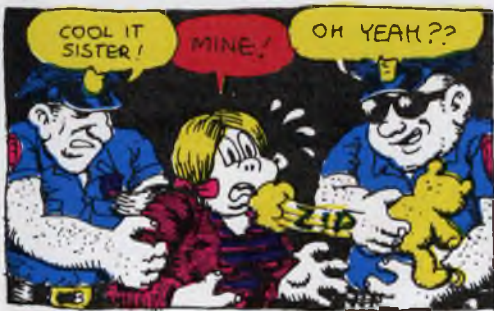
The Velvet
Underground

White Light/
White Heat



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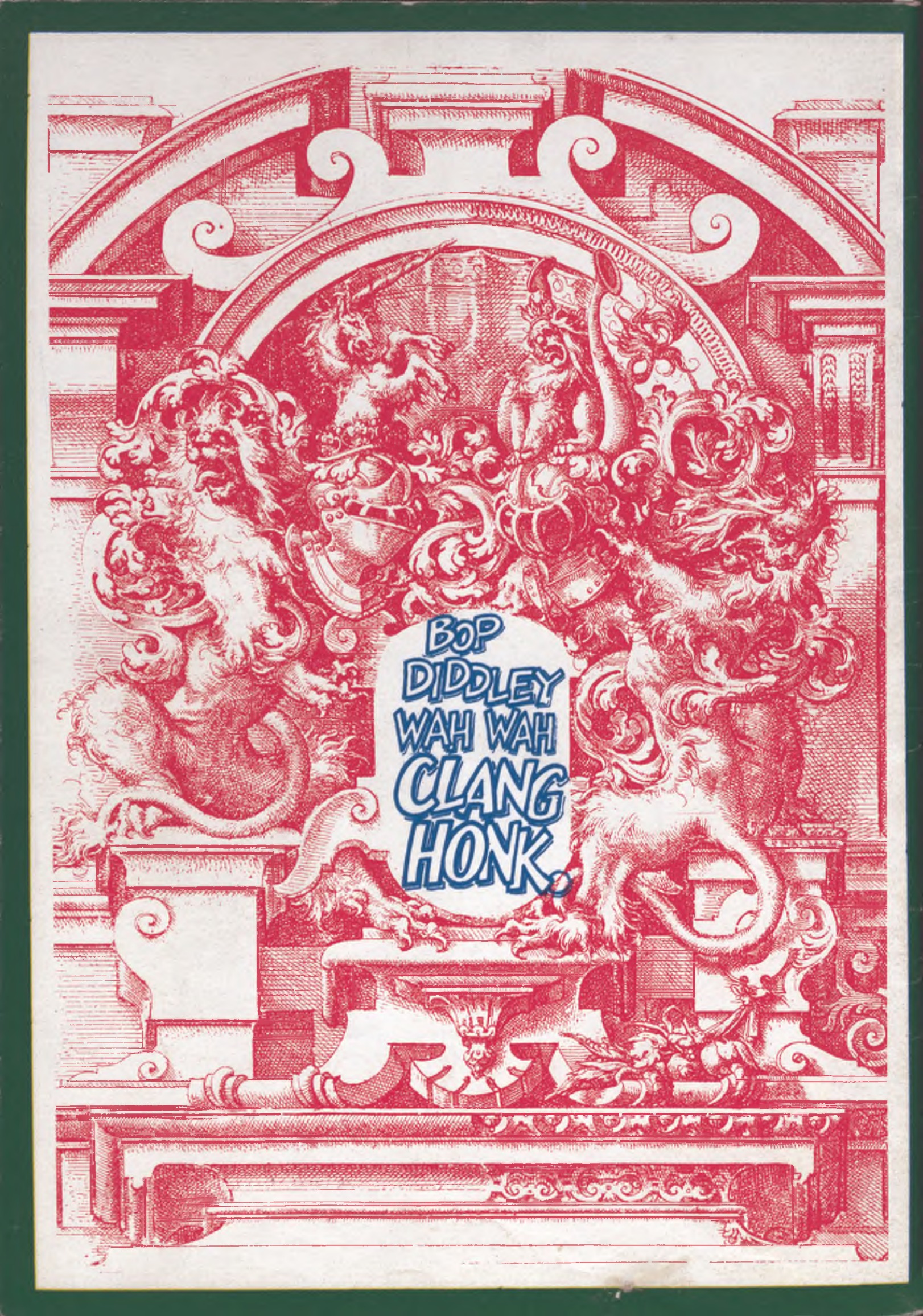








i think
they're all bozos
in this oz



BOP
DIDDLEY
WAH WAH
CLANG
HONK