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OZ 30

Richard Neville
Editor

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Description

Content: (insert: Jimi Hendrix/Oz News poster) 'Communal Life in America' montage. 'Sources of Power' – Neil Rock on the pot trail. Moroccan anti-kif poster. 'Conversations with a CIA Agent'. Germaine Greer remembers Hendrix in 'Hey Jimi, Where you Gonna Run to Now?'. The Sun newspaper montage. Hog Farm/Wavy Gravy interview. General Waste More Land interview by Micheline Victor. 'Yohimbina Diaries' by Neal Phillips. 1p desert musicians graphic. Mott the Hoople ad. Think Ink Mike Wellard cartoon/ad. 'OZ Up the Khyber' – travel. Very Cold Turkey. Japan. Keef Hartley Band ad. 'Little Orphan Amphetamine' Gilbert Shelton cartoon. Morocco Death Picnic. Chile. The Fourth World graphic. 'Marrakhash Sexpress' by Jim Anderson. High Tide ad and ad for film *The Man Who Had Power Over Women*. LP Reviews: The Rolling Stones, North Indian Music, Keef Hartley, Pete Bardens, The Doors, Dr John. Subscription - 'Giant Rip-Off seized School Kids OZ on secret sale!'. Vertigo records ad. 'Love Rock Tribal Schlock' – Kate Garrett on *Hair*. Good Times – travel: San Francisco, Switzerland, the Hotcha! Tribe. Letter from Dan Goff Productions. 'Surf Shine Supermen' – 4p surfing in Australia by David Elfick & Rusty Miller. Back cover ad for Zappa/Mothers *Weasels Ripped My Flesh*.

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Comments

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

SPIRO IN PERVERT DRAMA

Randy Agnew and Buddy
Hush in shock romance

UP THE KYBER

Travel and trouble from
Weybridge to Woolhampooloo

ACID DEATH PICNIC

Morocco Sin Safari

FUN TRAVEL

OZ

ADVENTURE



HENDRIX POSTER

Plus tribute from *Cosmo*

FREEK FILM FEST

Crazy Otto wins skin

HIPPIE SEX DRUG

Local chemist bonanza

C.I.A. AND OZ

Who's in
the money



4s



This whole freaky facade is constructed from products of American abundance



Don't love the old order or the things which keep it going.
If anyone loves the old order it is not the Father's love that's
in him. For everything that's in the old order—the hankering for
physical comforts, the hankering for material things, the emphasis
on status—is not from the Father but from the old order itself.
And the old order, with its hankerings, is collapsing, but he who
lives by the will of God moves into the New Age.



sources of power

Neil Rock has travelled the international pot trail longer than anyone can remember. He is a trader; bringing boots and sewing machine needles to Indians, returning with trinkets and beads which he threads in Ibiza, adding chunks of amber from Morocco, and so on. Scores of destitute hikers have been given shelter by Neil, who is well known not only for his generosity towards fellow overlanders, but for his knowledge and participation in the customs and mysteries of the countries he visits. Below is a hurriedly edited, inadequate transcript of Neil's recollections.

It seems to me I've been through,

4 or 5 changes in my life. I've been various things

from a workman to a business man to a layabout to a musician

to a jeweller to others to whatever. I have always thought there must be

the possibility of 12 distinct personalities within oneself one for each month—

for each astrological change, so that each month one should have different presen-

ces of energy. It could even be 16 because there are four seasons. About 2 years ago I

was in India in a place called Hardwar. As I was going along I saw 4 men sitting on a rope bed

and they had a chillum. As I had some hash I sat down and had a smoke. Nothing was said, the

chillum went round for about 10 minutes and then one of them spoke, "the old man speaks English"

and at the end of the bed on the floor was this old man with white hair, combing his beard. He said, "it is possible to live 12 lives within one and you're in the last change now, go with God". I just got up and walked away.

The first place I experienced anything like this was in the River Ganges at Benares. It was about 4 years ago and as I

went down the street to the bathing platform for the first time I realised that I knew where I was—that it was very very

familiar. On the way down to the steps near the water I came across a dwarf—a hunch back cripple with a wedge-shaped head and

a row of dots going from the centre of his nose up to his forehead to his hairline, like round moles in a straight line. He held his

hand out, I gave him a cigarette, and as I passed it to him it seemed like I'd left behind all the ugliness and evil in the world. In

front of me was this water with all these people, bathing, washing and worshipping. They burn the bodies a few hundred yards away. At

the same place they throw in cows, all children under 7, all holy men, mothers with children and office workers. I walked off the steps

onto a rowing boat and into the water. Within 3 days I was absolutely white. I'd been in the sun for 2 years and I had colour but after

bathing in this water twice a day for 3 days, I was white down to the underside of my fingernails. I'd lost all my colour, I'd been cleaned right out. I was revitalised. The water breaks down everything in 2 days, animal or person. Yet in the water there is just silt, weeds and carp.

After this I visited Nepal. There I went to a temple commonly known as the Monkey Temple, the temple of SwayambuNath, the home of the White Buddha (*Triagonai*). The word nath is a suffix which means 'home of the spirit'. This word applies to all buildings built in the reign of King Ashoke the man who was the guiding spirit of Buddhism in India. They all have the suffix nath. The first words of swayambu, of bodhi of badra, or citla is the power of the particular Buddha which inhabits it. Swayambu was the only one of the 11 buildings built still in its original condition. In the woods which are on the side of a hill there are 6 or 7 buddhas spread out—3 in a line on one side and some higher up on the other side. At the top is a

stone plinth and mounted on the top is a gold dog or *thunderbolt of the gods* as it is called in Tibetan. It is in the shape of a figure 8 and its centre is hollow containing the energy of the universe and this is there for you to reach for when you reach the top of the steps. In the ground of

the courtyard is a very large bell, hung about 2 or 3 feet above the floor. It's about 4 or 5 feet high. Next to it on the ground are 2 round

brass or copper plaques. One of them bears the seal of Solomon and the other one bears the Hindu cow with all the holy parts of the

body. All round the courtyard are small replicas of the stupa in stone, also sleeping quarters for the monks and a small chapel with a

large brass buddha, surrounded by all kinds of copper and brass utensils.

It was night time. I went there with someone else and we were both interested to see what was there. I happened to stand on one

of these copper seals. I looked at it and thought of it as a terminal. Well, my body turned green all over. I stepped off it

and onto the other one and I turned red all over. Then I stood in between them. There were hundreds of bugs flying

in the air and I watched them fly through me, going through my hands. I turned to the person who was with me and

said, "Have you seen?" and he said, "I'd rather not speak about", and we both just stood there and looked at

each other. When I moved everything stopped, back to normal. While I was on the plaques or between

them my whole cell structure had definitely changed. I had very strong vibrations coming from

the building, pulsing out, and I walked up to the bell and began to play on the lip of the bell

like a conga drum just quietly and a few dogs who were sleeping there began to howl and sing

with the bell. They just came over and sat by me howling with the bell. The man

who'd been sleeping with the dogs woke up, looked at us, realised we weren't locals

but immediately knew how we felt. Instead of using words he tried to feel if

everything was OK as we were foreigners, he seemed to think it was.

He then made a motion to me, over his shoulder, point-

ing at the temple, with his finger; as he



did this he also clenched his other fist in a sign of strength, motioning, it's strong, without words. Then he pointed at himself and raised his hand to his forehead as if in a salute and put his hands together like in prayer and knocked on his head and he put his hands together again in a salute and pointed at himself again and then back over his shoulder, as if saying, "You have to live with this, you have to obey it, and live by it". He then made a motion, as if he had had some dreadful thought, like a swear word or something. Immediately his whole vibration turned to agony and this sound came out of him "owoowowo" as he did this he pulled himself back in to where it seemed he was in accordance with his surroundings again. I felt he had tried to tell me that as long as he lived with the vibration of this thing it was OK but when he moved away from it, he didn't live righteously, he lost something. We left in the morning and that day I left Nepal, back to India to Benares. Next I met 3 quite unusual and remarkable men. The first was in Benares itself—a man who was running an orphanage. He ran it entirely alone except for the help of older children. He lived in a small cell-like room with a rope bed and a few clothes. He told me he had done this on the instructions of his guru who had told him what to do with his life. He asked me if I would go to *Rishikash* on the Ganges in June the next month where he would like me to be present at a meeting between 3 disciples of the now dead guru. The meeting was to decide what to do about the land that the ashram stood on in *Rishikash*. When I arrived, the man from Benares, a doctor in philosophy, introduced me to 2 other men. One was the most fantastic person I ever met in my life. He had, on the instructions of his guru, built a whole city. He had had the education, his family had had the money, and he had been instructed to use it all. He became the 2nd largest clothes manufacturer in India. He now has interests in paints, oils, steel, tin. He constructed a beautiful temple in the city and a private park for the use of wandering retired holy men. The third man had been told by the guru that he was responsible for the well being of all who came to visit the park. He and 3 staff and their wives. One was in charge of going round clapping at the mango trees to frighten the crows off. I stayed there in the park for awhile with this man. All these men impressed me as being not only actual keepers of the peace in themselves but somehow strong guardians of it. They had made their lives to defend it. After the meeting I went down to the river to bathe. After bathing I was sitting on a stone column at the side of the river thinking of these 3 men, and immediately this phrase came into my mind 'guarding the peace'. Obviously I should be doing the same thing. As this came to my mind I got the impression that in the river was a sort of guardian serpent that was keeping everything calm. It was its job to lie there

and make sure everything stayed cool. I got the impression that if anything was ever upset, this thing would come out of the water. At that moment (I've always been a sceptic) I thought I'd have to examine this thought in my head. I got up and went down to the water's edge and stood there on the step above the water. It was dark and in front of me in the water I could see these rows of lights, small lights moving backwards and forwards. When I stepped into the water with my foot I stood on the back of a huge carp that was under me. As I moved closer I realised the lights were phosphorescent lights or dots on the back of the carp. I took my foot off it and I stepped back out of the water and the fish formed a big semi-circle in the water in front of me. So I stepped into it in the water. With my first step a snake came out of the water on my right hand side and kissed me on the ankle. I was so amazed and doubted it so much I bent over and asked it to come and do it again. It came back and kissed my ankle again then slid back into the water. After that the fish disappeared. I walked back up the steps where I met a man carrying a spear and a torch and he said to me in Hindi "All quiet along the Ganges" and I said "All is quiet along the river". We both said goodnight. I went back to the Ashram where I sat for a couple of hours, completely lost in what had happened. Dawn came and I packed my bag and walked away down to the river, got into the boat. Later as I got out of the boat and walked up the riverbank to the mainroad to leave, a group of the fish carp came near the river's edge and stood on their heads in the water, about 2 feet of their bodies out of the water, in a lotus about 3 or 4 ft across. Then I left. About 2 years ago somebody gave me a book by a man called Paul Brunton called *A Search in Secret Egypt*. In it he mentioned going to the great pyramid and that he believed that the generally so called kings chamber the burial chamber in the Great Pyramid was not so at all. And on checking and looking at various pictures of archeological sites I discovered all the burial chambers in the pyramids are underground whereas this one is suspended in the exact centre of the mass of the pyramid. It's the same distance up down and sideways, and in this chamber was an airhole. If it had been a sealed chamber for a body it wouldn't have had an air hole surely? There's a stone coffin like shaped in the room, it's granite, it rings when you slap it. I believe the pyramid stands on the world's longitudinal and latitudinal centre of land mass. I visited it in Egypt early in the morning. There was no one else there and the guy who locks the iron gate to it at night was there and he offered to take me in. There's a lower chamber, the Queen's chamber, which has been sealed off by the Egyptian govt for the last couple of years, perhaps to be used for archeological digs, although the American used a stereoscope on it and found nothing in the top of the pyramid, I went in and

walked up these steps where you have to bend over, the slabs on the walls are amazing up to 28ft long, solid stone, 6ft square, no mortar, just laid together. The guy came into the chamber with me and he said "This is the king's burial chamber and this was where he was buried" and I said "Yes". And he raised the candle he was carrying towards me, looked at me, then walked away and stood in the doorway of the chamber. Immediately I got into this stone coffin shape and lay down and sounded my arm. When I did, the whole of the walls vibrated the sound back to me. It seemed like the sound had gone right round the room and gone to one point in the top of the room. It seemed like the whole of my skull had split open and there was nothing but stars, darkness, planets, no me or it. As the echoes died down I came to being back aware of where I was again. I walked away and left. I think all these experiences, these encounters with sources of psychic power, happened to me just as a man who was asking or questioning or looking for someone. And I believe they are there for anybody to find and use. Once, near the city built by the man on his guru's instructions I met a man who came up to me and said "Excuse me, do you have 2 minutes for me to talk with you?" I said "It depends what about?" He said "Well I'm a magician but I swear before God that I do no evil, I'm a magician of good but like everyone else I eat food." I said "OK," so he said "Well, the price for a good meal would be 2 rupees, 20 cents, and for 2 rupees I'll tell you your name, your age, date of birth, your last name, your mother's name, and your girlfriend's name." I said OK, he said "Think of a fruit and a number" So I thought "7, apple". He looked at me, wrote on paper, handed it to me and it said "7,apple". Then he said "Now I'll give you the rest of it if you like" I said "OK". He said "Your name is Neil, 17/6/1936, 30 years old, Your mother's name is Hilda, and your girlfriend's name is Jane." And what flipped me absolutely was that the girl's name was the name of a girl I met by accident, in London, knocked at an apartment house to get directions and met a girl who I'd known since she was 8, and hadn't seen in years and we spent 3 very beautiful days together. Another time in Delhi I was seated in an outdoor restaurant. On a trip, and a man sat down near me and I could feel this. India is like a snake, it's whole thing is a snake, either tortuous and writhing or sensuous and soft and slithery and silent it's always there, everywhere. You can feel this snake like movement through the whole country, the lower end is a struggle whipping about, you know, the struggle for existence....so I was feeling this and this man says "Do you feel the struggle?" I said "Yes, though I'm temporarily removed from it" and he said "Good chance" and that was it, he just walked away.



الكيف يحطم الجسم والعقل

This poster is part of an anti-kif campaign currently being waged in Morocco by the CIA. The French script reads: Kif destroys the body and mind. Roughly translated the Arabic reads: Alcohol destroys the mind and body. Keep high, healthy and happy with regular supplies of hash from your friendly local dealer.



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LE KIF DETRUIT LE CORPS ET L'ESPRIT

CONVERSATION WITH A CIA AGENT

His real name is not Jim, and he works as an agent for the CIA. We met him on a beach "somewhere in the Western Mediterranean" where he sat at a table next to ours in a beachfront cafe. He turned out to be a professional agent, a full-blooded, one hundred per cent administration man. It doesn't really matter who runs the administration. Jim worked for the CIA under Johnson, and now under Nixon. He says things are tighter, harder, and more intense since Nixon has been in office, especially since much of his activity has to do with keeping track of American heads abroad, drug movements at foreign borders, searching for American dissenters, and listening in on youthful Americans' conversations wherever possible.

Jim was drinking rums and coke, and while he did not appear intoxicated, the rum might have had a part in our extraordinary conversation. Or perhaps it was the midday sun. He said that he was on holiday, but conceded that no agent is ever really off duty when it comes to observing the scene wherever he is at any time. We talked about everything, and it was all I could do to keep from whipping a notebook out of my beach basket. I told him I was on holiday myself, down for two weeks from a London advertising agency for some sun and fun. We began by discussing the British election, which we were already talking about at my table in terms of a crushing defeat for the forces of sanity, and went from that to American politics. It was not until after this that he told us the truth about himself, and we spent the balance of the afternoon, between swims, and part of the evening amazed by what we heard from this man, whose training he was violating with every word he spoke. It might have been the rum or the sun. Or he might have been operating under orders to find his way to OZ and tell us the things he did—or at least some of the things about which he spoke. Obviously, he went overboard in divulging information:

We learned some things we already knew. The Nixon government are dedicated to the task of wiping out cannabis at its source—the thousands of acres where it grows in the Mediterranean and throughout the rest of the world. American technology has developed and manufactured small aircraft equipped with sensitive instruments which can "sniff out" pot patches from an altitude of two or three thousand feet. These aircraft are capable of defoliating grass on detection. They have already been used in Mexico, and will be used in other parts of the

world soon, if they are not already being deployed as you read this. Similar machines are being installed at international ports in America to detect luggage stashes at customs controls. The cost of producing equipment such as this is a good index to how seriously the government take their assignment.

At present, the CIA have stepped up their activity between Gibraltar and Istanbul, working with local law enforcement agencies, and have recently sent more agents into the Kabul area. They are determined to put an end to centuries of pot smoking in the middle east, if only to keep the plant from being cultivated for American markets.

We asked Jim if CIA agents smoke grass among themselves, the way we know many big town cops do. He admitted the best dope in the world is available in CIA offices, and said he had tried pot a few times himself, had found it pleasant, but had decided not to continue smoking it. We probed the CIA position on the fact that an extremely high percentage of American military men are stoned out most of the time. (The American Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean comprise the largest group of consumers in the area.) Jim said they were aware of this, and kept tabs on key users, but diverted most of their attention to civilian users, and more important, dealers.

Some quick facts:

- CIA affiliates have been known to smuggle large quantities of hash into the States, where it is unloaded on the black market. This defeats their own job objectives, but provides a little extra bread for themselves.

- The CIA make few direct arrests, operating instead through local police forces in a delicate relationship in which the cops take the blame for the busts.

- The CIA intercept or initiate occasional shipments of hash and add datura derivatives before letting it find its way to smokers' pipes. Datura, also known as devil's weed or Jimson weed, gets you high and makes you sick.

- CIA agents are most often disguised as American tourists in Bermuda shorts, businessmen, journalists, consular deputies and as fathers searching for runaway, hippy children. They also pose as dealers, and do actually deal to trace shipping routes, and to identify wholesalers. They rarely pose effectively as hippies.

We asked Jim about some of the rumours we have heard about the CIA. We know Americans who have had their mail censored in foreign countries. Is this a case of local postal authorities working with the CIA to obtain information? He gave no

specific reply, but led us to believe such was the case. He admitted the CIA have a stable of informers, one of whom is reputed to be British poet Robert Graves, who lives in a small village in tourist-rich Majorca. This was neither affirmed or denied.

Why the sudden increase in CIA surveillance and enforcement on the head scene? Confidentially, because the radical left in America use pot extensively, and regular use of pot tends to reorient youth and drive them toward the left.

How many CIA agents are operating in the Mediterranean? As is the case with many Americans, Jim was proud of numbers. Including consular staff who pass on information, operatives who are foreign nationals, foreign police on the CIA payroll, and fully accredited Agency employee, *over a thousand*.

Near the end of the day, we hitched a ride into town in Jim's car, a standard Hertz rental saloon. We still were not sure of him, or we might have lighted a joint and passed it to him. He could have driven straight to the police if he felt like it. We made plans, at his suggestion, to meet for dinner. He dropped us at our hotel, and went on to his own, a Hilton imitation.

The first part of dinner was spent discussing general topics, such as local food, prices, and other tourist chatter. Then we got back into the subject of the CIA. We had finished the first bottle of wine, and had had cocktails in the bar before being seated. Jim obviously enjoyed his subject, and spoke as though he was enjoying a rare opportunity to talk about it as well. Did you know, for example, that when an American agent on secret assignment needs cash in any currency—perhaps to buy a hundred kilos of the best—he goes to an unspecified government office and identifies himself with a code, telling the clerk how much money he needs. No explanation necessary, and agents on duty might not carry identification for obvious reasons. The money is put on the counter. Anyone for twenty thousand dollars, tax free? (We would like to break the code and if we ever do, we'll tell you which door of the Eagle to use next time you're in Grosvenor Square.)

There have been no known (or admitted) defections of CIA men to the dropout community, probably because their selection and training are so rigid. There *are* heads in the Agency, but obviously not the same percentage to be found in the Sixth Fleet or among Viet Nam ground forces. (Pop folklore has it on strong authority that John Kennedy smoked grass in the White House, and he did not hang around jazz clubs to score.)

After the second bottle of wine we got somewhere. We were

reminded of Brendan Behan's play, *THE HOSTAGE*, in which the secret policeman says, "I am a secret policeman and I don't care who knows it." Jim justified some of his chatter by saying that if the head community knew how tight things are right now, it might make his job easier. (Right. Everyman's Dream.) Justification at that level did not cover the fact that Jim felt the political situation in America has spread to almost all other countries throughout the world, making his job more difficult than in the Johnson days. He blames hippies, student radicals, black militants, and Communists, in that order. He also feels the Communists, being more organized than any other group, have infiltrated the youthful avant garde. But now get this: He also feels that all the current commotion about pot smoking and smuggling is secondary to the real aims of his government. Pot in itself is not injurious or harmful in any way, Jim admitted. And he admitted the government admit this to themselves. Then what is all the trouble about? It makes great press, when read by the Great Silent Majority, especially when so little is being done about Viet Nam or poverty. The government is fucking up on many fronts, but when Ma & Pa Kettle down on an Idaho farm read the government is smashing dope traffic and rounding up beatniks they feel they're getting their money's worth. In other words, Nixon caters to the vast mob of sound asleep idiots who don't give a shit what is going on. It also means there is less hash in your stash because you are being used as an American political pawn. It doesn't matter if you are English, French, German, or Dutch. Uncle Nixon is playing international politics, and he's going to have his way.

That is part of it. Our conversation, reaching the strawberry point, included the notion that subversives smoke pot. If cops do, no doubt, no doubt. The pot freeze boils down to simple harassment, compounded by the generally repressive attitude current in the States toward anything liberal. It is a way of striking back at youth for demanding leadership Nixon is apparently unable to provide. Jim really believes he is doing the right thing. In spite of truth, reality, justice, or honour. His country, right or wrong. As a free thinking, independent citizen of the world, I resent this, and I told Jim so. His eyes narrowed, and he looked at me through his brandy glass in a way that said, without words, 'I'm going to be watching you. We're going to find out who you really are.' Good luck to them. It's a question I've been trying to solve for years.

Hey Jimi, Where You Gonna Run To Now?



It was no surprise that Jimi split. He was a long time dying and he gave us adequate warning. He cut his wrists when he was poor boy eating shit to make out, and when he was making out, he was eating more shit than ever. The first time I ever saw him was after all like the last. He was trapped by a huge dooby crowd on a high stage in the corner of a cattle-shed in Spelding. THE air was hot and rank because all the sliding cattle-doors were shut but one and there were no windows. As usual an unlimited number of tickets had been sold and the promoters had split, leaving the kids to struggle in the heat and the dirt while the police snooped around them with dogs trained to sniff out the drugs that none of them had the money to buy.

We got in, in the chaos, for nothing, and there was Jimi caught like a bright bird underneath the corrugated iron roof in the stink of cattle-shit and sweating English youth. The crowd was so dense that those who fainted couldn't even fall down. Jimi was wrestling to get his guitar in tune, and cursing the Orange gear that they had to use, as crappy then as now. The kids were restive and abusive. Jimi began to play and the sound was terrible so he stopped. They jeered, so he stepped downstage and yelled "Fuck you. I'm gonna get my guitar in tune if it takes me all fucking night." Then as now they didn't even care whether Hey Joe was in tune or not. They just wanted to hear something and adulate. They wanted him to give head to the guitar and rub his cock over it. They didn't want to hear him play. But Jimi wanted, like he always wanted, to play it sweet and high. So he did it, and he fucked with his guitar, and they moaned and swayed about, and he looked at them heavily and knew that they couldn't hear what he was trying to do and they never would.

He dropped down into the Isle of Wight like the sick man lowered through the roof of the house to be cured, hopping from his helicopter minutes before he was due on stage, slipping into his psychedelic minstrel-down's gear, freshing up his gum and walking out on stage into nowhere. Nothing was changed, except that the promoters had discovered that they didn't even have to supply a roof any more. The police were still there. The crude drugs were still there and, as always, the brutish adulation. In front of this stage, all he could see were the film cameras, the press, the bedraggled groupies with their blank hungry faces, and the politicians as ruthless in jockeying for position as the cameramen. Where was it to come from, the feedback that would turn him on in reciprocity for all the turn-ons he gave us? His guitar pleaded for resonance from the people, but in the vast stormy darkness there was not so much as an echo. He kept glancing over his shoulder to Mitch who was as lost as he, to Billy Cox for some power, but he had to look back into the blank darkness again. "Hell, I just ain't came" he kept saying. What was there for him to come on to?

*I know what I want
But I just don't know
How to go about gettin' it*

It had always been like that, even when the psychedelic rock millenium had seemed closest at hand. The groupies had always been further into prestige-fucking than honest sensuality. The freak-dancers had always danced most extravagantly when the cameras were on them, and the cameras had always been there. The musicians had always felt the pressure of the hype at their backs. But somehow we were deluded that the phenomenon of the Woodstock nation was bigger than all of that. We thought we had enough real energy to come through. We thought we had soul. We thought Clepton had soul too. By the time the Rolling Stones drew a quarter of a million in Hyde Park we began to realise that we were mostly tourists, kibitzing on someone else's happening. The Stones invited people to bring tambourines, bells, clappers, anything and join in. But in the end nobody got their yayas out, though they all watched hopefully to see if anyone else did. The Stones released their butterflies, and read the poem on the death of Keats that David Litvinoff found for them, because as Bill Graham said (and who knows better) Mick Jagger is one hell of a showman, but the smell of death was stronger than the smell of pot or spunk or incense, as Altamont was to prove. Like lots of other people, Jimi tried to keep the good idea of love and peace and mixing alive. In the last interview with Seen and Heard he chanted all the familiar slogans and put down the people who said that the Isle of Wight festival of music was a bummer, but he was using his panhandling voice. Is this love, baby? Or is it just confusion? Jimi would probably have dug Kathy Etchingham's promptitude in getting on his funeral bandwagon ("Jimi Hendrix: the truth" People—Sept 20 1970). After all she was only into him for money and maybe revenge for the bad times. She had always said that a mama must keep an eye on the main chance, and Jimi knew the sense there was in that. He might find it harder to forgive Mike Jeffries for releasing stuff that he would rather have suppressed, so that people will say that he was overrated and he couldn't really have been the best rock guitarist in the world. Even then he would have dug that the Electric Lady's bills have got to be paid. We might plously cry that the gross

commercialism of the op-pop-rock industry ground him to death, but really it wasn't that. It was the power of death in us, the people.

Let me stand next to your fire.

Our fire was never alight. Jimi burnt himself up and kept himself going with artificial energy waiting for it to come, but he saw it turning to paranoia and servility. He heard love and peace abused, the new cop-out words, and felt the loathing of the hypocrisy getting stronger in him than the hope. He provoked his own Altamont time and time again and the people grovelled and adulated as blindly as ever. At Monterey and Woodstock the spontaneity held a moment and flowered and he and his guitar rode on the wave mightily. He was no leader; he could not make it for us, and that is what we all mistook. "Move us! Move us!" we howled and lapsed into out torpor and wrote clever clever and down down. We missed our moment and the spontaneity died.

How many times was it like that? How many times did Jimi try it on with friends and find he had nothing but fans? How many times did he start to rap charming with his soft bush-baby eyes and his ready smile, and that fast sharp patter only to find no comeback except fawning? How often did the rapping change to panhandling, and then to minding because his friends were nothing but an audience and they didn't know the difference between panhandling and the straight rap? How often did the caress and the compliment change to abuse and assault? His foxy ladies turned to slags and pigs in a second. He tried testing to see how much shit people would take before they would give him a flash, but they went on and on tolerating him. Everyone still maintains that Jimi was charming, gentle, disciplined even, always punctual. Even his reported last message (actually from Herbert Danneman in Dusseldorf) was a glib lie. "Let there be peace. Love each other and do not be hard and cruel". Nil nisi bonum . . . Within hours of his death the hard bright line of Hendrix is being blurred by the mediocrity of the medium which must transmit it. Being blurred by us. Our love is so feeble that it can only grovel and submit. Our peace is black inertia, the dull ass's hoof.

Is it tomorrow or just the end of time?

Jimi often talked about his death, but he can hardly have foreseen how crumbly it would be when it happened, choking on his own vomit in a chick's rented apartment. He may not have wanted us to grieve for him but we had better grieve for ourselves. We have lost the best rock guitarist we ever had because we did not know how to keep him. The awful fright and the dead sense of ageing that the newspaper dodgers gave us on Friday afternoon had better be a shock current which might galvanise us to save our nation. If Jimi is going to live tomorrow, we have got to make our up our minds to live today. "There ain't no life nowhere" unless we make some. People are going to tell us that Jimi's death is the end of an era. Others are going to tell us that, like Bird, Jimi lives. There's no point in cheap kitch metaphysics. Hendrix is dead, a heap of offal in a morgue, a heap of electronic paraphernalia for future marketing, and a bunch of cheap hip biographies.

No doubt there are those who will maintain that Hendrix was finished, burnt out. That there was no more great music to come. On the evidence of Band of Gypsies and the Isle of Wight they might seem to be right. Even if they were right about the music, a lot of people would still hurt because Hendrix was a great man. Some other people are going to regret his dropping out because they had a lot of money on his back. In fact, the best music of Hendrix was still to come. The last but one time he was in London he was working with Steve Stills on an album, and one night he jammed with him at the Speakeasy in the early hours of the morning when all the ravers had gone home all the downs were gone to bed . . . There was no freaking, just the three of them, Jimi, Steve and Billy Cox (as well as Twink who was so far out he finally vanished altogether). Jimi played like a musician, utterly absorbed in the sound, his whole body still except for his big hands on the guitar, feet together, head on one side, with huge listening eyes black in his pale face, and the sounds were amazing. It was not a matter of discipline. He was at peace and potent. We sat there in the gloom, feeling strong and happy, knowing that under the hype and the bullshit there had been a genius all along. I don't think anybody clapped even. There was no need. Jimi knew why we were there. Even the cloacal smell of a groovy hot-spot couldn't blot out what was going down. He played as long as he wanted to, nobody shouted, nobody paid. He was playing good for free and he was happy.

*Music, sweet music
Wish I could caress
The rest*

We let him slip down the energy drain. Can we build fast enough to close it before we disappear ourselves? Can we sweep up the pieces of yesterday's life?

*I think I'll go turn myself off
An' go on down
Rilly ain't no use
Me hangin' aroun'
Your kind of scene
Music, sweet music
Wish I could caress
And kiss kiss*

Germaine

SPIRO'S

SON IS LIVING

IN A GARAGE

ISRAEL
ON
THE
BRINK

PAGE FOUR



In an official family picture... Randy (left) with wife Anne and his father

WASHINGTON, Friday. — Vice-President Spiro Agnew is deeply worried about his son Randy, who has broken with his wife and has been living for a month with a male hairdresser.

Randy—full name James Rand Agnew—is a handsome 24-year-old war veteran who works as a weight-lifting instructor in a health salon.

He left his 22-year-old wife Anne about six months ago. Their daughter, three-year-old Michelle Anne, is the Vice-President's only grandchild—and he named his 1968 campaign plane after her.

CLEARED

Randy has been staying in East Baltimore, Maryland, with Buddy Hash, a 27-year-old, dark-haired man with a moustache and goatee beard.

The Vice-President said Randy was living in a converted garage. Hash and his mother run La Triollette, a profitable East Baltimore beauty parlour.

In 1964 Hash was arrested on a charge of keeping a "disorderly house." Last year he was charged with possessing marijuana. He was cleared on both charges.

SENSITIVE

The story of the Vice-President's family problem will startle America when it appears tomorrow in more than 600 newspapers across the country.

It could shake the White House and the Republican Party. For Spiro Agnew, a Right-winger, is seen by many as the great defender of solid American values.

He is a proud and sensitive man who has lectured the nation on how to handle young people.

The Vice-President acknowledged that Randy and his wife had separated, but insisted that "it has been amicable."

"Randy takes the baby some of the time," said the Vice-President.

"His wife will bring the baby to us and we will deliver the baby back to her parents. There is no romance."

Agnew added that he keeps in close touch with his son.

"I don't see him from day to day, but he comes

down once a week or so," he said.

"He is living in a converted garage. I have never seen this place, but I know where he is living."

I found Randy in Buddy Hash's two-storey home in the fashionable Bolton Hill section of Baltimore. The decor is elegant, with wall-to-wall carpeting, arty paintings and an ornate table dominating the front room.

Randy came to the door barefoot, in white slacks and open-necked striped shirt.

He explained he had been staying with Hash only temporarily, and was in the process of moving out.

He said he had rented and fixed up a garage apartment not far from the holiday camp health salon where he works in Powson, the suburb where his father's political career began.

"Buddy is a friend of a friend, and he was nice enough to let me stay here until I got straightened out," said Randy.

"I've got my own place now, and I just stopped by here to use the bathroom because the plumbing in my new place isn't hooked up yet."

He said he had stayed in Hash's apartment about a month and had been separated from his wife for about six months.

Asked about the possibility of a reconciliation, he replied: "I'd rather not comment on that. A lot can happen during a separation."

He was also reluctant to discuss his father's reaction to his situation.

"It's completely out of my hands," he said.

CRISIS

Hash told me: "Randy is nowhere near the hippie type. He's really very goody-goody."

The hairdresser said he had allowed Agnew, whom he had known for some years, to stay with him

THE Sun THE SUN SAYS Making monsters of people

LEPER RAPES GIRL
—SHE GIVES BIRTH TO A MONSTER BABY

because he was short of money.

"Everyone thinks because his father is the Vice-President he should have a lot of money, but it just isn't that way," said Hash.

Hash said his two arrests involved former roommates. The "disorderly house" charge, he said, was brought in Powson after a roommate "roughed-up" a young boy.

It was a ridiculous charge and it was dismissed," he said.

His marijuana arrest occurred, he said, when police came to his former Baltimore residence looking for a roommate.

"It didn't stand up in court," said Hash.

Randy told me he knew nothing of Hash's arrest record.

The initial shock impact of the Randy Agnew story will swiftly give way to sympathy for Spiro Agnew. In the conservative heart of Middle America, the Vice-President is the latest folk hero.

With the fervour of a crusader, he has ripped into dissenters, shaggy-haired hippies, drop-outs, draft-dodgers, pot-puffers and all the other figures of the American rebellion.

He called them "effete snobs, ideological eunuchs, merchants of hate, parasites of passion."

Now, like many other prominent Americans, he is faced with a crisis of the permissive age.

Many American families, including the Kennedys, have seen their children involved with drugs or turning against "the system."

'NO TROUBLE WITH MY FAMILY'

THE SPIRO AGNEW image is that of a kindly, rather "square" family man. He said recently: "I don't have any trouble with my children. We communicate well and there

is an easy, relaxed attitude among the family." Agnew has not hesitated to show his own family life as an example when attacking permissiveness in American society. He has

sharply criticised "affluent, permissive, upper middle-class parents who learned their Dr Spock and threw discipline out of the window when they should have done the opposite."

From JACK ANDERSON

DILEMMA FOR THE CABINET

ON THE ROAD HOGS

Roll up roll up for the Mystery tour
They've got everything you need
Satisfaction guaranteed
The Magical Mystery Tour is hoping to take you away . . .

The Beatles **Magical Mystery Tour** film in 1967 was a public cricket party, packaged and dealt for the media and the masses, a far cry from their inspiration, Ken Kesey. In 1964, through explosions about Vietnam, the New Left, the Berkeley Student Revolution, travelled Kesey with his Merry Pranksters in a bus painted with Day-Glo, spreading the acid word and creating a spontaneous freakery. From the beginning the Pranksters filmed and recorded themselves—a still unfinished movie. 'Everybody everywhere has his own movie going, his own scenario and everybody is acting his movie out like mad, only most people don't know that is what they're trapped by, their own little script.' (Kesey.)

Early in 1966 Kesey hid out in Mexico, wanted on a marijuana rap, and some of the remaining Pranksters 'hooked up with a remarkable head named Hugh Romney, a poet, actor and comedian who had gone the whole route starting back in the Beat Generation and was now into the LSD thing . . . ' (Tom Wolfe.)

Speeding that particular movie up 4 years per second, and into the Roundhouse in September 1970 where a collage movie made over a 2½ year period is being shown. It is of a travelling commune, the Hog Farm, again made by one of their members, and is part of a benefit for the Hog Farm who are over here by courtesy of someone else's movie—Warner Brothers.

Warner have backed a film (provisionally titled 'The Great Medicine Ball') of a caravan of 150 people on a month-long trip across the States, doing free concerts along the way, ending with a concert in Canterbury. The film is directed by Francois Reichenbach and its London-based producer describes it as a documentary 'assemblage of the flower of Californian youth music culture'; groups who travelled and/or played along the way: Stone Ground, Jefferson Airplane, Formerly Fat Harry and others. Everyone got expenses plus the promise of small royalties when the film starts its circuit around next March. The Hog Farm are trying to raise money for a bus to carry them on round Europe.

At the benefit, that 'remarkable head', now known as Wavy Gravy, a walking Punch; blue denim overalls with a red-and-white star inset on the back, a jester's cap that he's had for years, halved blue and dullpink. Face a synthesis of Leary, Karl Malden and Danny Kaye. Others drift up and away, including Wavy's wife, Bonnie Jean and Lou, who for most of the time is rocking a little girl to sleep on his shoulder.

How did the Hog Farm start?

Wavy: I guess it was a collective thing . . . I'm just a clog in the hog. We were offered land rent free to take care of 50 hogs in Sunland, California, and then people started coming up and we started doing stuff on Sundays, parties; one Sunday Tiny Tim came and one Sunday we had a freak show with who could stay under

water longest, and then we started doing light and energy shows with the Airplane and the Grateful Dead. We started with six people, about five years ago, now there are 30 of us here in England and 30 of us on a farm in New Mexico. They're more into the land. The only rule we've developed over the years is you do anything you want as long as nobody gets hurt. There are lots of ways of interpreting that—we're still interpreting it.

Bonnie: With the collective, the first lesson is the food and the money. At first there were a lot of kids and they were looking to Wavy and a guy named Rick to make all the decisions, and we didn't dig that, so we instituted a plot called the dancemaster system where Wavy got out a really corny Indian headband and we made a wheel with everybody's name on it—all the guys, we weren't into Women's Liberation, right?—and whoever put on the headband for that day, they would make all the decisions, so that way everybody got to learn how to take responsibility. Then after that we had the dancemistress system and then it evolved beyond that where everybody had that consciousness, and the guys were doing the cooking as well and so we all learned.

How do you raise money to live and travel?

Lou: We've done everything from working gas stations to working as movie extras (Preminger's *Skidoo*) carpentry, plumbing, whatever we can to satisfy the need at that moment.

Wavy: We raise money for stuff too. The last people we did this for were the Pit River Indians. The government took their land and gave it over to the Pacific Gas and Electric Company so we went up there and the Indians said, it's an Indian scene and we said, well, we can turn Indian, make the bus Indian and they were going to invade Lassen National Park. So we all drove there and they had cops in the trees with shotguns but the Indians were ready for this and they said, execute plan B so we went into the P G and E camp where all the executives were swimming, though it was Indian land and the man said 'don't you think you're inconveniencing us?' and Richard Oakes, he organised the Alcatraz thing, he said 'well, you've inconvenienced us for a few hundred years, now we're going to have a party.' The next thing happens is the police come in with guns and dogs and then it was our move; we took all the kids and cooked food and when the Indians came out on bail it blew their minds. They asked our guy Fred the Fed—we call him that because we thought he was a cop till he got busted—to go on a deer hunt which is a kind of major breakthrough. They're doing legal stuff now, to fight for their land through courts and we've raised money to help them. See, we're working on open land in the United States, a thing called Earth People's park since last October. The idea is that land should be free and first it was just some people sitting around getting high, rapping about where it's at in their heads and how they could take all the where it's at's and line them up together, and then the idea became the possession of a lot of people and we decided to get lots of different plots in various ecological regions of the country, where access to the land would be denied to no-one and the people on the land would make up their own rules. We just made our first purchase of land three weeks ago, 596 acres in Northern Vermont and we're looking forward to the next which will hopefully be in Oregon. Lots of people bought it and it can never be for sale again.

A week after the Benefit . . . the Hog Farm have raised their bus and next 'the Hog Farm visits Stonehenge, Amsterdam and Outer Mongolia'. If you can't hop on somebody else's bus, raise your own.

Maybe the next movie instalment will be the Hog Farmers filming Warner Brothers on their gravy train.

GEN. WASTE MORE LAND

Also in the Caravan . . . the GENTLE FREAK GENERAL

Visiting military dignitaries rarely hold interviews in Gandalf's Garden, but for General Waste More Land any ground is campaign ground. He wears an immaculate blue military uniform (matches his eyes), trousers a mile wide; he is profusely decorated, home-devised medals and ribbons, white plastic planes for epaulettes, hat fronted by a red plastic rocket, with a MASH-type helicopter on the back. He talks calmly, laughs often at his own jokes and anything else that happens along, and has created for himself a missionary role **against war and for peace** which is total. His uniform is both clothes and a costume. He has adopted the structure and the American status quo language and by turning it inside out, **against itself—using**



music-hall patter, tickling you with puns, throwing in the odd sick quip, he hopes to convince the world that war is STUPID and American government wicked. He's on his first European tour.

When were you promoted to the status of General Waste More Land?

Well, it's been about five years now. My partner is General Hershey Bar—see, there's a candy bar in the States called the Hershey bar and General Hershey is the head of the draft there. We claim that General Hershey Bar is the sweetest General in the Pentagon—he's the one who said

'kiss, don't kill, you make more friends that way.' He trained me in guerilla warfare. I'm on a top secret mission from the Pentagon and if you haven't heard of me before, that shows how secret I really am.

What's your secret mission here?

Well, I'm here on a double pronged mission; first as a comical missionary for peace and then with a message from the Hopi Indians. I'm hoping everyone in Europe will send letters to Senator Fulbright—he's a good friend of mine—and ask him to send home all the GI's from Vietnam to visit Bob Hope for Christmas. See, I feel turn about's fair play. Also, I want to explain to all the beautiful people, the doves in Europe and blow the minds of all the hawks who don't believe that the majority is NOT

silent in the United States. Nixon is deaf and dumb. Also, we have a bill up before Congress, HR 1776, 1970, which says that immediately on passage no young man would have to go to war in Vietnam or anyplace else unless he is accompanied by his parents. It's a togetherness bill, I'm trying to bridge the generation gap for all the hawks in the US—the doves wouldn't have to go. The hawks that go to war together blow their feathers and their birdbrains together.

Have you Thomas Michael Dunplus, aged 26, served in the US army?

No, I was never in it. I got a degree in English Literature from California State College and then I was studying to be a priest in a Catholic seminary—I'm writing a book about it called Days of Wine and Rosaries. I claim the wine was OK but the rosaries got too much. I was a conscientious objector—I wouldn't even be a medic. Anyway, they'd be scared to send me; I'm part of the underthrow of the overground of war and if they put me in Vietnam all the troops would leave next day. I'd talk them out of it. Like, I talk to anyone and everyone, anywhere, to get my message out and try and blow people's minds against the madness. I'm fighting madness with madness. It's like some people thought there was no cure for diphtheria but they found a cure. I'm a doctor trying to find a cure for madness of war. I'm inoculating the American people with madness just enough so they'll see how it is and drop out of it.

How does your anti-war mission tie in with the Hopis?

Well, the basic thing is that the Hopis are looking for three brothers to come from the East—it could be Russia or all the way to China—to bring them the missing piece from their sacred stone. They believe the day of Purification is near, that man is entering into his fourth phase of existence and that will happen when they have the missing stone. They want to spread peace: they're an entire nation of pacifists, never had a war. They refuse to recognise the United States Government other than as an evil entity; they're just little farmers in the middle of the desert and the government ignored them till they found oil or coal on their land; now they're trying to take their land away from them—in Arizona, this is. I just came back from staying with them. They have this snake ceremony every two years, where they have a snake dance and then runners run out and set the snakes down several miles away so they can go to the four corners of the earth. That way they try and keep harmony in the entire world. They believe that when the gods come back the United States government will be punished.

What are all your medals for?

In the States I take a poll. Did you ever hear of the Gallup Poll? Well, I take a Trot-and-Canter Poll, it's a little slower but a bit more accurate. I ask: did you ever make a friend by burning someone's house down, breaking their arm, jumping on their car? And they say no. So then I say, well, how can we go 8000 miles to a country, Vietnam, you don't even know the people, can't speak to them or understand their religion or culture and do that very thing to them and then get medals for it. So I have a counter campaign to give medals for love, not killing. The ribbons are all my own campaigns, for love, peace, I was in the up-your-heart campaign, in the battle of happiness in the struggle to be human and I've won them all.

What about those planes?

Those are my epaulettes. They're obsolete, of course, like war. I'm trying to get war put into the war memorial museum. Don't you have one here in London?

Yes. Somebody tried to set in on fire a while ago.

They shouldn't do that really. It'd be better to

preserve it so that when war dies I can put it there. And it is dying; all the tax-payers are bleeding to death and war will die, in the streets, in the gutter. Then I'll find it, preserve it and put it in the war museum.

What does war look like?

That's a good question. I never thought of that... War looks like any person who involves himself in it, anybody who picks up a gun and murders anybody, that's war. All those things that we're opposed to in our own society—and then people go away from home and then get medals for it—that's the ugly face of war.

You'll have people in your museum, then.

We'll have a lot, we'll have to fit them all in. I have a magic potion and I'll give it to them and they'll turn very small, because they're small anyway. To do these things you have to have a petty mind. But the good news from the States in 1970 is that war has been declared stupid and President Nixon is just another pretty face. You can disagree on the last point, of course. Another discovery I made was when I was working in the chemical division of the Pentagon; I found out the basic chemical difference between LSD and President Nixon. Everybody knows now, especially since Cambodia, fact 1: LSD is a drug and Fact 2: Nixon is a dope. I'm the first psychedelic general.

Have you spoken to McLuhan about what you're doing?

Yes, I went to Toronto last year, and I went to see him and I walked in and started giving him my navel salute—you know, navel to navel—I'm the first general on a navel operation, and I say, don't go to Vietnam they'll put a bullet in your navel and all the food will run out and with inflation it's very expensive; not only that, if they put a bullet hole in your navel they've destroyed your last connection with your past and without your past you have no future. But McLuhan was sick, he'd just come out of hospital, and he said what a corny joke and I said well, you know it's a corny war. So we didn't really talk; but he really turned me on when I was in college. All war is corny. I told the generals in the Pentagon, why don't we let the war in future be fought by dogs, for example, you could take all the Catholic and Irish dogs in Ireland and unleash them and the dog that wins, wins the war. That way nobody gets hurt.

Except the dogs.

Yeah, everybody says that. There was one rat-fink general who turned me in to the humane society and the guy came to my door and put this tiny little puppy against my beautiful uniform and tears started to come into his eyes and he said 'Would you like this dear little puppy dog to lose one of its poor little legs out in the swamps of Vietnam?' And I said 'no, no, no, no', once for each little leg. Nobody needs it—they care more about dogs than people. This fella came up to me in San Francisco and he said 'You rotten son-of-a-bitch, attacking war; do you realise I happen to be the owner of the largest artificial limb factory in America. What would I do if the war ended tomorrow?'

Do you think your pressure and others' will finally have some effect on America?

Yeah, I wouldn't do it if I weren't hopeful. I believe people are basically good, that they get betrayed, in the way Johnson betrayed America. I'm with the Hopi's when they talk of the fourth emergence of man on the planet; that if man can get rid of greed and wickedness he can live eternally. That's why I'm not too much into an ecology kick, I agree with I.F. Stone, when he said on Ecology Day that unless they end the war there's no hope for anything. I'm into mysticism more than anything, myself and I just look to the gods taking care of it at that point.

Micheline Victor



PHOTO ROYER SYKES

YOHIMBINA DIARIES

INTRODUCTION

During Operation Clap-Trap, a guerrilla attack on the exploding venereal situation in Ibiza, a Dildonics researcher discovered yohimbine hydrochloride tablets freely available at a shilling a tube . . . YOHIMBINA . . . an Aladdin's cave of erotic tumescence promised after a week . . . a swarthy root that will make brave men tremble . . . and where's the truth?

Yohimbine is the principal alkaloid from the bark of the West African Yohimbe (or Yohimbehe) tree. It has long been used in folk/fuck medicine. The Africans would take extensive courses of it (something which has not been attempted in recent years, making the accompanying Dildonics research such a classic). Interestingly, many hallucinogens have a basic structure similar to Y. among them LSD, yage, marijuana, psilocybin, harmine, cohoba; they are all built round an INDOLE nucleus (whatever that is). The main exception is mescaline . . . LSD, yohimbine, harmine and methysergide (a drug now used as a migraine prophylactic) are all 5-hydroxy tryptamine (5-HT) antagonists. This gets complex, but 5-HT is an important part of the brain's metabolism, and very likely involved in a lot of emotional responses . . . This carpet of facts has not been

completely tied together, and yohimbine has a weaker action than most of the other drugs. It gently but specifically blocks certain autonomic nervous impulses; no cardiac effect, but a definite vasodilatation—the peripheral blood vessels widen—and some local anaesthetic effect. A bit of a buzz you might say, but most English and American writers dismiss any aphrodisiac properties as non-existent according to their petty white collar "double-blind controlled trials". Less demanding workers in Czechoslovakia or Italy are happily watching rats coming spontaneously in each others' ears and monkeys having yohimbine gang bangs.

Y. occurs naturally in other plants, notably Indian snakeroot, Rauwolfia serpentina, which also contains a million other alkaloids. Reserpine, the main one, is tranquillising, used for years in high blood pressure and for its head effects. It makes Siamese fighting fish stop fighting. It also has a similar structure to Y. So according to straight investigators all of Y.'s properties, genital vasodilation, brain stimulation etc are weak. Better try atropine/hyoscine/belladonna type drugs, as in Don Juan's beloved datura . . . but these have easily reached overdose points and heavy-to-handle side effects.

In England Y. is supposed to be available as YOBINOL, but it's never been tracked down. However, if you really want to getiton, ask your liberated GP for POTENSAN FORTE. From Medo-Chemicals up there in the Archway, North London, it makes sure of Y.'s boost by adding pemoline (wartime speed for bomber pilots), strychnine (zzap) and testosterone (Blammm). All in incredible little golden pellets, real zonkers . . .

Other workers were involved in the Ibiza Dildonics Research programme—women reporting an extreme enervation sometimes going into tremors, others having immediate flashes—I tried a 6 day course which proved negative. The previous 14 day control period was 98% Far Out, and the 6 test days were far less active; finished by the Lower Ass Flare (See the Diaries) turning into incipient piles . . . A BUMMER . . .

The animal most affected by Y. is the mouse . . . given barbiturates and yohimbine, mice have spontaneous seminal ejaculation. The similarity in reaction strength between mice and the writer of the expansive survey below leads inevitably to the hideous suspicion . . . is he MAN OR MOUSE!?!?!?

B.S. Strangeshoes M.D.M.D.M.D.

SEX DRUG OVER COUNTER ON HIPPIE HOLIDAY ISLAND

EXCERPTS FROM THE YOHIMBINA DIARIES

News reaches us of the miraculous properties of Yohimbina, extracted from the yohimbine tree of Africa and readily available in chlorohydrate form at our local pharmacies, one of their many hidden treasures. I am told only that it has powerful aphrodisiac properties. Instructions say to drop three a day until reaching fifty and make the most extravagant claims—erections all day and night perhaps, liberation of the libido, overcoming of any biological or psychic anchors which might be preventing either male or female from becoming a flaming creature of pure sexual desire. Nothing wrong with that as one of our goals, definitely a part of the liberation trip anyway, and am compelled by basic attitudes to make this exploration. There they go, the first three pills, down into the interior mystery. Perhaps just an old legend, but there is something hauntingly primal about this search for the miraculous, falling backward in time through the beat of jungle drums. Let it be.



FIFTH DAY—Been in continual scenes but felt nothing which could be attributed to Yohimbina, all sensual or sexual sensations within the limits of known personal normalcy. Last twenty-four hours however definitely producing something extra. There is a slow soft flash which passes through the back of the legs and through the lower ass. Cannot feel this as anything definitely sexual within usual internal definitions, and it is not centered in the area of the genitals. It is a new feeling, not an increase in intensity of any sensations which are normally felt within the personal sexual syndrome, but a slow soft diffusion of coloured feeling which exists independently. Sensual, at least it is that, but it has not translated itself into the realms of the sexual. No noticeable increase in erective frequency or powers. Things happening all the time on this most witchy of islands and when it's time to be there my thing is sticking straight out where it belongs, but there is such a turned-on feeling in the air here anyway that cannot honestly



THE AUTHOR : PHOTO : KARL FERRIS

attribute this to the Yohimbina. But something is definitely building, something unknown and elusive.

TENTH DAY—The sensation which was passing through the back of the legs has been occurring with greater and greater intensity and frequency. It is not attached to a situation or a thought-wave. It seems to happen anywhere—walking in the streets, reading “The Teachings of Don Juan”, drawing water from the well, rapping with Dr. Strange on the roof. No longer located exclusively in lower ass and legs, but has spread out to include everything from tips of toes to the stomach. Comes with such sweeping intensity it is necessary to stop and give it attention until it passes. Still not known if there is more lust or greater erective powers at work. Been in a two-female triangle scene which has been high enough to erect a bronze statue in the park, so still do not know if the Yohimbina is behind it. These sensations cannot be felt during the sexual act itself, but seem to exist independently. It remains possible that they underlie everything however, subliminally adding their qualities to the whole mind and body explosion which is orgasm. The two girls involved took it for one day and insist they felt it's effects almost instantly, which might have been psychosomatic, or perhaps it is real.

FIFTEEN DAYS—Been in a delirium of raging scenes, erective thing much stronger than normal, the original sensation in back of legs much stronger and almost constant and spread out almost through the mind. Have not been treating the body very well—not much sleep, improper and irregular diet, but still it rolls on, up and up, warm liquid and responsive. What began as an outside or side effect has now clearly translated itself into sexuality. Have been mentally preoccupied with other things along the way, but it simply is there all the time very close to the surface of things, spilling out at the slightest stimulus. No longer necessary to listen so closely to the senses to feel for the results as it is right there in the body at

all times, impossible to ignore. Filled with wonder. Where is it taking me, am I becoming something else?

WARM BUMP WOULDN'T GO

TWENTY DAYS—Lying on the nude rooftop in a blazing sun today. Neville had some academic work on acid, not a very inspiring document, so dry and scientific that it castrated the miracle from the LSD-experience. He found a page listing the acid-family with the molecular structure of several items diagrammed. We find acid, mescaline, etc., and there too is yohimbine. It is of the family of psychedelics too we find, which means that it opens the senses in it's own particular way. Things have been moving a bit more than usual lately, the visual trip having been out of proportion to the amount of smoke I have been using. Marvellous, a substance of many-faceted realities. Have also been noticing the emergence of a clear energy behind all of this. Have been staying right inside the sexual experience, giving it a chance, and feeling very high in these creations. Despite relative hyperactivity in the night, am finding erections occurring at odd moments. Thinking about nothing at all, sitting at the Monte Sol alone and spaced out, just came from a situation which felt like total release, and suddenly noticed the front of these shabby trousers about to burst. Remained pinned there at the table for most of an hour, unable to arise and walk away without exposing the situation to everyone on that crowded corner. Laughed aloud, as I haven't had dilemmas like that since adolescence. Even laughter did not drive the warm bulge away. Most amazing, no direct stimulus in mind or before the eye, and my own chemistry does not normally produce creations like that at such moments. Maybe time to stop the Yohimbina

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drip or design a pair of pants to hold these things. Would love to simply get up and walk around like this and it would be nice to see everybody carrying such a thing, it might be the end to all hostilities everywhere since it feels so fine, but must also give some thought to social survival and this is not yet our utopia. Have passed the fifty pills suggested in the instructions, but want to follow this dream for a few more days.

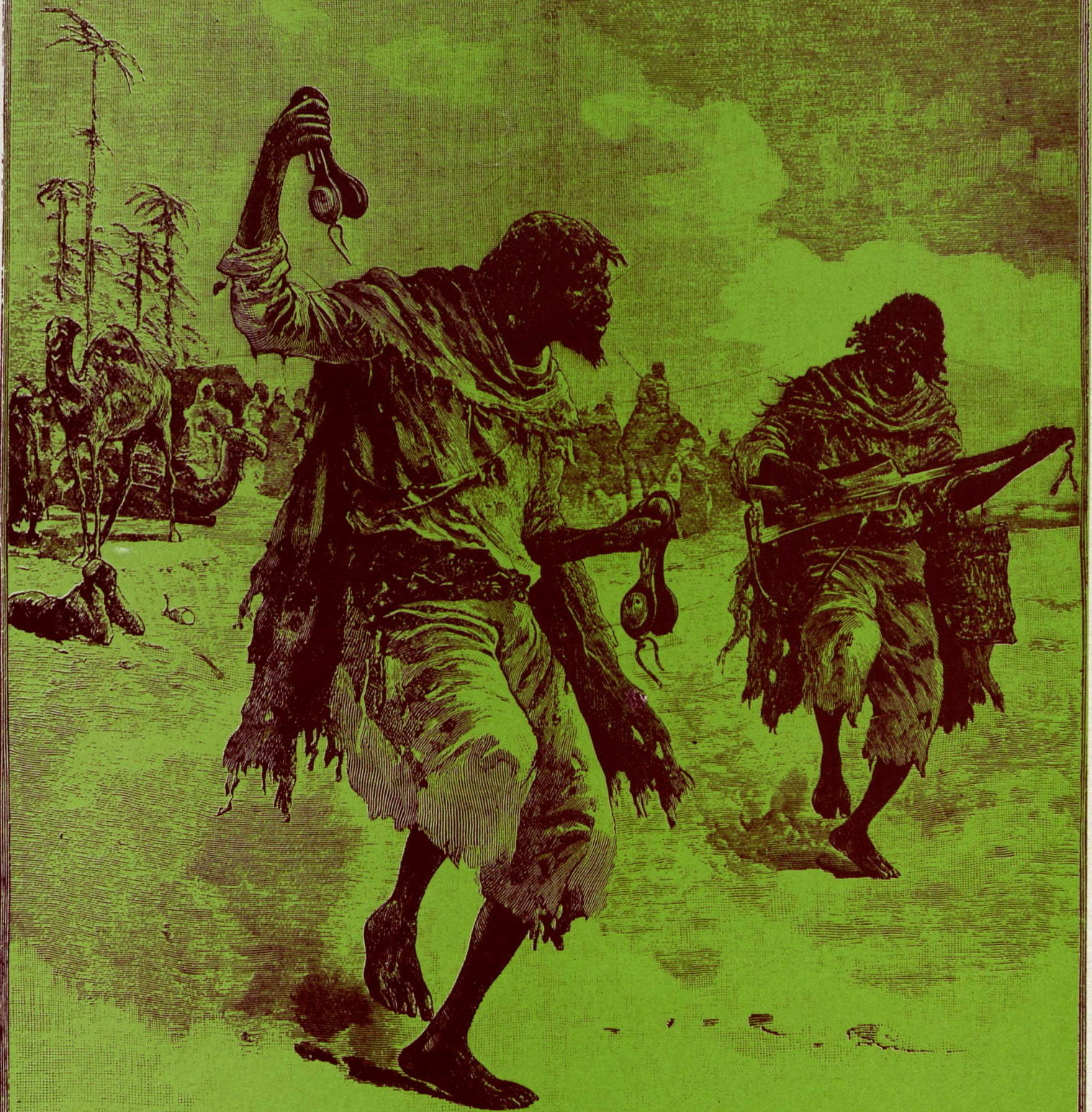
TWENTY-FIVE DAYS—Night of the full moon came by, and always these hours are floating high on magic here where it all comes in without being distorted by cloud-cover or smog. Lost in Formentera's dunes and pine-forests with C. and a legion of drummers and flutists, oriental wind-chimes and holy bells, lying there in the pine needles having surrendered all powers, a long moment of enchantment. C. and I thought we'd drop a trip, and wanted also to turn myself into the senses through the possibilities of Eli Spee Dee to discover what I could about Yohimbina's alterations of the sensual openings, as that might be another way to turn inside and know. But it was first cap of sunshine, and no chance to consciously turn into anything, just a flaming convoluted undulating vision of the Unknown, a trip of blinding and bewildering beauty, all of moonstruck nature performing such as seldom seen through these eyes, a voyage of great ecstasy. Wandered back to Ibiza next day wrung out and exhausted, completely flattened by that high high aesthetic vision, needed days of sleep and space. But



Robert Altman

immediately fell into such a scene with C., balling and sleeping, dreaming of balling, awakening already involved in those erotic hallucinations as the dream merged once more with reality, and on and on we went for two days, although it seemed in another part of the mind as though the body and libido could not possibly be producing all of this, not MY system anyway, as I thought I knew it well enough to know it is not capable of what can only be described from a previous platform as extreme sexual excess, not only in a lusty randy way but in elevated refined quality of exquisite intensity and meaning. And miracle of miracles, today fell into electric contract with a divine girl who informed me when the events of the coming midnight were well-understood between us that she has been taking Yohimbina for twenty days and has been totally outside of social contact during all that time, and it has been building in her to volcanic dimensions, and tonight for the first time we are to intermingle our senses in something that I cannot quite imagine. We have parted until the night to pack our psychic baggage, as there is a feeling of embarkation in the air, as though we are about to be launched on an intermutual voyage into each other on all known levels from which we may not return. Never felt anything so strong from a woman perhaps, and the thing between us is an electric creation which is certain to test all the fuses in our systems. Yohimbina, your name is Ecstasy. Let it happen.

Neal Phillips





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GRANNY TAKES A TRIP

Benares or Varanasi is the capital of Hindu religion. A necessary stop for anyone on their way from Delhi to Calcutta or Katmandu, it swarms with yogis, cows, sadhus, dogs, beggars & hordes of western troubadours orientalising themselves in the sacred river Ganges.

It is also one of the few places where grass can be bought legally from a government shop, and you can also get a delicious drink called Bhang Lassi from a shop in the market. This consists of powdered grass and milky curd mixed with ice, something like a marijuana milkshake. Ganji, as the Indians call grass, is the sacred smoke of their god Shiva, so many of the shaggy holy men enjoy blowing a chillum with the western heads, some of whom have adopted the ways and dress of the ancient holies who've been on the road longer than they can remember.

One of the better known of these is Mataji, a beautiful old woman who claims to be sixty-four. When she lets her hair down it reaches below her knees, and when she screams for a chillum her wish is immediately granted. Nowadays she prefers hash because of the influx of heads bringing it down from Nepal and Afghanistan, and if you meet her she'll ask you for some opium or a couple of rupees for some whisky (another two of her daily habits). She takes acid whenever she can get her hands on it, and is about the only sadhu who can speak English. Her philosophy in her own words is roughly as follows:

"English man God"

"Me Mama man" (Mataji means 'mother of god')

"Mama man LSD brain"

"Mama man smoking brain"

"Mama man whisky brain"

"Oh, poor Mama"

Last year she visited Goa and managed to stay pissed for three months, cured a couple of cases of boils, invoked one case of hepatitis after being accused of stealing, and baked chapatis for everyone at a Christmas Eve party before returning home to her place by the Ganges.

PETER WOOTON

SMOKE YUGO-RED, IT'S LEGAL

In July I ordered the Giant Sale Bargain and with every back copy of OZ under my arm I set off for Yugoslavia to convert and subvert and pervert.

The setup there is fascinating — they have an inversion of generations. The younguns wear long hair and look hip, but all they *ache* for is coke, a Virginia fag, and a nice piece of chrome plating. Also Bigboob Bras sell like hot cakes (hot rats, hot zitz, hot roots).

On the other hand the Oldsters have what we would term 'longhair mentality.' They live a subsistence level because they don't bother to work harder — if a job will get them just enough bread to keep them and their family, they make it stretch the whole day in a long slow beautiful way — and they grow their own! Compared with the shit I've found in England, the local hash was outasight!

They have two nice habits while they're smoking. One is watching the horizon

(farlooking) and the other is sleeping in the sun with a hat over the eyes. And they could teach Zappa and Hendrix something in the way of farout music.

It was very refreshing mixing with them — they have a full understanding of the world we are aiming at — but they know it all intuitively — they don't need any intellectual masturbating fart to tell them their philosophies. Anyhow, I got on a package tour for about £60, including accommodation (& shit, & booze, & screws).

After ten days of continued high, and taking the sun, and eating the gorgeous native food, and watching everything and everyone (and carefully not hearing the hostile and inane comments of the 'shortthairs') a coach comes and drives you thru the Bavarian Alps & turboprop flight & you're back in England with a beautiful suntan & a converted mind. Someday I'll have to buy some more OZ backnumbers.

A.P.



Very Cold Turkey

At midnight I am asleep, bed-bugs feeding off my legs. A violent bang at the door, and within seconds the light is on and the room is filled with twenty Istanbul detectives, short men in suits. A chaos of shouting and pushing. They quickly arrest the Japanese. He had the hash we were smoking before. A camera-man starts his flashlight going. I pull myself out of my sleeping-bag, and catch a quick glance of the guy across the room in the identical position, his face frightened and bewildered. As I stand I drape a towel round my waist. How can I keep my dignity? I am half-held and my ruck-sack is over-turned and everything spills out, an orgy of disruption. A detective, fascinated, finds a packet of contraceptives, opens it, fingers the little wrappers—still, oblivious, at peace. Another finds something pinned into a pocket of my jeans.

—Hasheesh? Hasheesh? He grins like a half-wit. He pulls out the match-box, opens it, finds inside three cheap little gems I bought for a few pounds in Ceylon. —You see, I say, nothing! It does not occur to me I am being arrested; the photographer, better informed, raises his camera. Why should they photograph me? I will not let them do it to me. I grab a newspaper off the table and hold it in front of my face, as I have seen them do on television. Suddenly the paper is torn from my hand, the other arm is twisted behind my back, someone grabs the scruff of my neck, and my picture is taken. Portrait of a Traveller.

In the van the Japanese, dead calm, inscrutable; in all the time I am with him I do not hear him say a word. Two freaky French girls, who laugh; they happened to be around the Pudding Shop. A hip Algerian, who jokes with the cops. An Englishman called Smith, who looks and sounds straight, trembling with nervousness. He asks for a cigarette and says, —Please don't talk to me. A young American, eighteen, very vulnerable. He had about ten grammes. He says, —If they put me in

jail, that's cool. All I want's some peace and quiet. Read a bit, sort my mind out. That's okay. He is handcuffed, because he struggled. Someone sings, —Oh mama, can this really be the end . . . Yes. As we roll through the midnight streets. Yes. I know that song.

As we make our statements the American lies hopelessly, helplessly. He has lost his passport and gives a false name. Occasionally the detective rises from his seat and pretends to strike him. The American retreats across the room, shouting and gesticulating. He is grabbed and pushed back to the desk. When it comes to my turn no-one knows where Ceylon is. I draw countless little maps and point. —Hindustan, I say. —Ah. —Here, Ceylon: —Ah! Ceylon! Ah! They turn to each other. Five minutes later I draw the same map for someone else. There is a man hanging around with the police, with hair so blond he stands out like an angel with a halo. We get talking. He is a Finn, very friendly, who is spending the night there because he is interested in watching the police at work. He is openly sympathetic. It happens I have nothing to hold back; still I hold back. Later I learn he is a Turk with his hair died.

At six in the morning we are in a huge unventilated communal cell, thick with breath and sweat and cigarette smoke. There are perhaps a hundred-and-fifty people. Many of the Turks have woken up and are pacing, alone or together, from end to end, of the huge cell. The American says to me, —All I ask is to go free this afternoon. This afternoon. That's all I ask for. I cannot say anything. I sense inside my own security, because I must surely be freed today myself. But not the American, sweet American, not till next year or 1972, when the Turks will have an amnesty. We hope. I look at the American and talk to him, and I cannot comprehend what is going to happen.

Later the French girls and the Algerian are let go; the others are marched off under guard; I am left alone. Some time after eleven I sign my name in triplicate on a short untranslated document, put my gems in my pocket and walk out. I am too tense to feel tired; I am too tired to believe it was real. I have some soup. It's my birthday.

Later that night back in the (New) Gulhane, I meet some people. An Austrian, converted to Islam, who has just been circumcized. The Turkish surgeon kept a cigarette in



his mouth throughout the operation. The Austrian is a celebrity in Istanbul, and is staying free in the hotel. In the street people recognize him, and buy him meals. He has no money. A Finn (genuine) who has been bumming in Istanbul for two years since he split from his Turkish wife. He cannot stay, because he has no permit, and he cannot go, because he has no money. An elusive German, who laughs a lot in a cracked adolescent voice, and had no money. A gaunt, tense, thin German, who pushes, and is running out of money.

They pass round a joint. No. No. I will not smoke any more in Turkey. They drink wine, hoping it will cover the hash in their blood if the cops come and do tests. In Turkey they can get you just for traces in your blood. I drink a little wine. We talk. The pusher's chick was busted with a few K's in eastern Turkey. Now she has just started three years in jail in those beautiful mountains. There are several hundred men in the jail, and four women. The other women are all pregnant, raped either by prisoners or jailers. He stayed around for a couple of weeks, but there was no point, and he was

running out of money, and after the second visit there was nothing left to say. Later in the evening he scores half a K from a slick Italian, also staying in the hotel. He arranges to get some O next day. They wonder whether the Italian is a police agent. They think there might be a cop downstairs in the lobby. Hide the hash. We are uneasy, the German unhappy, self-defensive. —I must live man. I need the bread.

Next day he cannot meet the



Italian. The other German offers to go. He takes the money: a few hundred lira: several pounds.

He makes off with the money. They realize he is not coming back; the bastard; they are past anger. In the evening the Japanese returns from the police-station. They didn't find his hash; they got him for a sheath-knife. They kept him two days, without food or drink, and confiscated the knife. Now his camera has been stolen; he protests to the manager; a gesture; he packs his bag and hoists it on his back and walks away; I watch his face; the beauty of no-expression. Later in the evening a sudden irrational fracas; frantic shouting; near violence; the other three in my room are told to pay or leave; they leave; I see them in a wine-shop up the road; after that,

no more.

Next morning I move to another hotel: I feel drained. The day after I have my plane ticket. From here to Paris, then London: I can hardly face it. I have enough money for food, but not for cigarettes. I wander to the Blue Mosque: I talk to an American, soured by Harvard, as I was soured by Cambridge. The Great Universities. He has no money. In those beautiful mountains of eastern Turkey . . . all his money, almost everything else, was stolen, while he slept on the train. The American Consulate, busy helping businessmen, busy hounding heads, refuse to lend him money, even if he surrenders his passport. He waits for money. We go into the Blue Mosque.

Sound muffled; air muffled; this is another earth; now I can forgive

the police and the hustlers and the tricksters; the smoke on the seven hills, the chaos of the car-horns; I can forget. At the front the men stand, bend, kneel, rise, endless movement, holy exercise; and chant; the abandoned women, almost hidden at the back; we sit. Tourists parade, carrying their shoes, surreptitiously taking photographs. An American girl, an Ivy League nightmare, talks to us; tells us how she has spent two hundred and fifty dollars in the bazaar; and how her Volkswagen broke down in Bulgaria; she does not stop talking. We leave; I am running short of time; the American in limbo; forlornly I give him a paper-back I have finished reading: —If you get hungry, eat it.

Yes.
Money is freedom, or a kind of

freedom. And pot is freedom, or a kind of freedom. And freedom is being able to trust people. Trust. Freedom is the power to change your way of living when it is inexorably going bad. Freedom is being able to help; and get help.

Between one border post and another, try to find freedom. With each new meeting, try to find freedom. In each new city, try to find freedom. On each new mountain, on each new beach, try to find freedom. On each new journey.

This freedom. Is a dissociation from events that do not matter, from laws that do not matter, from pressures that do not matter, from flaws in people and flaws in oneself, that do not matter. But there is no real dissociation; so, on the road, try to find freedom.

JK

JAPAN HANDLING

★シタール音楽の極限に挑む!!

ウッドストック音楽祭のラヴィション

Of all the Asian countries, Japan is certainly the easiest to live in. The seven year American occupation after the war (which some people feel is still continuing today) left its marks and Japan is a strange combination of Oriental stoicism and the plastic comforts of the west.

Oriental politeness still prevails at the immigration ports and as long as you use common sense when entering the country, dress straight, if possible have a fair amount of money on you (this may be checked) or some proof that you can obtain money if needed. Be friendly and talkative with the official, and you should have no problems. A U.K. citizen can get a tourist visa for 90 days at a time, an American for 60 days. This may be renewed twice if they are satisfied that you have sufficient funds and after that you must leave the country for at least one day. It is quite cheap to go to Korea.

However, once finished with the formalities and red tape, you will find the policy of the Japanese people quite different from that of

the government. Of course as merchants and shopkeepers, they are interested in your money, but once you have met them (and this is not difficult if you learn a little Japanese) you will find them to be some of the kindest and most generous people in the world. They will invite you home, shower you with gifts, take you sightseeing and, in general, put themselves out to make sure you have a good time. It is good to remember, however, when enjoying Japanese hospitality that as usual the most generous people are those who can least afford it. Although they will make it difficult, try to help pay your own way.

There are two kinds of tourist accommodation in Japan—western hotels and Japanese inns—both of which are fantastically expensive.

Hostels can be found and if in trouble, stop a student or young person on the street (most of them speak some English) and they will usually go out of their way to help you.

One of the best aspects of Japan is that it can be used as a resting place in your travels to make a little money. Although you are not allowed to work on a tourist visa it is possible to teach English privately to students and businessmen and at least support yourself. Most of them have learned how to read and write English in the schools but not how to speak. You will probably be plagued with requests from students to "practice their English" with you.

I should make a note here that when I speak of Japan, I am not referring to Tokyo which I found interesting but cold, confusing and expensive. To really get to know people, you should get away from Tokyo and also the towns such as Yokohama and Yokusuka where the American military bases are.

Compared to other Asian countries (even compared to England) public transportation in Japan is quite reliable, clean and cheap. Any large city has a very good system of buses, streetcars and subways. English maps of these can be obtained at any travel bureau.

Trains between big cities range from very comfortable to horrible depending on the price of the ticket. The fastest train in the world (the Tokyu) runs between Tokyo and Osaka. It takes three hours and costs about \$5. The cheaper trains connecting the cities are called Kokueki (this means "stops at every station"). If you buy the cheapest ticket on one of these trains and don't pay the extra "reserve seat" fee, you may end up standing on a 14 hour trip. Hitchhiking on the highways is quite easy for a foreigner although not yet common. Many Japanese drivers still do not know what you're doing out there. But if you use a combination of a thumb

ウッドストック

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★サンタナ

★ジョン・セバスチャン

★シャナナ

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and a wave, they will usually stop out of curiosity. If you can, paint on a sign (in Japanese) the name of the place you want to go and hold it up.

The hip scene in Japan is quite different from the west. Although the youth are becoming more and more westernised, they still are bound in many ways by eastern tradition. Pot, although abundant among foreigners, is seldom used by the Japanese. Those who do smoke are called "futen" and somewhat resemble the beatniks of the 50's. They are quite serious and withdrawn and in general not laughers. We gave up trying to turn on the Japanese because they would either refuse to smoke it, smoke and not get high, or get high but become very confused or morose.

As far as busts of foreigners, in Tokyo they are quite common. The usual punishment is either a fine or deportation. Sometimes you are given your choice of goal or deportation. In other cities the police have very little experience with dope and as long as you can stay cool they will not bother you. Osaka '70 may change all this.

Francie



東京のラヴィション

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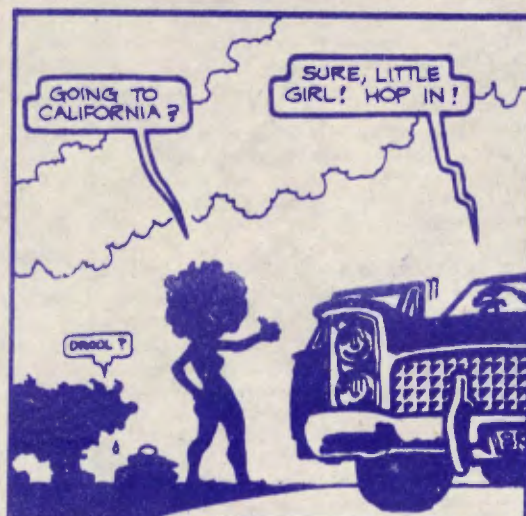
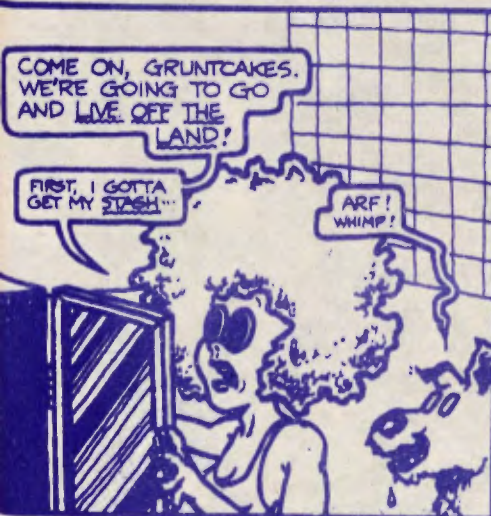
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Little Orphan Amphetamine

"GENUINE EQUALITY BETWEEN THE SEXES CAN ONLY BE REALIZED IN THE PROCESS OF THE SOCIALIST TRANSFORMATION OF SOCIETY AS A WHOLE."
—MAO TSE-TUNG

DON'T YOU GET BORED JUST SITTING AROUND THE MANSION ALL DAY, ANNIE? WHY DON'T YOU GO OUT AND GET A JOB?

AW, GET FUCKED, "DADDY." I'VE HAD ENOUGH BULLSHIT OFF YOU.



Morocco death picnic

Diabet Acid Freak Out. Taking the Sacrament and Justifying the Consequences.

The story of Ricardo and his Travelling Commune, as told by Ricardo himself at Malabata near Tangier one summer morning while he prepared fruit salad and chocolate sauce for breakfast.

This story begins with three people who leave their own country in the hope of finding their magic dreams, and fulfilling all those desires and fantasies which they had formerly lived only in their minds. We flew on our magic carpet from San Francisco across the coast, over the seas to the land of Morocco, which rejected us of course, as usual, but we were not put off. A short trip to the Canary Islands, and then IN, one strange night.

Diabet is a tiny, white, mud-hutted village seated on top of a slope overlooking the Atlantic Sea, and between the village and the water is the most beautiful, ancient mimosa forest with many strange, secret wonders lying beneath those skeleton mimosa branches. The sea below had miles and miles of beautiful white sandy beaches, naked beaches with no one except a few farmers who sift the sand, and once in a while, camels who come and carry the sand loads. We were lucky enough to be able to ride those camels for days and days up and down the beaches, living out yet another fantasy – of the desert. The days in Diabet were spent in great festivity. We came in with all our colours and rags, all our music, all our rejoicing. So many people, so much colour, so much music. I remember that dance that Jamie and I did in the goat herder's little area – we ran around all the children, they ran around us. We shook our fingers at them, shooting out violet rays from our eyes, getting them hypnotised, and then throwing up our hands to the moon and shouting Praise the Lord, Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna. More and more festive children of god began to gather in Diabet from all parts of the world, from Europe and America, as though the Lord had called upon them. From three we became five, seven, eleven, to thirteen and twenty – we became a tribe of people. We were the gypsies of life, communicating with the sun, communicating with the sea, contacting the elements, asking the gods to show us the way, asking so that we might find harmony in the land, harmony in ourselves, harmony in the great spirit. The day came. The full moon had twice passed overhead. The sun rose clearly into the early morning, there was the sound of chickens crowing in the yards, and we decided this was the day for the sacrament, the day for a cosmic experience, this was a day for dance, a day to be filled with intensity, a day to find out something about the mysteries of Morocco, so little about which we as yet understood. We packed our baskets. I had a beautiful, special fruit salad tucked away under some cabbage leaves, which I was going to use later as bowls. We made our way down to the shore, threw off our rags, to feel the sun beating down upon our bodies, and jumped into the sea. The waves were

huge and the water was icy cold. Two of the girls, Marjorie and Poppy made their way fiercely into the waves. Just at the moment they dove, rainbows burst with each wave that broke, and more rainbows burst, and more rainbows burst, and I knew that it was surely Neptune that was calling them into the sea.

I served out little lunch to all the stoned freaks and everyone was quite happy to receive it, as you can imagine. Then Mohamed began to play his drum. We were excited and moved a little. Jamie and I began hiding about in the bushes from one another. Suddenly Peter darted out of a bush and blew a poison dart right at me. I dodged, hid and began blowing some at him... it was great fun. Three golden brown naked boys dashing about the grassy hills. Then I took up a big dead branch from the ground and began hiding behind that. Jamie went to a little bush and broke off a green branch. I was shocked and said: "How can you break off an arm, just for your pleasure?" But he explained it was necessary which later I discovered it was. We went, each branch in hand, to the summit of a grassy knoll, overlooking sand and sea, the wind kissing our bodies. A slow and graceful dance began. More nude bodies came to the knoll, each waving branches slowly about. A battle began, with our swords we struck at the others, some falling, some striking back. Excitement and intensity began to increase. The movement of bodies, forms, faces, figures moving round in circles, waving their wands in the wind. Father Ra, the Sun God looks down and smiles. All at once, Jamie waving his wand at me, whispers in a half trance: "I am Spring coming on, it is time to leave, brother Winter." And with one great stroke of force and light, strikes me down. Winter cannot be defeated so easily. I call upon all forces of nature to act in my defence. They respond not. All is silence. Spring is overjoyed. Flowers dance about, and Winter lies motionless, speared by his own lightning bolt.

The Great Dance of Spring begins. The Rites of Spring fulfilled. Salutation to the sun, to the Gods. We bow humbly. We reach our climax, and all experience the orgasm of life together.

The sun began her departure, into the sea. We dressed and paraded down the beach, leaving Marjorie alone on the grassy knoll with her tarot spread out before her, dressed in violet, the golden rays shining on her face. Jamie was just over the next hill with his Moroccan boyfriends, teaching them songs of Hare Krishna, while they taught him Arabic songs to Allah. The whole troupe of us were very far down the beach, just ready to sit and watch the sunset. Suddenly I heard a loud sound, turned to Poppy and said "Did you hear that? Was it a horse screaming?" The scream came again and immediately I knew that something terrible had happened to Marjorie. She was screaming for her life.

I dropped everything, pulled up my robe and ran as if my life itself was in danger. Ahead I saw Jamie fly out of the grass in his golden wings, with the other boys.

I was breathless with tears running from my eyes, I came upon Marjorie in Jamie's arms. The three Moroccan boys were frightened and ran into the grass. I thought someone had tried to rape her. She was in tears. As I came closer, she turned her back and I saw – I prayed it could not be possible – a large stab wound and blood gushing from her back. I glanced at Jamie. He was in shock. Marjorie started yelling to him. "Help me down, help me down, put me on the sand." We knelt and slowly laid her down on the cold wet sand. She lay with her chest down, arms spread out, feet to the falling sun. She was in the form of a cross. All the others were there. All completely horrified. I got a hold of myself, cut up a blouse and Jamie and I began to clean the cut. She said: "Use seawater, use seawater." We did, then covered her up with all our rags. She had a strong intuition and knew exactly what should be done, and as we listened to her orders, we did do exactly as she said. I told her to breathe slowly and relax. After a long time the bleeding stopped. We were all very silent and Marjorie asked if she were going to die. I said no, it wasn't serious and to be calm. She then asked us to chant Hare Krishna, which we did, for some time. She sang with us and then requested a lullaby. Soon Marjorie was able to talk, and one of the first things she said was, "Jamie, do you realise why this happened? Do you understand the symbolism?" At the time, I was so amazed that I made no connection between the dance and the stabbing. As Marjorie lay on the sand, she looked like a mermaid who had been injured at sea and swum ashore to die or recover, and I asked her if she had seen who it was. She laughed and then groaned with the pain of the laugh. When I had left her in her violet rags and cape flowing in the wind, the tarot was thrown out before her in the spread of the Tree of Life. The tarot had come out all cards facing opposite, into the sun. The card in Marjorie's place had been the Tower of Destruction. Lightning strikes. Just as she began to collect the cards, she heard something rustling in the bushes behind her. "Get it together, Marjorie," she said to herself, "and split." At that moment, someone approached from behind and asked for a cigarette. She only half looked at him, walked off and said, "No cigarette." Just then, the lightning bolt struck, right into her shoulder. She screamed and turned around. She looked into the horrorstricken face of a short hunch-backed, deformed creature, a cretin that quickly ran off into the trees. Never had he been seen before, and never will he be seen again.

And so ended the dance. The celestial dancers had danced the Rites of Spring. Brother Winter had become Spring. Death and Rebirth. A goblin had sprung from the magic forest, stabbed the witch and disappeared for evermore. The pains of birth had been felt, but now new life could bloom merrily and naturally.

Chile: See if you can spot the odd man out.

WINGING my way in my Qantas 707 from smoggy JFK Airport to smoggy Heathrow last night I achieved something that is probably a lifetime (unfulfilled) ambition of college graduate New Yorkers. I read the whole news section of The New York Times. And a bloody business it was too. Undoubtedly the most devastating headline was page 2's — "U.S. Government and Business Resigned to a Marxist Chile". Having just come from Chile that was mighty reassuring.

So they won't engineer a military coup, and they won't send in an expeditionary force, and they won't even pull out their \$1-billion investment. The U.S. is resigned to a Marxist Chile so that's that.

What did I know of life, from you I was apart

*Until Imperialism came and stole my heart
It took my lips, my eyes, my head and soul
Without it I'd feel so alone*

I know it did me wrong

Like the man I loved

And it's big and strong

And I'm a peaceful dove

I'm gonna rise up angry

I've got them deep down, woebegon,

suffocating, intoxicating, anti-imperialist blues.

These appalling lyrics are, be reassured, a mere rough for the script of a film. In fact they were written by Saul Landau who is co-writer and co-director of the film called 'What Is To Be Done', and I happened to be in Chile during the recent Presidential elections to watch the movie in the making. Saul (whose credentials as a new-lefty should need no enumeration) actually wanted to do a film in South America about the wanderings of a Cuban government functionary who originally came from Chile and was returning to spread the Castro Gospel. Another American (Northern variety), Jim Becket, wrote a novel about the two Peace Corps volunteers in Chile and their politicisation under the pressure of a capitalist government in turn being pressured by an imperialist U.S. government. His novel was apparently as unworkable as Saul's movie, so with Chile's *enfant terrible* of cinematic direction Raul Ruiz roped in an entirely new film was conceived. The three men got together in beautiful Bolinas in the mountains behind San Francisco, and wrote the thing in three days. Saul's wife Nina added a character or two and a co-production (U.S. and Chilean) was underway within a month.

By mid-September filming had reached about the quarter-way mark, and the budget round about half-way, but there were some very good reasons. Most important as the fact that Chile was completely absorbed in the 1970 presidential election, and the film crew was thus perpetually poised waiting for the call to rush to a new riot, a new strike, factory takeover, or simple electoral rally. The reality-fantasy dichotomy has been further blurred by filming lead actors in real demonstrations, on stage talking with real political leaders, and frequently improvising dialogue with the help of anything from the Pan Am Guide to Latin America to a flagon and a half of the best Chilean red wine (very good). But back to the election. From the moment my 1950 model taxi took to the highway from the airport to

the city centre, the election was very much with me. Every square foot of wall, fence or even tree trunk was splashed with huge carefully lettered tri-colour messages for one or other of the three candidates. Wall slogans were only interrupted by election posters over the red white and blue messages. Whatever the public awareness of the *issues*, there could be no doubting their awareness of the *fact* of the election! And as I struggled through the maze of Spanish necessary to read newspapers or talk politics with the Chileans amongst the film crew, I saw a clearer and clearer picture of an incredibly symbolic and archetypal political situation.

Here is a third world nation with all the classic elements of internal and related external oppression, facing an election in which a Marxist, a Christian Democrat and a father-figure rightist would fight it out to the death of whichever system the victor would vanquish. Chile has had stable government-modelled on the U.S. Congress plus President pattern for over thirty years—no military coups or major revolutions, but a very familiar rich-get-richer poor-get-poorer socio-economic development alongside the appearance of jolly Western democracy.. Incumbent president Frei (a Christian Democrat), being an Alliance for Progress man, had nationalised *part* of the huge U.S. copper mines that provide Chile with most of its wealth, and he had begun a minimal but efficient welfare state reformism. For his troubles he had witnessed the growth of the urban guerillas, a continued exodus of peasants to the cities, and an uninterrupted upward swing in the percentage of his country's economy under foreign control. The third world of 1970 has no place for liberal reformists. This election placed everything about the place on trial (as, by the way, the film tries to do). The reformists versus the revolutionaries, the dictatorship of the right against the dictatorship of the proletariat, the old versus the young. It was predictable that centrist candidate Tomic, although he was heir-apparent to Frei, would come in behind the left and right when votes were counted on Friday September 4th.

I spent that day—election day—driving around Santiago with half the film crew searching for the other half of the film crew. We never met up, but we had plenty of opportunity to watch the curiously progressive electoral system of Chile interact with the rather elementary political awareness of the people. Women and men vote in separate polling stations, to ensure no Latin husband strongarms his beautiful little lady into a position she doesn't really approve (perhaps that's why the women's vote was even more pro-conservative than is normal in elections). Voting is compulsory and your security pass (or driver's licence, I'm not sure which) is endorsed to prove you voted—if a cop catches you speeding or jaywalking and your pass in unendorsed, you're fined.

As the day drew to a smoggy twilight, and the snowcaps of the Andes glowed pink up there on top of the city, every tv and radio station took up the tedious business of keeping uninterrupted watch on every new return from polling stations along the length of the country (it would be ridiculous to say length and breadth because Chile is never more than 110 miles

wide). In the grand old Spanish-style mansion where the film crew, actors, directors and fellow-travellers lived, the atmosphere was thick with excitement and red wine. As returns gave Allende the communist-socialist front man a slim lead over the U.S. pawn Alessandri, everyone got drunker. At midnight the Socialist Front (Unidad popular) announced they would hold a victory demonstration in la Alameda (the city centre)—but the cheers in our house died when Police Headquarters flashed an urgent message that no such demo was authorised, nor was it in order. Again the waiting game (all election countings are terribly boring—imagine one in Spanish). At 2.00 am the droning voice of the man on the screen was cut short by another flash from the Pig HQ... the Unidad Popular was hereby authorised to hold their celebration in Alameda. That was how we heard it—the confirmation that Allende had won and Chile had just elected the first Marxist ever to hold a presidency in a 'free' democracy... as one the Chileans in the house launched themselves from their seats shouting and weeping, took up the wine and headed for Alameda... within half an hour the city was swarming with 80,000 cheering, drinking socialists and Cuba had cabled an invitation to the new government to send a delegation to re-establish full relationships... it was accepted that morning.

We had won. It was quite beyond our experience, but it was true, the left, us, the forces against capitalism, the WASP myth and all that, had just won a whole fucking country with railroads that run on time and copper resources worth billions of dollars, and a population of 9 million largely working class or peasant class people hungry for improvement. It was a most sobering thought as I boarded my international flight for San Fran, New York and London, and Lobo films went back to the job of making a movie about revolution in South America.

Allende has yet to be formally elected president by Congress because he won a plurality but not an absolute majority (in fact he won by 1.4%), but Congress is heavily Marxist and barring coups from within or without, he should make it. Among his electoral promises was an assurance that he will complete the forced nationalisation of Anaconda Copper, Kennecott Copper (annual sales for Kennecott alone have been over \$U.S. 180 million), Cerro Copper, Bethlehem Steel, International Telephone & Telegraph (ITT), Standard and Mobil Oil, Dow Chemical, Du Pont, the Bank of America and the First National City Bank! Not only that but he will take over all large private landholdings and turn them into peasants co-operatives, and for desert he wants to abolish Congress and replace it with a People's Assembly.

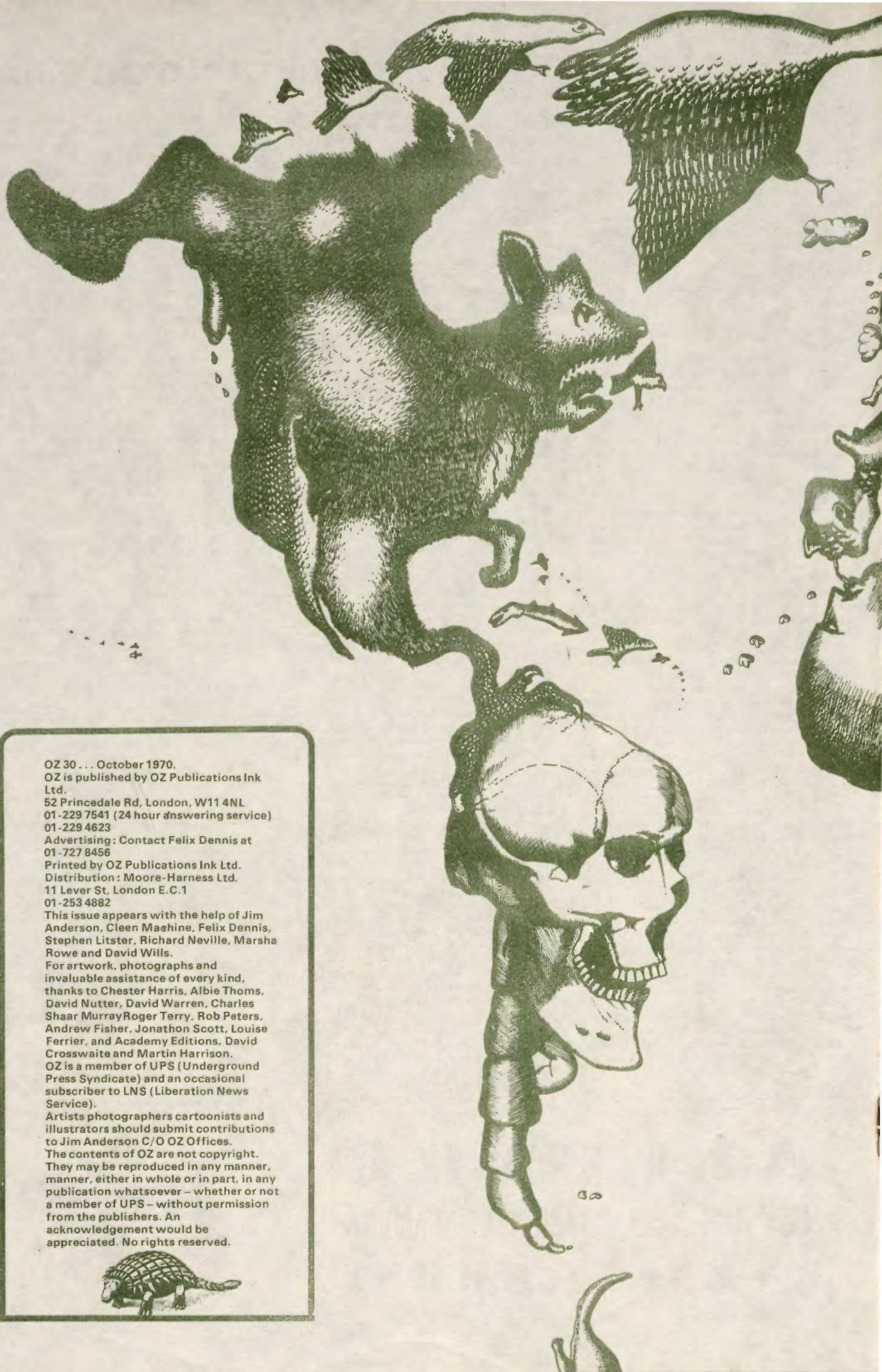
Saul Landau still calls his film "What Is To Be Done"—because he wants to know how you change the system without demolishing the Army, arming the people and giving the people a true redeemer rather than a dedicated CP party leader who won the presidency on his fourth try.

FOOTNOTE: The best grass in Chile is hard to find but worth the trouble. It's tenderly and expertly grown and processed in the time-honoured traditional style by the dedicated monks of Valparaiso. Phillip Frazer

ALLENDE
HOY 18 HORAS. BRASIL CON ALAMEDA
¡ VENCEREMOS !

Impresora Horizonte: Lira 363.





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The Fourth World

Marrakhash Sexpress

The floor of the ferry ticket office at Algeciras was thick with cut hair. A group of Spanish barbers at Ceuta, I was told, was also doing brisk business. I had been worrying what to do about mine for days. The line of waiting cars was full of nervous heads. Those in front of us had stuck theirs down with glue and strips of tape and wore berets. Those behind were still snipping with scissors. I did not believe there was a border I couldn't talk my way across, but at the last minute I screwed my fair locks up with a rubber band and jammed on a straw hat which I had bought in Malaga just in case. I had to keep my hair up and my hat on throughout the two and a half hours of the ferry crossing. I checked myself every half hour or so in the toilet. "Who does he think he's fooling," said someone, which made me paranoid, and "Who's that. Katherine Hepburn?" said someone else, which made me embarrassed. It was eleven o'clock at night before we were through the second check at Tangier, and no-one had even been given a second glance. Full marks to the three monumentally haired freaks who had refused to believe from the start in any Moroccan government blitz, and had sailed through without concessions of any sort to anyone. The next day, their confidence would have been misplaced, because everybody with anything more than a crewcut was stopped. Customs officers are notoriously capricious.

"Do you want an Artain?"

"What's it do?"

"Well it's for people with Parkinson's Disease to stop them from twitching, but it's hallucinogenic."

"Nice?"

"Yes, I suppose it is. Very strange though."

"OK if you think I'll have a good time."

"Oh TAKE it whatever. I'm so bored I'll take anything these days. I'm on them all the time."

Richard, an old friend of mine from Australia, was one of those freaks who had come to Tangier for two weeks several years ago and never left. Morocco is full of them. When I last knew him he was suicidal, lonely and drank rather a lot. Now he radiates a permanent acid glow, he has the most exquisite epicene manner, Titian red hair, elegant hippie clothes and calm grey eyes which sparkle with happiness, albeit artificially induced. In his years in Morocco, he has lived successfully in Marrakech for some time, survived a long love affair, acquired a great many boy friends, a source of income and somewhere to live, and can cope brilliantly with everything, even his boredom. I was going to get him to pierce my left ear throughout the time I was in Tangier, but at every last moment, I chickened out. (I dropped the Artain on the beach one day and had a hideous time). Tangier seems more of a transitory place than ever. Most of the freaks have deserted it for the south, and that plus the government border campaign on hair combined to make the Petit Socco and the Cafe Centrale less fascinating than usual. Some nights there would be that dreadful feeling that something better was going on somewhere else. Other nights it would be swamped by homosexuals, not unfortunately, members of the Gay Liberation Front, but the more elderly, rather sad victims of years of sexual repression and guilt, the tight panted, tight lipped, fluffy sweater limp wristed variety, still into gin and tonic, just naughtily dabbling now and again with a little kif or hash. Even for them Tangier is not the place it was. "Tangier has a fished out feeling," said Norbert Pearl, part owner of the Balima, one of the gay hotels. "There's been too many queens coming here for too many years. The boys are ALL getting commercial and expensive." And it can no longer be a haven for London homosexuals if they are looking for somewhere less uptight than England. The police seem to assume these days that if a Moroccan boy so much as talks to you it is about sex and he is going to rob you, and he is dragged off accordingly. If you have long hair, they assume it is about dope and again drag him off. "You can still get anything you want here," said the town's doyen pederast, "even chickens, but you've got to be careful. There's so many stupid old queens who come down here, think it's some sort of free for all picnic and in five minutes – bang – they're up to their balls in trouble."

The beach remains Tangier's main attraction – apart from the dope and the boys. I thought once that it would get smarter and eventually wind up like Cannes but it hasn't. The beach is still slightly down at the heel and the restaurants cheap. Maybe it's the wind. The jet set have long since deserted it and the package deal tourists come once and always decide that really Spain is

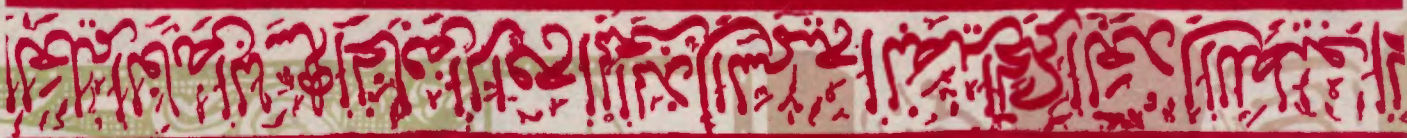
safer and nicer. Tangier has a superfluity of big hotels, waiting for the boom that will never come. It has a slight air of decadence and danger that will always put off the Birmingham charter flights. The police are uptight even about the beach. You can't go on it unless you have a swimming costume and empty hands. Even if you are staying at the El Minzah or the Rif and are dripping with diamonds, if you haven't got your bikini on, the whistle will blow the minute you put your manicured toe on that sifted white sand. These are all the hall-marks of an encroaching police state. Hassan II's benevolent dictatorship is not working and is rapidly becoming less benevolent. There's so much hash in Tangier the town will never be a centre of revolutionary agitation, but Casablanca is seething with violent opposition to the King and the feeling is that a socialist revolution is not too far distant. It was commonly assumed that the recent referendum staged by the King on the question of a new democratic constitution, was rigged. There was countrywide opposition to his proposals but the vote came in 98.7% in his favour.

"I want to write a book about my experiences, but I would have a great deal of trouble because it is not yet safe to talk about Algeria and the FLN." Gerard, a Frenchman, was drinking milk from a carton and dropping names one evening at the Cafe Centrale. "Of course, I am very close to the French Government and Pompidou would do anything to help me." He talked easily of Che Guevara and Debray. "Yes, our course Regis is a very good friend of mine. We were all of the same band." Now he seemed to be down on his luck, buying up Moroccan djellabas for resale in Europe. "Jean-Paul Satre wrote an introduction to a book of my poems but Gallimard my publishers said it was too strong and refused to publish the introduction..." He went off to have dinner with William Burroughs.

Every few days or so, the Ibn Batouta (until they were accused of writing 'Pigs' on the restaurant wall and were banned) or the Petit Socco would be enlivened by the arrival in town from Cape Malabata at the far end of the bay, of Ricardo, Poppy, Emanuelle, Marjorie, Jamie and all the other commune freaks, who lived in the most romantic gypsy way possible out in a grove of eucalyptus trees overlooking the Mediterranean in one direction and a mock Portuguese castle in the other. Hippies just don't get to look any wilder – Berber clothes from the south, vegetable dyed, crazy hair red dyed with henna, eyes made up with kohl, asexual acid vibrations, dancing in the streets, all in love with themselves and everybody else, stoned out of their minds the whole time, living at the limits of their life style, but doing it easily and I suppose, 'beautifully'. They would hit the Socco and the temperature would rise by about ten degrees. Jamie would take over from the boy in the Dancing Boy cafe, and gyrate till he dropped.

They lived very well – someone had a lot of travellers cheques. They had been in Morocco for months, all over the south, and considering how flamboyant a tribe they were, had suffered remarkably little harassment from anyone. Hadn't been busted, hadn't had their hair cut, hadn't been kicked out. Only one terrible thing had happened to them, and that Ricardo himself relates elsewhere in this issue. They cooked over open fires, eating brown rice, vegetable stews, and huge fruit and vegetable salads from communal bowls. Lovely mixtures of crushed roses, eucalyptus leaves, and exotic herbs mixed with hash to smoke. Naked swimming from the rocks, constant drums and flutes and various forms of creative or religious activity. Each of the people living in the commune seemed to be a work of art. The girl communalists make up each day including careful grooming of pubic hair – combing, plaiting, dying – and for cunt itself – paint and decoration. Much better than a squirt of Twinkle Twat.

One morning two police officers rode up on motorcycles. There was a frantic hiding of stashes and pipes. Passports were all confiscated and they claimed there had been complaints about (a) nude bathing (b) taking of drugs (c) corruption of locals who visited the commune. All three had to stop forthwith. Everything was very amicable. It was obvious after a while that their own desire to look at the naked girls had prompted the official visit. The more determined of the two was invited back for dinner that night. He came, with two bottles of wine and bottle of Marie Brizard. He got drunk, then stoned (lots of paranoia at first, then eventually the pipes came out), pinched the tit of one girl, tried to get his fingers up the cunt of another (who



was, in fact, unknown to him, a French boy in drag) and was eventually packed off home, enabling the party to really start. We all got drunk that night on Marie Brizard. Bernadette made concoction after concoction – with coffee, with chocolate, with grapes, with watermelon, with sugar, with oatmeal. Some were delicious, some awful, all very intoxicating.

The family thing seemed to work without too much friction. Anyone who wanted to stay with the commune could do so and it hadn't got too much out of hand. They were in trouble however, with local farmers and fishermen for polluting the wells in the area and for wasting precious water on such things as dishes and bathing. "We have taken steps to remedy all that," said Ricardo. "The last thing we want to do is disturb the balance of nature in this beautiful place."

The locals don't quite know what to make of them. They find their own primitive life style admired and copied on a lavish scale. Their day-to-day existence is converted into something resembling a rich freak's life game. I mean, if they had as much money as the freaks, they certainly wouldn't still be minding goats and cooking on charcoal burners. It's hard to know which Americans fuck up countries like Morocco more – the big companies pumping in false money, Coca Cola and the tired old American skyscraper dream, or the communal hippies trying to tell them that their old struggle for existence from the soil is where it's at.

Travelling south to Marrakech, through Fez and the Moyenne Atlas, camping out beside rushing mountain streams, getting stoned, dropping a little sunshine now and then, listening to music, cooking over a glowing fire, watching the shooting stars, enveloped in air so warm it was impossible to even think of a coat, I could not imagine any more ideal existence. Natural hedonist, I would have left the city for good, added a source of income – something with my hands perhaps, like leather craft or making hash – and a few friends and dropped out of sight for good. I'd become rustic, heavy and slow, in tune with the seasons and not much else. A figure of some fun as I made my way to the big smoke twice a year for basic supplies and a movie or two.

Marrakech was empty of heads. They were all at Diabet or Essaouria, back in England or the States or in gaol. Marrakech in August is dominated by the heat. Sometimes a desert wind full of dust blows. It is spectacular but you wonder if you're going to live through it. If there was something you had to do besides get stoned, you either had to do it before ten in the morning, or wait until after six. The entire month I spent in Marrakech, I was out of money, and went every morning to the Banque du Maroc expecting my OZ draft to be there. It never was, of course. So there I was, by ten every day, free to wonder how I was going to survive the next twenty four hours. Survival in Marrakech is not very difficult really. For foreigners, even long term residents, existence in Marrakech revolves around the great square, Djma el Fna, and after even a few minutes it is easy to realise why this great circus of a place, this Desolation Row, has for centuries, justifiably been one of the great places of the world to experience. It is because you can be born in it, grow up in it, marry in it, die in it. Fuck in it, eat, drink, get stoned in it, work, play in it, be entertained in it. Everything you need for a rich life can be found there. It is a microcosm of all existence. There were a few brave heads who were screaming around it on acid, but for most people it would be too much to cope with. Much better on nothing anyway. Or just a little to add a bit of extra dazzle.

Everyone knows Tangier is the arsehole of Africa. Fez is one of its spiritual and intellectual centres. Marrakech is the good hearted fun loving carnal Sodom of the continent. Nobody starves there. Nobody gets sexually frustrated. The three friends I had arrived with left after a few days, a bit sick of supporting me, and anxious to get off to Portugal or somewhere. I moved into the house of a long time Marrakech resident, an Englishman who lived on the other side of the city, about as far from Djma el Fna as you could get. He led an elegant, rather claustrophobic existence, by my gregarious standards. We went on picnics in the Ourika Valley in the Atlas Mountains, ate a lot and he was tirelessly kind. Then he too left. He wisely decided not to allow me to stay in his house, and I moved into the cheapest hotel I could find, just off the square. I spent four days staring at the wall, totally depressed, even missing out on the excitement of the Banque du Maroc, unable to pay the bill,

no more acid to sell (up till then my main source of income) contemplating selling the OZ taperecorder, and receiving not altogether unwillingly the attentions, late at night of the club footed son of the proprietor, who would sneak into my room at three in the morning take off his clothes and climb into bed with me. During the day it would be the black boy who changed the sheets who would get in. Unfortunately it wasn't a way of paying the hotel bill.

"Go and make a tour of all the banks," advised the manager of the Banque du Maroc, "maybe it's been lost." It wasn't the first time I had been told to undertake this particular wild goose chase. I visited about a dozen banks, finished the last one about midday. Dripping with sweat and filled with gloom, I ran into Nicolette, the girl who looked after Paul Getty's sumptuous Marrakech retreat, where she and an army of servants had to minister to the needs of such international jet-freaks as Gore Vidal and Yves St. Laurent. I had already borrowed a little money from her, sold her some acid as well, and had been avoiding her. "Oh you poor baby," she cried, pressed a hundred dirhams into my hot hand, and as I poured out my story of the hotel proprietor's son, she said, "I know just the place you can stay," and took me round the corner to Robin and Mark's, who lived in an apartment above a cinema which showed Indian films. "They're both a bit strange, but I think you'll like them."

There were days when Robin and Mark scarcely seemed to get up. They would struggle out of bed about eleven, be totally zonked by twelve, catatonic by mid afternoon. The whole day seemed a slow progression, if that is the word, towards the evening meal, which would take place about ten, after which they would both fall asleep to the sound of the British Overseas Service, which would crackle away all night. They would spend their days drinking endless cups of English tea, passing the pipe and reading a collection of paperbacks. "My memory has completely gone," said Robin. "I can read the same book over and over again as though it were a new one. Mark can't even remember what he did two minutes ago." Abdelaziz, their houseboy, who got together the all important evening meal, had the biggest cock of anyone I have ever seen, and I realised for the first time why there have been whole societies and religions devoted to the worship of the phallus. Roddy McDowell's Biggest Tool in Hollywood (see OZ 26) by comparison would be one to throw back into the water.

When he felt up to it and the weather was not quite so hot, Mark busied himself with pretty watercolour paintings and a journal, the following extract from which is typical:

June 3rd '70. Robin says I must explain to my readers why I have not written anything. I must have had a virus and the symptoms were a headache and shivering and temporary depression. Nowadays it is easy to confuse these temporary attacks of flu with a depressive form of mental illness. I went to the Post Office in Gueliz two days ago. The Gueliz is the modern quarter of Marrakech. I collected a parcel of magazines for Robin. Robin said that the death toll in the Peru earthquake was thirty five thousand. There was some excitement last night when Abdelaziz said the cinema was on fire. We went out to look. I saw smoke rising from the opening in the roof. Abdelaziz said it was from an insect bomb. Robin said if I finish this page, he will give me a pipe every five minutes. . . . Robin says that everyone in the so called civilised world is obsessed with time. He says he doesn't think we are. No time to let tea brew or boil, they have instant tea. No time to eat a hot meal, they put money in a slot and out comes a meal from a metal container and when the food was cooked, no-one knows. Aziz cooks our evening meal and it arrives hot from the kitchen. We sleep afterwards. I like eating food that has just been cooked and enjoy the natural flavour of vegetables, meat, fish and eggs, the mainstay of our balanced diet. . . . I hope I am not middle class number one of the twentieth century. Aziz went out and saw two fat Germans being fucked. Another typical extract might be that for March 21, 1970: "I lay in bed."

Marks journals are a fascinating record of his years in Morocco and he should get someone to edit and publish them.

The remainder of my days in Marrakech passed in a fog of heat and dope. I imagined myself more and more of a figure of fun at the Banque du Maroc and was overjoyed when someone lent me their travel credit card and enabled me to leave.

Jim Anderson

The
other side of
the golden disc
where they
break all the
Top-Ten
Commandments!



THE MAN WHO HAD POWER OVER WOMEN

and used it... and used it... and used it!



STARRING

Rod Taylor Carol White

also starring **James Booth**

co-starring Charles Korvin - Alexandra Stewart - Keith Barron and Marie France Boyer

SCREENPLAY BY ANDREW M. WEINSTEIN - MUSIC BY JOHNNY MANDEL - EXECUTIVE PRODUCER LEONARD LIGHTSTONE - PRODUCED BY JUDY BERNARD

DIRECTED BY JUDY BERNARD - A KODAK PRESENTATION - DOLBY DIGITAL - DOLBY DIGITAL - DOLBY DIGITAL

JOSEPH E. LEVINE PRESENTS AN AVCO EMBASSY FILM

IN **"The Man Who Had Power Over Women"** ^x

AN AVCO EMBASSY RELEASE

JOSEPH E. LEVINE PRESENTS AN AVCO EMBASSY FILM

Picture MOMMY DEAD

STARRING

DON

MARTHA

SUSAN

and ZSA ZSA

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GET YER YA-YAS OUT

The Rolling Stones (Decca)

Well, it's pretty rough. Not in terms of Glyn John's carefully remixed sound, but the performance itself, an object lesson in how to waste the dynamism of 'Jumpin' Jack Flash and how to lose the acidic cynicism of 'Honky Tonk Women' in only (and exactly) three minutes. Remember this though: Jagger's voice gets stronger and stronger, the rhythm section is a monster, and Taylor and/or Richard are both fine leads (Taylor is good but not brilliant; Richard is occasionally brilliant, never good).

Everyone has criticised the Stones before and since Altamont as being out-dated, citing Jagger's mechanical narcissism, the lack of new material, and the previous classic album, *Let It Bleed*, which only made it because of the quality of the 'session' musicians. But their audiences are still aware of the Stones' magic in concert, especially in the States and Europe. And here it is. By some quirk of nostalgia Jagger is allowed to prance and pout, to act out his Cockney coy, in living memory of the last star of 'Superpop' with any real depth of influence and consistency of personality.

While he and the rest are given full scope for their calculated shiny plastic outrageousness they do at least prove that they are good and certainly practised entertainers, reacting immediately to a given audience situation, and showing occasionally that they are among the greatest performing rock outfits in the world. Few have ever rivalled them for power and the authority they wield: the Who certainly, the Airplane for sure, and, God help us, a band like Led Zepplin.

But the Stones' act has been the same for a year now, covering the fatal US tour, their last gigs in England, and the current trip round Europe. A hard set to follow: 'Jumpin' Jack Flash', 'Carol', 'Stray Cat Blues', 'Love In Vain', 'Sympathy', 'Live With Me', 'Little Queenie', 'Honky Tonk Women' and 'Street Fighting Man', though every track bar 'Little Queenie' is already available on single or album, not to mention countless cover versions and in the case of 'Little Queenie' and 'Carol' the unbeatable Chuck Berry originals. This set is a ripoff: live albums are cheap to make, especially in relation to the finances involved on the States tour last winter, and presuming this is the last album from Decca, it didn't cause the band much trouble to record the payoff set.

"Anyone who has not heard the Rolling Stones' albums could do worse than begin with this one". Well, that's what it's about, and if it's a question of a couple of quid well spent, save it and reach back in the pile for *The Rolling Stones, Beggar's Banquet*, and *Let It Bleed*. Better still, spend the bread on John Cale's *Vintage Violence* or Quicksilver's *Just For Love*. The change has already come, Mick.

DICK LAWSON



MUSIC FROM THE SHRINES OF AJMER AND MUNDRA

Recorded in North India by John Levy (Tangent)

There is an impressive amount of Indian music available on record in Western countries. Most of it is the output of Hindu classical musicians whose work was already well known when people such as George Harrison introduced it to rock music and an even wider audience just three or four years ago. Now this album, one of a series

released by Tangent covering indigenous music, provides us with Indian music of a different and certainly more obscure variety - that of the Muslim people of North India. This collection of recordings was made at the Muslim Shrines of Ajmer and Mundra in north India. The music is of the type known as Naubat Shahnai, and is played in the open, usually over the gateways to the shrines or in their courtyards.

Since the music needs to be heard above street noises, the instruments must be played hard, and a certain amount of subtlety is dispensed with. (I should think quite a few Rock musicians will be familiar with that little story.) Naubat Shahnai could be said to lack the refinement of indoor classical music, but it has nonetheless a subtlety of a different kind.

The first two extended tracks on this record are examples of *Classical Naubat Shahnai*. The term derives from the use of the lead or melodic instrument, Shahnai, the north Indian oboe. It is accompanied by various percussion, most prominently the pair of drums called Naqqara, a larger version of the tabla which, unlike the tabla, are struck with sticks. They are played here by Sulaiman Jamma, considered to be a virtuoso of the instrument.

It seems that *Classical Naubat* is a dying tradition, mainly because its best practitioners are elderly men who have few successors and the temples have now become too short of money to continue to employ them. An offshoot more likely to survive is *Popular Naubat*. A fine example of the *Popular Naubat*, and the outstanding track on the album, is the beautiful Muslim devotional song "Kacchi Kafi", sung by Police Constable Hassanbhai Bacchubhai. The song expresses the view that "since one can never trust anyone in this world, one had better devote oneself entirely to God". No doubt Constable Hassanbhai's experiences in the line of duty have reinforced this exasperated philosophy.

He is accompanied by members of his family, and among the instruments used is a Sarangi, a carved wood

fiddle with three playing strings and thirty-six sympathetic strings.

The remaining pieces are love-songs and feature an Indian version of the bagpipes, known as Mashak. These songs exhibit the same grace and mastery that is evident throughout the album.

DAVID MONTGOMERY



THE TIME IS NEAR

Keef Hartley (Deram)

CHILD SONG

Henry Lowther (Deram)

Stop thinking in terms of "jazz". Stop thinking in terms of "rock". Most important of all, forget about "jazz-rock", and start thinking about Keef Hartley, Henry Lowther and Rock Workshop. These three albums draw on a common pool of musicians, but are as musically divergent as the personalities of the leaders themselves.

First, the Hartley band. Keef, the working man's drummer, no inspired lunatic like Baker or Moon, but a solid musician who's paid all the dues there are to pay, stuck firmly into his kit and his musicians, caring as much about his music as it is possible for any man to do. Now the third album, a far cry from the guitar-dominated blues of *Halfbreed* or the big band brass of *NW6*. At first hearing, it's very incongruous. What's happened? Has Keef taken acid, or has someone bought Miller Anderson the Paul Simon Song Book? The lyrics have changed from "Got right up though he was twice my size" to "I don't care if the colours don't blend/I won't force them 'cos they will in the end", which about sums up where the album, and Keef himself, are at right now. It could so easily have been pretentious, what with the heavy

imagery, (sunrise photo on the back, and in negative in the pretty booklet inside the sleeve), but it all *works*. All concerned, especially Miller, can be very proud of what's gone down here. The Lowther album is a perfect, sustained and complete album and at the moment it's my own personal favourite. It's the most peaceful, good-vibe music I've heard since the Third Ear Band, but has infinitely more depth and variety, and sounds completely different every time I hear it. Musically, the outstanding elements are Daryl Runswick's bass playing, (he and tenorist Tony Roberts are also on the Rock Workshop album), and Mike McNaught's electric piano work. Runswick is the most exploratory bassist I've encountered since Jack the Bruce, and as Lowther says, Mike McNaught is, "simply the only ELECTRIC pianist I know - all the others are steam pianists...."

Child Song.... Yes I think I'm going back....

CHARLES MURRAY



THE ANSWER

Pete Bardens (*Transatlantic*)
The Answer offers little of the talent I had hoped to hear from Peter Bardens, considering he has been a professional musician for over six years. (He offered some lovely organ pieces on the first Them L.P., besides playing with numerous 'names'.) I anticipated hearing a set of together material from such an accomplished player.

Somewhere along the line he has been misguided and taken an easy route. Pete has gotten some pseudo-sexy pics of himself, a good shot of hype, had some friends to come around the Studio and jam on a few simple progressions. The result being a poor solo album from an artist who could be a useful addition to any rock ensemble.

The problem is that Pete can't sing or write and hasn't much to say for himself as a producer. The musicians that appear with him are good enough - but then any half-wit can get a handful of session men and have them

work out for a quick product. There is no musical direction and it's quite obvious that there was no foundation for this album other than that Peter Bardens is a decent keyboard man. Big deal! There's good musicians in every corner of the city and I certainly wouldn't want to hear a solo disc from each one of them. Peter Bardens is a nice organist/pianist who has been side-tracked by making a record of his own.
DANNY HOLLOWAY



ABSOLUTELY LIVE

The Doors (*Elektra Super*)
I doubt whether the Doors will ever manage to live down their live show at the Roundhouse two years ago. At that time the group enjoyed a sizeable reputation, mainly on the strength of their first two albums. 'The End' and 'When The Music's Over' were about the first songs with any philosophical relevance that we'd heard and consequently Jim Morrison was something of a cult-hero. The absurd theatricals of the live 'Unknown Soldier' finished all that. The sight of Jim Morrison squirming on the floor for the TV cameras, and jiggling up and down in a pathetic attempt to get a hard on was just too sad. We had been hyped by a third-rate Mick Jagger whose main energies went into making 14 year olds wet their pants.

Despite their much-praised *Morrison Hotel* album and an efficient performance at the Isle of Wight, the Doors have still got a lot to live down. Their previous two albums were very poor indeed and the spate of obscenity charges against Jim Morrison has made it difficult to take anything he does at all seriously. Given the right amount of exposure, this excellent double L.P. could do the group's image a lot of good. Throughout, they stick to familiar material. On numbers like 'Alabama Whisky Song', 'Backdoor Man', 'Five To One', 'Soul Kitchen', 'Break On Through' and, of course, 'When the

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Music's Over', the Doors come across as a very tight and efficient rock-band. The majority of the instrumental work is excellent, especially Robbie Krieger's guitar although at times Ray Manzarek's organ playing lacks the edge that characterised his work on 'Light My Fire' and 'Strange Days'. Even Jim Morrison's voice - which was flat and off-key at the Roundhouse - comes across well since he now compensates for his lack of vocal range by careful phrasing.

The Doors have never taken many risks with their music, and on this set they stay well inside their capabilities. There is no solo of any length from guitar, organ or drums, whereas I would have liked the band to stretch out a little more. As it is, our attention is focussed on Jim Morrison who often gets a little tiresome. On 'When The Music's Over' he's up-tight because the crowd is making too much noise for him to launch into the "WE WANT THE WORLD AND WE WANT IT NOW!" sequence. His reaction is interesting: "SHUT UP! Like, is this any way to behave at a rock 'n roll concert? G'mon now, and give the singer some". It's hard to know why the editors left it in, unless Morrison thought it proved something.

The album contains plenty of exciting and powerful music and will raise a lot of people's low opinion of the group. Apart from 'The Celebration Of The Lizard', however, it contains little new material and gives no indication of any fresh direction they may be taking. Nothing they've done since has come near to matching the impact of their first two albums, and even they now sound strangely dated. So far Jim Morrison's only answer has been to wave his prick.

JIM TALBOT



WAR

Eric Burdon & War. (Polydor)

The expatriate is back, inevitably, armed with dubious tidings, songs of contradiction and a blatant hype-start to a long-awaited come-

back. Eric Burdon, the name rather than star who left English bulbs to tip-toe through West Coast blooms three years ago, has arrived back with the following message:-

"We the people, have declared war against the people, for the right to love each other."

If you can get behind that little goodie folks, you'll have no trouble in sussing out Mr. Burdon's apparent trip. Or has he (1) got a hot hit single in the charts (2) simultaneously released a heavily publicised L.P. (3) scored a valuable Hyde Park gig and (4) opened a two-week season at Ronnie Scott's Prestige Poolroom, just to con the establishment and raise bread for the Revolution?

If you saw this album in a record bar, and had never heard of Eric the B., it wouldn't turn you on if sleeve notes are any influence on your sound palette. It may seem to be trite to flash (lascratè) the cover, but in this case the cause is justifiable. The visual and verbal design (credited to the hero himself) reeks of super-hype, promises impact insides and delivers a well-constructed product. Unfortunately, the whole thing is what one might politely call a shame, because Burdon is a good singer and War, his six black one white multi-instrumental other half, are very competent and groovy musicians, full of everything needed for a popular and respected sound.

'Spill the Wine', their hit single and the best track on the album, is undoubtedly an example of good things to come, but it all stops there. The remaining eleven tracks, which include 'Tobacco Road' and 'Mother Earth', are dull, often lyrically pathetic and suffer a feeling of studio-clinic manufacture.

The strange thing is that when they appeared at Scotts, there was ovation all round, nice vibes and a far superior group than appears on this record. The album has been out in the States for 4 months and sales are high - then Burdon is a big name there and then again, what's in a name? Well-calculated P.R. After the first set at Scotts, (hardly a people's hang-out), the disruptive jarr came when the boys all gave the three-fingered war sign, currently vogue in the smart revolutionary set.

That's about where Eric Burdon is at, or certainly he gives that impression. The

pity is that his music doesn't make it enough to disqualify all the hype and vindicate those involved in the rip-off. Peace brother, but why the price?

STANISLAV DEMIDJUK



REMEDIES

Dr. John (The Night Tripper) (Atco)

Go out there and push this one baby, cram the racks with *Remedies*, build on the mystic swamp lust and fill the buyer's mind with images of southern salacity. Lots of shots of rip cajuns, make them dark, plenty of purple, splashes of yellow, let the words and pics really ooze.

You know, it's a damn shame we've got to take this line to make bread on Dr. John Luigi. There's nothing better than sitting down to a large plate of

antipasta and a few litres of your Mother's chianti with Dr. John playing that good-time music around us. Giovanni's right, a couple more soul-soakers like that and we'd never have left Sicily.

Side two is twenty minutes of Dr. John and his Rhythm King's, made for heads and/or Dr. John lovers, it's for those who like hisses and grunts and up-tempo jungles. But it's Side one that wriggles your toes, makes you smile, gorges the gonads, but doesn't put you flat on your back. Brilliant brass accents and trained and impromptu choruses appear disarmingly; this lets the rock buffs know that people can enjoy themselves on record and that Dr. John is not eating the hearts of live chickens every night.

In fact Dr. John has exorcised many of the man-grove overtones that first appeared on the *Night Tripper* album, and unfortunately over-extended on the second album *Babylon*. The beauty of 'Mama Roux' and 'Walk on Gilded Splinters' on *Night Tripper* is back on side one of *Remedies*. Dr. John is necessary.

T. R. ZELINKA



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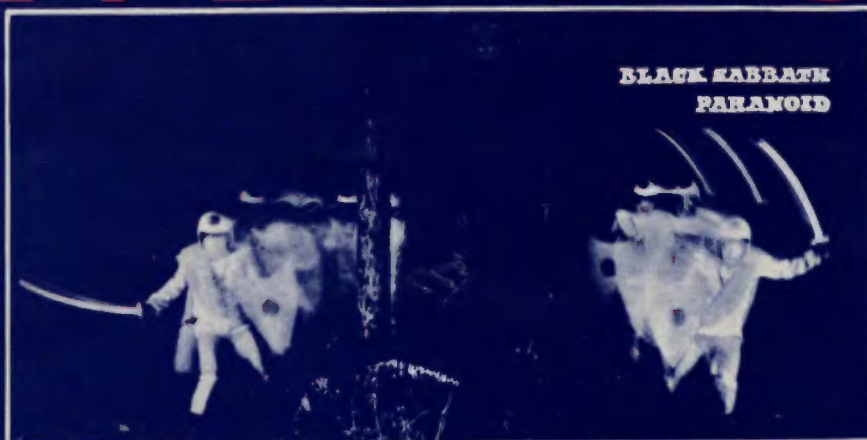
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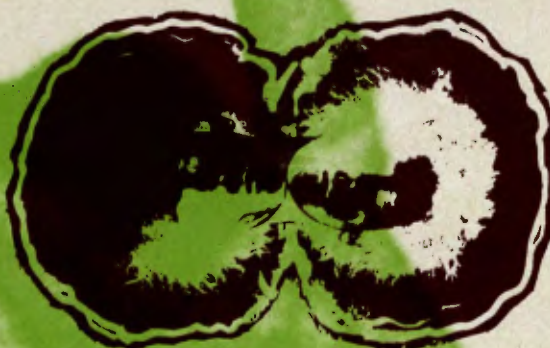
LOVE ROCK TRIBAL SCHLOCK

*Harmony and understanding
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No more falsehoods or derisions
Golden living dreams of visions
Mystic crystal revelations
And the mind's true liberation*

They sacked me from the "Amerikan love-rock musical" because the Company Manager suspected me of smoking a joint on the premises. I had indeed smoked many a joint on the premises, but on that particular occasion I wasn't.

However, he produced a roach from somewhere, showed it to Producer James Verner, and sacked me from my thirty quid a week groovy carefree fun job at the Shaftesbury to the hard world of six quid a week off the dole. What a relief! I realise that 'Hair' has been sneered at by a lot of people for a long time now, but never really having gone into the hard facts behind capitalism before, I always wondered why. I dug what the words to the songs said, I'd been to see the show when it first opened, and it got plenty across to me, so when they gave me a part, I really wanted to know.

The first shock I got was being told to look pissed in the scene where we're all supposed to be stoned. Then I heard about Pearl Connor. Pearl Connor is an agent who handles most of the black kids in 'Hair' (There are three productions in Britain at the moment, and a dozen or so others dotted about the world). She takes 15% of their wages for getting them the job, 10% if they don't sign with



HAIR

her. One of the chicks in the London show has paid her two thousand pounds since the show opened, and has got no other work.

*I am a coloured spade Anigra. A
black nigger a jungle bunny
boogaloo a coon a picanniny
Maumau Uncle Tom Aunt
Jemima Little Black Sambo
cotton picker fuzzy wuzzy junk
man shoe-shine boy—flat nosed
tap dancer resident of Harlem
and president of the united
states of love shit.*

Gloria Stewart was sacked because she made a statement to the press that she was offended by the Black and White Minstrel Show (see Spike, OZ 25). Verner expressed his disapproval of her statement, and a fortnight later, Gloria was out on her ear. Verner had

apparently previously been offered a top nob job with—guess who—yes the B.A.W.M.S., so this could be the reason for his uptight reaction I suppose.

'The Flag' scene, in which the piss was soundly taken out of the stars 'n stripes was cut recently because it 'wasn't working'. Probably one of the most politically significant scenes in the show, it used to upset the Amerikan tourists something rotten, so sometimes they'd walk out. Bad for business!

Terry was brought in to play "Woof" (the fifteen year old, peyote tripping ever high beautiful "corn is where the Indians are at" member of the Tribe). Three months later, they brought another boy in from the touring company, and one evening, young Terry was told he wasn't doing the part anymore. (15 mins before the show started, no reason given)

Terry joined the Tribe, but not for long. He was sacked, a week before I was, for smoking on the roof. They now refuse to acknowledge the new boy as "Woof" in the programme. He plays a lead role, but his contract says 'Tribe'. They could do to him what they did to Terry any time they liked. This is how Verner protects himself contractually, and it's a drag.

*I'm evolving
I'm evolving
Through the drugs
That you put down*

When one of the Tribe was elected Equity rep the Stage Manager at the

AN INJURY TO ONE AN INJURY TO ALL



time showed him half a dozen or so joint ends in an envelope, and told him to stay cool, because they were going to be used. At that time it was really nice weather, and some members of the Tribe would come into the theatre during the day and smoke in the sun on the roof.

O.K. so it's illegal and Verner claims that if the theatre was bust it would be closed down, but if he cared a fuck about what the show stood for, he'd never use drugs to get rid of people he no longer cared for. Anyway, the Shaftesbury has never been raided and two years ago when the show was much talked about, most of the kids were heads, but the fuzz didn't even seem curious about the possibility of dope on the premises. Why not, I wonder? Two years ago, people were still done quite heavily for possession of small amounts—they could have had a bean feast.

Lawfully speaking, the Company Manager should have called the fuzz when he suspected me of smoking, also when a hash cake was 'confiscated' from one of the Tribe some months ago, also when Terry was sacked, and in quite a number of other cases. After all, weren't the police called when a member of the Tribe was suspected of becoming violent and trying to biff the Stage Doorman?

Verner even suspected the Wardrobe Mistress of pushing, so he sacked her last week for 'inefficiency'.

Sodomy

Fellatio

Cunnilingus

Pederasty

Father, why do these nasty words sound so nasty?

Masturbation

can be fun

join the holy orgy Kama Sutra everyone.

'We were told to cut out the "embarrassing masturbation" on stage (something I dug most when I first saw the show was the casual wanking that went on) and this was replaced by well timed smutty sketches and one or two gyrating chicks well-positioned downstage (Verner owns the "Latin Quarter" wankers club).

There are many other instances that go to make 'Hair' the sick joke it is today. I'm not saying these things to get back at them for sacking me—they can stuff their thirty quid a week, but because having been personally involved in the hypocritical chaos, and having been pretty shocked by the way people are treated, and audiences are cheated, I feel I must make a protest. I don't need to invent nasty things about



the HAIR tribe

GARY AFLALO
JONATHAN BERGMAN
PAUL BURNS
ENA CABAYO
JIMMY CASSIDY
ETHEL COLEY
PAMELA DOUGLAS
ANDY FORRAY
BRETT FORREST
~~KATE GARRETT~~
DEE GARVIN
GARY HAMILTON
COLETTE KELLY
JUNIOR KERR
DIANE LANGTON
RORY MCDONALD
AMANDA MOORE
CHRISTOPHER NEIL
PETER NEWTON
MAXINE NIGHTINGALE
PAUL NICHOLAS
KATHY PRESTON
COLIN PROWELL
JOYCE RAE
SHERINE SAVAN
MIKE WADE
JOANNE WHITE
EDWIN VAN WYK

Alternative publications from outside the U.K. are invited to send us 2 or 4 pages of artwork for inclusion in OZ. This issue features pages prepared by Good Times newspaper of San Francisco and by the staff of Rags magazine, also of San Francisco and pages from Zurich's influential Hotcha. The surfing pages were prepared by a group of Australians originally from Surf International who are now launching their own magazine, Tracts. Design artwork same size as this OZ, include an overlay for second colour if desired, airfreight boards to us at 52 Princedale Road, London, W.11. You can even send manuscripts, graphics and a rough layout sheet—include an advertisement for yourself—it's free.

James Verner—sadly they are all for real. Ruthless bread heads like him are bad enough already, but hiding behind a show preaching peace and light he looks pretty gruesome.

I don't know too much about the guys who wrote the original script, James Rado and Gerry Ragni—in fact sometimes I wonder if they ever really existed, even their names sound like obscure anagrams. I gather they split back to the States after selling out to J.V., but the original lyrics and music exist, such songs as the 'Flesh Failures'.

*We starve, look at one another,
short of breath,
Walking proudly in our winter
coats
Wearing smells from laboratories
Facing a dying nation
Of moving paper fantasies
Listening for the new told lies
With supreme visions of lonely
tunes
Singing our space songs on a
spider web
Sitar
Life is around you and in you
And so for Timothy Leary
Deary
Let the sun shine
Let the sun shine in
The sun shine in.*

Half of the London cast sing that every night, and haven't the faintest idea who Timothy Leary might be. Anyway, the last thing I did on stage was stand naked singing "Beads flowers freedom happiness" and it's all left a slightly bitter taste in my mouth.

KATE GARRETT

Mike: This number is gonna put me out.

Judy: I mean there is no rhetoric to putting out a paper.

Harry: (passed out on the kitchen floor on Chevas Regal, starting to come to, rolls over onto the kittens that have huddled around him for warmth.)

Kitten: Meow!

H: Grr-mumble mutter.

J: You want some coffee now?

M: You wanna tell 'em what's happening in San Francisco, huh? Is there some way we can tell them by performing, rather than explaining?

Steve: Yeah. We have to understand how we feel our oppression.

H: How oppressed have we been, for Christ's sake? We've smoked all the dope we've wanted whenever we want to, we do what we want to, we put out the paper that we want to and say what we want to in it.

S: We got it made. What is the word, um, vicarious. You see, our oppression has been vicarious.

M: Yeah, well we had to drop out to get oppressed. Way I see it, long hair is to create oppression.

Beatrice: Then what do we drop out for?

M: To get oppressed. Because we couldn't stand being the boss.

J: Yeah, but even being the boss is really oppressed.

B: That's the Weathermen's trip.

H: Weathermen, that's kind of the upset rich person trying to rationalize their existence. The active members of Weathermen are the offspring of the ruling class.

S: They had everything America had to offer...

M: Right, they blew up some four-story townhouse in New York the chick was given by her father.

B: Actually, they were just using the house while their parents were in the Bahamas. They managed to blow up the family structure...

S: Like their parents weren't reactionaries or anything. Their parents were really turned on, and hip.

M: As much as you could be and own a townhouse in New York.

B: But they were living right in the heart of the oppressive system.

S: But to stay within the system; they were the cleverest, they had the best taste, they were as broadminded as possible, right to the limit. And their offspring figured the only thing they could do was blow the fucker up. Because they could see that reasonableness would never work.

M: The problem here living together. I mean I feel that's why Windcatcher's splitting, nobody's communicated with W for the last week.

S: Well, he's had the chance, and he doesn't...like I accused him of not being animated enough. I was trying to tell him, 'You motherfucker, it took everything I had to look and say, GOOD MORNING, WINDCATCHER!

Like I had to practice that line over in my

head a few times...

H: What do you think about Dave?

Phyllis: (to M) You were yelling at him about being bourgeois yesterday, weren't you?

M: Oh, that's why he said that. Today he said he was becoming less bourgeois.

P: Why?

M: Because he got rid of his Jaguar. He's got a cashier's check for two hundred and twenty-five dollars instead.

H: If he doesn't give a hundred and fifty of it to the paper, I mean he's really fucking off, isn't he?

J: I mean, it was free money, from Unemployment, wasn't it?

S: He only drove it about two days.

I'm glad he got rid of it, man I mean I felt pretty freaky driving up to that Black Panther funeral in it.

M: Except all those funeral hearses were Cadillacs

GOOD TIMES

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SAN FRANCISCO/CALIFORNIA 94115

GOOD MORNING WINDCATCHER

S: Say, you weren't here the other night when that cat Frank with the knife came in?

M: No, but I heard about it. That fucker was here the next day, as soon as we came in he split.

S: He sat down at the table and opens up this knife and he says, 'Hey! I learned something about rope. Hah-hah! Don't worry about it, though, I'm not gonna kill you or anything.'

H: Yeah, he comes in waving this rope, saying, 'I'm gonna hang ya.'

S: He whips out this knife about this long...

M: I really feel that just under the surface with that guy...

H: If you act worried, he'll really lay it on you.

M: He's like a vicious dog. As long as you're cool, he won't smell your fear and fang you.

J: He's sick!

H: Wow, that's good booze, y'know? (Chevas Regal)

J: You drank that whole bottle by yourself, you greedy thing.

H: Y'know, I used to drink a lot. J: I'm glad you don't drink anymore.

S: This environment, the chaos of this environment, there's like no direction to it, no shape--so you have to make your own.

J: Hack-cough! Crash-smash-cough-rack!

S: In order to do that you have to be pretty determined, and it has to be more than, say, I just have to be a pretty good writer. Because this isn't quite the environment for writing. When you go to a theater group, guerilla theater, they hand you a script, they give you lines, they tell you how to act.

P: But there's freedom.

H: But not all that much; you got to work with the group. You do it out of tradition, out of some kind of format.

P: but everybody gets to try to do his thing.

S: Cause man there's no form here at all, hardly, so people--new people that come in to this place--they think, well, the paper's been around a couple of years, so they come walking

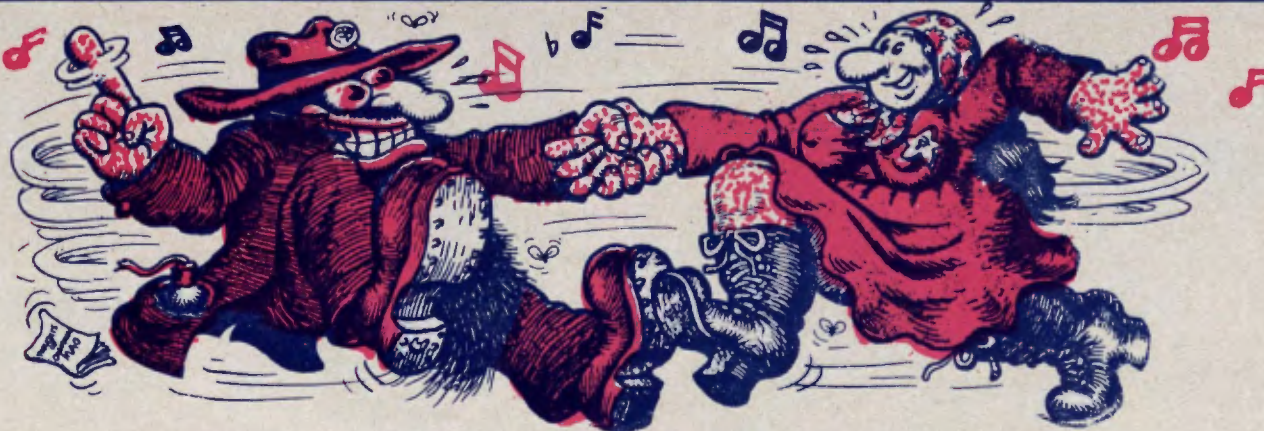
in here and they expect some kind of institution.

M: Right, with marble and machinery.

H: But it's a vacuum, they find a total psychic vacuum.

J: And they fall into the abyss..

It's really heavy magic, doing this kind of shit.



GOOD TIMES IN SAN FRANCISCO!

Dear Steve and all at Good Times,

Fine letter. About the commune and the paper. First, I should clarify my viewpoint. I've left the city at this time. It was like kicking some horrid speed drug. The city is the self, the suburbs are the static of neurosis that surround and confuse the modern self. Beyond that lies the country, which is to say nature that has not been covered with asphalt. Out here I've begun to relate to things, stars, lizards, my body, sunshine, wind, plants...nature. The rhythm of my life is more real.

Therefore I don't get as upset by city incidents as I once did.

So my comments about Good Times as a commune and a paper will be based on that mood.

Moreover, I've never lived in a commune. I have great respect for you, for all those who do, and I feel related to Good Times commune. I feel we are a part of it, but in fact we don't live there, we don't have to use the same kitchen, etc. So my comments about communes are like those of a friendly kibitzer really.

Specifically.

It's hard to get things done with a lot of people around. You mention that. Yes, it is. That's one big problem with communes, I should think. If an individual has a project he wants to carry through, a commune is a poor place to be. However, if he can work with others on a common project, it's the only place.

The revolution we are involved in is an intensely practical and real thing. We have to learn how to live together. That is our first task. Even if we don't Accomplish anything. This planet cannot contain individualism. We've reached a historical stage as no doubt beings on many other planets have reached in which we can no longer think separately. This is because of population sort of, but mainly because of technology.

This fact is not generally recognized. It collides with vast established interests. Namely, the Pig Culture we grew up in and are still surrounded by. Their solution, to total communication is fascism. Our solution is freedom. This puts us at odds. Therefore, while our first task is to live together, we must also struggle to get rid of the Pig culture and defend ourselves.

In such a time, everything seems black and white in a sense. Very simple. Us versus them. Get a gun and kill them. The people who are noticed now are the violent ones, the ones who are waging simple straight forward kinds of struggle.

This leaves the rest of us feeling kind of shitty. Because our world is not black and white. I want to destroy pig culture, but I don't want to kill pigs. I believe killing is wrong. Guns are basically for killing, therefore I have nothing to do with guns. Maybe someday, but not now. It wouldn't be honest for me to do a gun thing now. And if I am not honest I am not free, and if I'm not free, I'm no good to anybody.

OK, so I'm not into violent acts. But I can't stand back and do nothing. I can't just read about it in a paper. But I can write, so I write for one. An underground paper. Good Times. Now in doing this, I don't function as an individual. Well I kind of do and kind of don't. But my work appears with others. It's a collective thing. Together and separately we experience our lives and when we lay down our raps and our pictures and our designs and it's all molded together each week and comes out as a paper. It is a communal act. Therefore when you first moved into a house and then drifted into communality, it was quite logical and right.

It's an organic process like the rain and the tides. We take in vibes and radiate them out. I figure most

people at and around GT are quite conscious of this, hence all the emphasis on holiness. Well, you must realize we can't have it both ways. At a time when shooting gets all the headlines, being gentle looks like inaction. But it isn't. I have made a lot of criticisms of the paper, slowness, overwriting, too much this, too little that. But I don't really feel that a definite fixed editorial policy can be worked out. Things have to be allowed to take their course. It seems to me that this is happening.

I can see a lot of reasons why living in SF in that house putting out Good Times with all those people zooming in and out could get to be a real drag sometimes. When it gets too heavy, leave for a while. But I think basically the way you are doing that paper is the only way, and it's working. We must be patient. We are not going to have much obvious effect on The Revolution for a long while. Our function is to stay in the background and turn on the left. You know history. There's a revolution, the power structure collapses, then the poets and heroes come forth for a year or so, then the crops fail, then the poets evaporate and the Stalinists take over. We don't want that to happen. Therefore, for example, your continuing dialogue with Women's Lib is extremely important because the groundwork for a liberated left must be laid now. When the revolution succeeds, if the leaders aren't free, it will be too late then to start freeing them.

There is an equation for revolution that is becoming increasingly clear. However, our part in it is not clear. Be patient. Relax. Try not to worry. You're doing a great job.

You write: "Division of labor seems to be the answer." No. Not really. Specialization is one of the great evils of Pig Culture. It allows people to concentrate their efforts and this has led to great technological advance, but also to spiritual and human disintegration. We must approach things totally. Total approach is full of confusion and imprecision. We must keep at it. We are like stones that have recently fallen into the river. Rather than leave the river, we must stay there until we are round and smooth. Even if it takes us a million years. Our lives are beautiful. But they don't count for much in the vastness. We on this planet are on the verge of being able to travel to other planets and to other solar systems, and yet we can't live together. We must not be allowed off this planet until we learn not to pollute the universe. Obviously other beings exist, other higher beings, higher in the sense that they can devise the means to travel to other worlds than their own. Before we join those beings, we must learn to co-exist. Good Times is an instance of co-existence. People come in and rap, sure. That's your news source. That's what you learn from. And probably what you tell them in person is just as important as what they read in our paper. Communication is total. Avoid division of labor. The oppression of women is only one tiny instance of the evil of division of labor.

"We've got to make this weekly as exciting as the morning Chronicle." Oh yes, I've said that before myself. But up here I've got a little perspective. We used to subscribe to the Chron, and it impressed me. Each morning it would arrive on our doorstep and bug us at the beginning of our day. Up here we only read it once or twice a week and always in the afternoon. When you read a morning daily in the afternoon, it's already out of date. It's become merely entertaining, like a comic strip. I notice the following: the Chron is only good twice a week, on Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday, two of those days at the most, and often only one. On Monday there's no

news on the teletype and everybody is hungover so the paper is all transition. Tuesday or Wednesday the week's lead block of stories happen. There are only four or five stories in a week, the rest all arrange themselves around it, a few dope busts, Agnew says, women's news, latest trials, trouble in Kashmir...Friday everybody's thinking about the weekend and so the Chron loses energy. Saturday's paper is put together by the cleaning ladies.

So with all their time, personnel, experience and money, the Chron puts together a nice neat package of news once or twice a week. They have some good columnists like Stanton Delaplane and Herb Caen, people who have written the same column for thirty years. That's what good means in the straight world, the ability to do the same thing with no change, no up and no down. Herb Caen has assistants who write at least half his columns. Sure he does a good job. So does Ed Sullivan.

In the news, they have good clean coverage. The editors are professional and the reporters are competent. If we could afford to hire people to be available to go to key events, we could get good daily reporting too. Tim Findley is a fine reporter. But we should be happy about that, not competitive, we're lucky he writes in the Chron because any good work in mass media is pro-revolutionary at least in a small way. But in a vaster sense, dig our coverage: Colin Campbell from Georgia reporting stories that were never told before.

You don't like it that people seem to be just getting by. Well, maybe you're right, but maybe partly you're hungup in straight masculine values of Work. Pig culture says that life should be oriented around work. Produce! But now pig culture has solved the basic problems of production. If only we can learn to relate, we can have all the Things we need and want. Pig culture solved that. Thanks, pig culture. But now we have to solve Pig Culture. We have to turn everything around. Work should be oriented to life rather than the other way around. People should drop into Good Times, hang out, rap, bother you... and out of that each week you should put out a paper.

But that's what you do. You've arrived. Dig it. Be proud of it. Let it grow. Help it grow. Don't fight. Abbie Hoffman says that the Tribe is the best underground paper if by underground you mean activities that culminate in People's Park and Chicago. But that's not what I mean by Underground. We'll fight when we have to, but I believe in life and love as my goal, not fighting. We have to fight because we're sick. Our whole culture is sick and we're part of it. But we don't have to Achieve Work Goals, all we have to do is keep going. Your struggle on the paper should be to remove obstacles, to get more relaxed, not to impose structure. Let the pigs worry about structure.

It takes so long to learn the truth and yet the truth is so simple. All the talk about media is jive. Tell the truth. That's all we have to do. Let life wash over us and then tell the truth. That's our action, that's our weapon. And we are doing it the right way, as a collective act, a statement by many people, many statements, a collage. People come and lay their hands on us and then we put out a newspaper full of fingerprints. It's all happening. Have faith. Dig it. The first earth beings to reach Andromeda will start handing out free good times immediately upon arrival. Power to the People.

All those people who come into your house and waste your time. Those are The People. So are we. Power to everybody.

love, SANDY

Dear OZ,

I was sickened enough to remain at the IOW "Festival" for only a few hours on the Sunday, but during this short stay I was lucky enough to get two FREEPRESS handouts (6 & 7) for which all concerned deserve full praise. On reading these handouts later I find a number of opposed views being expressed by the various groups of people who (presumably) had free access to your facilities. The White Panthers statement, issued in F.P.6 and bearing Mick Farren's name, strikes me as odd. I follow his points sympathetically until the last paragraph which says, quote "There can be no dialogue until the basic problem of the evaluation of capital against humanity has been resolved. In these terms we find ourselves with the Pink Fairies as a symbol of gross humanity, and Fiery Creations as the contrary symbol of gross capital." On buying a copy of Melody Maker the following Thursday, I find the Pink Fairies, that "symbol of gross humanity," are booked to play in our local Top Rank Suite as part of an experimental tour to find out if it's worthwhile for Top Rank, a permanent "symbol of gross capital" if ever there was one, to cash in on "underground" music in much the same way as they successfully run the local Bingo Hall.

The Reading Top Rank have already banned undesirables like Skin-heads, Angels (and no doubt White Panthers if any ever turn up) and people who don't wear ties, and I'm sure if the manager were told the Fairies represent "rock and roll as an energy source" . . . used to move and unite people" he might ban everyone.

I know of course that Mick Farren is far more likely than most performers to live up to the statement "rock's only function as a commodity is as a source of funds for the deprived" but even he is forced to compromise. If the IOW festival hadn't attracted Fiery Creations by its lure of gross capital, then Joan Baez wouldn't have been able to use her fee as a source of funds for the deprived any more than the Pink Fairies. Perhaps a wiser course of action than letting people gate-crash free, is to enforce security for the promoter in return for a percentage of the take. Don't destroy the festival as a source of income and energy, encourage it in return for redistribution of that income.

There was a plea in F.P.7 "remember Altamont. Don't let's have another one here." Now as far as I'm aware Altamont was distinguished by a Hell's Angels riot, which resulted in a murder, and whoever saw fit to add this plea in the handout must have

had some reaction against such an occurrence. But the people who needed to be cooled off weren't those of us queuing for 3 hours for a bus back to comfort, but the Angels who I saw plunging into the crowds on Desolation Hill stealing people's food and drinks, and who barged through the bus queue on bikes. The Angels may be useful to use as troops for the radical cause, but I've yet to see them act with any other motivation other than that of showing their superiority of sheer physical power and force. I fear they may help the destruction of the old order only to ensure the destruction of attempts to create a new one. The apparent lack of tactics involved in the "symbolic" attacks on the fence disappointed me too, and only persuaded me further that all the majority of attackers were out for was a good punch up and a chance to injure a few symbols of authority. Or maybe I'm at fault here as I tend to see the police and security men as people, as fathers and as husbands, rather than as inhuman puppets, so I'd rather outwit them than break their skulls. It's often the case that groups of different beliefs and attitudes protect their exclusiveness with no other aim than preventing their convictions being weakened by human contacts which are disarming in most cases.

I've no doubt that, if the inhabitants of the straw "houses" against the fence had surrendered them to feed an enormous diversionary blaze, determined groups around the perimeter could easily have ripped off half the fencing.

Certainly what I saw I didn't like much, and that includes everyone active on both sides of the fences. Staggerlee, Reading, Berks

Dear OZ,

This is an appeal for some one to help me. Unfortunately, when I was young I made a fucking BIG mistake. I joined the services. (Please forgive me.) This is *not* my scene, so I'm going to cut it to bits. The thing is, I've got no place to go. Maybe some of your readers will be able to help me, i.e. harbour me until the heat cools. If some one would like to give me a break so that I can rid myself of this bastard life my address is (here we go):

Marine Ted Perkins,
"Corps Float Team"
C/O R.M.B. Eastney,
Portsmouth, Hants
EEEEEEEEEEYUK!
I'm going to split in September so
PLEASE some one contact me soon.

Dear OZ,

Why does the Women's Liberation movement put so much emphasis on the struggle AGAINST men? Don't they realise that most men are just as pissed off about things as they are? Most men want out, not in. If the women's role has been defined for her, no less has the man's. Most men are not one iota freer than their wives. They do a degrading job in humiliating circumstances. They are not expected to have emotions. They are required to know their place and be ambitious at the same time. They have been brainwashed to accept that to "be a man" means always to act like a stupid, small-minded, selfish, reactionary, vicious, insensitive, unthinking, unimaginative, mediocre slob. Most men would dearly love to abandon the whole T.E. Lawrence/John Wayne masculinity bit but unfortunately, the damage is done before they leave school—those processing plants for manufacturing conformist morons out of trainee men. (See OZ School kids issue.)

Most men, even (or especially) the most vicious, selfish, aggressive, cretinous, desperate, frightened, guilt-ridden, white-shirted, Burton-sdited, pipe-smoking little jerk is sick to the bloody back teeth with being a victim of the system. They want to get out of the whole miserable, repressive, frustrating round of obligation, mortgage, debt, pressure, work, guilt, hate at bleeding cetera, and they are tied to it hand, foot, mouth and cock from the first day at school until their life's work comes to its true fruition and the life insurance is measured out as the index of conformist misery.

So, ladies, you may be sick of motherhood, housework, bras and 'Playboy', but where was your husband when you were marching down 5th Ave? He was at work and hating it because the pressures on him to conform won't even allow him to go to the bog without permission, let alone take a day out for a demo.

No revolution ever succeeded by attacking other victims. The women's revolution is doomed to failure if it does not get the support of the male victims. Certainly it is doomed if it is limited to making men wash the dishes and look after the children. Men must be made aware that the real issue is not 'Equality with men to serve Capitalism.' The real issue is 'Total, Complete, Utter Freedom for Every single Human Being'. Love and peace to the whole World.
Chris Payne
172, Goldthorn Hill,
Penn, Wolverhampton.

Dear OZ,

Any of you ever been to a 'Speech Day' of the really public school type? If you haven't been, you're lucky.

I go to an ex-public school in Bridlington, Yorks. Before Speech Day everyone was threatened with expulsion if their hair was not the 'required' length. Some greasy ones got away with longer hair than was wanted. Others who had shorter hair but weren't greasy got expelled. One was expelled a day before the 'big' day—think what bad references he'd get.

The 'Head' and Guvness of the school are real ultra-conservatives. They got this guy, vicar, rector or something to speak. Everyone liked him (except a few who knew who he was and what he was about). The 'Head' was furious at him—he spoke out against a lot of what the 'Head' was about—you could see the tension. This rector spoke against religious instruction and public schools and who the prizes should be given to. (The Head chooses the prize-winners) This was really bad: why should he consent to give out prizes if he did not like who he was goin' to give them to!

After the ceremony I found out he was the guy who was getting the cops onto the freaks and exposing the pushers as much as he could: that just about destroyed all hope in me that someone in the 'older generation' of this area had any intention of reform or showing slightly leftwing views. When others found out their reaction was about the same.
Steph.
Yorks.

Hips,

It is a very in thing to put down the States right now, which is how it ought to be as theres a lot of lousey-action over there. But one thing the yanks have got is a much better rock scene than us, not just better music but the whole scene is better than ours. Over here rock and roll has been cut up like a pie into nice little pieces. Rock music is divided therefore youth is divided while in the States it's all classed as rock and roll so you have just the people that dig rock and the straights. It was like that here in the fifties only then the straights were called squares.

You take our scene, we're a little rock band that try and tell it like it was, we don't send it up we like it to much to do that, and we've just cut a record "The Spirit Of Woodstock".

Dear OZ,

I bought a copy of the "School Kids Issue" in London and read the letter about the skinheads wanting the same goal as us so called "long haired intellectuals". The night after we went to a disco and the skin-head bastards proceeded to beat the fuck out of five of my long haired friends and I.

To clinch it the bouncers threw us out for causing trouble.

Yours painfully
E Grindle

27 Priorswell Rd
Workshop
Notts.

Dear OZ,

I have just bought your School Kids Issue and was surprised to find in the article "Return of King Kong" a report of the visit made by "Guerrillas" to my school—St. Marylebone Grammer School. If the object of the play was to create a stir and a brawl it succeeded but gained nothing except for further lack of communication between the boys and the teachers. However if the object of the play was to promote intelligent discussion on the

idiocies of the school system it failed abysmally.

However difficult it is to face, the fact remains that the only way in which the "Guerrillas" can get their voice heard is by conforming, by arranging a specific date and time when they can produce their play in front of boys prepared to listen and observe (rather than just laugh at the expense of the player).

If the Guerrillas would like to perform their play again—which I

hope they will—they can either arrange it direct via the headmaster or through me. (If the head refuses, incidentally, I will create a big fuss).

I would also like to deny the report in the school kids issue that the boys were caned for not praying in assembly. It is entirely fake. Suffice it to say that the boy from whom this information was gleaned is a first rate lunatic.

Yours sincerely
Clive Graham

5 Vale Close
Maida Vale,
London W9

Now we got action, the rockers tell us we sold out and the hips think we're a hype. They can't understand that while we're not into the "Woodstock Nation" thing we think that's just a nice dream, we dig Woodstock for what it was, just all kinds of people digging all kinds of rock and roll. If only we could get this kind of thing going over here we might just be able to get it together and be able to forget the tags freaks/rockers/skins etc.etc. Hope we make it, "SHAKIN'STEVENS AND THE SUNSETS".
51, Queens Rd, Penarth, Glamorgan, S.Wales.

Dear OZ,

Recent developments in Holland Park have led us to consider the possibilities of candidates for the local council on lines similar to the Kabouters, i.e. anti-party politics (left, right or revolutionary) and with a view to running the local community for non-materialist purposes. The Borough of Kensington & Chelsea is ripe for this kind of action as the three wards with large concentrations of long-hairs and other minority groups are represented in their entirety by Conservative councils. This is clearly unrepresentative. We should like to hear from anyone interested, just to see if it is a viable proposition. The next elections are in May but you must be registered in October if you wish to vote, so please encourage all your friends to fill in the forms which will be coming round from the Town Clerk. You do not have to vote when the time comes so there is no harm in registering now.
D.R. PEDLEY
42a Penwern Road
Earl's Court.

Dear OZ,

Can I give 4 tips to anyone not doing anything.
(1) Play Pink Floyd at 10pm if you want to hear something good.
(2) Keep away from paint removers, "Certex" Wig cleaning fluid etc.
(3) Be nice to your Mum and Dad.
(4) Stop shaving and see what happens.
Try and love everyone, please.
Dave Shaw
9a Columbine Rd
Strood, Kent.

Dear OZ,

I smile at strangers in the street, I spread good cheer, I show round copies of School Kids issue, what more can I do? Folks don't react—the revolution just isn't—and never will be. Some faces simply can't accept the change—unless it's gradual—and that's evolution. Anyway there will still be folks who can't take it—who don't even think much of happiness and peace. This will always be the case. Perhaps these people are better off as they are, seeking their solutions in popular techniques of social action. To quote Eric Berne, this may mean there is no hope for the human race, but there is hope for individual members of it. Shame isn't it? However, I'll go on breathing, seeing, hearing, feeling, warm, excited, relaxed at all the same time, and I won't have time to care—it doesn't really matter—does it?
Replies please
love
Peter Robert Baker
179 Station Road
Balsall Common
Coventry

Dear OZ,

Just what kind of a scene are you on? Your articles are all well written, some of the illustrations are beautiful, but why use so much sick material?
I don't buy OZ very often because I haven't the bread, but each time I do I'm always stupid enough to hope that you've changed and that I'll be getting something clever, clean & turned on for my money. But no, every issue I buy is more or less the same as the others—filthy cruel, and so, so sick.
Honestly, if in reality over 40,000 cats bought OZ last issue, (over 45,000—ed) then the so-called hip scene looks pretty fucked up. I thought we wanted to be free, natural & happy, but you're making us seem fanatical, drug-crazed sadistic bastards. No wonder society persecutes the minority and refuses to give us the freedom we ask for. I think you'd do better to direct OZ to straight society. It's hard and intolerant enough to appeal to them.
By the way is Lee still around? (See Beautiful freak OZ) A couple of months ago we had a seance and we kept getting some guy who said he was the Wiz of OZ. He said he was living up Portobello Rd which was the last place we saw Lee. He said not to go to Hyde Park because it was so plastic and uncool, but to drop some acid instead. Anyhow, if he is still alive I hope he's not quite so fucked

up as he was 8-9 months ago. Best wishes to him.

Anyway, to get back to what I'm writing about. Please, please turn OZ on.
Hopefully,
Anne
Reading, Berks.

dearly beloved freaks,

I very desperately want people who care about me to write to me, people who think or feel or just are like me, people who immediately respond to strangers, who are utterly incredible freaks, who really understand nothing, not even and in particular not themselves, people who are just into grooving on life and anything pleasurable it brings them, who live for sensual experience, who are ready for anything as long as it hurts no one and feels good, people who are absolutely and in total, FREE and who are never going to look back.
I am a total freak, I live alone in the country but am going to move to a commune in Vermont in the mountain wilderness very soon with lots of other freaks. I dig blue as in turquoises and brown velvet, white roses, anemones, peonies and bare brown winter branches in crystal vases, to stand on a hill covered with long dried grasses and feel the wind blow in my face, to share secret smiles with friends and lovers and to cavort like totally mind-blown, freaked out children in public places to the outrage and puzzlement of straights, sitting before an open fireplace, blazing on a cold night with one two or more friend/lovers and be the last people on earth and gods and goddesses and free to live in any way we want and flow with the tide to form the sea, to just be with others, not talking just grooving on existing and existing together. If I believed in reincarnation, I would believe that at one time I was an incredibly decadent Roman aristocrat, Louis XIV, an Indian brave, a French whore painted by Toulouse-Lautrec, and my present incarnation, on the way to dying at the age of 25, totally burned out and having experienced everything.
I love anyone who's eyes I can look deeply into and find it. I am polysexual and individual.
I would like to know you if you would like to know me. Please write to me at this address. I will get every letter and reply to all which have the magic.
Love peace happiness above all freedom,
Josaf-Donel Robbins
Route 4, Box 364
Thomasville, N.C. 27360
U.S.A.

Dear Editor, Love and blessings to you all.

We are asking your cooperation by publishing this letter and ask other U/D publications to copy. Angriji Dudaji
His Holiness Shri Sadguru Mahendra the avadhoot of "The Hermitage of the Immortals", Akadami Road, Mehmabad, (Gujarat), India, has left his Himalayan retreat and now permanently resides at above address. It is the Mahatma's intention that the hermitage will be a focal point for the study of all esoteric wisdom, the supreme path and occult sciences which lead to the higher investigation. As part of this work, the Mahatma plans a visit to the U.K. His Holiness, is the last surviving Guru of the Adi-nath cult of naked sunnkasins. Although he lives naked in his hermitage and its magic garden, he does not go completely naked in public or travelling. For such purposes he wears the guru coloured robe of his order. His greatest interest is in broadminded drop-outs whom desire to establish a system and tradition whereby their renunciation of the establishment and "civilisation" can develop into a natural and permanent way of life.

It may be necessary to explain that the Mahatma Mahendranath, as Adi Nath Guru is regarded throughout India as one of its great realised souls. The cult Adi-Guru is the naked saint of the udanishads—The Lord Dattatreya, the supreme drop-out of the eastern world of more than 7000 years ago. Bhagavan Dattatreya, Avatar of Shri Maheshwara (Shiva) is still worshipped by millions in India as a God though his teachings remain understood only by the few.

The Mahatma has also taken initiations under gurus as, a tibetan lama, a tantric kulachara, a priest of Taoism, as a Theravada Bhikkhu (Ceylon) and as a Soto-zen Bikshu. In Malaya he was initiated as a Ch'an Bhikshu and was a meditation master in Penang for more than a year. Now, in India, he feels that he has found the ideal location for his work which is so much better expressed in the broadminded paganism of India.

The Mahatma hopes that when he visits U.K. it may be possible to establish an Adi Nath cult of naked ascetics and a suitable pad. He would like contact with those who may be able to assist him during his visit and information of accomodation and pads where his nakedness will not be frowned on. The Mahatma sends love and blessings to all and his basic teaching—one God,—one world, one people.
Angriji Dudaji
Will others please copy.

Dear OZ,

How droll is Charles Shaar Murray in his review of OZ Head Books. (OZ 28)

Does he not realise that if books are 'nicked' instead of being paid for, the friendly neighbourhood Paperback Parade will cease to exist?

So how will you sell your fucking magazine then?

Love
Terry Eaton

Peters Paperbacks
234A Old Christchurch Rd
Bournemouth
BH1 1PE

Dear OZ,

We just wanted you to know that we really dig your Acid OZ cover. In one night it was used for snorting Mescaline and THC off, rolling numerous joints with good Red Leb and later dealing hash (Kabul) on.

Also really got into the cover and whole issue. An evening not to be forgotten.

S.S.

Dear Friends at OZ, Herewith my thing on Switzerland. Please brush up my English where it is needed. I hope it's helpful (lotsa work) and also enclosed material. Free use also for book but please mention Name & Editor. it'll be in advance from Hotcha. When printed please

Commi have a bunch of it.

O.K.
all the
best.
Keep
commis

HOTCHA!

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Wir sind nicht verantwortlich für alles
was nicht gedruckt ist. Wir geben Zei-
chen, international, lokal & individuell

Fun Embryo Informati

Notes from a nice, pretty, clean, dwarfish, banking country in the Continental mountains of western Europe, a so-called 'democratic' & 'neutral' diminutive spot on the global map: clean Switzerland, we try to clean from his nasty gnome-thoughts.

I suppose you know about Swiss mountains, cheese, watches, money, quality, tourism & so on, but you probably never heard about poverty, hypocrisy, the foreign labour problem, the growing tribal u-scene, drugs, repression, repressive education in institutions, the housing problems, ridiculous TV & radio, riots, that you're very controlled (brain-police) etc. in Switzerland. In the 'big' cities, Swiss people are involved in an European variety of the 'American way of life' & we all hope that we'll not end up in the same shit as the States...

In '68 we had in Zurich (biggest city, former exile-place of Lenin, Buchner, many revolutionaries and artists during world-wars, birth-place of Dada and still a groovy city) riots provoked by the police after pop-concerts, and a specially terrifying street-fight after a peaceful demonstration for an-autonomous youth-centre (since years promised by the government, but never realized). Our pigs made a real massacre, kicking cunts, violent cutting of long hair (just the same thing Swisspigs American idol does) ... now the about 40 identified demonstrators (of several thousands) are accused for conspiracy and violence against authorities (it only was unorganised necessary self-defence). Strange: only one pig (they do not wear identity-number!) was accused by a beaten reporter and got 2 weeks on probation. The article about that in *IT* and *Playpower* is only partly true, because the informers were only the 'young-left' people, who made at that time lots of very dangerous and stupid things (tried to use Hell's Angels as gun-food etc.) and finally got lost in endless administration-talks instead of developing their phantasy for acting (the idea to make a Swisswide circulated free information-paper was ours, the lefties were even against it, but had to discover that it was the only way to win back the sympathy of the population).

Das Oelbild "Silène" & der Text von Georges Mathieu entstanden 1964; das Interview wurde 1965 in Zürich aufgenommen - wir drucken es mit freundlicher Genehmigung von Dr.F.Bille-ter.

After these events, most people realized for the first time that Swiss establishment press lies: TV interrupted a live-interview with our fascist pigboss (when he contradicted himself at a very important point) and turned the talk into another direction ... Another goodie: since those events, the Zurich police lost many policemen, specially younger ones and it's very nearly impossible to recruit new ones ... those who stayed in the corps try to be as friendly as possible (most of 'em).

Last winter (68/69) two bombs exploded in 'quiet' Zurich, one at the police-headquarters and two weeks later another one at the city-hall door. Both times: much material destroyed, nobody blessed, a handwritten note telling naively "the anarchist group XY did it"—deposed *hear* the explosion and suggestions that a long-haired boy has probably been seen around just before it happened ... well, it was a too welcome possibility for the government, narc-bureau, brain-police etc. to bust almost every nearly long-haired, lots of artists, writers, new lefties, Hell's Angels and after all they could make 'legal' search at every place or home they were interested in ...

So, we all survived the following paranoia (watched telephones; when you went out your house two undercover cops in your back etc.) and learned much about the enemy of men ... in Switzerland we're very controlled and if one is not damned clever, they know about every fuckin' move one makes or did or will do (well, WE ARE that damned clever).

Switzerland is divided in 22 parts called "Kanton". Almost every kanton has its own laws beside the federal law, so in several kantons for example, you're not allowed to live man and woman together unmarried (we do it anyway), in others you are; some kantons have a law against 'outsiders'—you have to do a regular job, regular housing and enough money, otherwise you can go to jail or 'working and education-camp'.

The newest bad joke Switzerland is developing is IMP—an armed police-motorcycle-gang who can move everywhere where 'something happens' and can freely act without taking care to kanton-laws! Let 'em make their 'Tour de Suisse' forever ...

Also in winter 68/69 Zurich's Narcs released a poster (produced at the art-school!) against drugs (in

Things to do
TODAY!

DIG



**DEPRESS
LIVE**

Hab mir Erbarmen, Wolke
lass andre ihre Witze wetzen -
voll schwarzen Lachens bin ich schon.



aware of the fact that a "consciousness-expanding" (mind-expanding?) (r)evolution has to happen in every direction concerning men's life. Well, they discovered sex, drugs, communal living, but are only politically talking about and not living it, what leaves 'em frustrated after all. They haven't any idea about how to talk to and understand a worker for example. We all wouldn't like to live under a government directed by the young left in Switzerland (= same old bullshit as during the whole history). But there are still hopes that they'll learn a lot in the near future... they have to develop or we'll soon forget about the plastic left revolution shit. Students over here are generally still a few years behind what's going on.

Other typical Swiss goodies: Swiss Red Cross helped in Biafra with food, medicaments etc.—Swiss arms factory Bührle sold canons (once ordered but not bought because of the end of war by nazicat Hitler) and guns to Nigeria... Switzerland stops diplomats from Vietnam at the frontier, does not accept the independent Vietnam, but invites General Shirmoreland, shows to him Swiss military works, talks with him about his strategies in Vietnam war, gives splendid dinners for his honour etc.—this is what the Swiss neutrality like... Many many Italian and Spanish people are working in Switzerland (they do most of the "hard" or "dirty" work). Most Swiss people, specially workers, don't like 'em and in a way they are treated like the black people in US.

So, we don't like to tell you too much on all that miserable stuff—we'd only like to clear the "image" of Switzerland other countries still have (I suppose). You know, it looks alike in the whole western world (and eastern Europe!). There are also many beautiful things to talk about. My report is probably subjective, but the facts are true and we prefer a subjective truth to an objective lie. I'm writing this in the wildest and grooviest part of the Swiss mountains and woods, where we got together with our friend Nicolas Devil (one of our tribe, coming originally from Paris, who's just back from a long trip New York—New Mexico—London—Moroc) and we worked out a few important ideas comparing USA to Europe. I'll come down to that later, hopefully.

Besides all those ugly things our country has other aspects too. Generally, once you talk to people, they're friendly and helpful and try to understand. You may find nice people in the mountains and countryside if you're lucky, Zurich & Basel are pretty tolerant cities. The landscape is very exciting and contrasting, and the attitudes of people change from kanton to kanton (different origin, different



Hocha!

is small, but may be very exciting, and because it's a small country, the "movement" is small too—but has a few very advanced heads you rarely find elsewhere on the continent. For many people the Hotchal-Tribe is a "mystery" because you'll never find out exactly how many we are and where and how we all live (sometimes we don't even know ourselves). We don't like too much publicity, we're NOT "organized", we don't have any rules and it works beautifully since a long long time. We have what I'd call a "tribal structure": we are 20 to 50 people (families with kids, couples and singles) living together, many among us since 5 to 10 years. We're used to helping one another and sharing almost everything in a very open, self-evident, and natural way. Open houses. Sometimes we live together at the same place, sometimes a part of the tribe lives as commune in the same house, farm or flat—sometimes because we like it that way, sometimes because of the housing-problem—but generally most of us like (or would like) to live not more than 4-5 people (even less) in one apartment, so that everyone has the possibility to go back to himself from time to time.

Our exchange and communication works very neatly in a real circuit of visiting one another, travel together, work together & gatherings. Many of us are very creative, specially in the arts—but we strictly do not compromise about our "total assault on culture"; we all refuse to be part of the official Swiss culture (so we won't end up in "fashion" like many Londoners it seems do), we don't need or want 'em blessings, so we do not make much money out of it for living. But we always manage somehow. Future plans are to get the shit together to have enough land for ourselves and others to live close to earth and out of it, and also to build up public creative centres 'n' cheap living places in the city (buildings needed). Like it or not, lefties, we're individualists. Besides our personal lives we're giving signs through our paper HOTCHA!, sort of alternative press, member of UPS and COSMIC. I'm currently hassled for having published a Swiss-German translation of Lenore Kandel's Love Book. Fun Embryo is rising. Cornegidouillezap! Electric Aiming Love.

the Hotchal-Tribe

Und Bitte, entschuldigen Sie das Papier, wenn es nicht eine unverschämte Förderung ist, könnte ich eine echte Photo oder Auto oder sonst Gramm haben

Living Theatre in Zurich and felt that it finally was time to start a paper. Four days later the first issue was born (March 68) without any help or moneyshit. Since then it comes out about 20 times a year. I, we, Hotchal turned on many people over here and in Germany and helped start a lot of other activities, like other German and Swiss u-papers, a medical-aid-service and particularly (together with Sergius Golowin, specialist on gypsies, fairy tales, alchemy, Tarot etc) the Swiss critical underground university (K.U.S.S.), located in Bern and Basel, sometimes travelling—where, as a sort of provo-act, I've got the first Doctor h.c.kuss. in 69—and established many international contacts and friendships.

Among our tribesmen find the following mindblowing artists to watch out for: the film-makers F.M. MURER (who did CHICOREE with me, and SAD-IS-FICTION) and RENZO SCHRANER (ALLAH and others, died 69)—HANNES R. BOSSERT, Photographer, Environmentalist and Maker CARLO LISCHETTI, Environmentalist—H.R. GIGER makes incredible drawings and painting and things—MARKUS ULP KOHLER (died 68), painter, poet, film-maker, freak—NICOLAS DEVIL (from Paris, travelling), creator of a phantastic strip-oeuvre "SAGA de XAM"—ANTON BRUHIN, troubadour, musician, poet and maker—ANTONHOLZ PORTMANN, freak and cartoonist (wow!)—FROZEN ANGEL TINO, the best Hell's Angel I've ever met—the students of the experimental free art school F+F (now stopped by the government and trying to get independent)—finally, myself—and many other alchemists...

Almost everything in Switzerland

languages—French, Italian, Roman, and many dialects of Swiss-German, a very rich, funny and living, but not written language). If you know how, you live much cheaper than in other western Europe countries—and we still have the possibility to get real good, fresh and natural food and also many exciting specialities (it's up to US to save all that before it gets lost... there are the first children coming not knowing what a cow looks like...). Besides the blood-sucking banks there are still mountains...

In the growing alternative society we have had a very tribal structure for many years. What in the States has its origin in the beat-generation descends here from individualist artists and the existentialism. (What I call "tribal" in contrast to the typical German city communities, where you HAVE to live in the same rooms following the RULES and where you MUST share everything—especially girls—etc. German communardes visiting were staring at us like at a wonder and told us they're more frustrated after living in one of those "communes" then before, they're stuff for the straight press magazines...). And believe it or not, there are even real squatting Hell's Angels in Zurich, but not so violent as the ones in the US it seems...

Finally, down to the Swiss alternative press HOTCHA! and our tribe's TOTAL ASSAULT ON CULTURE:

After a few years of gipsy-life, and after travelling round Switzerland with a starving multi-media "family"-circus (including my poetry, rock-music, light-show, movies, exposition etc; called "The Telllife-No-mads present other public happenings, I met the

oder besuchen Sie Poëtenz

URBAN GW. WIR SIND NICHT VERANTWORTLICH FÜR ALLES WAS NICHT GEDRUCKT IST.

Dear OZ,

The person who wrote what we're enclosing was serious. He was serious. That's what (y)our readers will never understand. They're all serious out in Hollywood. They're writing better satire than we are, and They're All Serious. Jesus.

Rags People

MUSIC INC!

The premise of the television series is two guys and a girl who form their own company called MUSIC INC!

MUSIC INC! publishes an underground music newspaper (similar to "Rolling Stone") which involves the three principals in pursuing the current music scene for their paper. They cover rock festivals, rock concerts, appearances at such places like the Whiskey A Go Go, Fillmore West, The Troubadour, etc.

MUSIC INC! also promotes rock artists, rock musicians and rock concerts either in conjunction with top 40 radio stations or as a sole presentation of MUSIC INC!

In addition, MUSIC INC! offers interviews and feature articles on rock musicians, and the music scene, to national publications. The articles first appearing in MUSIC INC!

MUSIC INC! is also involved with producing records for record companies, promoting artist appearances, presenting public relations packages for events, artists and albums, preparing artwork and commercials for record albums, and consulting FM radio stations on underground FM programming.

MUSIC INC! hopes to be involved with film and television projects in the future.

In other words, the series MUSIC INC! will deal with the difficulties of three young people trying to make a go of it in the music part of the entertainment industry. Each segment will feature at least one name rock group or artist that will be worked into the story line, that will perform at least two or three musical numbers during the segment and that can be advertised as being this week's musical guest on the show. (Picture a Mod Squad about free enterprise and rock music and you have MUSIC INC!)

Originally my concept of this show was based on my familiarity with the publication "Rolling Stone" and the possibility of using "Rolling Stone" articles or even "Rolling Stone" files from which to build weekly stories. But now all the national publications are into stories about pop festivals and rock musicians and all of these stories are great fuel for weekly story lines. Besides, the whole area of rock promotion and the hazards and excitement of the record industry offer many story possibilities that should not be eliminated because the series only focuses on putting out an underground newspaper.

Since MUSIC INC! involves the total music/youth business, the three leads could be involved in trouble in the following ways:

organization so she is a combination secretary, pr girl, reporter, writer, artist and go for. The girl scout in Cindy often leads her into explorations where she has to be rescued by the male contingent of MUSIC INC!

There may be a question as to how these three kids pull MUSIC INC! off financially. This can be done two ways. The easiest would be for them to have an older silent partner who is monied, or for one of the principals to have an

The three MUSIC INC! principals meet James Hendrix at the Toronto Airport because they are there to promote his concert in Toronto. When Hendrix is passing through customs he is found to have Marijuana in his possession! MUSIC INC! will lose their advance on the concert, their profit on the concert and their heavy weight star if they cannot prove that the marijuana does not belong to Hendrix. (This story could be done with or without Hendrix... fictionalizing it and using an actor to play the Hendrix role and writing in a name rock group as friends of the star and have them break into some numbers in the hotel room or whatever.)

MUSIC INC! goes up to the State of Washington to put finishing touches on the rock festival that they are sponsoring and at the last minute the owners of the land prevent the rock artists from appearing. Thus, Credence Clearwater Revival is stranded, won't get to play and everyone wants their money back. MUSIC INC! solves the problem by calming down the land owners with a guarantee of "peace", the festival is pulled off without incident and Credence goes on to play several numbers. In the interest of the show Credence can be worked into the whole plot (negotiations with them for the concert, etc.) Or the plot can hinge around a fictitious rock group caught in this circumstance and when the rock concert finally materializes... footage from a Credence Clearwater Revival concert can be worked into the mock festival as if Credence were part of MUSIC INC! festival.

MUSIC INC! principals go to interview a famous folk singer and find she has organized an underground draft dodgers movement in support of her boyfriend who is imprisoned for burning his draftcard.

MUSIC INC! is contracted to do commercials for Capitol records and finds the head of promotion for Capitol is undermining MUSIC INC!'s creativity because he doesn't understand the new "sounds" and fears losing his job.

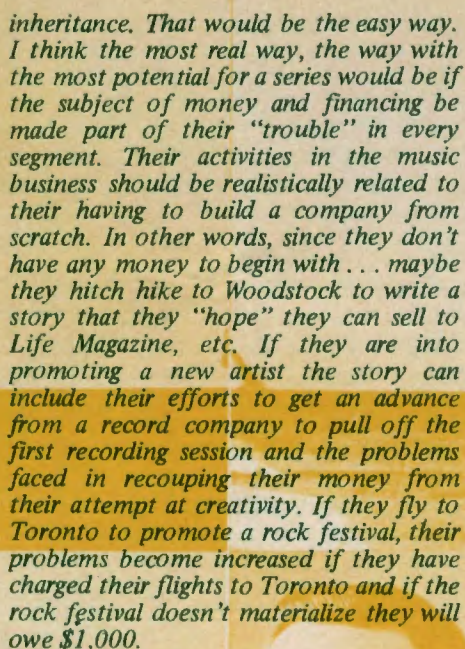
The rock music scene is more indicative of what is happening to our youth than any other facet of our society. It's a natural for stories dealing with reality vs. fantasy, feelings vs. thinking, freedom vs. uptight, young vs. old, doing your thing vs. doing the right thing, getting it together, etc. MUSIC INC! provides an ideal structure for any "now" oriented stories. It also is a perfect structure for a combination of story, the under "30" way of life and variety musical entertainment.

The under "30" generation is into a different kind of reality from their parents. The under 30's care about James Hendrix's charge of possession of marijuana because many of these kids do. They care about Aretha Franklin having emotional problems because they do.



They don't blame Janis Joplin for being hostile and being anti-authority and establishment because these kids are. They care about Ricky Nelson trying to make a comeback because they have succeeded, failed, and are trying to succeed again in their own lives. They are sympathetic towards Joan Baez's stand against the draft because they believe that David is being unfairly imprisoned. They care about thousands getting together in Woodstock without an incident because they know their parents can't.

The three owners of MUSIC INC! should be as follows: JACK: a Capricorn is the promoter-go getter-money maker businessman. Although Jack is right out of college, he is very together, fun and determined to be a success. He wants to survive in the entertainment industry so he won't have to work for a corporation... so he can always do his own thing. Jack is realistic, a problem solver and seeks ways to overcome obstacles. Determined to make the best of any situation, Jack is a born leader and will be successful... but is criticized for being so success prone that he often doesn't enjoy his success and misses out on the fun life has to offer. Jack knows he needs Dave's creativity to be a success in a creative environment. Jack is envious



What I am trying to say is that part of the trouble that we find our MUSIC INC' threesome in every week should be financial... just as it is for any new business trying to survive the first three years. This is part of dealing with the total reality of these three people rather than setting up an unrealistic given circumstance that the kids will not be able to identify with anyway.

The pilot for the show could deal with the two boys in college about ready to graduate and putting together the concept for MUSIC INC! and realistically figuring out how they can hold down other jobs until they can pull it off, etc.

There is the added possibility that these two put together "on campus" entertainment while in college and that **MUSIC INC!** is an outgrowth of their "on campus" success.

In the beginning MUSIC INC! can be run out of their apartment which the two boys share and can progress to the point when they are making money and take an office above the Whiskey A Go Go, and finally graduate to a kicky office in the 9000 Sunset building. Their growing pains of a young business is additional fuel for the fire. A whole segment could be built around A&M records lending them an old typewriter because they can't even type up their stories, invoice, or whatever.

Since they are without funds and start out with a hope and a prayer, plus some wits... their mode of travel can be hitchhiking (yes I know it is illegal, but so is pot, certain forms of sex, etc and that is what the whole country under 30 is into and all of this material is more fuel for the fire), and they can use motorcycles and eventually buy a used VW micro bus.

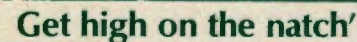
Since the whole thing now is to tell it as it is . . . the series should be done the

same way. The nature of the story should determine the style of the segment. For example, a story on Woodstock could be given a reality by doing it as a documentary with the three principals involved in the story line. A story on marijuana could be done as a typical realistic television drama...or if someone like James Hendrix would be willing to reenact his story and involvement with Marijuana...the show should be done in a realistic documentary form. Since two of the three principals sing...there is no reason why some segments couldn't have a realistic musical feel to them.

The series would be more fun and more interesting if it were approached as a series of weekly specials . . . each being done in the form that would be the most suitable for the material . . . linked together by the three principals and their involvement with the musical artists and the music business.

There you have it. MUSIC INC! Three compatible people all into different bags who together form an exciting, aggressive business relationship with the added sparkle of top rock entertainers doing several musical numbers. MUSIC INC! is Mod Squad, Easy Rider, Alice's Restaurant all rolled into one . . . forming a maximum opportunity for story potential and viewer interest. MUSIC INC! can be a continuing television version of "Hair" . . . but with a sponsor! This is the property of Dan Goff

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of Dave's creativity, warmth and humanness.

DAVE: a Pisces, is a musician, a singer, an artist, the creative writer-producer ... the creative force behind MUSIC INC! Also right out of college, Dave hates client liason and the hasle involved with business, money and reality. He leaves the practicality of MUSIC INC! up to Jack. Because Dave is idealistic about himself, life and the world ... he tends to get himself into trouble and needs Jack's ability as an organizer to salvage the situation. Dave is the beautiful, whimsical, flower child that blooms with creativity as long as Jack is around to protect his fantasies from the hardness of reality.

CINDY: an Aquarian, is a combination of Candice Bergen and Debbie Reynolds . . . in other words a beautiful girl scout. With two years of college behind her, she has left school in search of truth. A beautiful woman on the outside . . . but often fragile and childlike on the inside. She loves people and people love her, but her candid sense of truth can scare people away. She loves what is happening with the music scene and sings and plays the guitar herself. She is a good photographer and artist, has secretarial skills and is good at

SURF SHINE SUPERMEN

Australia House, Aldwych Square, London, September 1970. One hundred faintly bored potential immigrants are watching a movie of beautiful Australia . . . kangaroos, emus, koalas and bronze skull capped lifesavers. After the hot English summer seventy five of the hundred may be sucked in and immigrate. What they don't realize is that they have been conned by pure unadulterated bullshit.

The kangaroos, emus and koalas are in concrete zoos, splattered over the country roads and embossed on the money. The bronze skull capped lifesavers are a group of neo nazi pigs that spend their weekends marching up and down the beach kicking sand in peoples faces, blowing whistles and screaming at petrified immigrants that dare swim outside the cesspool section between the flags. Unfortunately, most people outside Australia don't know the difference between lifesavers and surfers. The former are rightwing, the institution, the motherfucking system transferred from the streets to the beach. The latter are a unique group who have attempted to form their own subculture in the shitless

conformity of Australian society. Surfers drop a lot of dope, make their own movies, produce their own magazines, eat their own type of food, design their own clothes and wish that all the rest of the weekend picknickers would fuck off so that they could get out there in the surf, stoned out of their brains, and rip the shore break to pieces.

Surfers solve the water population problem by travelling around the coast searching for peace, surf and a lack of people.

The cops hate them, the lifesavers persecute them, and the traffic jam Sunday at Bondi Beach public just can't understand them.

As the lifesavers cry out for members to fill their dwindling ranks, the surfers numbers continue to increase. Their scene is a freedom scene and their philosophy a drop out one. They don't want to change the system they just want to ignore it.

If Australia House ever got hip it would show movies of surfers. Their way of life utilises what Australia has to offer best, sun, surf and most of all space.

If the English 'high' is oriented around a mental state of euphoria then the surfers one is much more

physical. Out in a ten foot swell zonked out of their heads on acid or grass is some experience.

While most sports have either a heavy team or spectator factor, surfing has little of either. Contests are considered bummers and over the last three years have dwindled to a point of having little or no significance. Being World Surfing Champion is becoming as big a deal as getting a load of the clap. While Hawaii, with its heavy tourist trade and high

opposite. That's what's great about the whole surf thing. You can be driving up the coast of New South Wales or Queensland and you turn off the main highway to check a favourite surfing spot that should be working under the prevailing wind and tide conditions. You drive a couple of miles on a dirt road and suddenly you hit the surf and there is Nat Young or Robert Connelley or some other really hot surfer, out there ripping it apart. You can join them or just sit on



centralization does emphasise the spectator side of surfing, Australia, with its four thousand miles of surfable coastline is exactly the

the headland, blow a joint and watch.

Surfing is felt by surfers.

David Elfick





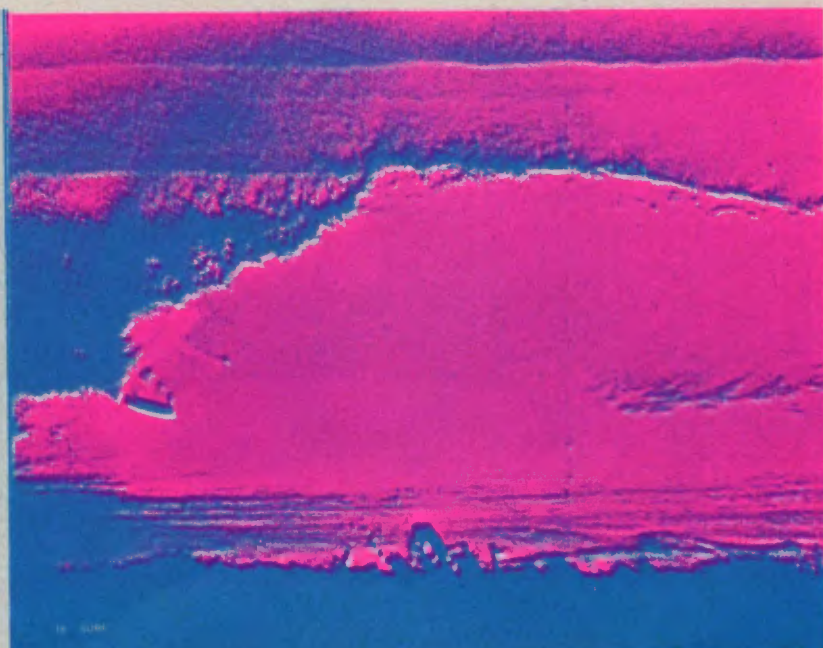
The surfboard is the surfer's only tool. Each board is different and capable of special relationships to the wave... a thin, light, hand sculptured fibreglass and polyfoam vehicle carves into

the distance of the sea. The fibreglass gives positive control: a flexible plastic hard guiding the flying board. Fins are constantly altered and tuned. Many boards have interchangeable

fin systems—a fin for every mood; a surfboard for every level of consciousness.

Wave riders make their own boards, changing design as they evolve. A ten foot long old faithful keeps a

weekend beer-belly afloat. A new, six foot fourteen pound streamlined machine each month for the spaceman. The smaller the surface contact, the closer you come to riding your mind.




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To me the highest form of surfing comes from sessions with fellow surf braves. In a crystal sun glittering transparent fluid playground; five separate spirits lay down arcing tracks as different as their personalities. Sets of motion move out of deep blue sea forming consistent energy patterns of rhythmic waves swinging around a small headland onto a reef. The waves break outside and peel curls of foam and bubbles to the right. Each surfers' song is played upon the wave . . . two are riding, three are paddling back out to the takeoff point. Hoots and yells as cutbacks throw up rooster tails of water. Excitement increases on each wave shared in spirit. A supper session. Vibes are high, sun is warm, the water clear with clouds of sand underneath in the octopus garden. Three or four hours of constant motion stretches the mind and body into harmony with currents and tides. The fluidity is brought ashore with the surfer and is part of everything he does. A good session, a day of playing music with friends. A fuck with mother nature tunes the body and strengthens the spirit.

Rusty Miller
former U.S. Champion
resident: Byron Bay, N.S.W.
Australia.



'Weasels Ripped My Flesh'

The Mothers of Invention

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