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OZ 48

Richard Neville
Editor

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Description

Contents: The last issue, nudes & Nixon cover. Allman Brothers & New York Dolls ads. 'The Last Issue' editorial by Felix Dennis + Jim Leon graphic. Enoch Powell into Hitler strip by Roy Knipe. 'What Went Wrong?' – David Widgery's goodbye to the counter-culture + Red Saunders photo of Christ with Coca Cola. 'In Search of the Almighty' – Timothy Kidd on American tourists. 'Once It's Started' – short story by Mick Farren + graphic. Jimi Hendrix & Janis Joplin graphic by William Rankin. 'Everybody's in Showbiz, Everybody's a Star' - Jim Anderson on redundancy, travel, and puppet theatre. Full page Ogoth/*Cozmic Comics* ad. Warner Bros ad/goodbye to OZ letter from Derek Taylor. 'The Suede Jackboot' – a speculative guide to fascism and latent fascism in Britain by Duncan Campbell + illustrations by Bill Sanderson. 2p A&M Records ad. DJM Distributors ad. 'The Strange Case of Southall Police Station – police racism by Don Atyeo + illustrations by Paul Simmons. "Goodbye OZ but the music of Santana lives on" CBS ad. Other Guides ad. Film ad for *The Rocky Horror Show*. *Dracula* Annual ad. 2p Climax/Private ads. Centrespread photo from *100 Years of Erotica*. Full page John Lennon *Mind Games* ad. 'The Making of a Junta Culture' – Dick Pountain on the end of democracy in Chile. 2p ad for Pink Floyd's *A Nice Pair*. 'Jailed Drug Cult Guru Speaks: "They Took Away My Credit Card"' – an exclusive OZ interview with Timothy Leary + photos. Eddie Kendricks and Marvin Gaye ads. Compendium Books ad. Film reviews: *Swastika*, *Electra Glide in Blue*, *The Long Goodbye*, *El Topo*. *Playpower* ad. Edward cartoon/OZ back issues. Charisma ad. Rand H. Holmes cartoon Book reviews: *What the Censor Saw* by John Trevelyan, *Strange Ecstasies* edited by Michel Parry, *Billion Year Spree* by Brian Aldiss. LP reviews: David Bowie *Pin Ups*, Spirit, Suzi Quatro, The Who *Quadrophenia* + Rod Beckett illustration, Count Ossie, Bonnie Raitt. Traffic-On the Road ad. 'Telex From Australia ...' by Richard Neville. Graphic by Adrian George. *El Topo* ad. Ad for Yoko Ono's Run Run Run/Men Men Men. 3p 'Wanker's World' dirty book semi-parody. 2p Imported porn ad. 'Quadrophony' – Eric Robbie on quadraphonic sound systems + Mike Moore graphics. 2p 'Death Poem' and Martin Sharp Van Goch/Superman montage – "Please Clark – don't walk out on me! You're the only secret identity I've got!" *Time Out*, Speed inc, *Grounation* ads. Inside and back cover 'The Guitar Album' guitarist cigarette cards.

Publisher

OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 72p

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.

The
Last Issue

OZ

NUMBER 48 WINTER 1973 PRICE 30p



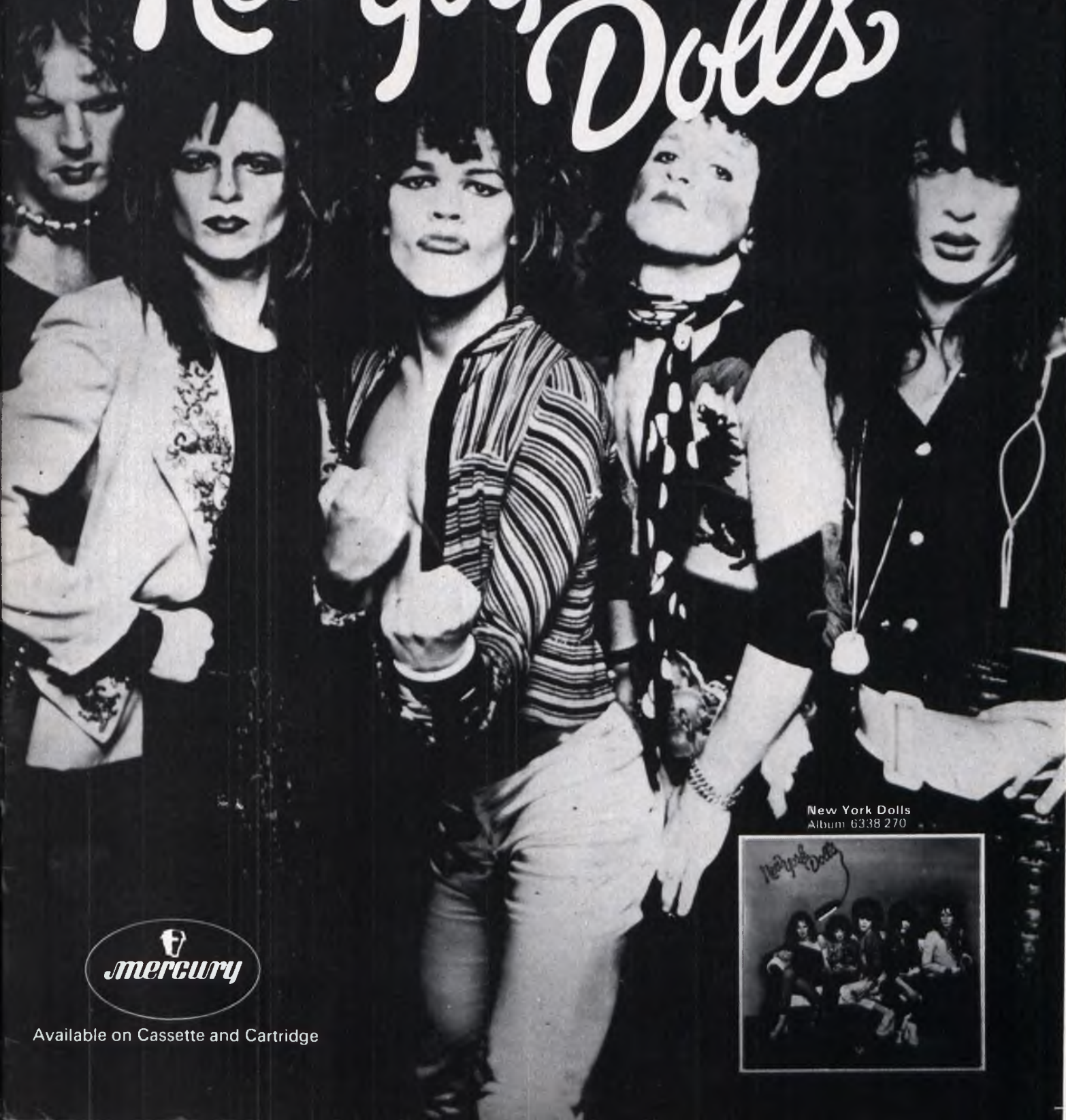
THE ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND

new album 'Brothers & Sisters'



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Out November 23

New York Dolls

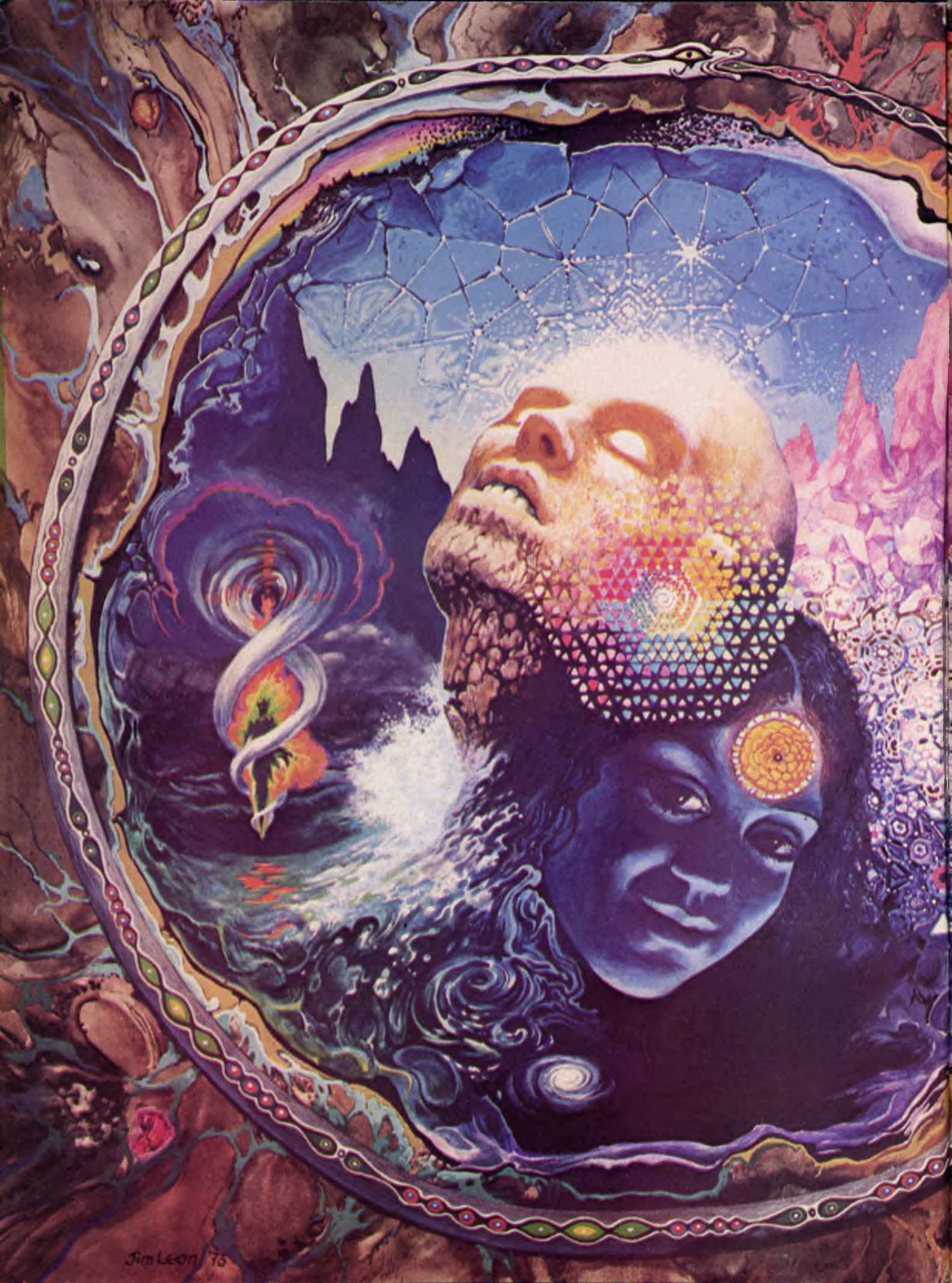


New York Dolls
Album 6338 270



Available on Cassette and Cartridge







No space — no time. History repeats itself. The clock on the wall gives me four pm. October 31st 1973. At five o'clock the printer's final deadline comes into effect.

How does one phrase an obituary in two hundred words for a magazine (damn it, OZ was more than a lousy magazine) that has eaten up the best part of the last five years of my life, and a lot of other people's lives besides. For many of us, 'working' at OZ was the focal point of our daily existence. A hideous form of marriage between humans and an inanimate concept. And as in all marriages, the energy feedback remained a continual, occasionally terrifying, two way process with a dynamism and tension that alternately sapped and sustained each partner. We used and abused OZ for our own purposes, we hurled it bodily from one editorial extreme to the other, we left it and came back to it a dozen times, we cursed it, passed it around and then grew jealous of it. We treated it like a baby and it kicked us in the teeth. We shat on it, spat on it and wasted it. And now that it's an adolescent and leaving home, none of us can believe it.

The names of those specifically responsible for the production of this last issue are listed below. For me to have included the names of the people whose collective energy nurtured OZ Magazine over the past six years would have literally taken pages. They know who they are. Some left happy, some left sadly. A few stamped into the night threatening vengeance and jibbering like madmen. Many are still in touch. A couple are dead. All of them deserve medals.

It's getting late and I'm not sure how to finish . . . history repeats itself. No space — no time.

Felix Dennis.

A proportion of the profits of this magazine will be paid to the liquidator of OZ Publications Ink Ltd., for distribution amongst the creditors of that Company.

THE LAST ISSUE OF OZ

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| | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
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| Assistant Editor | Reviews Editors |
| Don Atyeo | Charles Shaar Murray |
| Typesetting/Art Production | Dick Pountain |
| Caroline MacKechnie | American Bureau |
| Jim Garfield | Jon Goodchild |

Without Whose Help . . .

Roger Hutchinson, Chris Rowley, Jonathon Green, Phil Franks, Edward Barker, Maria, John Leaver, Pat Woolley, Tony Elliott, Satty, Marva Rees, John Grissim, Eugene Schoenfeld, Denise Winn, Andrew Fisher, Maybelle, Malcolm Livingstone, Bruce Sawford, Jean Piuck, Da Bells, Anne Hopkins, Derek Watson, Tony Pruium, Jo and Vinny, Brian Moore, Insp. Luff and Quimby.

Distributed by Moore-Harness Ltd., 31 Corsica Street, London N51 JT. 01-359 4126.

The centre spread pin-up is from the book *100 Years of Erotica* by Paul Aratow, published by Straight Arrow Books, San Francisco.



'He who fears change, fears life itself'—Marquis de Stepenville.

It's over half a year since what most of you probably assumed to be the last *Oz* (faithless bastards) appeared. Our cohorts in the *Altpress* haven't just stood still—here's a summary of developments on various fronts. Gay News, the persistently excellent fortnightly fagrag, having ploughed along for more than a year on home-made distribution, is now on the Moore-Harness circuit employed by *IT*, *Private Eye*, and this magazine. Michael Mason, *GN*'s business manager, says that the paper's aim, as always, is to 'bring homosexuality into the daylight'—and with a circulation that's grown from 4,000 to 18,500 in a year, they ain't doing so badly... Wardour Mews, Soho, seedy home of *IT* for the last 18 months, was recently witness to another convulsion in that magazine's development. With sales dropping and winter coming on, the staff decided to take some time off and produce *IT* as a monthly, with more pages and more time to work on them. This move necessitated a hasty abandonment of their gangster-owned premises and a scattering of equipment like manna amongst friends across the city... If you haven't seen it yet, make sure you do: Foul is the very first alternative soccer magazine, and it's already achieved what we'd considered impossible—exciting and honest sports journalism...

Called in to revamp the stagnant rock mag *Cream*, Ed Barker and Mick Farren were more than a little put out when their first new-look issue was cancelled half way through printing. It seems that the publishers Plant News, whose main stock in trade is Osmond Brothers souvenirs and cut price tit mags (including the traditional school boy jerk book *Health and Efficiency*), had suffered a North country bust on a selection of their girly books. In the ensuing panic they decided to kill the entire *Cream* project feeling that the last thing they needed was Mick and Ed's new

dope and sex funny paper format.

From Detroit's effervescent *Creem* magazine comes a genial renaissance of alkiedom—The Alice Cooper Alcohol Cookbook; a quaint conglomerate of drink recipes provided by Ally & the boys in the band. Our particular favourites are Baby's Blood (1 ounce lime juice, 4 ounces Jamaica rum, & 2 dashes Angostura bitters, shaken with finely cracked ice) and Tunafish Malted (for hangovers—1 can tunafish, 2 scoops pistachio ice cream, four ounces cream). Mix & drink heartily until prepared to face 20,000 screaming teenage maniacs... And, slightly nearer to home, news seeps down from the emporial Grays Inn Road offices of *Time Out* that they were recently visited by an eccentric old lady anxious to fly to Chile and file reports on totalitarian atrocities. Her name was Mrs Fischer, and her son, the World Chess Champion—not an individual noted for his liberal political views. 'I don't have much to do with Bobby', quoth Ma, 'but he'll pay the air fare...'

Wandering Jew Bob Dylan applied to a kibbutz near Afula, Israel, and was reject-

ed for 'publicity problems'.

Unshaken, the Hibbing balladeer re-applied to Kibbutz Dfar Blum for places for Sarah, his wife, and the kids. At press time there was no word from Dfar Blum. By publication, of course, it might not even exist... Unless the New York jewry hot up their efforts. On the night that the Israeli/Arab war broke out, these gentlemen netted \$25,000,000 as contributions to the war effort... a similar collection in Manchester some days later gathered £1,000,000. Inflation? Don't know the meaning of the word...

Yorkshire Underground Press Magnate John Wilcock (*Other Scenes*, *Village Voice* and *Oz* regular) has also been helping the needy, with a £50 donation to ailing geriatric comic *Private Eye* for its 'fight against hypocrisy and lieing in Fleet Street'. It seems Wilcock—a one-time *Mirror* man—was burned by his former brother hacks on a recent deal to write five minicolumns for the *Inside Page* following a 25-year holiday in America. Grasping *Eye* editor and amateur rapist Richard Ingrams has threatened to issue writs against those suggesting this new hack-

busting fund is to be used on wining and dining his poofter public school chums, many of whom are proprietors of the very newspapers to which Wilcock refers. John Wilcock is 83. Richard Ingrams died last year of cranial syphilis.

At a time when youth market publications are invading the world of publishing like the black germs in Aspirin ads, the Reverend David A Noebel has chosen to offer the world his own unique perspective on such phenomena as The Beatles, Youth Communism, Marijuana and Hair. 'The Beatles—A Study In Drugs, Sex And Revolution' (*what a title!*), distributed and printed by Christian Crusade Publications, Tulsa, puts J&R exactly where we never knew their asses were—slap bang at the cyclone-centre of Communist Insurgency. Well, who else would force upon the gullible public such neo-Bolshevist sentiments as 'back in the USSR/You don't know how lucky you are'?

Delightfully British Comment of the Year Award goes to Colin Smith of the *Observer*. Sent to cover the Indian occupation of Wounded Knee, South Dakota, Mr Smith was overheard to comment: 'If only someone would say, "When the moon comes over the mountain and the leaves fall off the trees on the night when the cherries turn red, we will attack the long rifles". All I hear is, "Yeah, man—cool it... and we'll study this procedural matter later tonight"'. . . .

Paranoia at Broadcasting House runs high—news trainees at the BBC were instructed to monitor every word uttered by the newly launched commercial London Broadcasting service on their first day of transmission. Working in half-hour shifts, the embryo Robin Days began at 6 am, and took comprehensive notes around the clock... On the subject of potted plants, Tower Bridge was recently closed to traffic twice in one day to allow a 30ft plastic rubber plant to sail back and forth on the prow of a





pleasure boat. This event marked the start of a campaign to 'make the British more aware of the pleasure potted plants can bring' . . .

Air hostesses on Qantas airlines are to lose £1.75p a month as a result of the Equal Rights Bill. The money was a hairdressing allowance which, according to Qantas, 'now discriminates against men stewards' . . . a survey recently made by a Los Angeles neurologist indicates that 8.8% of men and 17.5% of women have difficulty telling their left hand from their right when asked to identify them quickly. Could this explain the odd case of Harold Wilson?

Unspeakably Chickenshit—the revolutionary cosmic rock band, Hawkwind, requested United Artists to withdraw their single *Urban Guerilla* from the market, for fear that the general public might (mis) interpret its title as being connected in any way with the spate of bombings in London. Robert Calvert, co-author of the song, said recently: 'The words of the song are not meant to be taken too literally. It certainly isn't advocating violence in the streets'. My word, Mr Calvert! We should hope not! . . .

IPC fans will be heartbroken to learn that this issue is the poorer by one feature and one review commissioned from the NME's professional punk and Lester Bangs impressionist, Nick Kent. Approached by our representatives, this young aesthete agreed to supply us with a feature on the delights of Detroit and a review of T. Rex's 'Great Hits' album. However, he has been spending so much time playing Boswell to the stoned mumblings of Keith Richard that he not only didn't turn in the copy, but he didn't even call us to say so. Superstardom is contagious.

Further excesses at IPC involve the imminent amalgamation of two sagging weeklies, *Disc* and *Melody Maker*, into one even more boring giant weekly to be edited by Richard Williams. Since the news leaked, a



These amusing drawings of Enoch by Roy Knipe were originally commissioned to illustrate a feature article on Powell in this issue. The article was to be authored by John Lloyd, ex-Ink editor, ex-Time Out editor and recent recruit to the official ranks of the Communist Party. Lloyd, currently collecting a grossly inflated salary at London Broadcasting (who isn't these days?), finally turned in his piece two weeks late, in two instalments, with a request that it be published under the curious pseudonym Bill Nicholas. We make no apologies for sparing Oz readers the tedious task of reading it. Between them, Commercial Radio and the British Bolsheviks appear to have addled the brain of this formerly sensible Scot. . . .

few of the less adequate staffers on both rags have been feeling remarkably paranoid. The lucky ones get fired. *NME*, currently well ahead, and *Melody Maker* have been employing considerably different tactics in their running circulation battle over the last two years. *NME* has employed overweight, ageing whiz-kid Charles Shaar Murray, the

distressing Kent and every other ex-underground press hacks they can lay their hands on to imbue their pages with castrated outrage and outdated u/g layouts, while *MM* have retreated into frenzied reaction and feebly contemptuous put-downs of everybody less tedious than themselves. Readers need hardly be reminded that *MM*, *NME* and

Disc are all owned by the same company, IPC.

Two Timothy Leary Stories—During Timmy's six-week sojourn in Vienna he came across one Izak Haber (of *Oz*/35 Abbie Hoffman expose fame). Haber, introduced to Leary in the course of an extended acid party, for no accountable reason hit the refugee very hard in the face. Leary, with commendable psychedelic cool, rose and left the room. Haber was last heard of in Uganda, making a movie. The Life & Loves of General Amin? Leary, meanwhile, continued the trans-continental drift that was to culminate in his arrest in Afghanistan, and bumped into Richard (Baba Ram Dass) Alpert in Switzerland. 'Richard', commented our affable magician, 'you seem to be getting gooder and gooder, while I get badder and badder'. Alpert's (doubtless philosophical) rejoinder is not on record.

And research scientists in Tel Aviv are getting very excited over a small flower which they believe might be the answer (?) to heroin addiction. Papaver Bracteatum contains a drug called Thebaine, which can chemically be transformed into naloxone and noltrexone, both known to be narcotic antagonist agents . . .

The quaint fetishes of Tory Ministers in Britain know no bounds. Polaroid snaps of prostitutes shitting on the face of Cabinet Ministers were bad enough. Recently, however, we hear that two high ranking government officials have been engaged in an even more bizarre leisure time activity—Budgie Bashing. Apparently, these demented perverts are in the habit of purchasing budgerigars from the pet department of Harrods. The hapless birds are stuffed in the toes of Wellington boots and crushed to death during brisk morning walks across Hyde Park. Christine Keeler come back—all is forgiven . . .

Some of this is by Roger Hutchinson . . . the rest isn't.

'Q. Would you conclude this interview with an observation on the counterculture of the '60's? I assume that it is less than a node, as you call it, of the coming reversal. A. No, it's simply part of the larger process, the most recent burst of energy in the continuing struggle to create a real revolutionary culture. In its demise as a movement, it too makes its insights to the battle at large, and indeed some aspects of it (like this joint I am about to light) I admire very much. But it just can't last into the dying light of capitalism. It takes more of us than that, and more different kinds of us'.

from An Interview with Donald Duck by David Wagner, *Radical America* Vol7 No1.

The underground never even got a decent funeral. It is simply recorded that something that started out in a duffle-coat in the direction of Aldermaston pegged out in a back room full of unsold comic books and barbiturates. The real, unlikely people who, in pub rooms and over duplicators and behind scaffolding stages made up a movement, have not been asked to comment on the corpse. A new generation of groovers can't see what all the fuss is about. Apart from desultory cries of Bad Dope and Its The Pigs Again, there is no explanation, an almost self-induced amnesia. Which is a pity because no movement can begin again except out of some understanding of its own history. And that history is so personal and intense it has become virtually psychiatry (psychiatrists being simply the historians of the recent past) alone offering explanations of why earstwhile rebels decide to become sheepfarmers, Stalinists, senior lecturers in Deviant Sociology, recluses, 'rock writers', commercial radio hacks or live unhappily ever after in a groovy nuclear commune in the country.

The truth of the matter is not that The-Leaders-Sold-Out or that-something-greatly-beautiful-grew-cankered, but that the underground got smashed, good and proper by exactly those forces of which it stood in defiance. It was smashed because it could not, by 1968, be laughed at or ignored or patronised any longer. The underground was able to make really painful attacks on the system's intellectually based forms of power. Of all the intellectual property speculators of the 60's, it made the most sizeable incursions into capitalism's ideological real estate, the family, school, work-discipline, the 'impartial' lawcourts and the British Broadcasting Corporation. Unlike previous movements of radical arties, it actually transmitted its mood of indiscipline to young people of all classes.

'It is an attack on family life', said

Inspector Luff at the *Oz* trial, quite rightly. The popularity of *Oz*'s atmosphere, (no matter how incomprehensible and downright boring the actual magazine) was, especially to working class kids, an index of the end of decades of post war deference, evidence of a new refusal to any longer even pretend loyalty to the Queen, The Law and The Empire. Already the obscenity and dope trials of the sixties look like light comedy compared to the massive police operations around the Shrewsbury building workers' conspiracy trial or the Winchester bombs trial. But they were the first omens of a new legal viciousness, the opportunity for the police to cut their teeth and the Special Branch to enlarge its files. They could take the Angry Young Men out to lunch, but the hairies had to go to jail.

It was not the case that sufficient numbers were ever arrested to halt the movement and that government-organised spies set about wrecking it, as undoubtedly happened in the late sixties in America. Anyone using the word repression about what happened to *Oz* and *IT* literally does not understand the meaning of the word. But the combination of coppers on one hand, the liberal embrace and pampered sensibilities of the groovier merchant bankers, commercial nabobs and corporate impressarios on the other was deadly.

The national papers of the underground had to exist in an almost wholly hostile world where survival alone, each issue, entailed an epic of cheque-bouncing and bravado. They variously stumbled, victims of their own cheerful apoliticism, into a major trial of strength with the authorities simply for the crime of not being hypocritical. The strain and worry and energy drain utterly disorientated their editorial strength and traditions and led to a situation where the papers rocketed down hill in quality just at a time when more people than ever before were show-

ing an interest in them. For although nominally democratic and open, the papers were so dependent on a small improvising editorial aristocracy that the disappearance of a single person at crucial stages could completely alter the paper's atmosphere.

The unstructured, unpredictable production methods of the underground papers, if focused outwards and in contact and in trust with a movement, could produce remarkable committed journalism (*IT* in the acid heighday of '67, *Black Dwarf* after '68, *Frendz* throughout the Mangrove Trial and the last 12 issues of *Ink*). But exactly that structure could become an office coterie bound together only by a passion for self-promotion and unabashed ambition, whilst the general loyalty and openmindedness of their readers was increasingly exploited by

Necrophilia/DAVID WIDGERY

What Went Wrong

For years within the pages of Oz magazine you have been reading about the 'demise' of the alternative press. Here, hopefully for the last time, our author disturbs this wretched corpse in yet another final instalment of the continuing hippy death saga...





Photo by Red Saunders.

writers who prided themselves on their resemblances to the Lunchtime O'Boozes' automated copy production, drunkenness and despair.

This desperate hackishness was all the more pathetic in people who actually still had ideals, but simply could no longer find words for them. The beats had been evangelical, CND determined sane but desperate, the Underground capable of great moral wrath; the collapse into plain old cynicism, the oldest crutch in the book, was a real full stop to a movement, however hard you tried to stick spangles to it and call it decadence. Increasingly, elements always jostling around in the underground, the love of fashionable intercourse and the dependence of the good offices of advertisers, became dominant. *IT* became little more than a mouthpiece for the

record companies and, although rock reviews were the only things taken seriously by most readers, their authors could scarcely conceal their own boredom.

This process of defeat was complicated, and often illustrated best, in cultural details. It is a fairly glum tribute to the underground's struggle to be able to express yourself in the clothes you wear that such a counter revolution has been effected by commerce that anyone not dressed like a possum trapper on stilts is trying to look like a Tory tennis player of the late twenties. It is a bizarre 15 years which starts with girls revolting against court shoes and twin-sets in favour of existentialist black sweaters and jeans and ending up having to wear them again. It is strange that the system won't even leave our memories alone, so that people

are obliged to feel nostalgic over experiences they never even had in the first place. It is a pity that music (which alone makes it all worthwhile) being made by English and American musicians now offers solely the choice between mock urban menace (Mott, Bowie, Reed, half the Stones) and a phony countrification (other half of Stones plus everything else). It is quite literally pathetic that a movement succoured by cannabis and raised in electrifying affections of acid should grow old jittering, crying and quarreling with itself on the corners of Gerrard Street or in a mandraxed haze at the back of the classroom. Marx, in a footnote to 'Capital' describes the opium trade as a revenge against imperialism. What more cunningly wrought revenge is possible than for flowerchildren to wind up

Continued on page 66. 9

This year seven million tourists will come to London. You can see three million of them any morning in the Abbey, shuffling through like a bread queue, glumly absorbing the babble of misinformation put out by the coach guides. The other four million are in the Tower, standing in line for two hours to see the Crown Jewels (though sometimes the queue to see the Execution Block and the axe is even longer, and what that says about human nature I'd rather not think).

In the afternoon they all change places, but in between times the coaches herd them through the Changing of the Guard, past the Old Curiosity Shop (which isn't) and over London Bridge, which has been sold to the Americans. On Sundays all seven million swarm round to Petticoat Lane, which is this little secret place they've heard about, where you know the stuff isn't stolen because you can see the dents where it fell off the back of the lorry.

Most of these visitors are Americans. Some of them say to each other: 'Shoot, Martha, let's do this Europe thing in style. Let's hire ourselves a car and just take off'. Then the husband steps outside the hotel, takes one look at the London traffic, steps back inside the hotel and says: 'Liss'n, Martha, why don't we just call up one of these car-guides and relax'. And the hall porter, who can scent fear at twenty paces like a buzzard, says: 'I'll organise that for you sir'.

Hall porters are interesting. They have a club called The Golden Key, which is slightly more exclusive than the House of Lords and considerably less impoverished. Hall porters have little things going for themselves in the fields of car-hire, theatre tickets, abortions, light ladies . . . and driver guides.

So the porter calls up and asks for a private car and a young guide to drive it. What the visitors are after is a taste of old Europe, a whiff of decayed gentillesse; what they actually get is some unemployable—an actor, student, or a subversive underground playwright like myself. It may cost ten times as much as the coach tour, but at least they can go to the restaurant whenever they like (this, incidentally, doesn't mean they want to go and lie down).

So one puts on the old school suit, the ancient tweeds—a bit shabby and shiny now you understand, but good quality once, like the Empire. And one holds the door open for the wife which makes her feel secretly degenerate, but also: 'Well, you should be doing that for me, Wilbur'. And you mention about your parents' place in the country and which restaurants to avoid because they're such rotten tourist traps and they just love your accent.

Then you explain that you haven't got an accent, they've got an accent; and they love that too, only not quite so much.

Thus are the legions of middle America, godly folk from Akron, Ohio and Fresno, Cal. Some of them just want to buy someone young to talk to, their own children having given up at the age of fifteen:

—'Well I don't know, Ranaled, I really don't know. We did everything we could for that boy didn't we Ranaled, and then

In Search of the Almighty



he just grew his hair long and he wears bell-bottomed trousers and all we ever wanted was his happiness but he just goes around enjoying himself . . .

So their hope is that Europe, at least, will understand them and appreciate their sacrifice. And the old whore is willing to do one more turn for G I Joe, but not for chewing-gum and cigarettes this time. Still, they enter generously into the spirit of the thing. Every dollar liberated over here affects the American balance of payments and weakens their economy, but they seem to see in the piranha rapacity of the Europeans some kind of vindication of the capitalist system.

I once watched a Jumbo 747 coasting in over Windsor Castle, clipping the Queen's television aerals. The American with me was deeply moved. 'Boy', he turned to me, steel spectacles glinting, 'look at that planeload of people. Just think of all that money'.

'We like it here', they say as we streak along the M4. 'You have so much tradition. Oh would you look at that. Isn't that a shame. You wouldn't think they'd allow that.' That is a new housing estate, built by a Labour council. Yes, Lady. We would all rather be living in rotting, peeling warm-hearted Charles Dickens slums, or thatched and mullioned Tudor parsnip-lofts. We would prefer that, because we have so much tradition.

'And this is a traditional English pub'. Here, traditionally, the tourists buy the guide a drink. They decide to try your English beer and bravely pretend to like it. Not all visitors are so polite. When

Philip of Spain came over here to marry Mary Tudor in 1554, he leapt off the ship crying 'A stoup of English ale!', drank it back, and threw up on the spot. So anyway they take a few unhappy sips and eat a sad cheese sandwich. This is where we get confidential.

—'Do you have a—uh—black problem here?'

—'Oh yes, I say, pretending to misunderstand. The blacks do run into problems. They find it hard to get decent housing and jobs. Their children can have a tough time at school. And you may find this difficult to believe, but they sometimes even run into racial prejudice.'

—'Oh. (Pause). Do you have a—uh—hippy problem?'

To misunderstand all is to forgive all.

Not that you don't get a few freaks, even in middle America. Whereas some would argue that the whole of middle America is a gigantic madhouse, I myself do not subscribe to this view. Since the recent disclosures the visitors have been markedly subdued. 'This is the Traitors' Gate', I say at the Tower, adding helpfully: 'It's original name was the Water-gate'. The wife giggles; the husband gives a lifelike imitation of a corpse.

No, they are sadder but wiser out there in Boulder, Col. and Amarillo, Tex. The Vietnam war actually made them more aggressive. 'Whaddabout Ireland then?' they'd snarl, and anyway Her Majesty's Government was happy to crawl up Nixon's arsehole. The saturation bombing of Cambodia was, as sycophantic Times column writers are paid for

In summer they're everywhere—the men in tangerine sports shirts and H R Haldeman haircuts, the women with butterfly sunglasses and cracked make-up. Dispossessed by their children, drowning under the flood of Watergate, they're the legions of Middle America, the urban guerilla-ed, the pill happy millions who prowl the concrete paths of Stonehenge searching for new nadirs in their ancestral home. The American Tourist.



freedom and democracy. But a little domestic buggery is going too far.

So middle America transferred its hopes and dreams to Spiro Agnew, of whom they used to speak in the same way that their comrades over here speak of Enoch Powell: 'I don't agree with him, mind. But he says things that *need* saying'. Now, however, it seems that Spiro is far from the mental defective that he appeared; has, indeed, been helping himself to a large slice of the American pie. They are mourning for their lost lamb in Boise, Idaho, tonight. And the loud, assertive attitudes of Americans abroad have disappeared. Now they are very anxious to do the right thing, the European thing. We have culture but no money, and they have money but no culture; so we come to an arrangement.

One can tell the really weird ones because they always want to visit Stonehenge. When we get there, we find four hundred French schoolchildren climbing all over it eating ice-cream, which isn't quite the red, blood-sacrifice, prehistoric dawn they had in mind. Instead they unload their paranoia on the journey back. One man asked me anxiously if there wasn't a new *contempt* over here for American money, which is sort of like spitting on the Queen Mother besides being the reverse of the truth. A lady was a little worried about her husband: it seemed he had discovered a cheap substitute for aluminium, and the aluminium corporations were naturally trying to assassinate him. Another man was into hip spiritualism ('The night I got through to Jesus Christ—wow, I really *flashed*')

and hoped to gross a million in charitable donations to himself.

Then there was the Latvian from Riga, who had fled from the White Russians, the Wehrmacht, and the Red Army. He arrived in America in the clothes he stood up in, and now he was fleeing from America. What he wanted was the back country. We drove off main roads onto minor roads, off minor roads onto country lanes, off country lanes onto places where there might once have been a packhorse track in Roman times. His hands shook continuously and my driving isn't that bad.

Eventually they screw themselves up to the inevitable.

—'Do you have a—uh—*drug* problem here?'

—'Oh, God no, *no* problem,' I say reassuringly. 'What can I get hold of for you? A little grass? A few downers, mandies, coke? I must say your lady wife looks as if she could use some speed'.

In the driving mirror I see two middle American faces trying to force a smile. It's a horrible sight.

Americans are very keen on gaining and imparting information. There is nothing I do not know about rubber tyres, roofing, or company law as related to the shoe industry. Occasionally they even tell you something useful, like a Canadian who explained how he wrote his novels by shipping on a slow freighter, or the Belgian journalist who conducted me gravely round the British Museum. Sometimes one encounters the American couple of popular fiction: she, aloof, cool, menthol-cigarette-smoking; he, eager,

dynamic, careerist, working his balls off daily at Automated Ployfiber until he collapses at fifty-four with a coronary so that she can swan down to Miami Beach and lay it all on some suave young Cuban exile. . . . Normally he keeps quiet in order not to appear a fool in front of his wife, but ask him about his job and he starts up, excited and grateful as a prep-school boy on a Sunday exeat. The other romantic couples are the honey-mooners hoping to while away the long dark hours of daylight. They blink at the memorials in the Abbey, yawn steadily round St Paul's, the husband sighs at Anne Boleyn's execution, the girl goes sparkle and coo at the Crown Jewels, and I think we'll finish early this afternoon.

We visit Stratford. Not many of Stratford's three million annual visitors have much interest in, or knowledge of, the Bard. One elderly man did shake me by reciting from memory the most inventively obscene stanza of *Venus and Adonis*. His wife looked like she'd heard it before. But most of them have no interest in Shakespeare, nor do they even want to go to Stratford: what they want is to *have been there* and to prove it with the Zeiss Ikon colour slides and Mom's Instamatic prints and a few post-cards just to be on the safe side. But the Works are a closed book to them.

In this, they show a certain fine instinct, for the first thing that Shakespeare did after he had given Anne three children was to take the road to London. The lady who runs the little soft-drinks kiosk across the road from Anne Hathaway's cottage—now no doubt wintering in Bermuda—says that up to fifty coaches a day visit it in August. As they all leave London at the same time, they all arrive simultaneously. Two thousand people in a small Elizabethan cottage in high summer—the mutable, rank-scented many, as Will hath it. No wonder he left town.

At a man's back there are always the wings of the Angel of Disaster. Crashing the car is difficult to pass off lightly—'I did that deliberately so that you can get to meet one of our splendid policemen face to face'. Getting lost involves a loss of credibility—'There's St Paul's Cathedral. Well, it was here *yesterday*.' You can spend hours driving round the terraces of South London, streets of a thousand twitching curtains, looking for the Brighton road. . . . 'This is a short cut, not many people know about it'. Any-one who has an XJ6 suddenly cut across in front at Hyde Park Corner could slam on the brakes, lean out of the window, and scream '*Get off the fucking road you shit-faced capitalist maniac*', before remembering the existence of the couple in the back. There must be parties dining out nightly in St Louis on the terrors of their London holiday, the savagery and greed of the natives.

And sometimes one of them makes a remark so *unwise* that it paralyses them for the rest of the day. Like the man looking up at Edinburgh Castle: 'That's really a fine castle, but why did they have to build it over the railway station?' His wife gives him the full oxy-acetylene, the 'wait till I get you back in the hotel bedroom' glare.

I look up at the international sky.



Once It's Started

'Apart from Alice's candle, the flashing neon advertising Dirty Edna's was the only light in the room. Monk and Easy had been rapping for at least 36 hours with the only natural break coming when they sneaked out to the toilet to shoot up more crystal. The kid in the cowboy hat was tracing the red weals on Belinda's naked back with his fingers. I was trapped between the cowboy, the speed freaks and the wall going on and off...'

The overhead shook the building as it shuddered past outside. A drawing pin dropped out of the poster of Albert Einstein, and the top left hand corner slowly curled and dropped. Outside in the window the red neon sign that advertised Dirty Edna's flashed on and off, making the far wall change alternately from bloody red to dirty grey. Apart from the single candle that Alice was staring at, it was the only source of light for the whole room. The stereo pumped out Merle Haggard. The kid in the cowboy hat sat hunched over it. He posed something of a problem in that whenever anybody suggested that it might be nice to hear something other than country music he threatened to fight them. Nobody knew exactly where he'd come from but nobody quite liked to ask him about it.

I would have left right then, except I couldn't find the energy to move. I pulled the little bottle of capsules out of my boot. There were six left. They'd see me through the rest of the night and probably most of the next day. I had a vestigial idea that I ought to pass them round but I didn't see anyone else about to come out with anything. I decided the best thing to do would be to keep them to myself. It occurred to me that it would be amusing if I stuffed a couple down the kid in the cowboy hat. The trouble was that I didn't really have the co-ordination for that kind of adventure, even though he'd probably be better off lying in a foetal position on the stairs than lording it over the stereo.

The only alternative to the country music was to tune in to Monk and Easy. Their rap had been going on for at least thirty-six hours, with the only natural breaks coming when they sneaked out to the toilet to shoot up more crystal. They kept theirs to themselves, and I wasn't about to negotiate an exchange for a couple of my capsules. It didn't stop me listening to them, though, when the pedal steel music got to be too much.

They had a theory that speedfreaks ruled the world.

'And then there was Kennedy'.

'Right, too right'.

'He had this doctor'.

'Sure, sure, came round every day.'

Shot him full of meth and B12'.

'Good clinical meth man. The dude came round every day and gave him his shot. Didn't even know what was happening. Every time he felt bad, just sing out for the doc. He travelled everywhere with him'.

'Who?'

'The doc, with Kennedy. Ain't you listening, man?'

'Sure I'm listening, man. Don't get paranoid. You know what I mean?'

'I'm not paranoid, man. I know what's happening'.

'What about Hitler?'

'He was a coke freak'.

'So? What's wrong with coke?'

'I wouldn't turn it down, if there was some, but there isn't so I can't'.

'Huh?'

'You sure you're listening, man?'

'Sure I'm sure'.

'So what was wrong with Hitler?'

'He had this doctor called Morrell'.

'Used to shoot him full of coke and belladonna'.

'Right'.

'I mean, imagine being Kennedy, man. Stoned out on meth, threatening to toss bombs at the Russians'.

'I thought you were talking about Hitler'.

'Sure I was talking about Hitler. You want to listen, man. The trouble with Hitler was that he fucked up'.

'He was surrounded by junkies'.

'Goering'.

'Goering had methadone invented for him when he couldn't get any smack'.

The kid in the cowboy hat had started Johnny Cash at Folsom Prison for the third time. I was trapped between him, the speedfreaks and the wall going on and off. I sideslipped and the room got jagged. I wished I could turn off at least part of it. The overhead went through again and the building shook. Alice's candle flickered, but she didn't notice. She just went right on staring.

The door opened and the speedfreaks jerked in unison. It was only Ice and Belinda. By the look of them they'd been up on the roof. Ice liked to take Belinda up there, tie her to one of the ventilator pipes and beat her with his belt. If the ritual was over, Ice would probably leave soon. Then Belinda would strip off and



show us all her bruises. We'd seen it before, except the kid in the cowboy hat, that is. He'd probably get a kick out of it. He looked the type.

Ice stuck his thumbs in his belt and thrust his hips forward. The faggots on the third floor were always trying to get to Ice. He had that kind of fast-gun machismo down to a fine art. He'd seen every one of Sergio Leone's movies at least three times. He turned slowly, scanning the room, watchful and ready to jump. He lingered over the mirror that was propped against the wall between Alice and the mattress.

Ice always refused to have anything to do with the faggots from the third floor. He made that very clear, despite the fact that he hung round their landing a little too much. Ice had paused long enough. It was his cue to speak.

'What's happening, huh?'

Nobody answered. Ice's voice was a fraction too high for the rest of his image.

'I asked what's happening'.

Easy looked up with a jerk.

'We were just talking about world power. Amphetamine . . .'

Easy rolled the word round his tongue.

' . . . amphetamine power. If you understand what I'm talking about.'

Ice nodded. A fast tight nod that I'd caught him rehearsing in the bathroom.

'I understand'.

He turned slowly to face the kid in the cowboy hat.

'Why all the country music?'

The kid in the cowboy hat rose to a tense half crouch.

'What's wrong with country music, friend?'

There was a long silence while they tried to stare each other down. The wall flashed from grey and back to red. It was Ice who finally gave way.

'Nothing wrong with country music—in the country'.

Before the drama could go any further, Belinda put her hand on Ice's sleeve.

'Do you have a cigarette?'

Ice pushed her away.

'I'm clean out'.

'You sure?'

He turned angrily on her.

'Sure I'm sure. All you ever do is want things'.

It was another of their games. We could all see the almost full pack of Camels sticking out of his shirt pocket. He turned his heel and slammed out of the room. Even above Johnny Cash we could hear his boots going down the stairs. The kid in the cowboy hat climbed to his feet and went over to Belinda. He pulled out a crumpled pack of Luckies.

'Do you want one of these, honey?'

Belinda showed her nice even teeth in a Marilyn Monroe smile.

'Thank you very much'.

The cowboy lit her cigarette for her. In the flash, I was reminded that Belinda was in fact quite pretty. She made a living for herself and Ice by making fuck films. She lost quite a lot of work, though, because he left too many marks on her. I suppose you could say something about all work and no play. The overhead came through again and the building shuddered.

Belinda wasted no time in asking the

kid in the cowboy hat whether he wanted to see her bruises. Before he could even answer, she'd started to unbutton her dress. I'd seen it so many times before I retreated behind my eyelids. If she kept him busy for a long time somebody might be able to put on some different music.

When I opened my eyes again I could see Belinda and the cowboy entwined beside the stereo. Belinda appeared to be naked. The neon sign came on and confirmed it. The kid still had his hat on. He was tracing the red weals on her back with his fingers.

'Why do you let him do it to you, honey?'

Belinda laughed her little squeaky laugh.

'I don't mind. I quite enjoy it really'.

The neon went off and I waited for the next episode. When it came back on again, the cowboy was licking his lips.

'Would you let me do it?'

Belinda was outraged.

'Listen buster, I don't hardly know you'.

The neon went off again. In the darkness I could hear the kid in the cowboy hat trying to placate her.

'I'm sorry, sugar, I didn't mean any harm'.

Belinda forgave him and the neon came on. The cowboy grinned at her.

'Want to see my gun?'

I thought for a moment he was going to expose his Roy Rogers prick. It turned out that I was quite wrong. From the waistband of his jeans, he produced a mean black snubnosed revolver. The red light went off, and I imagined how the gun must have been nestling behind his rodeo buckle all evening. It was fortunate that nobody had pressed the point about the country music. I eased myself back into the wall. It always makes me nervous when kiddies start to play with guns.

I couldn't look at the kid in the cowboy hat. I just didn't want to know what he was doing with the gun. I switched my attention to Alice. She was still staring at the candle, and there was no entertainment there. Even in the muted light there was nothing attractive about her plain, vacant little face. That left only Easy and Monk. They still squatted cross-legged like a pair of jittering Buddhist monks. They'd transferred from previous world-wreckers to their own dreams of power and grandeur.

'All we got to do is get it together. That's all we got to do'.

'Right. We've only got to get it together'.

'We could be right there. Running things, doing it. Telling people what to do. You know what I mean?'

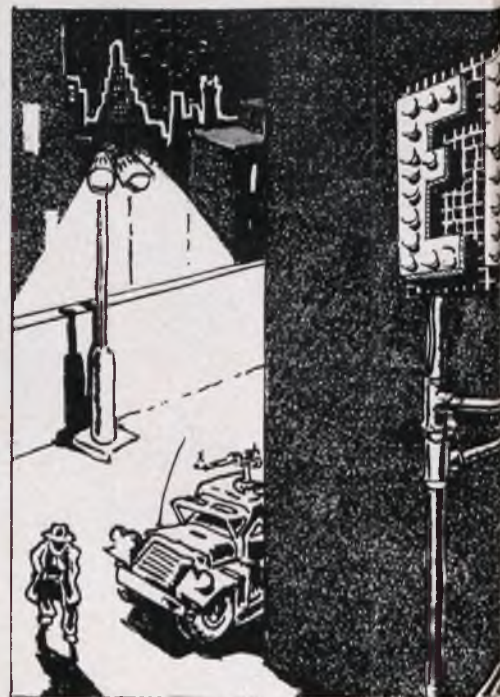
They waved their hands at each other; fast jerks that cast shadows like darting bats or black birds each time the neon flashed through the windows.

'All we need to do is just get started. Once we get started, got a few people behind us, we could sweep across the world'.

'A whole legion of us. Wave upon wave, driving everything in front of us'.

'Right!'

'Just get it together'.



'Right!'

Every so often, the red light would catch their eyes. Demonic reflections would be thrown back. I was beginning to drift into their spiralling world. I caught myself wondering if it was me or them that was insane. I looked away. There was nothing else to stare at but the wall. All that did was go on and off.

Red Grey Red Grey Red Grey

In the next red flash the door opened quietly and a guy I'd never seen before slipped in carrying a bottle. He looked around for someone to talk to. Easy and Monk were locked into their plans for world domination, Alice was still transfixed, while Belinda and the cowboy were pressing together on the floor. That left only me. He sat down.

'You seen Zorbo?'

Who the hell was Zorbo?

I looked him straight in the bottle and grinned.

'Sure, he left already'.

The red to grey and back to red pause. I continued to smile at the bottle. I licked my lips and felt a bit like the kid in the cowboy hat. I wished I had a gun to show the dude. After a while, he got the point.

'Uh . . . maybe you'd like a drink'.

I grabbed it.

'Sure would'.

I took a generous swallow. It was cheap wine which tasted like it had been fortified with anti-freeze. I paused, took another hit and passed it back to him.

'Thanks'.

There was a pause while the guy waited for me to offer him something in return. I decided not to be drawn and sat staring straight ahead, doing a passable imitation of Alice. The overhead came through again and shook the building. The guy jerked.

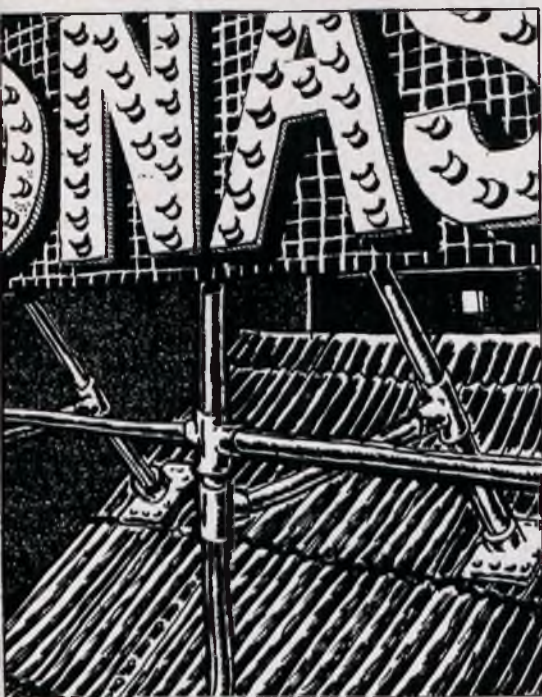
'What the fuck was that?'

'Overhead'.

'Aah'.

'Anytime'.

' . . . and so . . .'



have a taste of something you could lay on me. I mean, do you?

For one charitable instant I thought about giving him one of my precious capsules, then I shook my head.

'It all went'.

'Too bad'.

'Sorry'.

His wine hadn't been that good, and besides I'd had it. After a decent pause he got up and slipped out of the door as quietly as he had come in. Or, at least, he tried to. On the way he was hit by Miss Rene with a sailor in tow, and was almost knocked off his feet. Rene flashed him a super nova smile.

'Sorry precious, I hardly saw you'.

The little guy fled down the stairs and Miss Rene swept into the room.

'Nothing going on in here. You almost look like you need dusting'.

Rene was a strange creature. She had the face and figure of a starlet, but attached to her crotch was a miniaturised set of male genitals. Nobody was quite sure how she got that way. The opposing theories were that, on one hand, she was a freak of nature, while on the other she had once had a very expensive hormone job, but had run out of money before she could get the final piece of surgery.

She was wearing a blue metallic sheath dress that flashed purple each time the red neon came on. I started to hallucinate watching her. Over her shoulders was a black leather Brando bike jacket, one of the double breasted kinds with lots of zips. Miss Rene had a strange talent for mixing her symbolism.

The sailor started to paw at her. He was very drunk. She shrieked, and punched him in the face with a fistful of rings.

'Don't touch the merchandise, Charlie!'

He reeled away, and then stumbled round the room as though he was unsure of what had happened to him. A small trickle of blood ran down his chin from a cut on his lips. His vacant eyes fell on Alice. He sat down heavily beside her.

'Hey honey, you look cute'.

Alice continued to stare unwaveringly at the candle. A little pool of wax was beginning to form on the floor. The sailor leaned over and squeezed her breasts.

'Believe in free love, do you babe? I believe in free love'.

Alice's gaze didn't waver. Miss Rene looked on in disgust. The sailor began to slobber over the front of Alice's Donald Duck T-shirt. Rene flounced towards the door.

'Well fuck you Jack!'

The door slammed behind her and her high heels clattered down the stairs. The sailor began to realise that maybe he wasn't going to get as far as he'd imagined. Alice might look completely relaxed, but we all knew that when she got into that state she became as stiff as a board.

He tried to push his hand down her jeans, but found that the way she was sitting made it quite impossible. He attempted to ease one of her legs out of the way, gently at first and then using both hands. He discovered that even when he applied leverage, Alice's thighs just wouldn't move. He rolled over on the mattress and shook his head at her hunched, bony back.

'You ought to see a doctor, honey'.

She ignored him. He raised his voice to take in the whole room.

'This chick ought to see a doctor'.

The whole room ignored him. He complained and muttered for a while, and then began to get interested in Monk and Easy. He listened for a while and then finally interrupted their flow.

'You fella's planning something?'

Their heads flashed round, and they peered at him with speed-freak hostility.

'We're taking over'.

'Taking over what?'

'The world, man. The whole fucking planet'.

'Yeah?'

'Yeah, all we got to do is get it together.'

'Taking over the world seems like a pretty tall order'.

Monk dismissed the sailor's plebian viewpoint with a fast chop of his hand.

'No problem, once we got it together'.

Easy nodded.

'We'd tell you about it only we don't have time right now'.

The sailor grinned with a dawning, doglike devotion.

'Go ahead. You don't mind if I listen, do you?'

'Not if you don't interrupt'.

'I won't say a word'.

It seemed as though Easy and Monk had claimed their first disciple. They went back to plotting. The sailor sat on the mattress watching them, absorbing every word, his head turning from side to side like a spectator at a tennis match.

Across the room there was a flurry of movement. The kid in the cowboy hat had taken time out from rubbing his pistol between Belinda's legs for long enough to put on a Tammy Wynette album. It seemed like a signal to Monk and Easy. They both leaped to their feet.

'We got it!'

'Yeah! We got the answer'.

I rested my head against the wall.

'That's wonderful'.

'That's the word, wonderful. We got the answer'.

'You want to hear the answer?'

I shrugged.

'Sure, why not?'

'People'.

'People?'

'Right, people'.

'Yeah, people. We live off people'.

I focussed on them. The red light was reflected in their eyes. They looked like a couple of vampires who'd just spied lunch. I took the time to argue.

'I thought we did that anyway'.

'We go the whole way'.

'No half measures'.

'We catch people'.

I was confused.

'What do we do when we've caught them?'

They looked at me like I was a backward child. I was at a disadvantage. They'd had thirty-six hours to build up to this. Easy spelled it out.

'We process them'.

'Hunh?'

'Some bits we eat. Some bits we get stoned on...'

'What?'

'There's all these glands'.

Monk picked it up.

'The adrenal gland, the lymph gland, the pineal gland, the pituitary. You got to be able to get high on some of those. Plus we eat the flesh and make ornaments out of the bones. We could even sell them. There's no time to delay'.

I sat and boggled as they raced out of the room yelling. The sailor seemed disappointed that they hadn't asked him to go with them. There was nothing to do but wait. The overhead came through and shook the buildings. Inside of fifteen minutes, they were back again.

'We need help'.

I shook my head.

'I can't move'.

The sailor jumped to his feet and even the cowboy seemed anxious to help. They all trooped downstairs. A few minutes later they were back, struggling with a limp body. They dropped it on the floor. Belinda squeaked. Alice didn't move. I looked at it. It wasn't the best body I'd ever seen. Middle aged, unshaven, dirty, wearing a tattered Army coat, it looked like one of the bums they regularly tossed out of Dirty Edna's. Easy and Monk stood over it triumphantly. I think they would have liked to have their photos taken. Foot on neck, like big game hunters. We'd hocked Alice's Polaroid a long time earlier though, and it just wasn't possible.

Easy looked round the room.

'What we need is a knife'.

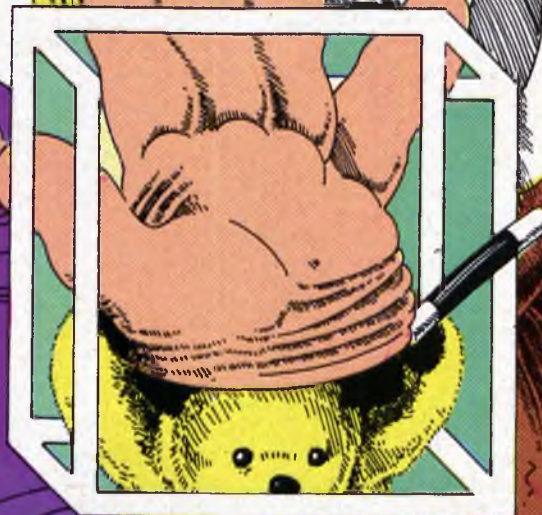
The sailor, who seemed so taken with the game that he'd totally forgotten about Alice, pulled a large switchblade from out of his coat. He opened it with a snap. I shut my eyes as they went to work. I couldn't take any more. I could picture the scene when the cops burst in. Then I thought about it. Who'd miss an old bum, it might be okay after all. Provided they didn't go crazy. And who could tell, there might be some good stuff in those glands.

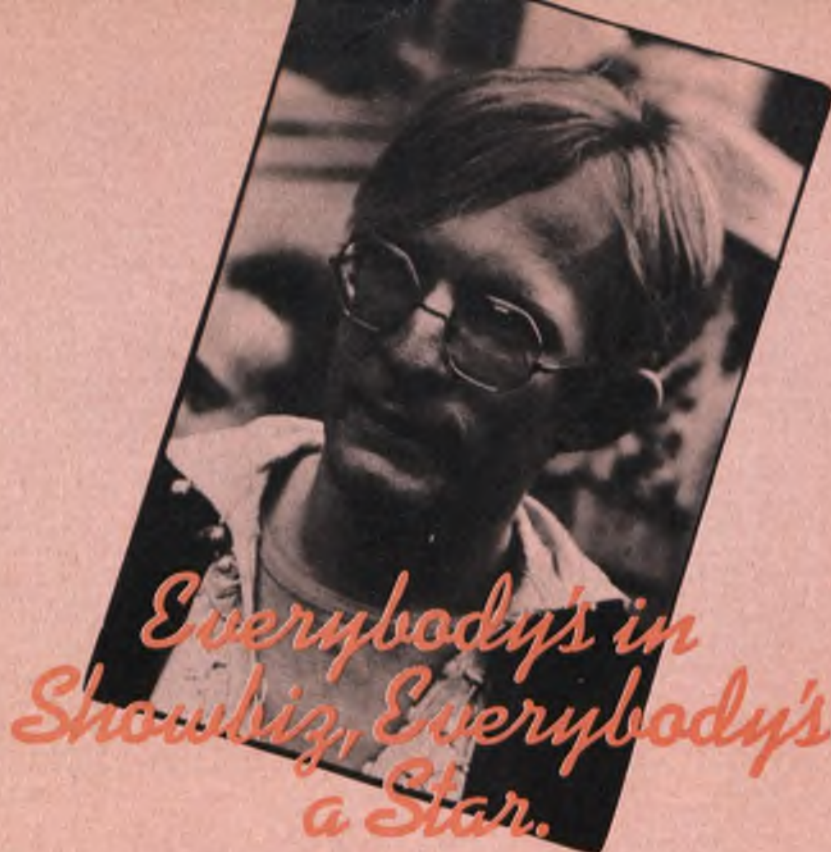
The overhead came through and shook the building.



MARRY ME AND
JOIN THE BAND

YOU'RE JUST A NOGOOD
DOWNHOME GUITARIST





The heart-rending story of a redundant Oz editor, who left a steady job as a hack writer in London to spend summer as a fart behind the Fucking Puppets of Vienna.

Cabaret/JIM ANDERSON

'Travel narrows the mind and broadens the arse', George Greaves, an old journalist friend of mine in Tangier was fond of saying. I'm sure now that he had in mind the wear and tear on your backside produced by camel saddles in the Sahara or the wooden seats in jolting Greek mountain buses, but in the mid-sixties, when I was finding England oppressive to me as a gay person, I assumed that he was referring to my old fear that getting fucked in the arse would make it expand like a ripening cauliflower. For my emotional and sexual well-being I had to get out of London, but at the same time I didn't want to have a big bum, so when I did hit the road, I restricted myself to active penetration, fellatio and mutual masturbation. A few weeks in downtown Cairo, however, brought home to me the absurdity of this attitude. I threw my virginity to the winds and resigned myself to larger trousers. Of course, the only thing that expanded was my sense of pleasure and awareness of myself: the absurdity of yet another of the ideas planted in my head by teachers and family became clear.

Ever since, travel has been sexually liberating for me—broadening both mind (never did work out what the first part of the phrase meant) and arse, if you like. Another good reason for travel is that it removes a writing block that I have. I can employ the fiction that if I write about somewhere far enough away from the place where my article will be published, fewer people will notice what bullshit I am writing because fewer people will be able to pick up on the mistakes. On that basis, Amsterdam is a very poor substitute for Outer Mongolia, what with the Common Market and it being only a few cheap hours away and all that, but it was

the only place I got to this summer, so it has to do. Naturally this has been a very difficult article to write.

I went to Amsterdam mostly for a holiday, but also perhaps to get involved in something other than magazines or writing, which for years has occupied far too much of my time in London. I had in mind a travelling troupe of actors, dancers or acrobats, but as I had not performed publicly (at least by choice) in any way since my innocent pre-pubertal days as a child star in such charmers as Toad of Toad Hall, I needed something simple to start with. I thought longingly of approaching Hibiscus and Angel Jack who were there from San Francisco with The Angels of Light in a show of breathtaking banality—inconsequential nudity, dope, costume changes, and old Broadway songs like 'We'll Build A Stairway to Paradise' sung out of tune by mixed choruses of voices full of sweetness and light without any instrumental accompaniment. It was a cross between the Garden of Eden and Busby Berkeley, and their entire budget was obviously spent on tinsel and glitter. Watching the show I felt like a rabbit in the headlights of a car, so bedazzled I had to give up any thought of participation.

There were dozens of other groups playing the hippie circuit and the parks, sometimes as part of the Holland Festival, but it wasn't until Adam Lysowski and his Viennese Sex Puppets, or as he had more modestly painted on his six-foot-wide canvas stage front 'The Cosmic Nomads', arrived in town that I realised at last that here was something I could work with.

Adam was one of the international Jewish yippie mafia, quick-change

artists, I suppose, a pantheon which includes such chameleons as Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin and the beautiful Isak Haber. Isak, of 'How Abbie Hoffman Stole "Steal This Book"' and the guy who hit Timothy Leary fame, had been going to work the puppets with Adam, but had decided to return to the States instead. Adam was scarcely more familiar with the role of public entertainer than I was, his experience being mostly as a mathematician from Princeton. Grotesque in appearance, a fourteen stone fatty who wore heavy glasses with lenses like the bottom of milk bottles, he was a gargantuan bearded Vandal hammering at the gates of civilisation. On performance days he walked about Amsterdam beaming benignly in a white boiler suit tracked with flashing electric light bulbs which lit up in lines around his genitals, down his back to his arse and circled his tits. 'The more conspicuous I am, the greater my sense of freedom. People give me room to move', he said, 'Good for business too'. I had never associated being conspicuous with peace of mind before, and the remark sank in.

He had started up the Cosmic Nomads in Vienna only a few weeks before, and had brought them to Amsterdam for the summer season, just as Frankie Howerd or Inter-Action might do July on the pier at Weston-Super-Mare. Fritz the Cat may have been the first publicly shown cartoon with explicit sex, but the Cosmic Nomads was the first Punch and Judy show with fucking nuns. Adam was a man with a message—'more orgasms'—and the puppets were a simple method of putting across some rather heavy sexual liberation proselytising.

He had about a dozen glove puppets with bright, carefully made clothes and shiny, well-delineated painted heads. There was a Mary Whitehouse mother figure, an alcoholic father, a long-haired girl, a short-haired boy, a priest, a couple of nuns, a cosmic guru, a black man, and two or three all-purpose puppets with prominent noses, bald heads, double chins and bad vibes which could be used for psychiatrists, politicians, property developers and other wicked types starting with 'p'. His props were uncomplicated—a bed, a toilet, a bath, a table, a telly, and an indoor and outdoor back-drop.

Each of the male puppets had a hole in his trousers for a piece of rubber tubing, which could be made, when the plot required orgasm, to protrude and squirt water over the audience by squeezing a rubber ball, which we usually remembered to fill before each performance. Each of the female puppets had an electric light, representing a cunt, set into the front of her dress, which could be made to signify sexual arousal by flicking a transistor battery switch, operated by whoever—me, Adam, or Kathy his assistant—was manipulating that particular puppet.

Every day we carried the theatre folded up in a tin trunk through the streets to the Vondelpark, where we set it up by the first lake. Kathy would recruit a few musicians from the plastic ground sheet and sleeping bag encampments under the trees, and when an audience had been attracted by the bongos or

whatever, she would do a belly dance she had learned in Tunisia to warm them up. Nothing was ever happening in the park and it was easy to trap a large crowd, mostly teenybop freaks and park hippies, but a selection of Dutch matrons and German tourists with their children as well. The police checked up on us as we were setting up the first time. We had no licence, but on being told that it was 'puppets, you know, for kids', they gave big smiles and went away.

Adam's main targets were the pernicious teaching of the Roman Catholic Church and the Jesuits, the evils of sexual repression and censorship, and the hypocrisy of the Victorians and their successors. He extolled the delights of fucking and shitting and made mock of prudish Anglo-Saxon attitudes in these more than potentially enjoyable areas. My first contribution to his theatre was back stage, making farting and evacuation noises, as Adam manipulated his puppet-priest on the toilet seat, while bellowing out a long monologue on the pleasures of a good crap. It was excellent therapy for me too, who has suffered embarrassment at having to shit, hung over a rail, in public at pop festivals. This particular sketch was always very popular, arousing great guffaws and the occasional participatory fart, from any audience. There was usually interest too in the new use being made of an old amusement device, even if they were too doped to be conscious of any sexual problems themselves except perhaps that of impotency.

Adam had grown tired of the limitations of his repertoire and was anxious to upgrade his material. After a discussion we came up with a sketch entitled *The Death of Janis Joplin, the Rise and Fall of a Superstar*. Unfortunately, much as we liked Janis, neither of us knew much about her history, and having no time to make new puppets, we had to weave the story around those we had. Her tragedy, as performed the next day, went something like this:

Janis Joplin (related the Cosmic Guru) was born in a small Texas town and displayed a rebellious tomboy disposition even from the cradle. She loved singing and when she was fourteen started running around with a bunch of local musicians, one of whom became her childhood sweetheart—Jimi Hendrix (so we could use the black puppet). In the opening scene, her mother (Mrs Whitehouse) catches Janis in the bath singing the Kozmic Blues (we had it on tape) and whacking off. Mum gives her a rundown on the evils of masturbation, then sends her in to her father for a beating. Drunken dad takes off his trouser belt, beats her, then fucks her. She runs to the priest for help. He listens lasciviously to her troubles, then fucks her. She runs to her childhood sweetheart, who consoles her, then fucks her. (Lots of play here with the rubber tubing and the electric light bulbs). He says: 'Marry me and join the band'. She says: 'You're just a no-good home-town guitarist', splits for the coast and the big time and breaks his heart.

She fucks her way through producers and promoters to the top, where she remains for a short time, the glitteriest and most glamorous rock star of them all,

beseiged by reporters, photographers and groupies. Life at the top becomes lonely, drugs replace her love life and she spurns a last minute rescue attempt by Jimi who arrives in Los Angeles to bring her back home. She dies in a spectacular blue-lit scene on a motel bed, a bottle of Southern Comfort in one hand, a hypodermic in the other. The Cosmic Guru reappears to intone a eulogy, placing the blame for her death squarely on the nuclear family and the mores of a puritanical sexually repressed redneck society. And the Church. (Adam always had it in for the church).

So much for accuracy in the rapacious path of creative endeavour. We did a trial run in the Vondelpark and on the strength of that got a booking for the Milky Way a couple of nights later. I was in show-business.

I was dimly aware that Janis Joplin's sex life was more than fucking producers and drunkenly dragging guys off the street into her car at the lights. Her sweetheart was a girl rather than a boy, and it would have been no trouble to be correct for once and included some tender lesbian love scenes. But I was vaguely embarrassed (embarrassment, the curse of the middle classes) by my own gayness, as indeed I had been the previous day when I had chickened out of doing a gay liberation sketch I had prepared. I was overcome by shyness, not simple Bambi stuff, but self-oppressive timidity. Had that heavy duty done with GLF at the London School of Economics and All Saints Hall been all to no avail? Would I no longer be able to ask for *Gay News* at my local newsagent? Was it time for electro-shock treatment as my only solution? I decided rather hastily that it was just natural nervousness at performing in public, even in such a friendly medium as a puppet theatre, and not something as anti-revolutionary as a lack of gay conviction. As Adam had pointed out patiently, I was a very hot and bothered performer. My co-ordination was bad and I would get excited and find myself unable to do more than one thing at a time. Life ran along far too quickly in the puppet world for my fat fingers, which had to work frantically to keep pace with changes of props and characters. Voices to switch to falsetto, tapes to play, glitter to be thrown for the Monterey Festival scene, cocks to squirt, cunts to flash, and I tended not to realise that I was compulsively making puppets come and switching light bulbs on and off long after the story had moved elsewhere.

The Milky Way is a club in an old warehouse on a canal just off the Leidseplan with a large, comfortable area for watching movies or video, another for eating, another for tea and conversation, and a main room for loitering or lolling about, listening to music, dancing if anyone can be bothered, watching others do their number and being passively entertained by events like the Cosmic Nomads. This room has a large, raised central platform with wooden pillars at the corners, and has a medieval air about it, reminiscent of Marrakech rather than northern Europe.

Organising sex for the love generation is rather like introducing rock groups into

the church aisles in order to bring back the congregations, but I thought that the Milky Way would work much better, be less dull, if facilities for fucking were added to it. I imagined a couple of warm steaming pools like natural thermal springs, fountains in the vapour, music, soft lights and nakedness, colour telly and dope, some tropical foliage and open to the sky on hot summer nights. A hippie love temple with a Robert Crumb fuck-in and orgy-riot whenever communal passion escaped from its box.

The Vienna Sex Puppets evening at the Milky Way turned into a Joplin rock memorial service. Bill Levy from *Suck Magazine* (like *Oz*, a final issue will be out by the end of the year) lent us two cartoons which could have come out of Unca Walt's personal collection and were originally shown at the Wet Dream Festival. Janis herself had doubtful drawing power (she was as remote as Bessie Smith to a good half of the crowd), but from the minute that Hansel and Gretel flickered on the wall, billed as a Janis Joplin masturbation fantasy, a sexual whisper floated around the club and the room was completely filled.

Piece of My Heart was blasted out over the loudspeakers, then a spotlight played on Kathy as she did her belly dance, announcing it this time as Janis Joplin's Dream of Paradise. By the time the puppet drama itself got going, it was almost lost in the sideshows and pretensions of a mammoth production.

Kathy made Janis into a real tough cookie of a puppet, and I, feverishly working away as her mother, father and boyfriend, felt she came over as a pushy bitch who deserved everything she got. Me and Bobby McGee, played at the end as an accompaniment to the second of the cartoons, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs which was billed as Janis Joplin's Vision of Life After Death, restored a sense of sorrow however, and there was some enthusiastic clapping. Even as Prince Charming was fucking Snow White back to life, joints were being lit, chillums were being prepared, and Janis Joplin was drifting back into oblivion.

So much for showbiz. I left Amsterdam shortly afterwards. The Vienna Sex Puppets got other bookings, Adam got another helper, and began work on an even more ambitious project—*The History of Acid, the Life and Times of Timothy Leary*—based on his experiences with Leary in Vienna during the six weeks the acid gangster spent there before he inadvisedly left for Afghanistan and instant arrest.

When Adam comes to London and does his version of *The Oz Trial*, I will have further opportunity to exorcise some of my sexual devils. When that other Mr Leary, the prosecutor at the trial, asks: 'Do you find the male organ attractive, Mr Anderson?' I will be able to reply, 'I think it's very beautiful, Mr Leary, don't you?' instead of the tortuous answer I did give, which was 'I think it's a perfectly natural part of the human anatomy, Mr Leary'.

We already have just the puppet for the prosecutor—he is a sitter for one of those left over ones with the bald head and the double chin, used for wicked types starting with 'p'.

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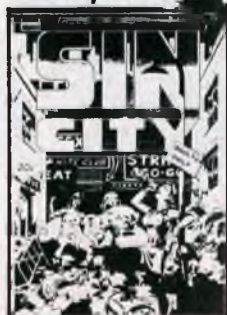
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I didn't know whether we could afford this advertisement. By we, I mean Warner Bros. and at this point it becomes crazy because everyone knows Warner Bros. can afford a page in OZ, or a page in the New York Times or any paper anywhere, so what I mean by "afford" is how does it make sense in relation to George Melly's next album which probably won't be in the shops until after you have read this by which time you may have forgotten all about it or gone on to other things besides which you may not even like George Melly or me or you may not like buying albums, you may like scoring them or liberating them or taping other people's. However, as it's the last OZ and as OZ and George and I are part of whatever we are part of, here is an advertisement for "Son Of 'Nuts" (K 46269) George Melly's second album for Warner Bros. George is featured with the Feetwarmers. They have done so marvellously well this year, in concert and on TV and radio and in the press that they are all giving up their jobs and going full time as performers. They will sweep the world or fail. The latter is unlikely. George Melly is the only entertainer in Britain who will always make you glad to be alive. It is a very good album. Please buy it. You will never regret it. Good luck to us all. And thank you OZ. You were very good.

Derek Taylor

Derek Taylor



The Suede Sackboot.

What your right wing's for. A speculative guide to fascism and latent fascism in Britain.

When I hear the word 'fascist' I reach for my gun. Not to shoot the fascist—God knows there'll be time enough for that—but to blast the person who used the word. Because in the past few weeks I've heard everyone, from Robert Carr to Rod Stewart to the referee in the Arsenal-Tranmere Rovers game, described as a fascist and the word has become so overused and illused as to become almost meaningless. An underground soporific, a mandy of the written word.

Fascist Pig replaced Yah-Boo in the sixties as an all-purpose expletive directed at anyone who disagreed with the left or who held any kind of overt authority. The result is that the overuse of the word tends to obscure the genuine and increasing fascism in this country.

Now fascism, as I see it, is a movement towards control of the weak by the strong, based on an elitist and often violent doctrine, of one group of people over another; it grows from both economic and social dissatisfaction and feeds on fear and intolerance. Ask Enoch.

Hard-line fascists in Britain suffered an enormous reverse because of Hitler, and the last war is a blow from which they are only just recovering. But recovering they are, as witness the mushrooming of right-wing groups throughout the sixties and early seventies: the National Front, the Anglo-Rhodesian Society, Action Party, Keep Britain White Campaign, the Racial Preservation Society, the Monday Club, Immigration Control Association, the National Democratic Party, the Free Speech Defence Fund and the National Independent Party.

Many of these groups are as thin on the ground and as divided as many left groups are often accused of being; in fact, all you need to do to form a party is get a suitably stentorian name, whip out a pamphlet featuring repatriation, hanging and a stronger police force, and



you'll probably get media coverage and send a chill down the spines of liberal opinion. For many of the groups might well have died the death were it not for the fascination they have for the media and liberals in particular. Lenny Bruce used to have a routine about Lincoln Rockwell in which he pondered on whether Rockwell was just playing to crowds of Jews shaking their fists at him and really only had two followers who were deaf and thought the swastika was an Aztec symbol. 'Who always shows you these articles about bigotry?' asked Bruce, '—the liberals. Hmmm.'

So, pace Lenny, let's take a look at the policies and histories of some of the major groups currently touting for power and membership dues in what they feel is a climate of indecision and national trauma.

One of the newest, by name if not by ideas, is the Action Party which was formed on January 1st of this year out of

the ashes of Mosley's Union Movement, which itself had been running since 1948. They have kept the familiar lightning-flash symbol and have been leafletting areas of London with their ten-point programme and requests for people to subscribe to their 4-page newspaper, the bi-weekly *Action*.

The ten points range from the predictable repatriation, choice of education and capital punishment to the less expected union with Europe and compulsory purchase of houses at pre-boom prices to provide cheaper homes. On the race issue, they want to repatriate all 'post-war immigrants to good jobs and conditions in their homelands'. One of the reasons given for this is the assertion that immigrants have introduced 'diseases unknown in this country for hundreds of years'. I asked their full-time secretary, Jeffrey Hamm, an old Mosleyite, what diseases this referred to and he told me there were now 1,000 lepers in this country 'but we don't want to exploit this issue as people love to brand us as racists'. Can't think why.

They are coy about the size of their membership, but since they are currently facing debts of nearly £5,000 and are making a fairly desperate appeal for money, it would be fair to assume that *Action* is something of a misnomer. Their opinions of other right-wing groups are scathing. Powell is called 'absurd', a dupe being used by the Tories as a safety-valve, and furthermore personally responsible during his time as Minister of Health for introducing thousands of coloured hospital workers to Britain; Robert Carr is a 'soft sister' and of the National Front Hamm says 'where they are sensible, they are not original and where they are original, they are not sensible'; the Monday Club 'lunch on Mondays and squabble on Tuesdays'.

At the Action conference on October 7th, Mr Hamm claimed that his party

was 'the party of the centre', that they want a united European Army and hoped Britain would join with Europe and the white Commonwealth to create a third major power, the other two being America and Russia. China, nowhere. Action also has a novel interpretation of the recent killings of African mine-workers in South Africa: the police were actually defending *other* African workers. But in view of their debts and the fact that hardly anyone seems to have heard of them, Action does seem to be something of a Mickey Mouse in boots operation, Mosley's party almost over with all its pretty balloons burst.

The same can't be said of the National Front, recently in the news when one of their new members, Roy Painter, was removed from the Board of Governors of Somerset Comprehensive School in Tottenham. This was welcomed by the NF activities organiser, the obese Martin Webster, because 'it will tend to polarise things and where things polarise, we do better'.

Mr Webster should know. Since he attended the National Socialists' rally in Trafalgar Square in 1962 he has become a leading Front figure in polarisation of opinion on the racial issues, and

polled 4,789 votes at the West Bromwich by-election in May.

While the Action Party have to content themselves with trying to persuade local libraries to take their newspaper and asking for funds, the NF have been fighting elections and are to put up at least 50 candidates at the next General Election; which would seem to be about the best reason for making it to the polling booths since 1945. At the moment the effect of their electioneering is to cut the Tory vote, but the size of some of the turn-outs—businessman John Clifton picked up 3,000 votes at Uxbridge earlier this year—shows that they have the organisation to make inroads into local councils, where they could do a considerable amount of damage. They, too, do a lot of leafletting, most recently in Harringey, Brixton, Hounslow and Brentford where small stickers distributed from their Croydon headquarters claim 'National Front puts Britain first—Stop Immigration, Start Repatriation?'

John Tyndall, the man who now leads the Front, is a former member of the League of Empire Loyalists which was formed in 1954 by A K Chesterton, second cousin to the author G K. Tyndall

split from them in 1958 to set up the National Labour Party with John Beam, another leading Front member, and appeared in a charming *Daily Herald* photo in 1962, carrying a swastika banner at a National Socialist camp in the Cotswolds.

I attended their conference at the Conway Hall in October and watched Tyndall on the Union Jack-bedecked platform delivering a call to arms based on 'the spirit and the genius of this race, living on proud and defiant'. The word 'race' had a positively Pavlovian effect on the delegates, producing immediate cries of 'Yes, yes' and much hand-clapping. I hate to fall back on such a tired comparison as wee Adolf, but really Tyndall's strutting hyperbole 'soon we shall hear the sounds of marching columns . . . the skyline will be red white and blue . . . we have the greatest fighters in the country'—was so much of a crib of Hitler that I'm surprised he doesn't come out of his bunker and sue for breach of copyright. But perhaps the saddest aspect of the conference was watching the police and the NF heavies swapping anecdotes about how they dealt with lefty demonstrators. I'd like to send a free holiday on the Black Sea to the gallant photographer who quietly whistled the Internationale throughout Tyndall's closing remarks.

The Front have taken away much of the muscle from the Monday Club which, at its peak in 1971, could claim 34 Tory MPs and 35 Peers in its ranks. Now it is suffering an ideological heamorrhage, gleefully catalogued by the press, because of the refusal of chairman Jonathon Guinness—'It's what your right wing's for'—to resign. Guinness and his supporters are considered soft and the expulsion of the Essex branch of the club for the election support they gave a local Front candidate caused further rifts in the Club. Guinness has duly paid the penalty for being a softy by being dropped by his constituency in Lincoln as their candidate in the next election.

By their increasingly obtuse behaviour, the Monday Club members have become an embarrassment to many of their parliamentary colleagues and only a handful of Tory MPs remain with them, although those with strong ties include our old friend Geoff Rippon, Julian Amery and former Minister of Transport, John Peyton. But one of the former members, George Young, who lost the chairmanship battle with Guinness on April 30th, has used the Club as a spring-board to further activity in Brent where he hopes to stand in the next election and use the immigration issue as a focus for his campaign. Young, an ex-MI6 man, is in part ironically responsible for Kim Philby's diplomatic rise.

The other groups and parties, while fiercely claiming deep ideological and practical differences, seem to offer pretty much the same kick-out-the-darkies-hang-muggers-jail-IRA-fight-comprehensive-schools-recognise-Rhodesia-kiss-Vorster's-ass formula. National Democratic chairman David Brown, who is standing for Ipswich, is in favour of forced repatriation. Air Vice-Marshal Donald Bennett, the head of the Nation-



al Independent Party, is an admirer of the pragmatic policies of South Africa and Rhodesia.

But what about the Tory party, with whom many of these groups have a strange love-hate relationship? In general, it's criticised for being too gentle with immigrants and criminals, economically spineless and too ready to abandon the British role in the world. At the Tory conference in Blackpool, Councillor Peter Wood of Sunderland put the motion calling for stricter control of immigrants and although Carr didn't exactly give in totally to what he said, he was pretty flaccid in his objections to it. We even had Willie Deedes, chairman of the Commons Select Committee on Race Relations, telling us that identity cards might well become a reality and no-one could really accuse the Tories of being 'soft on race' with a piece of legislation like the 1971 Immigration Act behind them.

So the Tories find themselves faced with the dilemma of whether or not to go the whole anti-immigrant hog—deporting at will, humiliating immigrants at airports and giving the gentle nod to their more vociferous right wing. As Mr Deedes so significantly put it, 'public instinct is not always wrong in these matters'. Even in the castrated language of politicians, it is clear what he means.

But if groups and parties provide the more flamboyant signs of fascism, it is the less obvious expressions that deserve more attention.

The army, for instance, is currently engaged in fighting British citizens, a significance that seems to have escaped a lot of people in this country. And since our army is still one of the most costly and largest in Europe and has nowhere like Cyprus, Aden and Malaya to play in any more, we must assume that they are going to become more deeply involved in fighting in Britain itself.

It is certainly a situation that Brigadier Frank Kitson, who made his name fighting the Mau Mau in Kenya and the Irish in Ireland, seems to almost welcome in his book, 'Low Intensity Operation'. He anticipates a situation in the late seventies when the army role in fighting subversion will be much greater. By subversion, he means 'strikes, protest marches and propaganda . . . the use of small-scale violence'. He envisages the army 'advising the government' and getting involved in the actual running of the country, setting up highly efficient intelligence units. As regards that boring old impediment, the Law, Kitson sees one alternative use for it as 'just another weapon in the arsenal of the government . . . little more than a propaganda method for the disposal of unwanted members of the public'. Although not totally convinced, at least in print, of using the law like this, Kitson foresees that using the law *legally* might 'prove unworkable if it were found to be politically impossible to get sufficiently severe emergency regulations on the statute book'. He adds that 'it is . . . true to say that unnecessary delay in committing the army may result in far worse complications later on'. And he points out that 'three or four times as many troops might be



needed if they were confined to using batons and gas, as would be required if they were allowed to use small arms'.

Kitson was involved in Kenya in the fifties when we used to read about terrible atrocities committed against the genial white settlers. In fact only 36 white people died, while 11,500 Africans were killed. And Kitson is the man who wants more political power for the army and a special 'psychological unit' formed. Nor is he alone in his interest in Britain's military future; Sir Robert Thompson brought out 'Defeating Communist Insurgency' in 1967 and Faber advertises writers like Julian Paget and his 'Counter-Insurgency Campaigns', generously reviewed by the *Daily Telegraph*.

The former Major General Richard Clutterbuck is another militarist who specialises in research into counter-insurgency. He is currently being financed, to the tune of nearly £6,000, by a Social Sciences Research Council grant to investigate 'violence in British politics' with a particular emphasis on violence in pickets.

Soldiers have always been fascinated by games. The latest army ad campaign, which runs to full pages in the dailies, poses an elaborate problem for potential

soldiers to try and solve. Kitson even has a complex guerilla game, diagrams included, in his book. It is this notion that people are toys to be moved from one part of the board to another that is one of the most intriguing. The British Army, as we know, are 'professionals'. They have joined to fight and, if necessary, kill, but above all to obey orders. One of the reasons that the US Army in Vietnam was such a disaster was the presence in the ranks of large numbers of unwilling, subversive and frag-happy draftees. The British Army has few such dissidents and consequently poses that much more of a threat to a civilian population, with whom it has little contact.

There's no thrill of satisfaction in bringing the police into an article on fascism. If you've dealt with or been dealt with by the police in Spain or America or Taiwan or Greece or wherever, you can at least put our police in some perspective. But it would be wrong to ignore the *potential* that the police have to control us, a potential that is already being put to use.

Take the recent raids on 'bomb suspects' for instance. Police smashed their way into houses about as likely to



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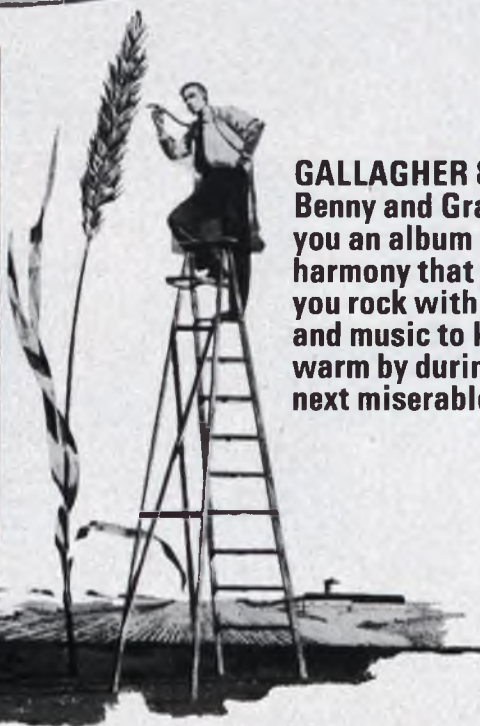
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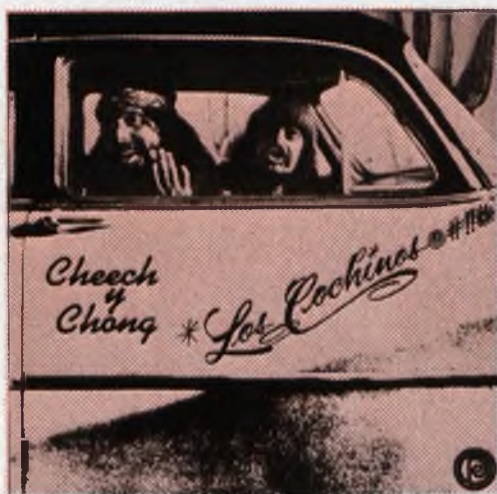
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Yes folks, those zany lads are back again with the kind of humour that can destroy your whole neighbourhood. Pick it up next Saturday while you're purchasing your weekend surgical requisites.



Continued from page 23.

contain a bomb factory as the Lord's Day Observance Society. Why? To garner addresses, to harrass, to see who was where. Robert Carr has said they can be as 'tough as they need' in their search for the bombers; if using a sledge-hammer to bash your way into a Charrington Street home isn't fascistic, then I'm Eva Braun.

Our police, people say, are not armed. Not quite true, of course, since the Special Patrol Group quietly disposed of Basharet Hussain and Mohamad Hanif Hussein in the Aldwych last March. The SPG has been in existence for eight years now and have increased their size to more than 200 highly-trained men who cost about £1m a year to keep in Hillman Hunters, transit vans—and guns. Nor are such forces confined to London. Glasgow, Bristol, Lincolnshire, Northumberland and many other areas have their own 'Support Groups' or 'Serious Incident Squads'.

America has already shown the way in sophisticated riot control and their methods have been studied in detail in this country. And how many more little backroom organisations like Allen International in Pye Street are developing 'photoc flashes' and surveillance devices?

But the police, as we know, are undermanned and have to call for assistance from private security firms, who are already flexing their muscles on squatters and demonstrators. Securicor, despite its absurd slogan 'Securicor Cares' and the bizarre advertisements of appeasement signed by its chairman, Sir Keith Erskine, performs a police function at the airport in holding immigrants, usually black, for periods of time unrestricted by any normal considerations of law. There are now more than 100,000 men employed in 'security' in the United Kingdom, in firms like Securicor, Security Express, Group Four Total Security and Al Security. Police estimate that about 1,000 of these are ex-convicts.

Psychiatrists, like academics, can get away with murder because of the initials after their names. And the Mental Health Act of 1959, particularly sections 24 and 40, gives sweeping powers of commitment to them. Already politically involved activists are being given long jail sentences for drug offences. How long before some of those lefty crazies need to be committed for their own good?

But is Britain really ripe for a blossoming, if that is the right word, of fascism? How much of our paranoia is well-grounded fear? The obvious parallel situation was Germany between the wars. They, too, were in the midst of economic crises—inflation in 1923 and the monetary crisis of 1926; they, too, had just suffered a heavy blow to their national pride, the loss of the war, and Britain has just suffered the loss of her empire; their movement, too, was based among the petit bourgeois with a grudge against both organised labour and big business.

Writing in 1930, Trotsky asked what were the current political phenomena in Germany and found four particular ones: deep national crisis; political crisis of the ruling class; internal contradictions in the working-class; political

development with the petit bourgeoisie. All such phenomena could be said to exist here at the moment. The fact that the NF are still small at the polls is not particularly significant. The Nazis got nowhere near a majority in the Reichstag elections of 1932.

In America, security firms like Brinks, Burns and Waggenhuit have pioneered the way to such an extent that armed security men now patrol even places like Tower Records, the massive San Francisco music shop. Would you think the new Dylan album was worth dying for? At the moment in Britain wild dogs, otherwise known as alsatians, are used to harrass people and protect property. Of course, occasionally, they do get out of hand and when they bite off the top of a baby's head there's a national outcry. Squatters don't usually get that sort of sympathetic coverage in the tabloids.

Not all para-military groups are official or salaried; although St Ives Council called on a security firm called K9 from Weston-super-Mare to deal with local hippies this summer, they had been preceded by local amateur vigilantes. The Easy Rider, Smash-the-Hippies scene no longer seems just a part of the American nightmare. And in Brent,



George Young the ex-Monday Clubber, has been involved in a strange anti-mugging squad.

Again those are overt examples of what the right-wing can do with the often silent agreement of the press and the locals. But fascism is many-headed. The Upsurge of religions in the sixties has provided an ideal organisational structure that can divert young, malleable minds into actions that are both anti-left and insidious.

God knows—and He seems like the best authority on this one—that I'm not launching into an attack on people who happen to feel that the way to peace is via meditation and spiritual activity, but the new religions have a number of characteristics that make them both suspect and potentially exploitable. Amongst those characteristics I'd include their somewhat unspiritual interest in money, their often vitriolic attacks on communism and even the welfare state, and a certain amount of strong-arming of any individuals who oppose them.

And amongst the religions that have at least one of those facets must be the Church of the Divine Light, the Children of God, Scientology and the Festival of Lighters. Before they all rush round to consume me in holy fire, I should make it clear that I am *not* saying that all members of these religions are fascists or anything like that; what I am saying is that there are elements in each religion that could easily be exploited in an anti-left fashion. And we all know that there is no army more dedicated than one that knows it is going to heaven.

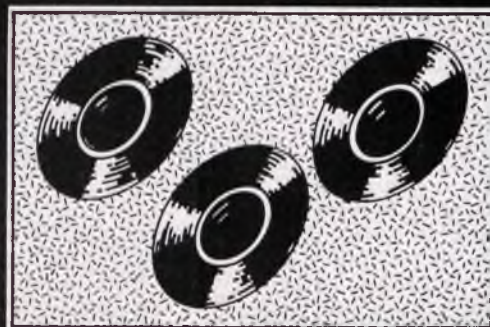
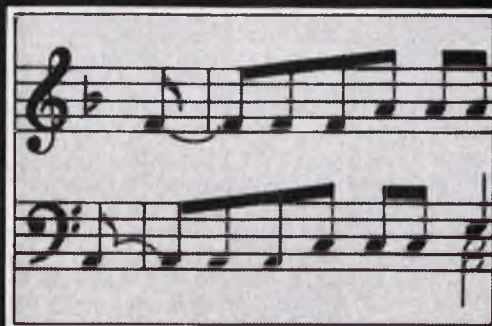
There are other comparisons that can be made: Hitler's time in jail could be paralleled with the sentences handed out at the end of the last war to the ultra-right here—in fact, they regard themselves as martyrs already; disillusioned soldiers like the German General Kapp, were at the forefront of Nazism—they were disgruntled with their country's new military role, too; the 'foreign' community was blamed for many of Germany's economic problems in the same way that Powell and his fellow psychotics blame the blacks in Britain; there was among the Germans the same distrust of international committees—in their case the League of Nations—as the ultra-rightists have of the United Nations; similar techniques are used—as Powell falsifies his figures on immigration and makes up stories of immigrant behaviour, so, too, did the Nazis: the illustrations in 'Mein Kampf' even went to the extent of touching up Jewish noses to make them look longer.

Britain has, admittedly, a long history of parliamentary democracy not shared by Germany and it does have a tradition of doing things through committee and petition. It is this respect for history that keeps the latent fascists at bay. But if an emergency arose, an assassination, more bombings, how long would the 'normal channels' be allowed to flow?

Bob Campbell's series on the ultra-right in the *Morning Star* last March took a far-ranging look at just how much a threat the ultra-right really is.

For the ultra-right groups are just the tip of the jackboot, and most of them are too shrill to pose an immediate general threat. Of course, they have to be ridiculed and pursued and exposed, but it is perhaps the latent fascism, the hidden element, that is more dangerous: the private armies accountable only to a tiny number of people; the new legislation that denies you the right to know what prospective jurors' professions are; a press so irresponsible that it can say 'Police name the IRA bombers' and then publish names and addresses and to hell with a trial; a media network that blames the IRA for any unsolved 'atrocities'; a police computerisation of suspected but untried drug-users; the attachment of wages of rent-strikers when they refuse to pay; the bus conductor who tells a Pakistani woman he's full up when he's not; the Lord who tells the House that *parents* of muggers ought to be flogged; riot control methods developed in secret. These are the areas that constitute the jackboot mentality, coated as they are in the soft suede of law and order.

Jackboot Boys Rule—OK? Or not OK?



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THE STRANGE CASE OF SOUTHALL POLICE STATION

'At the present, certain groups which should know better are undertaking a vicious and cunning campaign to undermining the police force in Southall'—Mr. Walter Gibbey, prospective Conservative candidate for Ealing-Southall, addressing the Ealing branch of the Tory Primrose League, October 1973.

You know you're getting close to Southall when you start passing pie shops with signs out front reading 'English Take-Away Food'. Southall, the city's number one ethnic ghetto, Little India, a town with about as much 'n common with the rest of London living as free dope and honest coppers. Cross that open stretch of cold, flat land out along bus route 207 and it's like crossing the border to another country, another continent, where the corner sweet shops stock sticky saffron rice balls fresh from Bengal and the newsagents sell Diwali cards at Christmas. The bus fills up with people at each stop. They're all brown, black, and they're speaking strange languages. The Pakistani conductor stops groaning over changing pound notes and smiles more often. Home territory. Out here it's also Little Islam. On the streets it's all business and pleasure. Aloof housewives from middle Asia floating around the open fruit stands spilling across the pavement. Old men in turbans greeting each other across the jammed traffic, exchanging endless ritual family blessings. The skinny young studs in their three-piece pegged suits parading for the girls who stand giggling in a line outside the Dominion Cinema waiting for the next tear-jerker from the Bombay dream factory to flicker across the old screen. It's a friendly town, Southall, a town for friends where the citizens talk in clusters on the footpath and not in front of the telly during ads. A happy slice of suburban Karachi or Calcutta with a dash of Caribbean, plucked out of the tropics and grafted into grim winter fields to add a little spice to the cold porridge of an English October.

The immigrants started gathering in Southall in 1955, lured by easy money at the old Wolf Rubber Works. By 1958, the trickle into Wolf's had become a flood and by '64, Southall meant England to the thousands buying their Air India tickets back in Delhi. For a time it work-

ed well, this little black suburb on the outskirts of the big white city, with its criss-cross society of mums and cousins and sisters and brothers. Not any more. Whatever it was like back in the sixties, Southall now is certainly no promised land for the immigrants from the East. Just try asking around about the local police and see how many people suddenly remember other appointments. If you do find someone who's willing to give you a few words out the corner of their mouth, you'll find you're discussing something far removed from the corner Bobby, something more along the lines of the rise of Beria or early SS horror stories. 'You can't talk freely about immigrants here,' one social worker with years of experience in Southall told me when we met in a coffee shop—at her insistence—on the other side of London. 'It's just not safe. All my phones are tapped and I am sure they have files on everyone working with immigrants. I certainly never talk to anyone on the phone now and that's about the first symptom of a police state, isn't it?'

'I am aware of the difficult nature of the policeman's work and of the frustrations while trying to gain information'—South African Judge sentencing a policeman to three year's gaol for whipping to death an African cattle rustler.

Southall Police Station stands almost dead in the middle of Little India. An old, classically bleak, red brick nick which for years has been a beacon of gloom in a suburb radiating vitality, it is a white nigger in a black woodpile, as misplaced as a Jew in the Vatican. Responsible for 'Division X'—an area with a fair selection of tough neighbourhoods—the station has its share of criminals to cope with. However Southall's reputation for 'zeal' far outstrips its necessary duties. At the moment the station is operating under the harsh glare of an AIO police inquiry, an Ealing Community Relations Council investigation and a wad of national press stories about brutality, bashings and forced confessions—normally enough to curb even the bestest bunch of coppers.

But then allegations and investigations are nothing new to the men manning the headquarters of Division X. In fact the would-be Honourable Mr Gibbey's

'vicious campaign' is only the latest of at least three public outcries against Southall Police this year alone. There have been other incidents, but with life the way it is in Southall at present, not many people are willing to discuss the activities of the local constabulary. Open your mouth too wide out here and you suddenly find you've bitten off your head.

The first hints of the trouble to hit Southall this year came in January, following an armed robbery in Division X. Three people—all white—were arrested in raids carried out by the police, and three separate allegations of police misconduct soon surfaced.

One of those brought in claimed he had been encouraged to sign a confession by punches to the stomach and that he had been locked overnight in a brightly lit cell with no food, water or bedding. Another testified that his nose had been broken by a police knee, an injury which was later conformed by a doctor. 'I was a bit sceptical about the first allegation', said the defendants' solicitor James Saunders, 'but I didn't have much doubt about the second one'. The police, on the other hand, decided that nothing had happened to warrant any investigation.

The third person to make a charge over that night's police action was a woman, a relative of the men who were eventually convicted of the robbery. She had been sleeping in a house in Shepherd's Bush with several children and two other women, when she was awakened by the sound of the front window being smashed. One of the women opened the front door and something hit her out of the dark. When she got up off the floor she found the room full of plain clothes police, who moved on into the bedroom where the woman relative was sleeping. They ordered her out of bed and when she refused an officer ripped her nightdress down the front. 'This seemed like a particularly unsavoury police operation', said Mr Saunders, 'and I found the whole thing indefensible'.

The officers in charge of the resulting A10 police inquiry thought differently.

'No criticism arises in the hundreds of other cases heard daily throughout the country'—Rhodesia's Minister of Law and Order rejecting a Judge's call for an inquiry into the beating to death of a black prisoner by police.

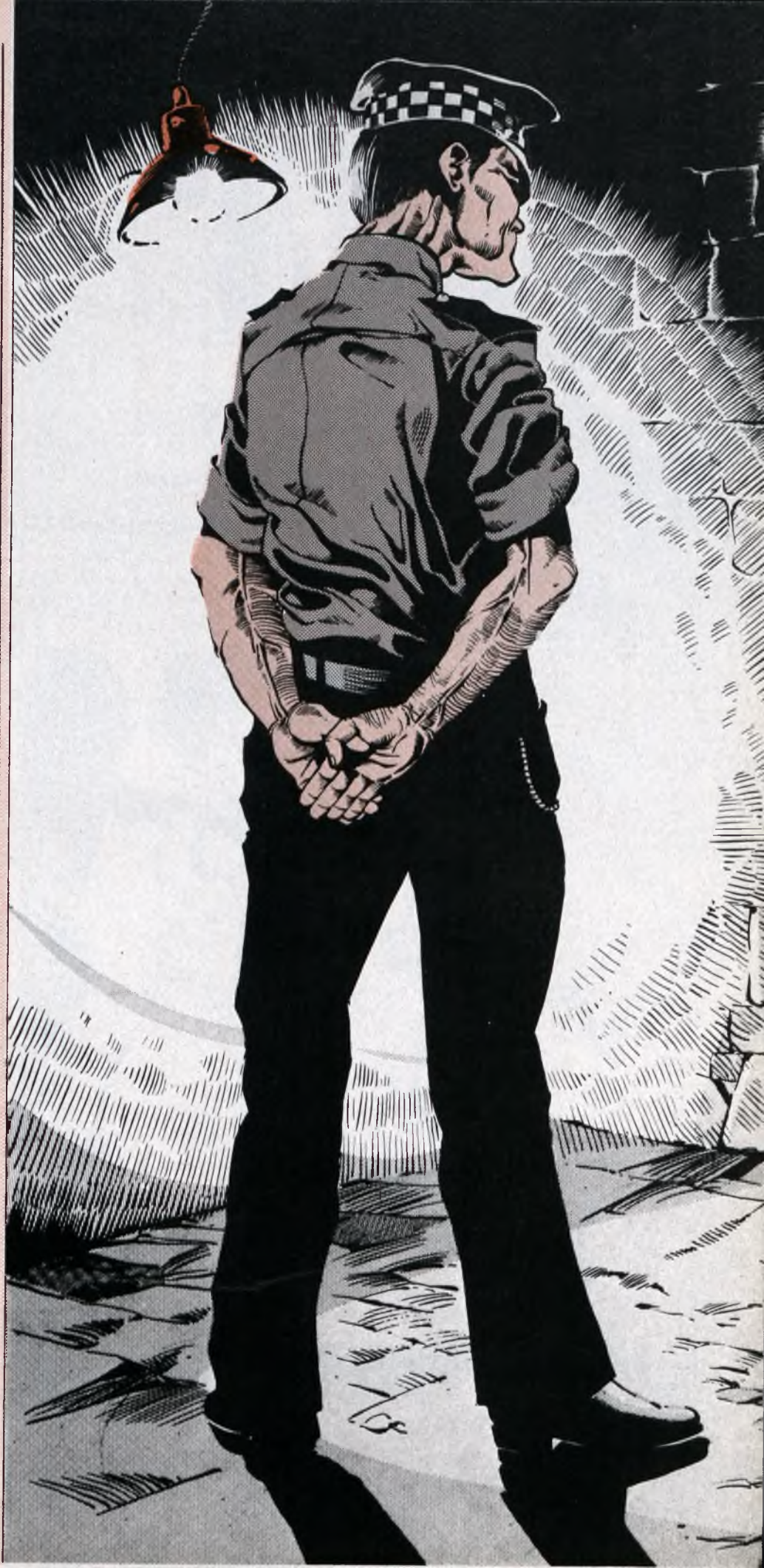
*Somewhere
Over at Southall,
It's no joke,
There's a town where policemen
Beat up folk...**

No disciplinary charges were laid.

Not surprisingly the January inquiry did nothing to dampen the station's enthusiasm for duty—in fact it did far more damage to the citizens of Southall than if there had been no inquiry at all. To the police it looked like tacit approval of their more persuasive methods, a sort of official seal. But more than that it gave the station what amounted to a free hand in its dealings with the huge Southall immigrant population. If it could slide out from under a series of pretty solid bashing allegations made by whites and come up smelling of roses, what hope would a black, with just a basic grasp of the English language, let alone English law or civil rights, have of making any shit stick? 'They even beat their own people and get away with it', one Asian community leader was to tell me.

Even at this time the relationships between police and migrants was fraying. There were complaints that the police were interested in blacks only when it suited them, but when it came to keeping the peace amongst the immigrants, they didn't want to know. After one fight between two gangs of immigrant kids, one boy was left lying seriously injured on the footpath for upwards of half an hour before any action was taken. When the police did arrive they started pushing around the residents who had gathered to assist, and one officer was heard to remark: 'We only came down here because the person who phoned could speak English'. Also at about this time Judge Grant at the Old Bailey was ruling inadmissible confessions made by two Southall immigrants, Mr and Mrs Bhooi, in an incest trial. The Bhoois claimed they had been forced to confess and the Judge ruled they had signed involuntarily.

The next set of brutality charges to spark of an inquiry came to light purely by accident just two months after the January investigation. Satnam Kane was a West London petrol pump attendant who was picked up by Southall police and charged with stealing £50 from the garage he was working at. He was held at the station for six hours, signed a confession and pled guilty when he appeared before the magistrate the next day. The case seemed sewn up until the magistrate, before passing sentence, questioned Kane as to why he had stolen the money. Despite a string of previous convictions, Kane had kept out of trouble since marrying two years earlier. Why break this two





year conviction drought? asked the magistrate. I didn't steal anything, came the reply. They made me confess.

The case was adjourned and once again things were looking a little bad for Southall station. The next day they were looking a whole lot worse when the garage proprietor found the 'stolen' money in the back of a drawer where it had been all along. This left Southall holding a confession, not only from a man who denied committing any crime, but to a crime that had never in fact happened.

When Kane reappeared he was represented by Malcolm Hurwitt, a former member of the National Council for Civil Liberties executive committee, who told the court that while in Southall Police Station for those six hours, Kane had been struck in the face three times and had been threatened that unless he confessed his mother and wife would be implicated. A serious allegation of conspiracy to pervert the course of justice was involved, said Mr Hurwitt, and the papers should be sent to the Director of Public Prosecutions. The magistrate made an order accordingly and threw the Kane case out of court. More than four months later the DPP found there was insufficient evidence to justify a police prosecution, which was news to no-one except perhaps the Southall immigrants. After being raised in their respective countries on the myth of British Justice and the Honest Bobby, here they were in London, beaten, harassed and framed. But when they complained, they were ignored.

'Even if the trial court is not satisfied that the confession was voluntary and therefore acquits, there is virtually no risk that police malpractice that led to the confession will afterwards be forthcoming', commented the NCCL news-sheet *Civil Liberty*, after the DPP findings were published. 'Such a degree of immunity from the risk of being found out, even in the case of quite grave misconduct, must very seriously increase the temptation to behave improperly in particular cases'.

* * * * *

'205 South African police were convicted in 1972 on charges of culpable homicide, intent to do grievous bodily harm and assault. Only 13 of these have been dismissed from the force'—Anti-Apartheid News, April 1973.

* * * * *

'Temptation to behave improperly . . . ? Yes, it's a big temptation alright. But it's not quite that easy. You still have to watch your step. You still have to play it by the book at least part of the time. Can't just go around picking up people off the streets for nothing. They've got to be a *bit* suspicious. There has to be at least *some* sort of proof to back up the confessions they are going to sign. You might make a mistake and pull in someone important, someone with friends who can make trouble. Anyone can make a mistake. And then you need warrants to get into their houses. And there's records to keep. And court appearance where those smart-arse lawyers twist things around and ask questions and make you look a fool. No, you can't just pick them up for nothing . . . even if

they are black.

Britain's new retrospective immigration laws were a boon for bent, racist coppers. The 1968 Immigration Act and this year's Pakistani Act, the most inhuman pieces of legislation yet to ooze out of Middle Britain's black paranoia, gave the police more freedom than the British Press. Immigrants can now be detained 'on suspicion' for an unlimited period of time. They need never see the inside of a courtroom from the day they are arrested and the moment they begin climbing the Air India gangplank at Heathrow. Proof of legal entry is the only safeguard against deportation, and, as many immigrants entered Britain prior to the 1968 cut-off date without having had their passports stamped, there are now thousands of black Britons who fear any brush with the law. Immigrants who lose their passports are equally as vulnerable. And the speed with which immigrants are ejected from the country is frightening... no time for brutality charges... no time for AIO investigations.

Already since January, 114 people have been detained under the laws and 86 deported. Only 14 have been released. Social workers in immigrant areas will tell you tales of split families, broken homes, passport raids, identification checks and brutality for as long as you want to listen. Meanwhile, at the Tory Party conference in Blackpool, the Government was being accused of soft-pedalling on immigration. I.D. cards for blacks were discussed as the next likely step. In South Africa they're called pass cards.

Southall Police Station was not slow in using this new manna from heaven. Soon there were ugly rumours doing the rounds of Southall, rumours of people being picked up and disappearing, rumours of passport raids after dark, of driving licence checks where passports were necessary, of police spies paid to name 'suspects', rumours of interpreters pretending to be police and interrogating immigrants, rumours of more blood-letting in the Southall cells. No-one knows how many of the 114 people detained owe their imprisonment to Southall zeal—'We don't keep figures for individual stations', said the Home Office man—nor in what condition they left the cells for the trip to Heathrow. On past record it's a fair assumption the station was having a field day, rounding them up in its own inimitable steel-fist style. But once again, they blew it.

In August rumour became reality in the form of one Abdul Rashid Malik, a 26-year-old machine operator in a local factory. Malik, hard working, respectable, came to Britain five years ago from Pakistan, struggled through the English language and English customs, and decided he liked the life. He sent off his passport and naturalisation papers to the Home Office. He still doesn't know why he was one of the twelve 'suspected illegal immigrants' pulled in that month, and he probably never will. Perhaps one of his workmates wanted his job and gave the police 'information', perhaps his neighbour didn't like the way he ran his house. It's like that in Southall. There had been a CID party at the station on August

15th and alcohol had been consumed...

'The police came to my work and said they wanted me to help them with enquiries. I was taken to Southall Police Station and they said: "You are an illegal immigrant". When I said no, they started hitting me and said they would stop hitting me if I would say yes. Sometimes they were hitting me on my knees with a truncheon, sometimes on my back or banging my head against the wall. They had their hands over my eyes while they were hitting me so I couldn't identify them. One policeman would stand on my feet while another would hit me. Many times they did this. One I could smell alcohol on his breath'.

Eventually they forced Malik to give the date of his arrival and they let him go. The next day he saw his solicitor and two doctors who confirmed his injuries. Dr Sue Evens of Hillingdon Hospital found he had bruised knees, a bumped and cut head and a swollen right eye. By the time this was all over, Malik had become something of an embarrassment to the Southall constabulary, making bashing claims to doctors and lawyers and showing wounds to prove them. Obviously something had to be done.



A week later Malik was pulled off the job again, taken once more to Southall and from there rushed out to Heathrow. The plan was to deport him that same night, but for the second time the police underestimated Mr Malik and his Southall friends. After frantically calling solicitors, the police and the Home Office, a cousin applied for bail to the High Court which was granted. Four days after being whisked off to Heathrow, Malik was free. 'Before I was released an immigration officer came to me and said about my injuries: "Maybe you fell down the stairs or something, eh?" I just looked at him and said: "You think I don't know what happened to me?"'

Coming hard on the heels of the Kane case, Malik's story received widespread press publicity and once again an inquiry into the workings of Southall Police Station was called for, not the usual ball-less AIO/DPP whitewash though, but a full parliamentary investigation. The Southall immigrants were tired of swallowing whitewash. A letter, signed by leaders of the Indian Workers Association, the Pakistan Action Committee and the Afro Caribbean Association, was drawn up and sent to the Home Secretary.

'This is at least the third occasion when

allegations of such treatment are heard in respect of Southall Police', it read. 'In the previous cases, i.e. the trial of Bhooi and Satnam Kane, it was accepted by the courts that false confessions were obtained by the Southall Police. We are astonished that the Director of Public Prosecutions has taken no action against those police officers. We therefore demand an open Parliamentary inquiry...'

What they got was the old AIO again. And although it hasn't as yet produced any findings, the immigrants out at Southall already know the outcome. 'In view of the previous investigations I wouldn't be very confident that anything earth-shattering is going to come out of the DPP this time', said solicitor Saunders. The immigrants use other words.

* * * *

'I know the vast, silent majority of people in Southall support the local police. I hope they will remain silent no longer but follow the example of Ealing-Southall Conservative Association in affirming, loudly and clearly, their support for the boys in blue'—Mr Gilbey at the Primrose League again.

* * * *

A few weeks back it looked as though some good *had* actually come out of all those allegations, inquiries and bruises, and that the passive people of Southall, about as militant as a Biba shop assistant, had won a major victory. The police brass, for reasons best known to themselves, signed a warrant on the Southall Cells and closed the station.

For a month the building stood empty, a cold, deserted shell hidden from the street by huge advertising hoardings. Then the wreckers moved in and, as each day the lead ball ate deeper into the red brick, a crowd of locals watched cheerfully, not at all upset over the fall of the headquarters of Division X. During the two years' rebuilding, Southall was scheduled to drop in status to a sub-station and Norwood Green was to have taken command. Although only a mile or two apart, the two stations are as alike, well, as black and white. Eighty-year-old Norwood, nestled away in front of its village green between the Royal Humane Society, the RSPCA clinic and The Priory, is a small chunk of Jane Austin England, an Empire relic as remote from the Eastern wierdness of Southall as HP Sauce from mango chutney.

Southall's boys in blue couldn't take the change. Perhaps they figured their throttle hold on Division X was slipping, perhaps it was the Royal Humane Society that got to them. Anyway, just two weeks after moving to Norwood, they packed up once again and moved back to a pre-fabricated office stuck away behind the growing pile of rubble that was once the pride of X Division.

In home territory the lads are now settled and secure, the panda cars are roaming the streets and the rumours are flying. Down at the local school the kids are talking about their mate who was pulled in for carrying wire in his pocket, wire which the police said had been used in a robbery. Eventually he was released on bail... after a beating. The dead hand is firmly back on the pulse of Southall.

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9 Strong Written Material

Her fingers were soft and gentle, I felt them moving up and down the ... Flicking with her nail at the end, then moving back into my groin. She had a touch like a goddess, and I closed my eyes, bathing in the wonderful feeling flowing over me. Then something warm and wet enveloped me. I looked down and saw her bobbing head between my thighs. I opened my legs and stretched luxuriously, raising my hips slightly.

A few minutes of her expert ministrations and I felt strength returning once again. Her hand moved swiftly in time with her ... until I was fully erect and rarin' to go. Then she stood up, stripping all her clothes until she was naked.

"This time in the best position" she whispered, I nodded, I knew what she meant.

She knelt over me and lowered herself to my waiting ... it was nectar as my tongue darted into her, ... and ... I heard her cry out in ecstasy, then once again her ... found me.

This time it took longer, and was all the better for it. Ellen orgasmed three times before I pushed my ... up and emptied.

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"When Janet left the room with Mike I felt the first pang. My wife was about to get ... by someone else. The pang soon went when I felt Marion's hand unzipping my fly! This girl was a corker. She did a slow strip tease in front of me, twisting and thrusting her body at me until I was nearly going mad for her. I don't think I have ever stripped as fast in my life. When I was naked she lay down on the floor, legs apart. 'Take me' she said, 'take me now and hard, don't play with me, just ... me'.

"I didn't need telling twice, I just fell on her, gripping her shoulders and ramming all the way in. She had a marvellous technique, gripping and releasing me with her ... muscles. She was also quick to come off, which was a godsend, because the way she reared up to meet me I was

ready to shoot almost straight away."

He stripped very quickly, and although he was small in stature he had an ... to be proud of, it was stiff and firm. He guided my hand towards it, and as I gripped him I felt my knees tremble. I was aching from head to foot with desire for this stranger. It was as if it wasn't me, my thighs were ... with the ... of love, I had to have him and soon.

"He placed me on the bed and opened my legs, gazing at me. I watched his head lower until it was between my ... I felt his ... lick and caress me. I looked upwards at the mirror and I could see his dark head bobbing up and down. I placed my hands over my breasts, pulling at the nipple, my hips rising in a rhythm wider and wider my legs parted.

10 BIG Reasons to buy PRIVATE

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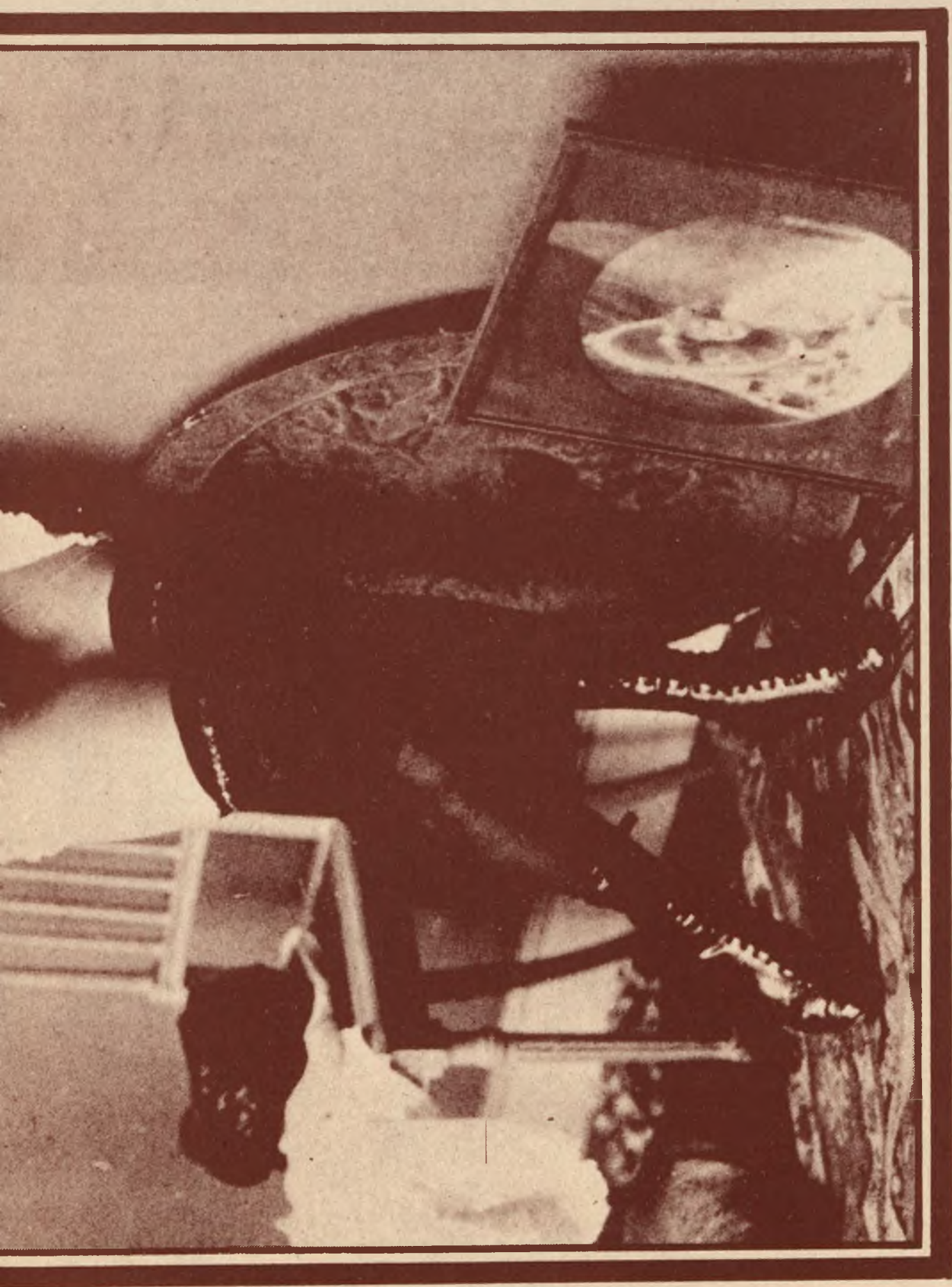
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THE MAKING OF A JUNTA CULTURE

*'The game of Parliamentary Democracy
in Chile ended (not for the first time) with the
side who invented it suspending the rules'.*

I doubt that we shall ever see a boutique called 'Salvador Allende'. He was 64 years old, far from pretty, middle class in lifestyle and appearance, a politician, not a warrior. Not the stuff of which teen heroes are made. And besides, fashions have come and gone in Britain since Che adorned the walls of every well-equipped State Smashers' flat—Latin American revolutionaries are now rather passe (perhaps it's since Mick Jagger married one of the other side). In any case, they're not *enter-taining* and that's what counts. Maybe I ought to plug the fact that Allende liked to tango, which I hear is all the rage this year.

But despite their differences of age and image, Allende and Guevara were both part of the same movement aimed at creating a socialist Latin America free from US exploitation. Together with Fidel Castro, they were personal friends who understood and respected each others' different roads to the common goal.

Readers of *Oz* who have grown up without growing cynical would do well to understand the significance of the Chilean tragedy, particularly now that those simple certainties of 1968 seem less certain and not at all simple. What were symbols of revolt in the '60s, today take on a sinister ambiguity. After the coup in Santiago, the Army played rock and roll over the radio to keep young people off the streets, and bands of wealthy kids with long hair and faded denim flares could be seen helping to scrub left-wing slogans off bullet riddled walls.

But what relevance, you might ask, can the

affairs of Chile, set in a continent notorious for its frequent and violent changes of government, have for placid (Paris 1968?) law abiding (Greece?) stable (Ireland?) old Europe? For the moment, let me merely say this: the next government of France is very likely to be a Communist-Socialist alliance, with Italy not far behind. Even in Britain, after five years of inflation and depression amid escalating class conflict (politely called 'industrial unrest' by nice people), it no longer seems laughable for Lord Balogh, writing in the *Evening Standard*, to warn the Labour party that Allende's grisly fate is what you get for being too bolshie.

Besides, the Chilean experience has an 'old-fashioned' ring about it which is instructive in itself. All the things that trendy political scientists tell us cannot happen in parliamentary democracies happened. 'The working class taking power? But my dear chap, we don't have classes anymore in the liberal-affluent-consensus-democratic-industrial-post McLuhan age!' In fact, the actors in the drama have not changed fundamentally since the Russian Revolution; the smoke screens raised to obscure them have merely improved, having recruited the Marcuses and Theodore Rozaks for added opacity.

In November 1970, the very first democratically elected Marxist government took office in Chile. Called 'Popular Unity' (Unidad Popular), it was an alliance of Communists and Socialists led by Dr. Salvador Allende Gossens, a founder member of the Chilean Socialist Party.

Its aim was to abolish monopoly capitalism and US exploitation in Chile by legal means, working within the Parliamentary system. For three years it fought bitter and ruthless opposition from within and without to carry out this aim, achieving considerable success and earning the overwhelming support and respect of the working people and peasants.

It ended atrociously in September of this year with a military coup (possibly US aided) and the death of President Allende, shot dead while defending the Presidential Palace. The triumphant military junta then launched a 'white terror' of rare viciousness in order to 'liberate the fatherland from the Marxist yoke'. Factories whose workers resisted the coup were levelled by the Air Force with bombs and rockets, killing thousands. Hundreds more were executed in the streets and several thousand rounded up into makeshift concentration camps to await military tribunals. 'Unofficial' Fascist death squads, eager to revenge three years of humiliation, dragged known socialist supporters from their houses and shot them. The game of Parliamentary Democracy ended (not for the first time) with the side who invented it suspending the rules.

Chile is (or was) anything but the typical South American 'banana republic' of the smug European imagination. A mainly urban and industrial country, where copper and salt-petre mines, iron and steel far outweigh agriculture in the Gross National Product, Chile has a long and sophisticated political history which



makes France, Italy and even Germany look like banana republics when measured by the number of collapsed regimes and violent political episodes. The Republic's parliamentary system dates back to 1833.

Until 1964 Chile was ruled almost without interruption by representatives of a small ruling class of big landowners, mineowners, industrialists and financiers (dominated by wealthy families such as the Edwards clan), whose attitude to unruly workers could be summarised as 'Let them eat grapeshot'. Since the late 1940s, the new professional middle classes, whose views tend to be more progressive, have vied with this grisly Tory-Saga and the Marxist Left for parliamentary power.

The Chilean system was rather like that of the USA, with an executive (the President and his Government) ruling through a civil service bureaucracy, and a separate legislature (the two houses of Congress) to make or approve new laws. President and Congress were elected separately and by no means always saw eye to eye, sometimes being controlled by rival parties.

But perhaps the decisive influence on Chile's development is US imperialism, which took over where Britain and Germany left off at the turn of the century. Before 1970, US business owned the bulk of Chile's lucrative mining industry, several banks, and had fingers in almost every profitable industrial pie. Unlike

the Central American 'banana republics', little agricultural land was US owned, which may partly explain why the US didn't intervene directly against Allende. They had to deal with something far more tricky than a peasant rebellion.

UNIDAD POPULAR IN POWER.

From 1964 to 1970, the Christian Democrats ruled Chile under President Frei, and failed to carry out their promised and much needed reforms. In particular, they did not break the US strangle-hold on Chile's mining industry, and failed to unseat the large and inefficient landowners. By 1970, inflation, unemployment and poverty were raging and the CDP's popularity crashed. With the Presidential Elections approaching, the party's left wing gained the upper hand and put forward Radomiro Tomić as candidate, shattering hopes of further support from the right wing National Party, who offered their own ex-President Alessandri. With his opponents so divided, Allende sailed through the gap to victory with 36.3% of the vote.

Having sworn before a hostile Congress to respect the Constitution, Allende and Popular Unity set out on the Chilean Road to Socialism. The only powers which Popular Unity possessed were those invested in the President and the extra-Parliamentary mobilisation of the workers and peasants themselves. Congress was controlled by the Christian Democrats. The Civil

Service, the Courts and the Police Force were hostile. The Army sat on the sidelines and watched.

Tomic made several advances offering an alliance - a majority in Congress in return for Popular Unity's dropping most of the socialist elements from its programme. Allende refused (a refusal which most European 'socialists' would find hard to understand).

By a series of astounding feats of political skill and cunning, a large part of Popular Unity's programme was pushed through, around, over or in-the-teeth-of Congress. In the first year, US-owned copper mines were nationalised without compensation, large estates were expropriated and handed to Peasant Co-operatives, wages were increased, prices frozen, and health, education and housing improvements were started. Vital heavy industries, such as coal, steel, cement and textiles, were nationalised and modernised, resulting in a record economic growth rate in 1971 and a reduction in inflation and unemployment. Allende's policy was to strike hard at the economic power-base of the wealthy industrialist and the US investor, while placating the nervous middle classes and the Army so as not to drive them into the waiting arms of the Right.

It was a narrow tight-rope, with civil war (and probable bloody defeat) as the penalty for falling. The working classes' and peasants' support for Popular Unity grew stronger, more enthusiastic and confident. Spurred on by this, his left-wing urged Allende to go even further and faster. From the Right came howls of protest, threats, libels, provocations, sabotage and treason.

By late 1972, little more could be done without a friendly Congress, but the Christian Democrats (under Frei again) were moving rapidly Right-wards. In this year's Congressional Elections, Popular Unity increased its vote to 44%, but narrowly failed to gain a majority against a now solid Christian Democrat-National Party bloc. Resistance to Popular Unity came firstly, as expected, from the traditional Right.

Extreme Right groups started in 1970 a campaign of assassinations, bombings and sabotage, which continued throughout UP's rule, coming to a peak before the coup. This had dubious political usefulness, however, as Allende could always turn demonstratively to the middle classes and say, 'Look, you are the ones who break the Law!'

More damaging was the economic and financial resistance of the wealthy classes: illegal export of capital, a dollar black market, factory-lockouts. The United States added to this an economic blockade and deliberately sabotaged Chile's position in the world money markets. Landowners' resistance to peasants' take-over of the land led to fighting and lost harvests.

All this, combined with the collapse in 1972 of the price of copper on the world markets, put a stop to the promising economic boom of 1971 and inflation crept back. But the decisive blow was none of these, which alone could have been weathered, albeit with difficulty (the Cuban revolution survived worse). The killer blow was the organised opposition of the middle classes.

After Tomić's flirtations failed, Frei's wing of the CDP regained the initiative and swung into full-blooded opposition in Congress, hoping to secure Allende's resignation and their own return to power. More importantly, in alliance with the right wing press (particularly the Edwards' *El Mercurio*) which was given free voice by Communist Dictator Allende, they set out to mobilise middle class opposition. By deliberate use of media scare tactics (for example over UP's proposed legal and constitutional reforms), they achieved their aim.

Eventually, in a strange and significant reversal of roles, the Christian Democrats began fomenting strikes among white collar workers and professionals. A lorry-owners' strike paralysed the country (which depends heavily on road transport) for weeks until

broken by the Army at Allende's request. But the peace was temporary. A second lorry-owners' strike this summer brought out doctors, lawyers, shop keepers and eventually civil servants in sympathy. The Army refused further help and the country slid into economic chaos.

The showdown approached. Workers occupied nationalised factories and armed to defend the Revolution. Insurrection was more or less openly discussed. On the other side, Right-wing officers attempted a coup in Santiago, which was put down by loyal units. Allende, in a final effort to avoid civil war, asked three hitherto loyal Generals to take over the armed forces. They apologetically resigned. In early September, on walls around Santiago, graffiti appeared bearing a single word: 'Jakarta' (the Indonesian capital where tens of thousands of communists were slaughtered after the army deposed Sukharno).

Some bloody days later, the new Junta, under Army Chief Pinochet, Air Force Chief Leigh and Navy Commander Merino, could inform the world that 'the Allende regime has died of inflation'. The roles of executioner and coroner are not usually so boldly combined and many may question the tact, let alone the accuracy, of such a verdict.

The political complexion of the new Regime will present few surprises. The Junta initially claimed its aims to be basically 'democratic', and that any gains made by workers under Unidad Popular would not be revoked (as credible as a mugger asking for change of a fiver). Their record, so far, suggests otherwise. Three hundred nationalised companies are to be returned to their 'owners', as are the large estates. Allende's wage increases have been cancelled and enormous increases in staple food prices (of up to 500%) decreed. Schools and universities are being purged, the hunting down and execution of socialists continues. Most significantly, the 1925 Constitution has been abolished and a new one is to be written excluding the Left from ever regaining power; the Parliamentary Road has come to a dead end in Chile. 'Now', the Generals have promised, 'there will be no more politics'.

This leaves as a probable future a long, painful guerilla struggle led by the MIR (Revolutionary Left Movement), Socialists and perhaps Communists, whose organisations are by no means destroyed. The outcome—Bolivian defeat, Cuban victory, or Vietnamese holocaust—is not a subject for easy prediction, optimistic or otherwise.

A similar caution could also be exercised when drawing lessons for Europe. The 'Parliamentary Road', correctly understood, neither stands nor falls by the Chilean defeat. To refuse a part in electoral politics in Chile (or France or Italy) would have condemned the Marxist parties to that same near-impotence they enjoy in Britain.

Nevertheless, Allende 'unlike some communists nearer home', didn't believe that one may be elected and then, peacefully and unopposed, legislate socialism into being. But the military realities of a modern state don't allow you to be elected and then simply 'cheat'. Allende chose to abide by the Constitution, not because it was God-Given, but to avoid instantly losing those middle sectors who believe that it was, and without whose temporary support (as Lenin discovered over half a century ago) no socialist revolution can succeed.

It is almost a revolutionary commonplace that a Workers' State cannot take over the existing bureaucracy and Armed Forces and wield them to its own ends. But exactly *how*, in modern circumstances, one may transform them is a far from commonplace problem. Unidad Popular failed tragically to solve it. The European Ultra-Left might do better to worry than to crow 'I told you so'.

And those *Oz* readers for whom politics is still a dirty word would do well to reflect that the prospect for 'fucking in the streets' in Santiago has never been worse.



Illustration by George Snow.

THE LEFT

Communist Party: formed in 1921 and consistently pro-Russian. From 1931 onwards it has been committed to a Parliamentary strategy. Banned between 1925-35 and 1948-58. Involved in several unsuccessful compromise governments with the Radicals in the 1940s, it finally allied with the Socialists behind Allende in 1958.

Socialist Party: formed in 1933 after the abortive 12-day 'Socialist Republic' (a palace revolution led by an Air Force officer Marmaduke Grove). It rejected the Communist political dependence on Russia, and has always been doubtful about Parliamentary tactics, leaning on occasion far to the Left. Joined, rather warily, with the Communists to put Allende up for President in 1958. He came second out of five candidates. The alliance put him forward again in 1964 on a more radical platform, but were defeated by a right-wing counter-alliance.

Radical Party: Chile's oldest Left party formed in the 1880s by mainly upper and middle class reformers (gaining a reputation for vacillation in policy and corruption in office). Ruled with Communist help in the 1940s, but soon turned on them and banned them. Moved Leftward in the 1960s and declared itself Marxist in 1971.

Unidad Popular: an alliance of Communists, Socialists, Radicals, MAPU and small socialist parties, formed before the 1970 Presidential Elections on a radical socialist platform.

MIR: the Revolutionary Left Movement, a guerilla group committed to armed revolution who were responsible for assassinations, kidnappings and bank robberies before 1970. After Allende's election they ceased operations and conditionally supported Unidad Popular, while remaining armed and agitating for more radical measures.

THE CENTRE

Christian Democratic Party (CDP): this moderate, Catholic reform party rose spectacularly in influence throughout the 1950s. Originally aimed at attracting working class support from the Marxist Left (in which it failed), it is supported mainly by the professional and middle classes—doctors, lawyers, technicians, managers, civil servants, some privileged workers such as copper miners, and a section of the peasantry. Its policies reflect the aspirations of these groups—a modern, efficient, capitalist Chile, less economically dominated by the USA, but politically friendly. The CDP has a right-wing under Eduardo Frei, who see reform only as the last barrier against socialism, and a

left-wing under Radomiro Tomic, who see it as a democratic non-Marxist 'alternative' to capitalism (stressing such fashionable things as workers' participation in management and co-operation between classes). The further left split off as MAPU in 1969 and joined Unidad Popular.

THE RIGHT

Conservative Party: the oldest Chilean party, traditionally the party of the landowners and the Catholic Church.

Liberal Party: arose with industry as the party of the new-rich industrialists and mine owners. Fought a brief civil war with the conservatives over the Church/State question, but soon resolved their differences.

These parties dominated Chilean politics until WW2 when the Radicals and then the Christian Democrats eroded their position as 'The Establishment'. In 1964, alarmed by Allende's popularity, they backed Frei (the CDP candidate) giving him the Presidency with a hefty 50% of the vote. When he set out on a course of, what were to them, radical reforms, they were so outraged and panic-stricken that they merged into a single, extreme right, National Party.

FNLP: successor to various Chilean fascist groups, the National Front For Fatherland And Liberty was responsible for much of the terrorist action against Unidad Popular. With considerable support in the Forces, it has moved openly since the coup; its 'death squads' have executed known leftists in many parts of Chile.

THE ARMED FORCES

The Chilean Army was the first modern army in South America, thanks to re-organisation and training by the Germans during their period of influence around 1900. The British performed the same service to the Navy. Descendants of British settlers have played a strong role in the Armed Forces, hence such Generals names as Moore, Pickering and Leigh. Apart from short periods, the Army has kept out of politics; the Parliamentary system was so well established that the ruling groups seldom found need to rule through them. Since WW2, no elected government had, until now, been deposed by the Army. Politically, the Army became as deeply divided as the nation itself, with many soldiers and officers in support of Allende (including his friends, Generals Prats, Pulveda, Pickering). During the coup these forces were immobilised, often violently. The Junta itself appears to lean more towards the Christian Democrats than the traditional Right, but appearances may well deceive.

A Saucerful of Secrets

PINK FLOYD A NICE PAIR

The Piper
at the Gates of Dawn



Interviewer: First, what I'd like to know is... who is Timothy Leary... who is he as a person?

Leary: I'm a philosopher. I'm a psychologist, who has been studying the nervous system for the last thirty years. I've written ~~two~~ books and hundreds of articles. I probably know as much or more about how the nervous system works—the far galactic outposts of awareness and the range of human experiences—than any ~~scientist~~ around. You also happen to be a person in prison.

Well, yes, I'm in prison, and that may seem odd... a philosopher in prison. But I have to say this about my profession. The best philosophers often end up in prison. If you're a good baseball player, you often end up in the major leagues. If you're a really successful politician, you end up in Washington, I'm sorry to say. If you're really a good philosopher, if you're coming out with new ideas about the seven great destiny questions that are gonna rattle the walls of the social institution... Most of the men that I model myself after have been lucky if they got away with just being in prison for their ideas.

As far as the general public's concerned you're probably best known for your views on drugs. When did you really get started working with drugs?

Uh, starting in 1960 at Harvard University...

What role? How?

Well, for many years before that as a psychologist and once studying the nervous system and knowing that the nervous system is the key to all human knowledge, I had been looking for instruments to see how the mind and nervous system works. And in the 1960s as we all know very well, drugs came along as modes of expanding consciousness, just like telescopes and microscopes.

If you are gonna study the nervous system drugs are one of the major tools.

You were looking at it from a research view; did you ever go away from that view, or every time you worked with drugs were you looking at it from research?

Well, the philosopher is looking not just at the narrow research aspects, but for the implications; the great questions like—where do we come from?, where are we going? We are on this planet, this spaceship Earth. How are we gonna get along with each other? How can we use our heads? So I've always been interested in finding ways of using our nervous system as an instrument to answer the basic questions of life. I think any scientist who really gets to the frontier of his science gets to these basic questions, gets kind of mystical, gets philosophic. It's inevitable and I've accepted that responsibility. I think we need at this time a new philosophy.

Are you ahead of your time? Is that why you haven't been accepted totally yet?

Yes, I'm in a kind of a time warp. I'm definitely ahead of it



Jailed Drug Cult Guru Speaks.

"THEY TOOK AWAY MY CREDIT CARD"

"I've no more to do with drugs than Einstein has to do with the Atomic Bomb."

An exclusive Q: interview with Timothy Leary.

At this moment Timothy Leary, ~~all-time~~ ~~million~~ ~~for~~ a new age, is in the maximum security wing of Folsom Prison. If the law has its way, he will remain there for the rest of his life.

Illegally convicted twice on dope charges, once on the San Luis Obispo prison escape and spuriously ~~believed~~ ~~in~~ the so-called Brotherhood daniel conspiracy, Leary is looking at a ~~beck~~ ~~stacked~~ ~~strongly~~ against his seeing clear light for a long time.

But instead of languishing in this ~~mental~~ ~~California~~ ~~hellhole~~ where the mill-summers can turn a man's ~~head~~ ~~into~~ ~~fried~~ ~~eggs~~, Leary has ~~gone~~ ~~to~~ a level of ~~longish~~ ~~stability~~ ~~and~~ ~~productivity~~. He follows a ~~rigorous~~ ~~routine~~ ~~of~~ ~~exercise~~ ~~and~~ ~~physical~~ ~~yoga~~, ~~channel~~ ~~galaxies~~, writes several hours daily, ~~insure~~ ~~information~~ ~~from~~ ~~every~~ ~~available~~ ~~media~~ ~~source~~, and carries on a voluminous correspondence.

In this prison interview, extraordinary for its optimism and self-awareness, Leary analyses the times, recounts what it's like to be adopted by a generation of blown minds, and answers the critics who ~~number~~ ~~old~~ ~~Tim's~~ ~~eaten~~ ~~too~~ ~~much~~ ~~acid~~.

and it's a question whether I may be off in the right direction. Perhaps the great centre movement of society and science won't follow me. These are the risks that the far-out scientist takes. But I have the certain, empirical, experimental proof that I'm not entirely wrong, because most everything that I've said in 1962-63, my testimony before Senate Committees about how we could avoid a drug problem in this country; in those days I was almost alone as a voice saying this is gonna happen and beware, don't let it happen, and I was considered pretty radical; for example—saying that marijuana should not be criminalized, LSD should be turned over to the government, to be treated like fissionable material, like atomics... In the subsequent years most of my prophecies have come true and many very conservative organs like the American Medical Association, American Psychiatric

Association, the American Bar Association, even William Buckley, the conservative writer and television star, they're all coming around to positions that I was considered radical in espousing in the 1960s.

I believe you said ten years ago that you wanted to change the spiritual level of the United States. Did you consider yourself a drug messiah in a sense? You started your own church.

Well, if you hadn't asked me about drugs today, I wouldn't have brought it up. I talk about the nervous system, I talk about how we can use our knowledge to make this country a better place, I talk about how to reduce crime and that sort of thing. I want to point out that you're the one who's asking questions about drugs. Now, I know I have to answer questions about drugs because I've been labelled, as they say in prison, 'it's on my jacket'. But, I've no more to do with

drugs than Einstein has to do with the Atomic Bomb.

Now, now...

All the way through...

You never did ten years ago?

Well, when I was lecturing, if you read my books, less than ten per cent of any book I've ever written, or ten or fifteen per cent of any lecture I've ever given, is on drugs, and usually the drug question came up in the question and answer periods afterwards. Now when Albert Einstein got to the particular heaven at Folsom Prison hell or wherever his destiny led him, and he began talking about the equations of space-time and the relativity theory, I know that there's a reporter or a television man saying 'Yeah, Albert, but what about the Atomic Bomb?' And he'll say, 'Yeah, it's true that it's those crazy mixed up kids who got ahold of the atomic bomb on the base of my theories and blew up Nagasaki and Hiroshima...' So I have to take the responsibility for drugs as being one part of the philosophy that I've been teaching and studying and working on.

Did you not advocate LSD?... the use of it?

No, I never advocated drugs. I defended drugs, different drugs, against unscientific charges. But as soon as you start saying marijuana is not a killer drug, whoo, you become an advocate...

When did the various officials really start applying pressure?

Well, I don't know how many Americans know this, but I have the honor of being the person that started G Gordon Liddy on his, uh, meteoric career. As much as anyone in this country, I put Gordon Liddy in the White House.

He was out after you, wasn't he?

Yeah, he was an assistant DA near Millbrook, NY, where I had a scientific centre. We were studying consciousness, and Gordon was very ambitious. Now, of course, there are millions of people that are kinda going along on his trip, but in those days he was a... The first time I was harassed by the law was on a Saturday night. I was in my bedroom with my wife, and I was talking to my son and the door banged open and in came G Gordon Liddy with 24 armed and boated sheriffs.

Did they have a warrant?

Yeah, but the warrant... they found no marijuana... the warrant was thrown out. They did confiscate a little plant we had on peat moss, which was a geranium. But Gordon Liddy then ran for Congress on the basis that he had driven me out of the county and from there he went to the White House as a drug expert. And how did Gordon Liddy get to be a drug expert? Because he had taught Timothy Leary. This has been well known, it's been testified to recently, and that was 1966. Since then I have been in continual, uh... I know exactly how that system works—your phones being bugged, being harassed and so forth. They tried it out on me before they tried it out on Senator Muskie and

Senator McGovern.

Ten years ago you were giving advice. What kind of advice do you give young people today? Well, you know I've been off the air for three and a half years and I haven't given any advice. I've been letting other people take over to see how good the advice is they could pass on. My main advice to everyone is to . . . we got to learn how to use our heads. We got to realize that the nervous system can be used as an instrument to help us understand why we're here and where we're going. I think we've got to change. In 1976, America is going to be 200 years old. We're proposing that we organize a political party, but not a party of one against another . . . a Birthday Party. We'd like to see the United States move into its third century with the same spirit we had two hundred years ago. Now, as I look around since I've been back, I don't see that Mr Nixon or the Democrats have a programme that's going to lead us into the third century with this vigour that we need. We'll limp or crawl or kind of stagger into the third century, which I think is a tragedy. So I don't have any advice for anyone. I'm just simply saying that we're going to be broadcasting our ideas of hope and of confidence and of courage . . . and we don't say we're right, but God knows we're about ready for a new philosophy. It's going to come.

Would you give advice on the use of drugs, nowadays?

Yeah, I should do that, and I'll look right into the eyes of everyone that's reading this and say that I don't urge you to take LSD in particular. LSD is the most powerful substance that the human being has ever developed for influencing the mind. I've used the comparison of nuclear energy or fissionable material. I think that in the right hands, the scientific and disciplined and hopeful people, it will bring about changes. But for, uh . . . I don't want anyone reading this to get any other message, that I'm telling you to stay away from LSD. In the first place, 99% of what's called LSD, isn't LSD. And 99% of the things that are said about LSD are totally lies or fabrications. The whole thing is so confused now that I'll flatly make that statement.

You also said in the past that you are afraid of heroin. You don't like heroin.

Personally, I don't like heroin at all. It's a down trip. It's an escape trip, and, although I'm an escape artist, I like to escape into life, not escape from life. I think that heroin addiction is like diabetes or it's like epilepsy. There are certain people that just physiologically and psychologically are so wired up that they're going to be attracted to this mode of escape. And heroin addicts, there would probably be sixty or a hundred thousand if we'd kept the money thing out of it. It could be handled by physical prescriptions, by doctors, just the way diabetics now use insulin. But if you passed a law against insulin, immedi-

ately the price of insulin would go up, like the price of heroin, and you'd have diabetics going around robbing and stealing to get their fix. But for me, heroin is no trip.

You're sitting here in prison and what are you doing productively? The main thing I'm doing is taking advantage of this opportunity to study society, from this very interesting vantage point. I'm talking to prisoners, I'm listening to them, I'm doing some writing. This is where it's happening. It's a microcosm, you got all the raw essence of human society here, this is where you can really see it coming down. And in some ways it may seem a cop-out for me to say this, but I don't really trust any philosopher who hasn't been on the other side of the system and somehow seen it from the perspective of the alienated, or the blacks, or those who've been pushed down in society. It's a rare experience. It's nothing I want to make a career of. It's very easy to get institutionalised but, uh, see, it's my ambition to really liberate the world. Why not? Why settle for anything less? I have a sense of humour about it . . . I know that the odds are against me. But we only have a few years here. Let's try to leave this spaceship a better place and all the models and all the philosophers and all the men that I think have really liberated humanity have all done their time, on the outside. I want to get back in. I think I belong to American society I think that a society that imprisons its philosophers is playing with very bad magic. You just can't imprison ideas. And the one thing that we can see in societies that become constricted and repressed is that the life flow goes out of it. It's a scandal, a national scandal that I'm here, and I'm going to make it clearer and clearer that, uh, you know, about this magic, two days after I was kidnapped, by presidential order, to bring me back to this country, that was January 18. January 20th, Watergate started to blow. So that Nixon, at that moment when I came back to the country, was at his peak. Look where he is today. And the king of Afghanistan, who had invited me there and could have protected me but was off for a weekend, was kicked out just about two weeks ago. Now I'm gonna be around as long as they are, and the ball game's far from over, when you're dealing with philosophical ideas.

They weren't listened to before—your other ideas on drugs and so on.

Oh, how can you say that? I think I had as much influence on events that went down in the 60's as anyone around. There are millions of people all over the world who think I'm the greatest philosopher of the 20th century. I know it may seem a joke to some of you, but you just can't crush ideas by disregarding them. The government didn't listen to me, but millions of other people

You've been arrested more than once. The government or the





various officials claimed that you had in your possession drugs or marijuana. Were any of those legitimate?

No. As a matter of fact I've never been legitimately arrested. I'm in prison now because one evening I was in a parked car, and a policeman came up to the car and opened the door, against my wishes, and made a pass at the ash-tray and said: 'You're under arrest for . . .' I said 'For what?' He said 'for Marijuana'. I said 'What marijuana?' And he reached in his pocket and pulled out two joints that I'd never seen before, half joints, and said 'You are under arrest'. A year later in Orange County, you know Orange County, the jury believed the policeman's story and found me guilty for possession of marijuana. Now the judge, instead of getting me bail as I was entitled to for appeal, held up a book that I had been writing and said 'Your ideas are dangerous, and we're not going to give you bail and we're going to put you in prison to keep you quiet'. Now I'm not complaining because I think I should have been shut up then, I'd been around the United States for ten years, talking and spreading my message, and I think it's good in a public life to have a chance to lay back and see what the opposition's going to do. I thought I'd lay back a couple of years and see how well the other side was gonna do. But last January, in Afghanistan, the American government agents (they're part of that same Liddy-Narcotics Bureau group) stole my passport and, illegally, kidnapped me. I apparently was wanted back here. I think there aren't very many philosophies of hope and freedom being broadcast, so they may try to shut me up. Ya know, the people who have broadcast hope in this country, in the last few years, many of them are killed. I know it's a risky job, but I'm here and I'm going to keep broadcasting.

Do you think the sentence was put on you extra tough because you are Tim Leary?

In the first place I don't think anyone should go to prison for the possession of marijuana. So it's unfair for everybody. I don't think there's any question though, that if another middle-aged, middle-class person was found with two of these in their pocket, they wouldn't be doing prison time. But I am Timothy Leary, and I . . . I don't think it's so much my ideas, because there are a lot of people running around the country preaching new ideas. The reason I'm in prison is because my ideas were listened to by millions of people and got a little too popular. That's my version of it.

Briefly, how did you get out of San Luis Obispo Prison?

Well, I'd like to say telepathy, teleportation, magic, that's part of it. I went over a fence.

You had outside help?

I was helped after I got outside. One of the people that helped you was a Senator's daughter. It was Senator Blank in the book.

Does it remain that way?

Uh-huh, yeah.

Well known Senator?

Very well known.

Does the Senator know?

Oh, sure.

Three hundred of the eighteen hundred people in this prison are here for drug use or sale, or whatever. You said that you have to accept some responsibility for the drug revolution. Do you accept the responsibility for them being here?

Why, no, because if the government had followed my suggestions ten years ago when I testified before Congress, we wouldn't have had this drug problem. I predicted exactly what would happen, laid it all out, warned them against it, and we created a new class of criminals. You know in 1969, before Nixon took over, the Narcotics Bureau had a budget of twenty million dollars. Today it's two hundred and forty million dollars. It's an army of narcs going around knocking down people's doors, as you well know . . . And the drug use is going up. I could solve the drug problem in this country in six months.

How?

Well, it depends how much leeway I had. What I'd really like to do to eliminate all crime in this country would be to eliminate cash money. Now, I think you're very well aware that the drug problem, much to my horror and to my anguish, in the last few years has become very closely connected with money. In the early days, 1960, '62, '65, it was only a free, voluntary grouping of people who were looking for new ways to use their heads and to find a new way of life. But in the last five years, to my horror, a money situation has developed. Now when they bust a big heroin dealer they don't say: 'Well, it could have ruined a few hundred lives . . .' Mostly they say, 'Five million dollars, ten million dollars'. I think if we eliminated cash money, eliminated personal checks, and had everything on the basis of personalized dockets, all money transactions would be computerized in your bank. You could only cash money in your own back this way. If there wasn't all this free, anonymous money floating around you wouldn't have dope dealing, most of the crime would be knocked out. You wouldn't have Watergates because you couldn't have all those little White House people with their bags full of this cash running around. Now, I'm glad to say, looking at the prison administrators, I think that Folsom Prison has come up with an experimental model of how to do away with financial crime. We have twenty thousand prisoners in this state who probably deal with several millions of dollars a year—maybe as much as twenty million dollars—with their canteen and their hobbies supplies and all that. And there's no thievery with all this money being passed around, administered by the prison administration. The reason for

that is, they do away with cash, you can buy anything you want, that's legal, but you have a docket; you know exactly how much money you have. You should have your own picture and your own thing in front of it.

What about brain damage by the use of drugs? Do you think that you've suffered any brain damage, whatsoever?

Am I insane? Of course, that's a very tricky question for anyone to answer. I've lived through the 30's, and the 40's, and the 50's, and the 60's, and I think that anyone who's still erect after those years has had his sanity tested. I'm 52 years old, facing the problems of maturity and getting old. I've been through a lot of rough times in the last few years. My career has been ruined, they took my credit card away at Harvard and I've been harassed by the United States government pretty heavily. And I've been in four prisons, all without committing any crime that I know of. I've been in solitary confinement for four months. In addition to all of these pressures I've probably pushed my nervous system as much as any human being living. I've taken LSD over 500 times, I have experienced a wide range of these bio-chemical and neurological possibilities. I think I'm the strongest, sanest person around. Now I'm not making any guarantees for the future, but that's just my opinion. But then, you know, in my position I have to really check myself pretty carefully. Is there any objective in this? Well, I find that the people that I talk with, get to know me, seem to think I'm pretty sane. I've written two books just in the last few months and the book *Hope Fiend* got a quarter of a million dollars advance. So somebody at Bantam Books didn't think it was insane. But, perhaps one of the most comforting things that I can think about as I wonder where my head is at, is that I know I'm in prison because they're afraid to let me go around and express my ideas. If I were free from prison I would go back lecturing at colleges; you know, I always used to draw the largest crowds in the history of college. I could go on the platform with any psychiatrist, or philosopher, or government agent, and debate them, my ideas against their's. And you know, if I am insane, my government should be happy to let me out and let my insanity be apparent to everybody. Now there's something very ominous about this tendency to call anybody that you don't agree with insane. A hundred years ago they said you were possessed by the devil, or you were a heretic. Twenty years ago, they said you were a communist. The really sophisticated totalitarian method now is to say that someone is a dissenter, that is against the society, is insane. In Russia now, very smooth, they take their philosophers and their dissenting poets and they don't put them in Siberia any more, they put them in an insane asylum.

Maybe it is insane to be against what's happening in the United States today, maybe it's insane to try to have hope that something could be done about it. So, if that's insane, count me in. But, otherwise, make up your own mind.

You're an optimist... A hope fiend...

Yeah, I've been called an irrepressible optimist. The opposite of an irrepressible optimist is a repressive pessimist. And I think that's what's running the country today.

What do you think of your future? Do you think you're going to walk out of Folsom Prison a free man one day? I think my future is very intensely connected with the future of this country. You just can't keep your philosophers in prison. If I am kept in prison, it's going to be a very bad symptom for freedom and for hope and for union. After all, in a way, I'm a spokesman for millions of Americans, and how're you going to bring the country together if you're going to be locking up people that are saying things that many people believe in. It's never worked before.

While we've been sitting here and chatting, I've been wondering what's on your shirt.

This is a very interesting symbol for some of us. This is a replica of the remnants of a living organism, that was found on a meteorite that came from inter-star or extra-planetary space. This is proof that life exists somewhere off our planet. Now we feel that this is the first contact with higher intelligence, or somewhere out there, there is another point of view. And we've taken this as a symbol of the new hope philosophy that we're talking about. Now the figure 8 also represents the fact that it takes eight thousand dollars of the tax-payers money to keep us in prison. It's also the infinity sign, implying that the nervous system has an infinity of possibilities. Sometime in the fall, we're going to see in the sky a meteorite. Have you heard about it? It was discovered by a German astronomer. We call this light that's going to come into our solar system, you can see it in the daytime as well as night, we call it Starseed and it kinda ties in with this symbol that we're visitors on this planet Earth, we're not going to be here very long, we gotta get back in touch with the greater picture, and it's a symbol of unity and hope.

Do you have a final comment you'd like to make?

I think I've said pretty much what I had to say. We're going to keep broadcasting, there will be more messages and we'll be glad... very glad to hear from anyone in the audience who'd like to keep this dialogue going.

We wish to acknowledge the invaluable help of John Grissim and ex-Oz art director, Jon Goodchild, for unearthing this exclusive interview and airmailing it from San Francisco. Thanks lads!

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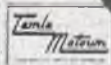


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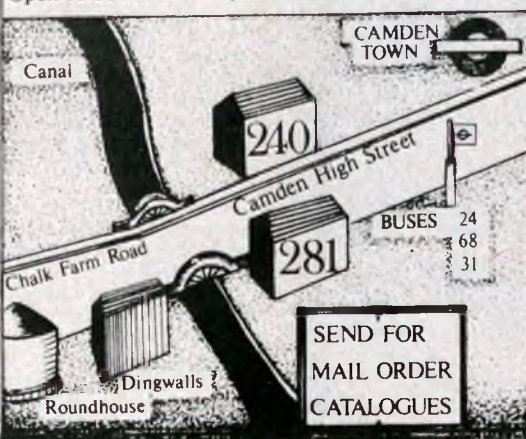
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FILMZ

SWASTIKA

Director: Philippe Mora

In one way *Swastika* is an important film. The fact that it's been released marks a relaxing of the taboo which has existed since the war around the whole subject of Nazi Germany. Much of the material has been held back until now because it was thought too corrupting for the delicate public. The whole official attitude smacks of medieval demonology: the Nazis were monsters possessed by unspeakable super-human evil, far too loathesome for any rational discussion to be allowed.

Swastika predictably deflates this sort of hysterical exaggeration—the overwhelming impression of much of the footage is ordinariness. No monsters, no horns, just people and politics (which to my mind makes the horrifying consequences more, not less, horrifying). The Hitler home movies show the genial Fuehrer and his dumb blonde doing their very polite and boring thing at Berchtesgaden. Goebbels pops in for tea every so often. Goebbels pops out again. Hot stuff? They come across like a Chamber of Commerce Christmas Party in any provincial town.

If *Swastika* is useful in deflating myths and taboos so that once again we can be rational about Nazism, it is, however, no use at all for the most obvious and vital task, which is to understand it. How did the movement develop? With whose support? How did it gain and keep power? *Swastika* is not at all interested in such queries. The very format—two hours of clippings and cuttings with no narration, not even subtitles—is an abdication of any comment or investigation in favour of pure appearance. A sort of pin-up parade for Hitler fanciers. This is perhaps not surprising as the producers are the same as those who gave us *That'll Be The Day*.

Even this failure would not be a total disaster; no comment would be better than silly comment. But on the few occasions that an editorial nudge is given to the non-stop Nazi show, it is so silly and tasteless as to be breathtaking—the appalling opening with a cardboard swastika floating in 2001-style space for a full five

minutes, the agonising end with Noel Coward's celebrated chauvinist ballad *Don't Lets Be Beastly To The Hun*. And when I discovered from the press blurb that the home movie sequences had dubbed sound (the originals being silent) made up by the film makers for 'period feel', my suspicions about their motives were vindicated. Heil and farewell. Dick Pountain.

ELECTRA GLIDE IN BLUE

Director: James William Guercio
(United Artists)

How's this for a piece of sympathy for the devil: the adventures of a young policeman trying to get his lifestyle sorted out while patrolling the Redneck deserts of Arizona. John Wintergreen (Robert Blake) is a motorcycle cop, basically a nice guy, not out to 'get' anybody, playing it by the rules. But he wants to get off the bikes and become a detective, and in order to do that he is prepared to stand by while a fellow officer plants a passing hippy and a senior detective roughs-up the inhabitants of a local commune. Eventually the corruption and bigotry around him becomes too much. His refusal to play the pig costs him his chances of promotion and, finally, his wife.

Electra Glide in Blue marks the entry into film-making of James William Guercio (of Chicago and Blood Sweat & Tears fame). Like most of what is good (but not great) in contemporary music, the film is heavily derivative of what has gone before. It has already been dubbed an 'Easy Rider from the other side', but the references

to other films are wider ranging. The senior detective is borrowed from Coogan's Bluff. Wintergreen's sidekick resembles, and meets the same fate as, Gene Hackman's bent narc in *Cisco Pike*. And there are two beautiful re-creations of scenes from *Scorpio Rising* (Kenneth Anger's half-hour motor-psychedelic fantasy, which in retrospect is one of the most influential films of the past decade).

These references are used ironically, as a comment on the original material, and their effect is probably lost if you haven't seen the films in question. Unfortunately, Guercio's own directional style isn't as strong as his sources, and more often than not the irony comes off looking like plagiarism. He is, however, enough of a professional to make it all work as a piece of entertainment, and the overall impression is that this may well be the ultimate road film. Not the best, by any means, but a kind of summary of all that has been most interesting in American films of the past few years. It's significance lies in being not the 'other side' of *Easy Rider*, but the other end of the road.

Clive Hodgson.

THE LONG GOODBYE

Director: Robert Altman

The Long Goodbye is a travesty. A travesty of Raymond Chandler's novel of the same name; a travesty of Chandler's archtypal private eye hero Philip Marlowe; a travesty of a cinematic tradition stretching back to Howard Hawks' *The Big Sleep*. It is, however, a deliberate travesty, a very carefully thought out and amusing

ly executed movie to which, for most of its length, only a truly fanatic Chandler admirer could object.

From the opening scene, where Elliot Gould's Marlowe tries desperately to please his finicky cat, it's clear that Altman is out to trash Chandler, to pay a final goodbye to the seedy, laconic, romantic and unbearably resourceful Marlowe, the lone crusader against injustice immortalised by Bogart and Dick Powell. Gould's Marlowe can't even feed his cat. The wittiest wisecrack he can come up with is 'Fuck you'. He is pushed this way and that by tough cops, dumbshit mobsters, scheming women. At no point in the first hundred minutes does he control the course of events. 'It's OK with me' is his catchphrase.

Chandler's novel, upon which this film is so loosely based, was a somewhat overblown treatise on the death of all moral values. Marlowe clung tenaciously to his code of loyalty, honour and truth. He didn't believe that his friend Terry Lennox had killed his wife. And in the end, he was proved right. In the film, though, Marlowe is conned, misused, abused. Lennox did kill his wife, did make Marlowe an accessory: 'What else are friends for?'

This is the crucial reversal in Altman's film. And it leads Marlowe into his one big scene, his one independently initiated action. A scene in which Marlowe kills—executes—Lennox in cold blood, and is revealed as a truly dangerous man, a fanatic for justice in a world where justice has no meaning.

This final scene doesn't work. In attempting to deal the death-blow to the Marlowe myth, Altman instead contrives to ruin his own film. Marlowe's actions are not justified by anything which has gone before. They appear completely arbitrary, Altman's final insult to an audience foolish enough to identify with such a hero. *The Long Goodbye* is nicely acted, nicely filmed, but it's a failure all the same. And one must suspect that Marlowe will be remembered long after Altman is forgotten.

Andrew Weiner.

EL TOPO

Directed by Alexandro Jodorowsky

El Topo is the mole. His life is dedicated to burrowing upwards towards the light. On seeing the light he is instantly struck blind. That image is offered the viewer at the outset of Jodorowsky's film. From there on in, you're on your own.

El Topo is a film with scant respect for humanity. The Mole, irrespective of his metaphorical questing role, is also another animal. Just like the bandits who beg like dogs for their porcine colonel's leftover women, the townspeople and villagers whose incessant laughter is the braying of donkeys; from the first scene of human carnal to the last massacre, man is revealed as no better than his beast.

Bestial in his actions, he still



Photographs by Eva Braun

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| Black Sabbath | VOL | 2.29 | 1.70 | 1.95 | — |
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| Master of Reality | 8380050 | 2.29 | 1.70 | 1.95 | 2.05 |
| Volume 4 | 8380071 | 2.29 | 1.70 | 1.95 | 2.05 |
| Released soon:- Sabbath bloody Sabbath | WWA/005 | 2.45 | 1.90 | — | — |
| Led Zeppelin | | | | | |
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| No stone unturned | SKL 5173 | 2.13 | 1.70 | — | — |
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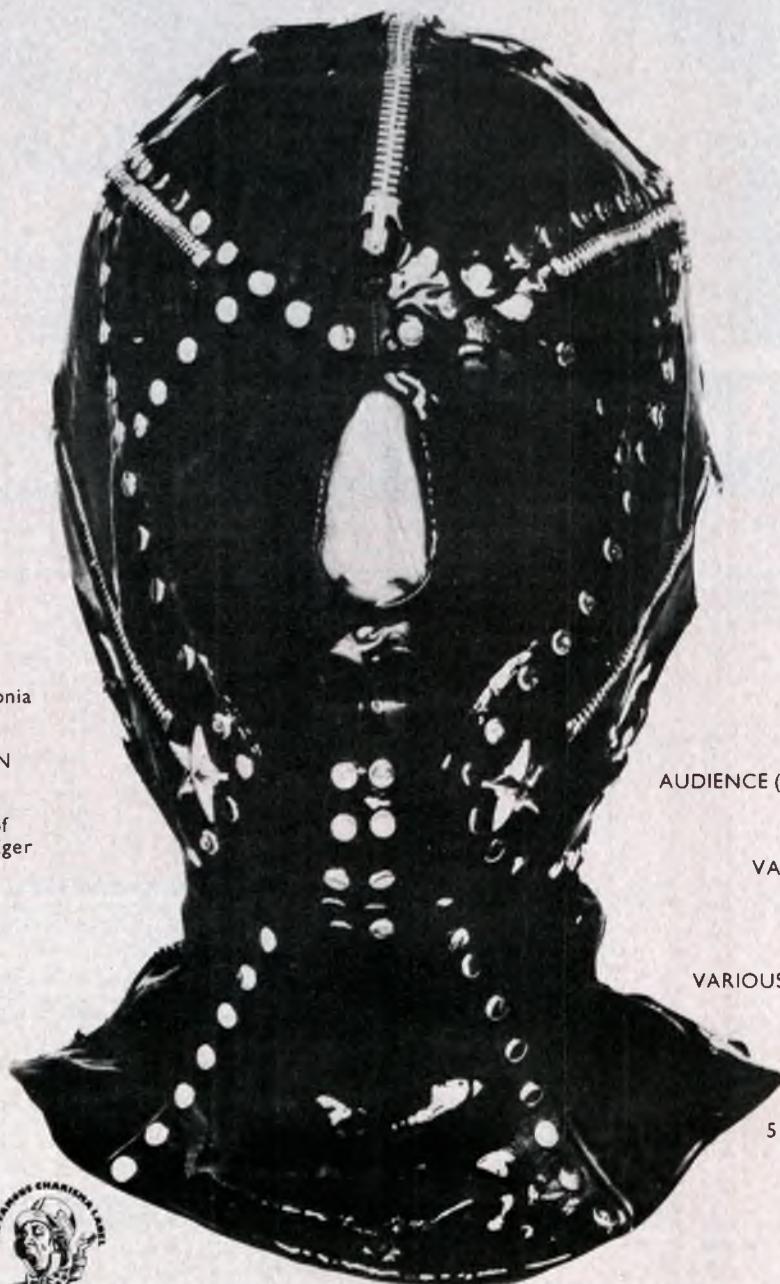
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- 3 Dark Side of the Moon
JO'BURG HAWK
- 4 Regent Street Incident
STRING DRIVEN THING
- 5 Return of the Giant Hogweed
GENESIS



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has aspirations. Jodorowsky's 'plot' divides into two distinct episodes, both of which illustrate the Mole's burrowing and searching. Tracking his way, accompanied by his naked son, across Daliesque wastes, the black-clad gunslinger is playing at God. A stern, just, retributive Deity. El Topo seeks perfection at the instigation of a girl who calls on him to leave the boy. He defeats four masters of mental powers which increase in inverse proportion to their physical attainments. But in the very moment of his victory he sees it as merely hollow and destructive. The girl leaves. He is crucified with bullets, literally—there are stigmata on hands and feet—and left for dead.

Rescued, with obvious symbolism, by a tribe of cripples, mutants, all the victims of incest, he seeks to rescue them from their imprisonment deep beneath the mountain. Once again he takes on the mantle of

God. The 'mole' of his name comes physically as well as spiritually into evidence. He will dig a tunnel through the mountain and let the tribe free. He and a dwarf lady, his lover, beg in a nearby town—a town that, filled with physically whole people, is steeped in the single motif of blood. It is the ultimate in sick venality. Hypocritical religious parrottings, wholly corrupt in government, life is a long round of bizarre variations on bread and circuses.

El Topo is an incredible film. It makes any one 'interpretation' an impossibility. One can only essay one's own opinion and wonder how much was missed. Jodorowsky's film seems a bleak, if accurate, view of humanity. The average person is *de facto* vile. Playing at God, if that is what ambition means here, is useless. Acting the Omnipotent is futile. It is not a film that leaves one very hopeful. Jonathon Green.



BOOKZ

WHAT THE CENSOR SAW
John Trevelyan (Michael Joseph, £4.00)

John Trevelyan is one of our few modern liberal heroes. His achievement by all accounts (especially his own) has been to secure increasing cinematic freedom while at the same time protecting the film industry from the harsh and arbitrary regime of the obscenity law.

So complacently does Mr Trevelyan accept this interpretation of his life's work that his book, while an interesting and amusing account of twentieth century film censorship, fails to meet or even comprehend the alternative view that his cutting room counsels, institutionalised in the form of the British Board of Film Censors, have undermined the anti-censorship movement and have, in the long term, retarded the cause of freedom in the cinema.

The BBFC is one gigantic confidence trick. It has no legal status whatsoever. It is constituted and financed by the film industry in the interest, not of freedom, but of the industry's own continuing profits. By an historical accident, films, unlike other media, are not subject to the obscenity laws. This unjustified privilege has only been retained by the BBFC's proving itself more repressive than the law itself, waving its scissors in terror (Mr Trevelyan testifies) at Albert Finney licking an oyster in *Tom Jones*, symbolic buggery in Bergmann films, Molly Bloom's soliloquy, the mention of a cabinet minister in *The Christine Keeler Story*, and any attempt to depict the pleasures as well as the pains of drug taking. This has nothing to do with artistic freedom, but a great deal to do with the profits of a film industry insured, by BBFC pre-censorship, against criminal prosecution.

Having escaped the rigours of the law, one might think the film industry would show some concern for those less fortunate. Not a bit of it. The victims of censorship in this country, the real liberal heroes, have been small publishers like John Calder, Marion Boyers and Maurice Girodias, underground magazines and independent booksellers. They have struggled without financial or moral support from the wealthiest sector of the Arts

—the film industry or any part of it has not to my knowledge donated to any obscenity appeal fund, nor has it subscribed to the work of the National Council for Civil Liberties or the Defence of Literature and the Arts Society, the only organisations struggling against the Longford onslaught. The film industry turns its back, pats John Trevelyan on the head for keeping it out of the courts, and counts its cash, while insignificant publishers like Dobson and Wrate, whose work benefits the film industry by pushing forward the bounds of public acceptability, are sentenced to savage gaol terms for obscenity.

Advances are only made by fighting for them. The acquittal of *Last Exit to Brooklyn* legitimated novels about homosexuality and the acquittal of *Nasty Tales* was a successful test case for the availability of underground comics. Had Mr Trevelyan and the BBFC never existed, those battles might have been fought with similar effect over *Clockwork Orange* and *Last Tango*. At least this possibility would have involved the film industry in the anti-censorship cause.

Mr Trevelyan wants censorship abolished, but does not realise that so long as the film industry occupies its elite position above the obscenity law, there will be no pressure from that quarter for reform. The smell of burning celluloid is just the sort of irritant needed to stimulate a new attack on laws which are presently being used to gaol booksellers, but not cinema management, for giving the people what they apparently want. Geoff Robertson.

STRANGE ECSTASIES
edited by Michel Parry
(Panther, 30p)

OK, so you're hip, you read Oz, you take drugs (don't you?)—well, if you thought you'd tried every mindblower in the psychedelic pharmacopeia, you're in for some surprises. Today's drug culture, from aspirins to heroin, coffee to marijuana, was written about long before it actually came to pass, and Michel Parry has collected together the best drug stories around from the genre that knew all about it before it happened; science fiction.

H G Wells invented speed at the turn of the century, but his 'new accelerator' was so fast that the world appeared to slow down like a 78 rpm record played at 33, and his protagonist was in danger of burning up from friction with the air. Wells didn't like people much, from this story; his descriptions of Folkestone locals sitting in a charabanc, frozen in careless gestures, staring unwinkingly at eternity, are unnerving and verge on the paranoid. There's a plentiful supply of *real* bums here, and I'll get them over with now. Imagine dropping Clark Ashton Smith's 'Plutonium Drug' (1934) and seeing your immediate past stretching out behind you in bas-relief, and, worse,

WELL "I" THINK
IT'S SICK-SICK-
SICK!



AND ANYONE
WHO DISAGREES
WITH "ME" IS
UNDER ARREST!

your immediate future—in the case of Smith's hero, abruptly cut off in a dark alley. Or Arthur Machen's 'The White Powder', described by H P Lovecraft as 'the absolute culmination of loathesome fright!' and far too horrible for me to go into.

On the good trips side, Chris Miller's 'Pipe Dream' (reprinted from *The National Lampoon*) produced such envy and desire in me that I still haven't recovered from just reading about this superdope; everything that dope should be and never quite is, the ultimate high. Chris Miller has been described as the funniest writer since S J Perelman and this story is the nearest the collection comes to funky, freaky, comic-strip style humour. And there's Fritz Leiber's gentle fable 'The Secret Songs' (1962), of the omniscient crocodile invented by Gwer and Donnie, the modern couple, one on downers, the other on uppers. Other classics herein: Norman Spinrad's 'Objectivity' featuring the imaginary hallucinogenic Omnidrene (soon to be seen in action in the forthcoming Ogoth movie); Frederik Pohl's 'What to Do Until the Analyst Comes', i.e. chewing euphoric non-habit-forming (?) gum; and more!

I think I can safely say that if you are at all interested in either drugs or science fiction you will enjoy this book. Recommended reading position: horizontal, stoned, late at night.
Caroline MacKechnie.



fused, state of knowledge (science), and is characteristically cast in the Gothic or post-Gothic mould'.

So for Aldiss, the whole shebang starts with Mary Shelley and Frankenstein, the first exposition of the theme, at once atheistic and doomed, of man's triumph over matter and, in the end himself (or not as the case may be). He slots in Edgar Allen Poe and a host of Victorians as further precursors of the genre, and these early chapters are the best, simply because, with less material to discuss, his analysis is that much more detailed. By the turn of the century, with Verne and then Wells, he picks up speed. But on the whole Aldiss (a good scifi writer on his own account) misses nothing. He traces the coming of Burroughs, the Gernsbackian tradition of mechanical fiction and the eruption in the thirties of E E 'Doc' Smith who really kicked off the billion year spree with such massive works as the Lensman saga.

Then the forties, John Campbell and *Astounding* (the magazine that often 'smelt so much of the research laboratory that it should have been printed on filter paper'), the mad loony worlds of A E Van Vogt, the robotics of Asimov, Heinlein and his time puzzles. The birth, really, of the present day traditions.

Of course by now the rate of progress is fast indeed, an endless selection of authors and titles takes up most of the latter

half of the book and I for one was pleased to see Mr Aldiss lashing out the praise and awards to all of my personal favourites. Mr Alfred Bester, his classic *Tiger Tiger* (what Aldiss calls 'wide screen baroque'), Sheckley, Pohl and Kornbluth, old Arthur C Clarke, Simak, James Blish, Kuttner, Harrison, Sturgeon—the list is endless, leading on into the New Wave of the sixties that sprang up around Michael Moorcock and that strange genius J G Ballard, who perhaps best epitomises Bill Burroughs' statement that 'a paranoid is a guy who's just discovered what's going on'. Harlan Ellison and the dangerous viewers of visions, Zelazny and Disch, Delaney, Sladek and Ursula Le Guinn—the new wave is an ocean and the vigour of the old macho, semi-psychotic hard core SF of the Campbell/Heinlein masculine school has been transferred with a strong injection of grace and style into something that you'd better believe is going places fast.

Brian Aldiss has produced an informative and entertaining history of the growth of the leading literature of our times. It should appeal to a great variety of people from hard core, opinionated buffs, to the ignorant, for whom the genre is something vaguely concerned with space ships or robots and to whom I heartily recommend the *Billion Year Spree*. After all, they have nothing to lose but their brains.

Chris Rowley.



SOUNDZ

PIN UPS
David Bowie (RCA)

Curiouser and curiouser. It took until 1968 for people to start getting nostalgic about the '50s, but lo and behold, it ain't even 1974 yet and already there's a hankering for the '60s in the air. And who should be leading the New Wave of '60s nostalgia but David Bowie. Curiouser and still curiouser.

Pin Ups brings together songs by the Who ('I Can't Explain' and 'Anyway Anyhow Anywhere'), The Pretty Things ('Rosalyn' and 'Don't Bring Me Down'), The Yardbirds ('I Wish You Would' and 'Shapes of Things'), Them ('Here Comes The Night'), the Pink Floyd ('See Emily Play'), the Kinks ('Where Have All The Good Times Gone'), the Merseys ('Sorrow'), the Easybeats ('Friday On My Mind') and the Mojos ('Everything's All Right'). So far, critical reaction has veered from the lukewarm to the downright contemptuous. On certain levels, the adverse criticisms have been justified, but it all comes down to this: what criteria are appropriate for dealing with this particular venture.

All right, first the bad news. Bowie has failed to differentiate between songs he likes and songs that he can sing without modifying his basic vocal approach. Basically, Bowie's vocal style has been developed to express lyrics, and in some cases even act them out. Therefore, this approach only works with good lyrics. Since only 'See Emily Play' and 'Where Have All The Good Times Gone' have anything even approaching what are generally regarded as good lyrics, most of the songs collapse under the weight of what Bowie puts into them. In addition, most of the songs are r'n'b (albeit r'n'b once removed) and Bowie really isn't an r'n'b singer, though he can sing in the appropriate style if he things he ought to. Therefore 'Rosalyn', 'I Wish You Would' and 'Everything's All Right' are well sung, and 'Anyway Anyhow Anywhere' picks up remarkably well after an initially disastrous opening where he tries to sing like Presley (Elvis, not Reg).

With the exception of 'I Can't Explain', where an attempt to do a Vanilla Fudge slowdown collapses almost instantly, most of

BILLION YEAR SPREE
Brian Aldiss (Weidenfeld & Nicholson, £3.75).

Science Fiction has come of age, out of the Ghetto of Retarded Boyhood, beyond the Bug-Eyed Monster Barrier and, if Aldiss's judgement is correct and Sci Fi is primarily a creature of 'prodromic utterance', then its future seems sparkling, assured and widespread. We live in an age of science fiction come to life; Prometheus is not only unchained but he's moved into our living rooms and even wears his slippers by the fire.

To understand the twentieth century it will be to Wells and Aldous Huxley, Orwell and Olaf Stapleton that future generations will turn for an analysis of our times. Aldiss, with great precision, derives two poles, an analytical one bound in conscious thought and descending from H G Wells, and a dreaming one, begun by Edgar Rice Burroughs, where Tarzan and his fellows battle ever onwards against colossal odds. Between these two, the genre we call Science Fiction is drawn and woven.

Hugo Gernsback coined the phrase first, back in the twenties when he edited *Amazing Stories* and, although inaccurate from the start, it has gone on being applied to a wide range of stories. Here is Aldiss's definition:

'Science Fiction is the search for a definition of man and his status in the universe which will stand in our advanced, but con-

the tracks are very neatly arranged and played. Mick Ronson (guitar), Mike Garson (piano), Trevor Bolder (bass) and Aynaley Dunbar (drums) carry themselves like officers and gentlemen throughout.

If you were into all this stuff first time around then you probably won't touch this with a ten-foot dildo, unless someone tries to talk you into it. Allow me to try, however. If you approach it as a fairly charming piece of nostalgic self-indulgence, then you're not going to encounter any major barriers.

On the other hand, if all these songs are new to you, then you're really going to dig it. Listen to *Pin Ups* in the spirit in which it was made and it's mostly an okay album, and on occasion (particularly 'Where Have All The Good Times Gone') it's considerably better than that.

One problem remains. What the hell is going on in the '70s that people are going to want to get nostalgic about in the '80s? You gotta think ahead, y'know. *Charles Shaar Murray.*

BEST OF SPIRIT Spirit (Epic)

Spirit? They were well named. Even now, from this distance in time, they elude critical judgements. What, exactly, were they about? The deadly cool Los Angeles soft rock of *Fresh Garbage* and *Mechanical World* with which they launched their career; the inspired post-Cream hard-rock of 'I Got A Line On You' and '1984'; or the pure dumbness of something like 'Animal Zoo' or 'Mr Skin', tracks which nearly deny the title of this collection?

Spirit, or at least the original Spirit who made all the music contained here, split up a couple of years back. The old story: musical/personal differences. But Spirit must always have been a pretty uneasy coalition: Hendrix trainee Randy California with his electronically modulated lead riffs; California's ageing jazz drummer stepfather Ed Cassidy—the mysterious bleached-out Mekon adorning their early album covers; classically trained keyboards man John Locke, with his penchant for cocktail lounge tinkling; bass man Mark Andes, who wore a dress on stage three years ago; and microphone-swinging all-American boy vocalist Jay Ferguson.

Andes and Ferguson quit Spirit first, to form their remarkably lame all-American, flat-out rock and roll band, Jo Jo Gunne. California disappeared. Cassidy and Locke formed a new Spirit, with a couple of guys called the Staehely Brothers, and even made an album. A second new Spirit then manifested itself, this time a somewhat shambling power trio featuring Cassidy and an apparently brain-damaged Randy California. This unit toured here earlier in the year and are also threatening to make new Spirit albums. In

point of fact, neither of these bands bears much resemblance to the original Spirit, but both have ridden the legend for whatever it was worth.

And apparently that legend must still be worth a lot for anyone to bother putting out this very belated tribute to the old Spirit—a band who never really broke through to mass acceptance, who scored only one US hit single ever, yet about whom people still speak in reverent tones. Spirit were a cult group with a cult following. They had no real image, no stable musical identity. They wrote some good songs and made some beautifully produced albums and very few people ever heard of them, except maybe their 'Fresh Garbage' on that ubiquitous CBS sampler. In that sense, Spirit were perhaps a definitive late '60s Progressive Album band. And yet they were so clearly several classes above most of their contemporaries in that horrific category.

Just why Spirit never made it remains a mystery to me. Musical/personal differences? Inability to hold on to a definite style? Mass stupidity on the part of the record-buying public? Structural non-functionalism? I don't know. But I do know that *Best of Spirit* is a fine album. A few of the selections are open to criticism, but overall this is pretty much the best of Spirit, including their best song ever, Randy California's long-deleted 1970 paranoid opus single '1984'. That one, at least, still sounds as fresh as ever, and CBS should re-release it while there's still time...

*'... those flexi-plastic coppers
they're your special friends
you see them every night
they call themselves protection
but you know it's no game
you're never out of their sight
1984*

*knocking on your door
will you let it come
will you let it run
your life?*

Andrew Weiner.

SUZI QUATRO Suzi Quatro (RAK)

It's hard to know about Suzi Quatro. The first time I ever heard of her was when there was a full colour picture of this lady in her black leather suit and snakeskin boots swinging a big old Fender bass. The first thought, I must confess, wasn't where can I hear her single, but how can I get to meet her.

The caption informed me that she was from Detroit, that her hit single was a foregone conclusion and that she was being managed by the redoubtable Chas Chandler. My carnal dreams faded. It looked as though the lady was too well protected to hobnob with the dopest of the town. Despite the leather suit, I dismissed her from my mind.

The next time I came across Suzi was on *Top of the Pops*. There she was with this punk back-up band in black outfits

pumping it out while the plump little chickies lumped out at her feet in that graceless dance that the BBC seem to find so attractive. I've always been partial to Detroit rock and roll, and for that matter, equally partial to rock and roll bands in solid black uniforms. I gave it my full attention, and, by the standards of that idiot pop show, it was quite a passable way of decorating what might have been a very tedious three minutes.

I happened across Ms Quatro next while idly leafing through a copy of *Penthouse*. There on page nineteen was a grinning Suzi, in zips and chains, eagerly telling the *Penthouse* readers about the time she forgot to wear panties on stage, the time she had an orgasm on stage, the mail she gets from perverts. She went on to make it very clear that she liked big butch men, didn't need women's lib, and faggots in makeup and glitter had no chance with her. Fair enough, she seemed to be establishing herself as a tough, heterosexual Detroit rocker bird, a refreshing phenomenon in a somewhat jaded pop scene.

Then came this album. It has a black and white cover with tough little Suzi in the foreground, black leather jacket, jeans, thumbs hooked in her belt. The

band lurk in the background, one of them downing a beer with a style and grace that any biker would be proud of.

So far, everything about La Quatro seemed very fine. There seemed to be only one thing missing, and that, I fear, was the music.

Suzi Quatro's music has most of the ingredients of most of the best rock music that has come out of Detroit in the last five years. The problem is that the mixture is not quite strong enough. If you compare it with, say, *Back in the USA* by the MC5, it becomes immediately apparent that the Suzi Quatro album just doesn't make it on that level. The question is, is it supposed to? The Rolling Stones playing 'Come On' was pretty damn inferior to Chuck Berry, but they were light years ahead of Billy Fury. In the same way I suppose Suzi Quatro serves up a product that is better than the average teeny fare. I ain't ever going to play this album for fun, but I don't think I'm exactly supposed to.

There's just one other thing that bothers me. It took me a while to put a finger on it, but in the end I got it. Something about her reminded me of Lulu, and it was all over.

Mick Farren.



TRAFFIC-ON THE ROAD.

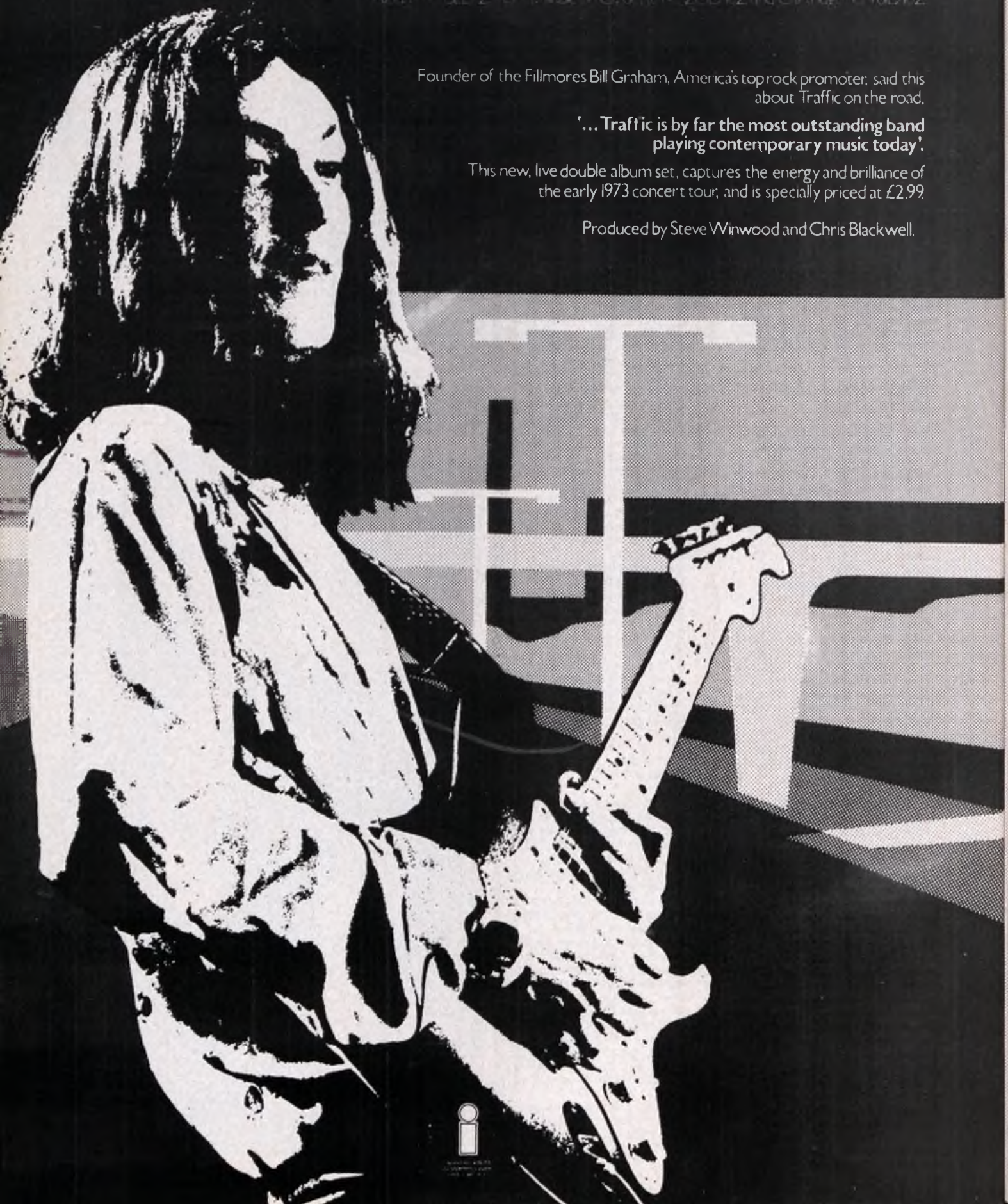
Albums: 198D12 Also available on Cassette: ZCD102 and Cartridge: Y8D102

Founder of the Fillmores Bill Graham, America's top rock promoter, said this about Traffic on the road,

'... Traffic is by far the most outstanding band playing contemporary music today'.

This new, live double album set, captures the energy and brilliance of the early 1973 concert tour, and is specially priced at £2.99.

Produced by Steve Winwood and Chris Blackwell.



TRAFFIC ON THE ROAD
© 1973 Atlantic Records
TRAFFIC ON THE ROAD

QUADROPHENIA The Who (Track)

'Inside, outside, where have I been?
Out of my brain on the 5.15'
History should be written in the medium most relevant to the era under review. Undoubtedly innumerable words are on the way, indeed no small number have already been delivered, all intending to explain the phenomena that constituted the world of the young in the early 1960s. The era of Mod. But the printed page can never do real justice, no matter how learned its contents, to an era in which music—its purveyors and its audience—set the scene.

Quadrophenia, the Who's latest product, or rather *magnum opus*, provides that history, and in the medium best suited to its telling. 'Read no history, nothing but biography, for that is life without theory' said Benjamin Disraeli, a stylist of whose sartorial elegance any Mod would have been proud. *Quadrophenia* is just that: biography, one lousy, screwed up week in the life of a Mod. His name, Jimmy.

Tighter than the last opera, *Quadrophenia* has even more to offer. Facts and fantasy, frustrations and stimulant-induced fun are dealt with by the Who, under the inevitable guidance of Pete Townshend.

There are so many strands worthy of discussion. 'Punk and the Godfather' takes up where *Tommy* left off. The vicious circle of audience and performer, trapped in each other's need/conception of the opposite number. 'Bell Boy', with Keith Moon on vocals, in part; a simple evocation of the off-duty Mod, suffering, 'always at someone's bleedin' eel', other songs which evoke the whole world of the frustrated, alienated and always searching young, just ten years ago. 'I don't suppose you remember me, but I used to follow you back in sixty three' sings Jimmy, and it all comes flooding back.

But the music, essentially variations on the basic Who riffs, embellished with Moog, violin and horns, isn't really what makes *Quadrophenia* so impressive a work. It is its undeniable status as a social document that grabs the listener. The anonymous liner story breaks the normally accepted schizoid level of craziness, replacing a two-way split with a four-way improvement. Jimmy tries to come to terms with life—it is up to the individual to decide how far he's successful.

As to the success of the whole album, there's no problems for the Who there. But I bet the poor sods are dreading four years of playing this one on the road.
Jonathon Green.

GROUNATION
Count Ossie & The Mystic Revelation of Rastafari
(3-album set, Ashant, £4.99)

Rasta Fari was the uncrowned name of Haile Selassie I of

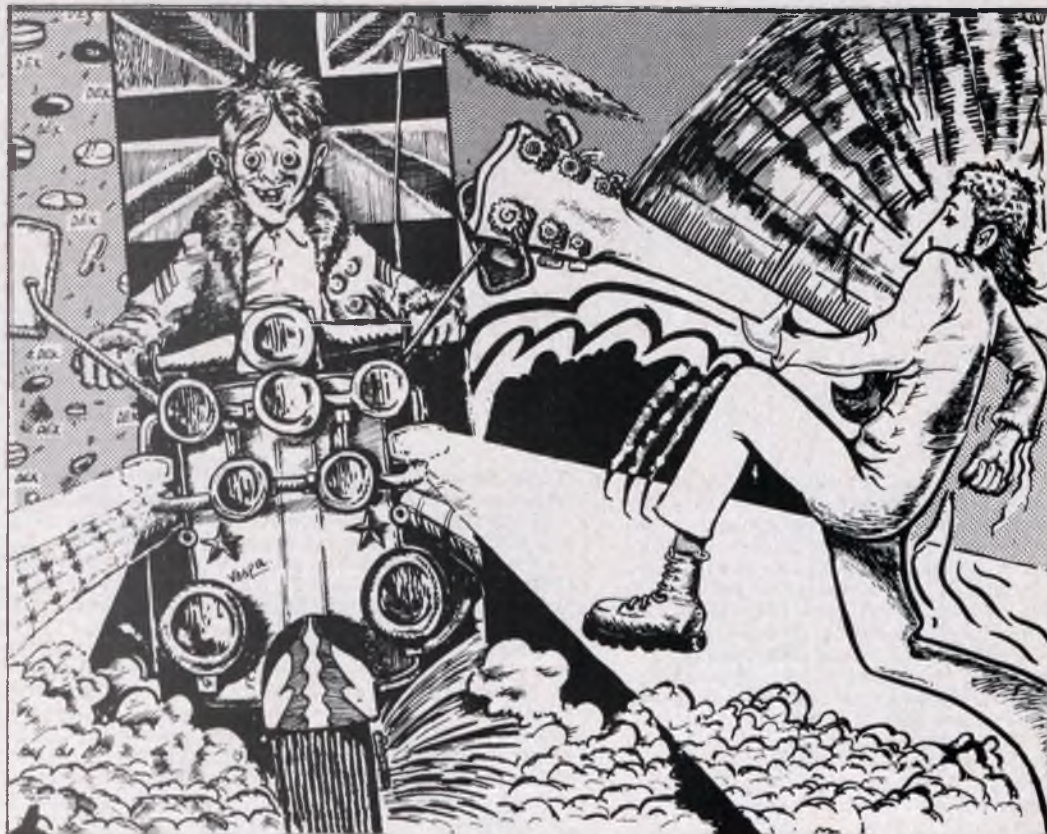


Illustration by Rod Beddall

Ethiopia. Upon his accession in 1930, the Rastafarian Movement was born in Jamaica out of the 'message' of Marcus Garvey, a movement instilling the rich imagery of the New Testament revelations and much of the lament and prophesy of the Old Testament, as in Psalm 137: 'By the rivers of Babylon, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion'.

Adherents, living a simple mountain existence and preaching a 'God in man and man within love' doctrine, have become a Jamaican legend, due mainly to their more sensational traits—long, wild hair, colourful clothes and their sacramental regard for marijuana. Their 'Back to Africa' banner has won them the hearts of Jamaican youth, frustrated by the iniquities of white society. Their music, primitive of rhythm and complex of variety, has given the island a national sound—Reggae.

Not that this beautiful album, a compressed expression of the Rastafarian cult, is Reggae. It is tribal music, offset with percussion, gleaming with emotive zeal. There are traces of '50s black jazz and Pocomanic gospel, but the whole is the ecstasy of resurgent spirit overcoming suffering; indignities of the body, darkness of the soul. There are uncultured, but not illiterate, poems of affirmation from Joseph Ruglass and a 15-minute narration to chanting steel band accompaniment from Brother Sam Clayton, who is also credited with the exquisite 'Ethiopian Serenade' (source of an unmentionable Byron Lee pop/Reggae hit).

The traditional 'So Long' is

magnificent, as is the 30-minute 'Grounation'. This latter, Ossie frothing a frenzy on bongoes, is a hotch-potch of traditional folk and Rasta tunes, many of which have been adapted to Reggae hits (the Ethiopian's 'Selah' and Gigingri's 'Zioniah'). A re-working of 'Oh Carolina'—the mid-sixties disco rave cut some 12 years ago by The Folks Bros backed by the Count Ossie Afro-Combo, is also featured.

I cannot see this masterwork appealing to the bland ears and butterfly minds of the New Decadent, whose notions of Jamaican culture are limited to the bus conductor or 'What Soul', the party showpiece. But I love it and my heart goes out.
Penny Reel.

TAKIN MY TIME
Bonnie Raitt (Warner Bros)

Bonnie Raitt's voice is that rarity in rock: a sound which thrills the ear and gladdens the heart. She took a while to sink in, mostly, I guess, because I never expected to hear a white girl sing with such soul and flair. She reminded me of Van Morrison.

On this third album she sounds more relaxed and confident than ever, phrasing with sweet muscularity and generally being every bit as devastating as I expect her to be. She has occupied a central place in my affections for almost a year now and, coming from someone who has had a different favourite girl singer every three weeks since he first heard Connie Francis bounce through *Stupid Cupid*, that's some recommendation. Though the instrumental work on her last LP *Give It Up*

had a definite jazzniks-jamming-with-Bonnie flavour, its high-points were two of her own songs—the acoustic ballad 'Nothing Seems To Matter' and 'You Told Me Baby', where she cut loose with a rocking sixpiece band.

This time producer John Hall has done the obvious thing by creating a recognisable group sound on seven of the ten tracks, centred round bass, drums, Bill Payne's piano and his own electric guitar. The lady sings the blues, tender ballads, Mose Allison, saucy calypsos and even whoop-it-up trad numbers, but is at her best on a group of tunes by such underexposed young American songwriters as Jackson Browne, Joel Zoss and Eric Kaz. Browne's 'I Thought I Was A Child' reveals him again as the most succinct and characteristic song-smith since Tim Hardin, and Bonnie is the best possible advertisement for him. She also illustrates that

The material does not always show her to best advantage and the production contains a few minor flaws of taste, particularly the horn and vocal arrangements and some curiously geriatric harp by Taj Mahal. It's problematic, since she is so brilliant, that it must be hard to assemble a group good enough to back her. Maybe the Allman Brothers could carry it, and capture the exact blend of accuracy and spontaneity which turns a good album into a masterpiece.

An authoritative producer should be able to make her next album into a landmark on the scale of *Moondance* or *Gasoline Alley*. Really. You better believe it. Bonnie Raitt is the girl singer of the Seventies.
Myles Palmer.

Telex from Australia...

This apocalyptic missive from our re-patriated founder was dictated at speed and staggering cost over trans continental telephone from Melbourne, Australia. As usual, Richard had missed his deadline, and nothing has really changed except the scenery...

A famous Australian opera singer, the perpetrator of Peach Melba, was forever announcing her absolutely final last stage appearance. *Oz* carries on in the same tradition, and I wonder just who is laughing all the way to what bank. (At the rates you're charging for feature articles these days, Richard, I should think it is most likely the Bank of New South Wales -Ed). But Felix is almost psychotically persuasive and smilingly promised during a green milkshake a great issue, folks. So good evening, how are you, goodbye.

This dispatch comes from Melbourne amidst the rigours of a weekly newspaper schedule. I don't know how long I'll stick it, but strangely I've been enjoying bringing it all back home. No doubt this delirium will wear off in ten more minutes, but coming back to Australia, I am stunned by its high voltage exuberance and almost bullying aura of national self-confidence. Proud Aussie faces peer from daily papers with captions announcing yet more indigenous inventions: a chemist finds a flu vaccine, a schoolboy produces a pocket measuring device of utter precision and simplicity, a backyard mechanic designs an engine that's said to be better than Wankel's.

People everywhere seem aglow with ideas and radiant with relentless energy. Especially the State politicians, whose daily cabaret of dishonesty and fraud makes the Nixon follies seem like a sideshow at the wrong end of a telescope. It's old time Chicago without Elliott Ness. The disclosure of a State Premier's enormous stock holding in a development company doesn't bring a blush here, much less a resignation. When the President of a prominent building society was discovered stashing away bread, the New South Wales Premier cited the gentleman's war record and the matter was dropped. The underground paper *Digger* reprints copies of search warrants left by the cops during a drug raid. They were all blank, except for an obliging JP's signature on each one. A mild inquiry purr.

But at least it's an inquiry, and that's what's different about coming back to Australia. It's waking up. This Rip Van Winkle of a continent, dozing serenely in the Antipodes for 23 years, more or less given up as a deadhead redneck by the rest of the world, suddenly one day gets up and dances on the coffin of the defeated Liberal Party. Foreign policy attitudes somersault, Trade Unions achieve sanctity, draft dodgers are set free and the Last Tango is danced all night.

After seven years' absence, there are slicker rhythms and higher expectations. Standards have improved, even if the inspiration is often plagiarism disguised by Strine. There is still a materialist rampage—Sydney is a skyline of builders' cranes and glistening insurance companies. But the people are beginning to rub sleep from their eyes. While the National Trust tut-tuts about preserving heritages, it took the chesty bronzed builders' labourers to step in and stop the bastards. The builders have imposed 'green bans' on development projects they consider detrimental to the

community. There are now boycotts on construction projects worth three thousand million Australian dollars and developers are growing angry. As I write, all sorts of radicals, from old time individual layabouts to gutsy resident action unions, have united with the builders and are brazenly battling with police in the streets. In an extraordinary and fertile alliance of libertarian politics and union muscle, hard hats and longhairs have seized the initiative.

But this is only a few acres among millions. Along the beautiful North Coast the tower blocks march to the Pacific Ocean. The mayor of Surfers' Paradise, in replying to observations that speculators' eyesores block the sun from bathers, claimed seriously that it was a victory in the fight against skin cancer. The newspapers are awash with huge, glamourised landscapes of real estate, beckoning irresistibly to those with a mania for owning their own backyard. A lifetime of mortgages for a quarter acre of nowhere.

And behind many a suntanned Bazza's smile lies a valium prescription, the most popular pacifier in Australia. After dark, the road that winds through the beaches of Sydney is lit mainly by the displays of all-night chemists. Australians gobble down drugs even if they don't make you high. 'We have the most expensive urine in the world', commented a medical professor on the local lust for vitamin tablets. There is too much to tell and I haven't begun.

More important than another national profile, this last *Oz* picture show should contain the seeds of continuing enterprise. In a way, *Oz* has come full circle, and yet it continues in myriad tributaries, with Felix fiddling with the frontiers of graphic art, not to mention countless other streams of communicators whose origins are linked with the butterfly years of *Oz*.

The first issue of *The Living Daylights*, named after a forthcoming novel by my sister, (two plugs in one sentence, the man's insatiable -Ed) was published on October 16th in Melbourne. It sold like the proverbial *School Kids Oz*. The second issue, out last week (my time), outstrips its 46,000 run by the second day. So who knows? Somebody outback is looking for something, even if it doesn't turn out to be *The Living Daylights*. As a gesture to the future, and to let loyal *Oz* veterans catch a glimpse of the continuing saga, printed below are fragments from the editorial of TLD No.1:

There must be some way outa here

Put crudely, there are three choices available. ONE: Recognise the system for what it is and join it. Gather ye rosebuds while ye may to build a fortress of waterbeds, weekenders and quadraphonic swimming pools. CHOICE TWO: Kickback. This can mean taking to the streets, mastering dates they didn't teach you at school, attending meetings, immersing yourself in the class struggle and backing whichever radical political organisation seems most likely to succeed without tiring. CHOICE THREE: and this is bowling 'em over like ninepins. Render

the system as irrelevant as possible by setting out upon one's own search for inner tranquility, which can involve drugs, music, sacred texts, meditation, hitting the road, guru hunting, body disciplines, brown rice and so on until one can ultimately squeeze the trigger on a profound personal mystical experience.

Of these paths, we suppose many of us stagger along one, lose our way, drift awhile, discover another, meander some more, play some old time dance music, truck truck truck along yet another trail which is ill lit, deceptively charted and probably around the bend.

We hereby declare that the 19th century pseudo scientific working model of the world, the mainstay of socialist theory, became fully obsolete in 1945 when J Presper Eckert Jr and John B Mauchly unveiled ENIAC at the University of Pennsylvania to reveal the world's first digital computer based on electronic impulses. From that moment the West began its blind climb to the brink of plenitude. For the first time in history it became possible to conceive a rational future of the world premised on the abolition of scarcity. The reign of the work ethic is over. Today's revolutionary demand is full unemployment, for those who want it. The right to work becomes the right to hang loose.

IN AUSTRALIA IN 1973, ANYONE WHO WORKS IS EITHER A FOOL, OPPRESSED OR BELIEVES IN THEIR JOB...

Isn't OM all you need?

NO. But some of the best minds of our generation are coming up with ways to explore the universe of inner self and we remain open minded, indeed excited, by the new Skylabs of the Psyche. Quick to ridicule the prevailing spiritual hunger are intellectuals, their own spirit numbed by years of immersion in the expedient doctrines of empiricism, rationality and objectivity. Ironically, the most influential contemporary pioneers of the new mysticism are all defectors from the shrine of academic methodology—Carlos Castaneda, John C Lilly, Richard Alpert and poor mad Timothy Leary.

However unpalatable it may seem to the classic mind, the fact is this. Since the mid 60s, hundreds and thousands of intelligent, curious, sensitive young people in the Western world have tripped out on LSD and/or other hallucinogenic drugs. A proportion of these people (who knows how many?) have testified to experiencing a profound mystical phenomenon, which drives them to a calm frenzy of spiritual exploration, often altering their whole way of life and personality, sometimes sending them a bit loco, sometimes really cooling them out, and always leaving them aching for more...

But all explorations must be bound by a matrix of social realities and we look for a fusion of psychic sailors and swashbuckling politicians to contribute to creating a vision of tomorrow, as well as furnishing the tools to execute its occurrence. As we said, give Marx a joint and ask Buddha what he's going to tell the tree executioners...

See ya next last issue of *Oz*...



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WANKER'S WORLD

Volume VII No 8

Price A Snip At 75 New Pence

The Big One Men Like

NEWSAGENTS ARE REMINDED THAT THIS MAGAZINE IS OF A STRICTLY ADULT NATURE. PLEASE KEEP IT WELL OUT OF THE HANDS OF MINORS. AFTER ALL, THE OBSCENE PUBLICATIONS ACT COULD PUT YOU AWAY FOR A TWELVE-STRETCH. KEEP IT CLEAN, OR KEEP UP THOSE PAYMENTS. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED.

In Your Wanker's World This Month:

*'It's Better Than The
New Statesman'*

Dean Anthony Confesses:

*'I Wrote Filth For £25
per '000 Words. It Was Easy.'*

Saucy Amputee Funnies:

*More Rib-Ticklers From
Your Favourites And Ours,
Those Limbless Leggy Lovelies.*

*Memoirs Of A
Medieval Pervert:*

*The Bastardino, The Rack,
The Iron Maiden.*

This Is Strong Stuff.



**WANKER'S
WORLD**

Hot Hipped Honey Harriet's Wholly Hooked By Lively Lensman Phil Franks. Says Our Man With The Four Foot 'Photo, 'I'd Like To Zoom In On That'.

Hi Wankers!!!

Wow! Everything's coming up
tasteless, huh ...

Christmas comes but once a year and with it we at WW-TBOML, a mere money-making month upfront of schedule, are bringing you our Bumper Fun Issue.

Let's not beat about the bush. Let's, indeed, be perfectly frank, pull not a single punch and make everything perfectly clear: Sex Is Where It's At

But for some reason half the fuddy-duddy, old-schoolie, dyed-in-the-wool sports don't agree. These self-appointed 'reformers' have but one aim in life: to make everyone else suffer. Was it not the great writer, H L Mencken, who once said: 'Conscience is the faintest suspicion that someone might be watching?' To these do-gooders we at WW-TBOML have just one thing to say: We're watching you. And don't think your joyless antics are much fun.

Meanwhile, Wankers, your very own magazine, WW-TBOWL, is bringing you what you like. What we all like. Sex. With a capital S-E-X.

So, if Santa Claus asks you what you want for Christmas, you just go ahead and tell him. There may be hair on the palms of your hands, your eyes may even now be growing blurred, and it's looking a bit shaky too, but don't forget

It's a Wanker's World!!!
Keep It Up

Nima!

Words: Simon Viridian. Pix:
Philm Freax. Art: Adam Thrust.
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She's a goer, or so hubby Mr T M of Aintree tells us. Lissom Leslie works in a car showroom by day, but at night ... Well, if our eyes don't deceive us, then Leslie's not averse to doing a little 'modelling' of her own.



One picture is worth a thousand words. And husky Bruno, 40-28-30, certainly leaves little to the imagination. A Cordon Bleu cook and 'just a wow with the youngsters', Bruno's picture comes to us courtesy of his one and only Olaf D of Knightsbridge. Trouble and strife ... I should coco!!!

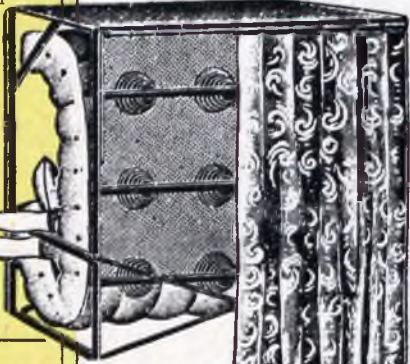
MUMPS THE WORD



Frigid? Not our Nancy. She's the kind of sizzling sexpot who'd warm up a whole deep-freeze, never mind one little icebox. All yours, and we mean *all*, for a generous £5.00.



Love is a many splendoured thing. We all agree. But sometimes love's first ardours lose a little of their embellishment. And that's when you need 'Gettup' a remarkable invention, with you in mind. Until this unique offer, 'Gettup' was only available to natives of the Matto Grosso and 'The Bookshop', Kilburn High Road, NW3. £76.00 for the one, but the special offer, including batteries and the balloon, can come to you for a straight monkey. Fair enough? Right, gov.



UNDER THE COUNTER



Fantasy Factfinder

We live in an age of constant change. Yesterday's thrills are today's tedious, tomorrow's also rans. Everything is in the move, and what more than what is surely man's prime interest: sex. Yes, sex, its foibles, its fantasies, even its facts, are part of that immutable flux, that merry-go-round of human life. And in that very life, that veritably truthful apothegm of existence, that ~~same~~ carell of man's eternal quest for fulfillment, for a genuine appreciation of his modus vivendi, the urge for pleasure, no matter what form it may take, must surely stand foremost among all our most intimate desires. Wanker's World: The Big One Men Like has determined to plumb the very depths of this lebenlust. This month, 'Fantasy Factfinder', our regular in-depth probe of sexual mores, with the accent on the S and the M, takes a hard look at: 'Self-Abuse' or, as we put it, 'You Can't Always Get What You Want ...'

Fantasy Factfinder: 'OK, now your mother's told us about...'
The Guilty Party: 'What d'you

FF: 'She just said that you always had, how shall I put it, a personal partiality, when a mere lad. Now, perhaps you can tell me just how it all developed?'

TGP: 'Well, now you're not really going to print my name are you ... y'know, tell everyone about my little ways ... are you?'

FF: 'No, in fact, I'm not.'

TGP: 'What! Not a fuckin' word. Not even the ghastly details of post adolescent doctors and nurses, not the League of OAP Circle Jerkers, not one mention of the Mr Arthur Figgis, 54, of Acacia Ave., East Acton W. Memorial Masturbators Jamboree and Bun Fight, staged annually ...'

FF: 'Not a one'.

FF: 'Basically because I can't be bothered. Just cos' this is a six-part series they think they can get away with a cut rate lineage. Well, fuck that, mate. £25 per thousand or stop press, as far as I'm concerned.'

TGP: 'But what about me?'

FF: 'What, to be brutal, about you. Remember, buddy, were it not for my cynical labours you wouldn't exist. It may give a whole scam about intimate probes and all that trash up the top, but you'd better get one thing clear. You're a figment of my grubby imagination. A nothing, a no-no. And I can't be fucked no more. You are me and I am you and we are all together ...'

TGP: 'Er ...
FF: 'Sorry about that. Its the underground press background you know. Ever since the thing packed up, all us hacks had to find something to write. It's just the jargon slips in occasionally ...'

T

hora's thinking.

Drifting, dreaming down deserted dabbings in delight.

Wandering woefully wistful whither wonder wends.

Hoping helplessly, harmlessly, heeding her heartbeats.

Bored to fucking death with standing

here under these bloody lights which may be hot but it's still goddam cold and that may make her nipples perk up without any icecubes but it still gets the goosepimples going.

Not only that, punters, not only that,

but the poor girl's not even called Thora in the first place.

Brenda, maybe, Suzy, Lulu, who the hell knows. Or cares, for that matter. But the silly fuckers in the art department wrote on the board that they only had a 'T' left in that particular type face so what can a poor hack do?

And even if she is thinking, so what? If she's thinking anything its how much she hates this gig and how much she's irritated by the photographer, and what an immense amount of contempt she finds herself able to summon up as regards the men who'll be buying whatever mag it is that she's being sold to this time.

Mean, isn't she. Cynical bitch. Look at her.

Little slut. Naked, perverse, if you ask the average buyer.

Sick, filthy, all that flesh. What she needs is a good ...



Now, that's what you'd like to do.

Look at that fourcolour flesh. All that printed artifice flaunting itself. Brazen, shameless. That knife, the hat ... Think about it ... what you could do with the knife. Hack and slice, and cut and eviscerate and disembowel and tear and mutilate and wrench and rip and ... Oh ... Ohhhh ... Ooooooohhhhh!!!!

Mmmm. Better now? Relieved ... satisfied??

Big deal. Or rather, tough shit.

Thora, or Brenda, Suzy or Lulu, is impervious to your throbbing miseries, miles, psychic and physical from your tragic aspirations. Out of reach, utterly beyond you. One look from you, mate, she'd be over the hills and very far away. After all, a girl's got taste.

And you're strictly not part of it.

Nasty. Sickening. Saddening.

It's all the big con. All the easy lay that couldn't be harder. The 50p for fuck-all. The come-on that leads merely to yet another rip off. Sorry punters, suckered in again.

And you love it. All the way to death.

Oh, Thora. Or Brenda, or Suzy or Lulu or ...

THORA

Come As You Like

Dear Wanker's World—THE BIG ONE MEN LIKE, I'd like to tell you something that happened the other night. I'd just got my selection of books out by the bed—now, mind you they're not all the 'hot stuff' that WW-TBOML is, but not bad anyway—the other night, and you'll never guess what happened. Well, it was just the other night and there I was, my books, and I'll not deny it, they're not as ... well, you at WW-TBOML know what I mean, if you see what I mean, y'know, right, my

books, all out by the bed. Or now I think about it maybe it was the sofa. Or the bed. Y'know I've always preferred the sofa for some reason, so maybe it was the sofa, or perhaps ... Anyway, sofa or bed—oh, yes I just realised why it must have been the sofa, because my brother Alf's 12 year old daughter came to stay one time and if you looked very carefully when she leaned back you could just about see right up her ... Christ ... I've run out of 2p bits ... Oh hell, oh ... By Phone-A-Fantasy.

Dear Everyone at Wanker's World, This is real, though you probably don't believe me.

My wife is twenty nine, I am thirty three. Our alsatian is

eight. (56 dog years).

That means, if my maths is correct, that subtracting her age from mine and doubling the remainder we have the age of our beloved Ripper.

I'd be interested to hear from your other readers who have had similar experiences.

Hey-ho,
H H., Park Lane

Dear Wanker's World, You know what I'd really like to do. Probably not. So I'll tell you. After all, it's ruddy awful thinking up all these bizarre delights if you can't burden some poor bastard with them all. So stand by and I'll let it rip.

You see most of the time I work in this office and no doubt

as everyone reading WW-TBOML knows, offices are full of sexy little secretaries. Well, just give me half a chance and there'd be no holding me back. Oh no, I can tell you. In fact, just the other night Bert, Teddy, Ron and myself, that's our darts team you see, were having a quick pint at lunchtime, in the canteen, you know, and in walked this little dolly. What a little cracker! I'll say. And you would too, believe me. Well, in she walked, and you know what Ron said? Right. Ab-so-lutely right. Dirty sod, isn't he.

Which reminds me of what I wanted to say.

Am I normal?
Yours sincerely,
P R., London

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terest in Private for all: whatsoever their sexual tastes. Erotic art, lesbianism, exhibitionism, masturbation, troilism, sex orgies, fellatio, cunnilingus, close-ups, orgasm, transvestism, editorials and articles. The original photographs are refined and aesthetic showing many varied unexpurgated coital positions.

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Now famous amongst collectors of filmed erotica, this is a third in a series of three that are regarded as the strongest single films to be seen. Complete vaginal exposure, stimulation, and the use and full visible use of a variety of aids. This Taboo at the best! The landlord, his wife, and the lodger—complete three person sex action film. £12.

Film B—Flesh: Room Service

Another four-person sex action film. Two young men and two smashing young 'Room Service' girls.

The young man seduced by this redhead never expected such a work-out! She plays every trick conceivable upon him. Oral contact and finally a vigorous bout of copulation. £10.

Film C—Three's Company

Three-person sex action film—two women and one man. Good erotic sex film.

Returning from a joy-ride, this young couple take another ride,

that takes place across the table then on the bed. The girl's riding master really gives her a thorough grounding, and the sheer physical strain shows on her face. The agonising mixture of torment and pleasure, but when she feels his satisfaction her ecstasy is obvious. £10.

Film D—Wife Swappers (orgy)

This should only be viewed by the mature collector, because orgy sex is raw and hard. One man taken apart by two girls so that one climax is followed by another. The consummate bliss of performing cunnilingus upon one beautiful girl whilst being orally and manually stimulated by another, and then intercourse with one whilst the second is nearby to tantalise with voluptuous breasts and teasing hands. All action erotica from Denmark's leading film company. £10.

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QUADROPHONY

*Is your stereo doomed?
Does hifi equal hi finance?
Is quadrophonics just a four way con?*

There is an unhealthy trend in current music business thinking away from live music and towards people living their entire music life within the confined comforts of their own homes. Just witness the huge increase in the number of 'live' albums now on sale—neat, packaged concerts ready to be switched on and off from the armchair. It's not that I'm against a better *re-produced* sound mind you, but what I want to see is a clearer distinction between acknowledgedly recorded and reproduced sound, and attempts to recreate the original performance.

This swing away from live performances is partly due to the now highly developed art of live recording—millions of mikes leading to the mobile recording van parked behind the stage. But mostly it's due to the hifi system explosion on the record-buying market. Without hifi, live albums just wouldn't be possible. It was the classical music fans—the staid, stay at home, electrical engineering types—who pioneered stereophonics, and now, with the 'new, 4-channel, surround-sound quadro-

phonic system', they're again breaking new ground.

The original idea behind the development of quadrophonics was the recreation of the *ambiance* of the concert hall—the little bit of echo and reverberation from the back of the hall. It's this that creates the feeling of presence, the feeling of actually being there, and the best way, it was decided, to get this out of a hifi was to have two more speakers at the back of a room.

Of course it doesn't really work: any room has its own size and echo and what concert hall quad tries to do is dwarf the effect of that with the recorded *ambiance*. On the other hand, if you're not just committed to re-creation but to creation of a new and possibly devastating effect, the potential of quad is exciting. Just as stereo, in the hands of innovative rock musicians, moved from being merely an attempt to re-create the Albert Hall to exploring sound separation, so too could quadrophonics be used to open up new fields.

But does—as the numerous blurbs in the sound magazines claim—the quadrophonic system render the stereo obsolete? Or is it really just an excuse to sell more gear; a bit of technical gadgetry to turn the 'fi' in hifi into 'finance' rather than 'fidelity'? For quadrophonic sound sure doesn't come cheap—roughly speaking it's double the price of a stereo.

There are essentially four parts to any reproducing system: the *programme source* (tape, disc or tuner), the control unit or *pre-amplifier* which controls and adjusts the signal from the source and feeds it into the *power amplifier* so that it is strong enough to work the *speakers*. With quadrophonic, however, you need not just two of everything as for stereo, but four—four channel programme sources, four channel pre-amps, four power amps and four speakers.



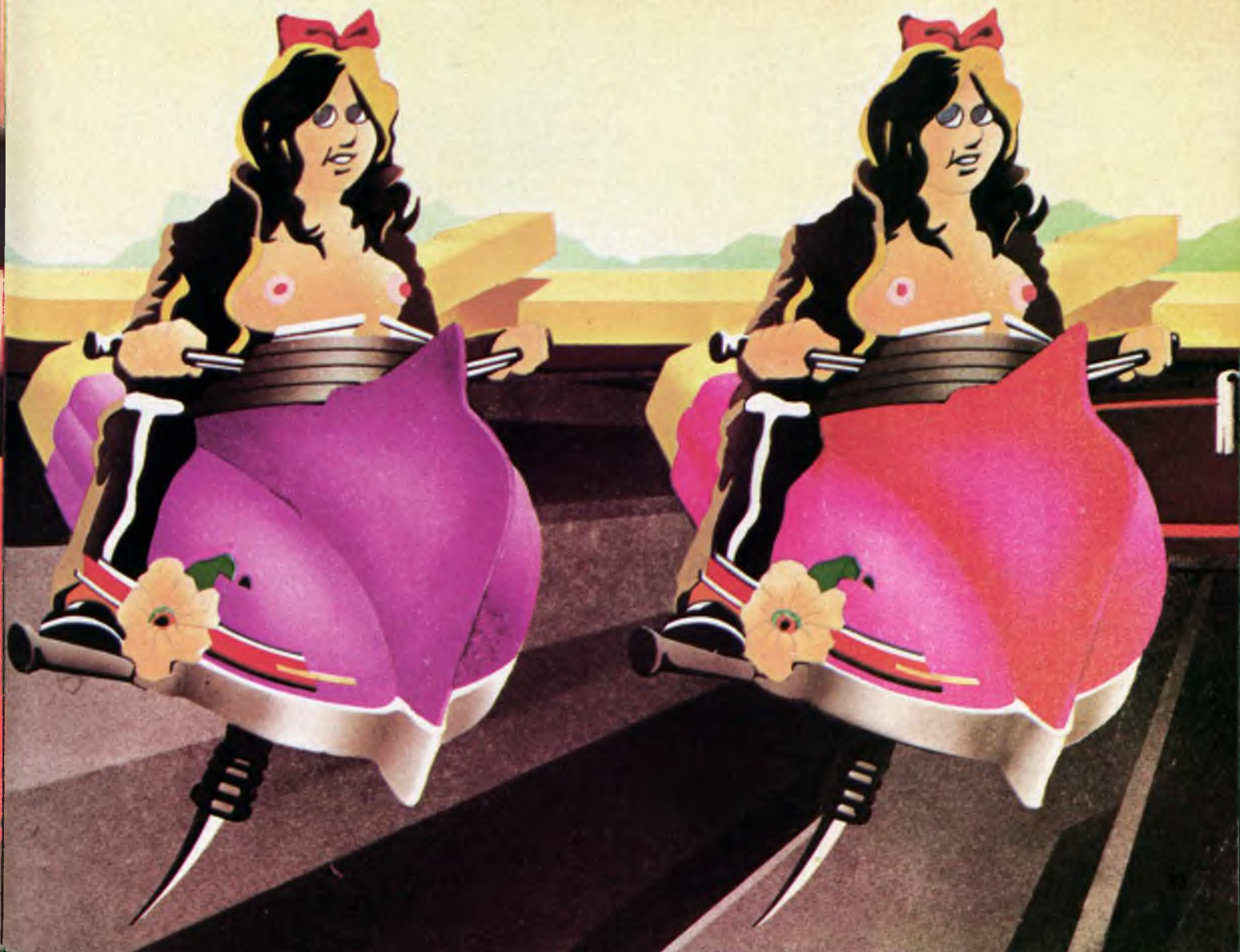
In addition, as it's extremely difficult to store four channels of sound on a record, quadrophonic also needs a decoder. At the moment there are three main systems of decoding being plugged by three separate groups of companies. Two of them work by reproducing signals contained in the existing stereo groove a little out-of-phase. Out-of-phase is a bit like fucking with somebody you don't know too well—occasionally you're pushing and they're pulling, or they're pushing and you're pulling. Either way you're out of rhythm. Normally on a stereo when one of the speakers is alternately going whoosh while the other is going woof, you miss a lot of sound. But with a phase shift system, the decoder uses the fact that the signals are deliberately recorded out-of-phase to generate another signal, or pair of signals, to be fed to the two rear loudspeakers.

The third system—the CD-4—is more complicated. Stereo happens because each side of a record groove has a different wiggle and the stylus tracks in two different directions giving two signals. What the CD-4 system does is to put two signals on *each side* of the record groove. This is done by using the same process as is used to put two signals into stereo radio: the front and rear signals are added together, making the main wiggles; then the front is subtracted from the rear and slotted into the groove, but at twice the frequency. This system uses a multiple decoder—not the same as an SQ or QS decoder—which takes the two signals and then mixes them to the following recipe: added signal (L+R) plus subtracted signal (L-R) which means the two R's cancel out to give L (at twice the strength); added signal (L+R) plus subtracted signal 'reversed positive to negative' (-L+R) which means the two cancel out to give R (at twice the strength). Phew!

But all three systems have their faults, some of which are detailed in the following chart. The biggest trouble with the phase shift systems occurs when a quadrophonic record is played on a stereo or mono system; phase shift has a habit of occasionally losing an instrument or a voice altogether. Discrete (CD-4) is fine on this score, but what you're asking of black plastic and styli is that they cope with wiggles three times as fast as the present limit (20,000 wiggles per second). If you think of how quickly records get worn and how quickly delicate wiggles—the top notes—get knocked off, you'll realise that a record which has 60,000 per second isn't going to last too long. But there's an even bigger problem with CD-4: as the decoder unit is the equivalent of two separate radio tuners,

| SYSTEM | WHAT KIND IS IT? | WHAT'S GOOD ABOUT IT? | WHAT'S BAD ABOUT IT? | WHO MAKES EQUIPMENT FOR IT? | WHO HAS RECORDS FOR IT? |
|--------|------------------|--|--|---|-------------------------|
| QS | phase shift | It's the one that most of the manufacturers rate. | The signals could be more separated. Some bits disappear in mono. | Sansui, Sony*, Pioneer, National*. | Pye |
| SQ | phase shift | Currently the front runner, in terms of record sales. | The signals could be more separated. Bits disappear in mono playback. | Sony*, Pioneer, National*, Rotel, Trio. | CBS, EMI |
| CD-4 | discrete | The four channels are clearly separated on the record. | Decoder is virtually the same as two radio tuners, and about as expensive. | JVC, Sony*, National* | RCA |

* Three-in-one decoder available.



there's a lot more circuitry to pay for.

And on top of all this, as there's still a battle over which company's product will become standard, the serious seeker after quadrophony will have to go for the whole rotten deal and buy equipment, especially a decoder, which can cope with all three systems.

If you already have a stereo system and you want to go the whole way, you'll need another stereo amp as well as the extra speakers. I'd recommend the Sony SQA 200 combined decoder and second stereo amp (£66), or the smaller SQA 100 (about £50).

There is another way to get a four channel programme source, and it's probably the one which will win in the end. Tape, which doesn't need a decoder as it's possible to record all four tracks on one place, will replace black plastic. In fact many current tape machines already have what their manufacturers call 'four track capability'. This means that, for a small sum, they'll whip out the existing 'four track' head (which actually plays two tracks one way and, when turned over, two tracks the other way) and replace it with a tape head that records and plays back four tracks at once.

Likewise with cassettes. But a word of caution about cartridges: forget them. The endless loop they work on means they're mechanically sloppy and, no matter how easy they are to convert to four-track-head operation, their frequency response will always be bad.

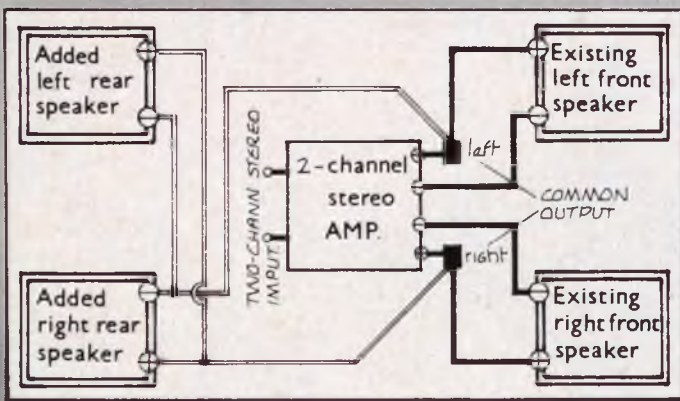
And something else for the future. About seven years ago when I was the only one around who had a stereo and there were rows three deep in front of Sgt. Pepper, I said without thinking too seriously: 'That's nothing. The logical extension of this is not four tracks but eight tracks—one at each vertice of the room'. It's still only a dream and this new fangled quadrophonic is still only two dimensional (there's no up and down in it, no vertical information).

Meanwhile, you can still achieve an ambient effect without buying a quadrophonic decoder, or a second amplifier. All you need is a second pair of speakers, some wire and a close look at the diagram below. This idea is the brainchild of David Hafler and it works because, even with ordinary stereo records, there is always a little out-of-phase information. You don't hear it because it isn't as loud as the main signal, unless it's deliberately accentuated on tracks like *Saucerful of Secrets* and *A Day in the Life* to give that weird sucked-out-into-the-space-between-the-speakers effect.

If you wire up the two extra speakers as shown, they'll pick up all the out-of-phase sound which is mostly either the ambient signal of the concert hall if it's live classical music, or, if it's rock, the kind of out-of-phase notes you get out of a synthesizer. Furthermore, since the quadrophonic records on the Pye QS and CBS/EMI SQ system are, by definition, packed with out-of-phase information, you'll get all that coming from the rear speakers too. The only difference is that the rear sound won't be spread out in so much detail as the front.

Finally, as the rear speakers won't actually draw nearly as much signal as the front, you need not pay as much for them.

So there you have it. If you have wisely purchased the stereo system I recommended in the March 1973 issue of *Cream*, you can have quadrophonic, even with the cost of the two extra speakers, for under £100. That means more money to spend on records and less inclination to spend all your time in your lonely room because you won't feel so beholden to your system. You could even get out there and help bring back real live music.



What Went Wrong? continued from page 9

sucking on barbiturates, the all-American narcotic, and downing too many Gins just like the last long generation?

But if some kind of compromise with the chariots of consumer capitalism was necessary (and unfortunately it is, which is what makes most of the alternatives of the alternative society merely moralising), if idealism was inevitably to become about as fashionable as cancer of the throat, still the underground needn't have settled for quite so little.

There was a migration into the post-69 underground of various ex-students seeking refuge from what they saw as the straight left who recognised the longing for a life without constraint as offering a species of agitation somewhat more revolutionary than all those boring meetings. Now it ought not to be, (but actually is), necessary to stress that revolutionary socialism is profoundly libertarian and concerned with self-emancipation of the totality of working class life. The false images of self-sacrifice, private misery and unreal formal solidarities arise from the particular crab-wise progress of socialism in our time, particularly the defeat of the revolutionary movement in Russia in the twenties. It is unfortunately true that no workers' state exists, although they have for brief periods, and we have their memory and their experiences. The freak left's emancipation from the entire pre-existing socialist tradition, however, was somewhat double edged. It afforded them boundless rhetorical self-confidence and the courage to take on the state at every point they encountered it. It made for good knock-about journalism (re-read those *Frendz*). But the meaning of that journalism to anyone who took the scalding adjectives seriously was that all news of chaos is favourable to the revolution and that the willingness to be violent is the best proof of your political seriousness.

It was a politics of gesture, a species of street theatre, a series of provocations. The Cafe Voltair meets the Claimants Union. The trouble was that it was as unreal to the readers as the leather-fetishism of *IT*. Despite the protestations of democracy, it was just another central London gang, and it is fairly hard to interest people who aren't nutters in a political perspective which consists mainly of dodging truncheons. The Notting Hill rhetoricians neatly complemented the Soho hacks, the readers continued to do nothing, or on occasions were so repelled by the fuckups that they joined the Communist Party and took to reading Althusser (Stalinism's answer to the Maharaj Ji) in order to sleep at night.

What finally knackered the underground was its complete inability to deal with women's liberation. For the underside of the underground's romantic revolt is its treatment of women. Men defined themselves as rebels against society in ways limited to their own sex, excluding women except as loyal companions or mother-figures. From its origin in white identification with urban blues through Brando and Mailer and Dylan and Lennon, the defiance of capitalism has been intertwined with a punishment of women (look again at *Blonde* or *Look Back In Anger*). Because the underground remained so utterly dominated by men, sexual liberation was framed in terms saturated with male assumptions, right down to the rape fantasy of 'Dope, rock and roll and fucking in the streets'.

And because the feelings and resentments felt by women so long in the underground had been fobbed off by the standard clichés about 'hang-ups' and 'hanging loose', when the wave came it came as a devastating blow. In fact, until men are honest about trying to unravel what lies underneath their own images of emancipation; the beat dark glasses, the bronzed underground sternerum and the leather Marxist Leninist jacket, there is little possibility of going forward again.

But it will go forward again, in different ways, because it asserts that most revolutionary force, the power of the imagination; the ability to compare what is with what could be. The Underground (RIP) inflicted such damage on the system's self-confidence before it was smothered by policemen and smoothies because it provided a possibility of releasing and expressing feelings which the system can only pretend to satisfy. It overrules for good the view that politics is simply a question of cheerleading in an empty electoral stadium. But when the fire comes next time, it will have to be a lot bigger and better organised, less myth-ridden and above all anchored in working class politics. As Tom Mann used to say 'As we grow older, may we become more dangerous'.

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MICK TAYLOR
 Born 17th January, 1948. First group The Godwits. Ken Hensley, Lee Kerslake of Uriah Heep. 1967 replaced Peter Green John Mayall's band. On June 13th, 1968, replaced Brian Jones Rolling Stones. Featured on "Let It Be", "Get Yer Ya's Out", "Sticky Fingers", "Bail on Main Street". Also featured "Looking Back", "The Year", "Back To The Roots". Appeared Mike Oldfield's "Tubular Bell".

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 Born on plantation Mississippi Delta, 1929. Musically influenced by Uncle Django Reinhardt. Robert "Lockwood". First saw professionally St. John Gospel Singers. Moved Memphis 1947. 1948 joined W.D.I.A. 1949 first recordings Blues and Ram labels. Three O'Clock Blues. First hit entered R & B charts 1951. First touring band 1953. Known as "King of the Blues". Unique guitar style, impassioned plaintive singing influenced generations of musicians. One of most impressive British "R & B" revival of styles. 1969 signed ABC Dunhill.

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(No 6)
JOHN McLAUGHLIN
 Born Yorkshire, England 1948. Began play violin, piano age seven. At eleven took up guitar. Later influenced after hearing Django Reinhardt, Tal Farlow. Started Kresh. Left school fifteen. At sixteen played local jazz groups. In various rhythm & blues bands, notably Graham Bond Organisation, Herbie Jones & the Night-Times, one of Brian Auger's bands. Dave Holland recommended to Tony Williams. 1968 emigrated to USA. Played with Lifetime, Miles Davis. 1970 first solo album. 1971, formed Nite-vision Orchestra.

POLYDOR-LIMITED
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THE POLYDOR GUITAR ALBUM
(No 7)
JAN AKKERMANN
 Born Amsterdam, December 1946. Musical career began with accordion, age 3. Guitar six. At school in Dutch rhythm & blues bands. Scholarship. Amsterdam Music gymnasium. Studied guitar 5 years. Formed Johnny & The Callar. Released The Hunters 1964 until 1968 and then Brainstorm. Joined Focus. "In and Out of Focus" released 1971. "Moving Waves" late 1971. Jan Akkermann solo album released, "Profile", plays jazz and guitar, recorded before Focus. Earlier album "Guitar For Sale".

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THE POLYDOR GUITAR ALBUM
(No 8)
LINK WRAY
 Recording debut in 1958. Track years ahead of its time, "Rumble". On Archie Bleyer's Cadence label. Track's futuristic outlook. Used a tremolo activated by turning a knob on his Premier amplifier. Moved around a number of record companies, Epic and Swan. Signed by Polydor in 1971. Released two albums, "Link Wray", "Be What You Want To".

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THE POLYDOR GUITAR ALBUM
(No 9)
ALBERT KING
 Born Indianola, Mississippi 1923. First instrument, drums. Then, single guitars and "Yank Doodle". First recorded "Fuzzed" record 1952. Major success in London area. First album, "Born to Be a Blues Man". "Don't Throw Your Love on Me So Strong". Contract with King Organisation. Joined the Blues Records 1964. Two years later, King Organisation turned into Blues. Gradually turned into Blues. Developed sharper, swinging sound of his own.

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THE POLYDOR GUITAR ALBUM
(No 10)
HARVEY MANDEL
 Born Detroit March 11th, 1941. Primitive musical years Chicago. First guitar at sixteen. Play with Blumstein, like Buddy Guy. I earned up Barry Goldberg, Charlie Musselwhite, Eddie Hoh. Several albums for Buddah in 1964 and 1966. 1968 "Righteous". "James Guitar Play". Joined Cannon Heat. Played "Blues". British tour 1970. 1970 joined John Mayall band. Signed on Jannus Records solo artist. Two albums released "Buddy Bitter" 1970, "The Snake" 1972. Released 1971. "Get Off in Chicago". Most recent album "Piddler On The Road".

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THE POLYDOR GUITAR ALBUM
(No 11)
LESLIE HARVEY
 Leslie Harvey born Glasgow. First recorded work on Alex Harvey L.P. "The Blues", recorded Germany 1964. Joined his brother's band until formation of Stone the Crows 1966. Stone the Crows made music for three years. Unlucky death by electrocution Swansea May 1972. Stone the Crows made four L.P.s featuring Leslie Harvey "Stone the Crows", "Ude to John Law", "Teenage Licks", "Continuous Performance".

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THE POLYDOR GUITAR ALBUM
(No 12)
PETE TOWNSEND
 Born 19th May, 1945. Joined group called Hawk. Soundtrack. Made music that changed music to the Who. Several hit singles. Best of the group: Roger Daltrey, John Entwistle, Keith Moon. Album releases: "My Generation", "A Quick One", "The Who Sell Out", "Tommy", "Live at Leeds". Compilation of hits, "Meaty, Beaty, Big and Bouncy", "Who's Next". Pete Townsend solo album, "Who Came First". Performance of "Tommy", Knebworth Theatre. All star cast, with Rod Stewart, Ringo Starr, Richard Harris, Barrie Windsor, Richie Havens, Maggie Bell.

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THE POLYDOR GUITAR ALBUM
(No 13)
SHUGGIE OTIS
 Born November 10th, 1933. Son of Johnny Otis. "Mama's Making Eyes at Me", "Wille And The Hand Jive". Critically acclaimed albums "Cold Soul", "Live At Monterey". "Pioneers of Rock Vol. 1". Played on these albums. First recognition when he recorded "Cold Soul" in 1964. Album with Al Kooper, "Kooper Session". "Young Man Of The Year" award Leonard Feather's L.A. Times column. Contract with Epic Records. First album "Here Comes Shuggie Otis" in 1970. Shuggie is abbreviation of "Sugar".

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THE POLYDOR GUITAR ALBUM
(No 14)
JIMI HENDRIX
 Born 1943. Played in Little Richard's band. 1964 spotted by Chas Chandler. Brought Hendrix to England immediate sensation. The Jimi Hendrix Experience with Noel Redding, Mitch Mitchell. Manager, Pops Fosteral 1967. Albums: "Are You Experienced?", "Axis Bold As Love", "Electric Ladyland", "Smash Hits". 1970. Billy Cox replaced Redding. Bobby Miles displaced Mitchell. "Band of Gypsys". Pop Festival, Isle of Wight, September 18th, 1970, found dead. Since death, number of albums released.

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THE POLYDOR GUITAR ALBUM
(No 15)
FREDDY KING
 Born Longview, Texas, 1934. Playing guitar since age ten. Moved to Chicago. Involved with Magic Sam, Syl Johnson. Recorded "Country Boy" 1956. Discovered 1960 by Federal A & R man Sonny Thompson. First session "Have You Ever Loved A Woman". "Midway" hit in 1961. Instrumentals sold heavily until 1961. Signed King 1966. Joined Culligan 1968. Shortlived and unprofitable. Joined Shelter. Dynamic guitar playing, exciting stage act.

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THE POLYDOR GUITAR ALBUM
(No 16)
BERRY GALLAGHER
 Born 1946, County Down. Moved to Cork. First guitar when nine. First record group, Fantasy Bluesband, for two and a half years. Signed to Pygmy. In 1965 left for Hamburg. Returned Ireland, formed Taste, came to England 1966. Four albums "Taste" 1966, "On The Boards", "Live Taste" & "Live at the Isle of Wight" 1970. 1971 formed group with Gerry McAvoy, Wilgar Campbell, Three albums "Rory Gallagher" 1971, "Deuce", "Live in Europe" 1972. Wilgar Campbell replaced by Rod De Ath. Lou Martin on keyboards, both from Killing Floor. Two albums "Blind Faith", "Tattoo".

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THE GUITAR
ALBUM