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OZ 39

Richard Neville
Editor

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Description

Content: Thrilling Murder Comics cover. Ad for Grateful Dead 'Skull & Roses' LP. Pregnant nature photo. 'Letter From Our Founder' by Richard Neville. 'Somerset Maugham in Morocco' by Jim Anderson. 'Gays Doctor Reuben' gay politics by Andrew Lumsden + Harold Head cartoon. Film ad for *Drive He Said*. 'Trouble Down at t' Millgarth' – police crime in Leeds by Roger Hutchinson. Traffic ad. 'Goodbye Gene' Gene Vincent/Wonder Woman montage. 'Find the Barmaid of the Year' - join the dots. William Stok graphic. *Frendz* ad. *STYNG* ad. New Riders of the Purple Sage ad. 'Concrete Jungle Karma' – Pat Meyer on communes. 'Holy Joe' – John Rosen interviews a junky ex-GI in Saigon + 'Gospel Literature' cartoon strip. Centrespread running mutant graphic. Ad for Yoko Ono 'Mrs Lennon' / *Fly*. 'Consider the Lilies' – Alan Watts on hippies. Ad for the *Guardian*. 2p 'Urban Paranoia' cartoon. OZ mail order. Full page ad for Frank Zappa LPs. Manifesto of the Youth Action Komitee. Open letter to John & Yoko. White Panther Party UK addresses. Gay Liberation Front. Another ad for Yoko Ono's *Fly*. Tonto's Expanding Head Band ad. Doctor J advice. 'Father Bruce' – Lenny Bruce by Steve Mann. 'Suzie Slumgoddess' - Jonathon Green on radical politics + graphics. Review of Bob Dylan's *Tarantula* and live performance of Zappa's 2001(?) Motels. 'Brainrape' – techno horror by Alf Moorcraft. 'Sweet Cousin Cocaine' 2p advice on cocaine + graphic by Roland Komdorffer. LP reviews: The Who, Firesign Theatre (+graphic), Fanny, Tonto's Expanding Headband. 'The Locust Sang' – Chris Rowley on consumption & ecology. Full page Who ad. Back cover black soldiers/child bride montage by Linda S. Connor.

Publisher

OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 48p

Comments

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



THRILLING MURDER COMICS

NO. 1

TERRIFYING
TALES OF
TOTAL
PARANOIA



'ADULTS'
ONLY

COME ALIVE WITH THE DEAD



WITH GRATEFUL DEAD'S DOUBLE ALBUM

on Warner Bros Records





Letter From Our Founder



Dear Reader,

Perhaps it's too close and there's so much still to sort out, for none of us are sufficiently recovered from the trial and its repercussions to present the spirited, defiant, inside appraisal of the whole affair demanded by the new Young Turk editors. Yet some sort of statement seems necessary, however meagre, so instead of cheer-leading the RSC's rehearsal of their Oz transcript dramatisation, which I had promised this afternoon, here is a cryptic docks-eye-view – its slipshod quality no doubt endearing itself to the present editorial management.

The meaning of Lord Chief Justice Widgery's Appeal judgement as you've probably gathered, is that if Argyle had been a bit brighter, we'd all still be in gaol. The three judges fully endorsed Argyle's sentencing policy and, with obvious reluctance, were compelled to overrule the conviction on technical

grounds – such was the magnitude of Argyle's judicial blunder. This is diametrically opposite to the attitude of the Overground Press, which generally condemned the sentences but concurred with the conviction.

The prosecutor, Brian Leary, who had been all smiles and magnanimity at the Old Bailey, seemed embittered at the Strand, unapologetically seeking to invoke a special 'proviso' whereby our convictions would have still stood, despite Argyle's idiocy, on the grounds that Schoolkids Oz is so filthy, that any normal jury would deem it obscene, whatever the misdirection of the judge. Fortunately for us, the Appeal judges dispatched their clerk to Soho during a lunch adjournment and were so upset by his purchases, that the wickedness of Oz dwindled by comparison, and the 'proviso' was not invoked. (In the Last Exit To Brooklyn Appeal it was not even *sought* by the prosecution.)

Thus the impact of Spankers Weekly, plus the skill of John Mortimer, won the day, further abetted by the ineptitude of the normally pleasant Mr Leary, who

conducted his case as though still before a jury, with embarrassing results.

The single greatest error of Defence strategy was overestimating the IQ of the opposition. The grand, complicated ideas expressed by witnesses had not the slightest effect on judge or jury. If anything, they backfired. It now turns out that what we had put forward – as evidence of police harassment was considered by members of the jury as fair minded police warnings. This coupled with their assessment of previous issues of Oz – improperly available in the jury room – helped bring in a guilty verdict. (This information is detailed in a letter from the jury to Brian Leary.)

So Jim, Felix and myself are now lumbered with a six month gaol sentence, suspended for two years. Each of us will react differently. Personally, I regard the suspensions as editorially inhibiting and so propose to confine my future relationship with Oz (and Ink) as a contributor and, when I'm feeling particularly pompous, a consultant. Anyway, I've been with Oz long enough and look forward to the pleasant change from producer to consumer.

The Oz trial industry continues. Geoff Robertson, who masterminded much of the war effort, is currently preparing the true, authorised, passionately expurgated version of it all for Paladin Books. Along with David Ellingworth (who first thought of putting it on stage), Geoff is co-editing a final theatre transcript which is expected to replace Jesus Christ Superstar as the Broadway hit of the decade.

The Oz Obscenity Fund: All is confusion until legal aid reveals how much of the defence will pay. Other commitments have not yet been fully tallied. If there is any money left over, as seems likely, it will not be transferred to any of the defendants or their sick relatives, or to Oz magazine but will be made publicly available to the community. Already £200 has been mainlined to the Mangrove Nine Defence Fund, because of the financial horror of their situation. Watch Time Out for more money details.

Future Underground Press trials are bound to be nasty, brutish and short. Expert witnesses are virtually *persona non grata* and the publication in question can no longer be taken 'as a whole'.

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WORKS
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Rupert Bear can now be isolated and stamped upon without the surrounding textual terrain being taken into account. (Indeed, his prick could logically be isolated from his body and similarly condemned.)

That we narrowly escaped gaol was considerably helped by the energy of Oz readers, supporters and the takeover editors whom I won't embarrass by becoming baroquely grateful. Hopefully the same inquiry will be taken in the trials of Ian Purdie, Jake Prescott and the Mangrove Nine. In both cases, the presiding judges make Argyle seem like a moderate and the press, too, is proving its traditional barrier.

Sandwiched between the two reserved seats of Old Bailey correspondents, at the Prescott-Purdie Trial, I recently heard one of the representatives of Associated Press lean over to the repulsive Arnold (Wailing Wall of Weirdies) Latham of the Daily Express (who

"thinks pink" with his wardrobe), sighing: "It doesn't matter whether they've done it or not . . . they're anarchists . . . put them inside". These are the sort of men who are responsible for selecting the information of the proceedings to be made available to the world outside. "Objective" observers.

The next Oz is the fifth anniversary issue, which we hope to make the best yet, and to try and offer some solutions to the general malaise and philosophical torpor of the contemporary radical scene.

Lastly, there are many we would like to thank individually for their help through the last few months. Apologies to any names omitted in haste: Richard Wollheim, George Melly,

Ronald Dworkin, Dr Haward, Michael Schofield, Michael Segal, Arnold Linken, Private Eye and some few Fleet St friends, our brothers of the Underground Press, Geoff Robertson, David and Harry Offenbach, Marty Feldman and Groucho Marx, lovable Joe Walker-Smith, John "VD" Peel, Felix pop Topolski, Mervyn Jones, John and Yoko Jagger. Colin MacInnes, Leila Berg, Professor Eysenck, Dr. Josephine Klein, Tony Smith, Michael Duane, Grace and Vivian Berger, Caroline Coon, Louise Ferrier, Marsha Rowe the boat ashore, Nicholas, Tree, Michael,

Bob, Suzette, Stanislav "Special Effects" Demidjuk, and other wizzkids, Warren Hague, John and Penny Mortimer, the inscrutable Keith McHale, the Old Bailey queue, Julian Disney, Meg Fisher, Bill (no relation to Old) Bailey, Detective Inspector Luff and Michael Argyle, without whom . . .

Richard Neville

somerset maugham in morocco

Morocco is a good, safe place for the average freak. The frontiersmen of the itinerant, emerging hippie nation, the acid gypsies with their uniquely evolved life style are much more likely to be found in Indonesia, East Africa or Columbia these days. Morocco is a trail which was blazed many years ago and young people going there for the first time should encounter no more difficulty than would a working class couple from Leeds going to the Costa Brava on a package tour. Hippie life in Marrakech, Essaouira, and more particularly Tangier shows all the signs of esoteric cultism, rather than viable participation in anything resembling an alternative culture. Political consciousness is dormant, buried beneath indulgence from cheap living, drug induced tranquility, and the newly discovered joys of house to house visiting.

Many of the villas on the mountain outside Tangier, now in advanced states of decay and once the exclusive preserve of those doing well during the old international days of gun-running, espionage, and organised sin and hanky-panky, have been taken over by squatting Arab families or rent-paying groups of freaks, who subsist by dealing, stringing Goulime beads or on allowances from home. The numbers are swelled in the summer by travellers and friends exactly like themselves who crash for a few weeks, bringing with them gifts of acid, hashish (as a relief from homemade, which generally just zonks you out rather than producing any transcendental state) underground newspapers and magazines, and new tapes which are reverently listened to as they wearily turn on the battery run cassettes. There is a lot of talk of new arrivals, who is sleeping with who at Bill's place, the price of carpets and silver, the dope market and who's buying, who's selling and who has been busted. Somehow it is all very reminiscent of Malaya in the thirties, rubber planters on their verandahs, with their pink gins, and Somerset Maugham. Although the freaks are no longer representatives of exploitative western regimes, their attitude to the locals is similarly superior, condescending and aloof. The Arabs feel much the same, I suspect — a mutual familiarity, tolerance and rejection.

If you want to take it one step further and actually buy a house in the medina, or a walled villa with a view through umbrella pines over the Straits of Gibraltar, now is the time. With the castrated government in a right wing panic and another socialist coup not far distant, the remaining few of the previous generation of colonialists are doing the last rounds of their favourite bars, shipping their ill-gotten goods back to Europe and relinquishing their homes to the not so highest bidders. Property prices have never been lower, so if you are prepared to take the risk of possible confiscation, you can easily buy yourself a slice of Playboy type hippie heaven, sink into a dope soaked inertia and grow old in your realised counter-culture and middle class behaviour patterns. "It can happen to all of us," said a once well-known activist from the West Coast, as he nostalgically put on *Surrealistic Pillow* — I could scarcely see him through a combination of hash smoke and brandy fumes — "you can take that nomadic subsistence living for only so long. I no longer have any desire to live like a down and out barber peasant."

After the surreal barbarities of the summer long Oz farce, which had as little relation to life outside the Old Bailey as something like *There's A Girl In My Soup* has to reality, I was very happy to escape to somewhere like Morocco. I arrived drunk and on the verge of madness, smoked a lot of opium mixed with the finest hash oven fresh from the mud huts of Ketama, had a long drugged welcome back fuck with Abdelatif, an old friend I have known since he was running barefoot round the Socco, cutting off and hustling the stragglers from the guided tours, locked myself in a darkened room on a rooftop in the remotest corner of the medina and surfaced ready for anything two days later at the Cafe Centrale, in the Petit Socco.

It's not wise to spend too much time sitting at the Cafe Centrale — you get involved in all the politics of the place, the duplicity and the double dealing, but it's one of the world's great crossroads and most of the time it's as exciting as it must have been in old Timbuktu when the camel trains came in from the Sahara. Respectable nervous people like myself have to treat it with kid gloves and I would no more score there than I would at Picadilly. But sometimes, after several sun blasted, acid days out on the rocks and beaches, it was therapeutic to spend a whole day there, sitting for hours and watching the world in microcosm wheel and deal itself into a corner. I haven't ever seen anyone shit or fuck in the square but just about everything else, including a killing. The Petit Socco always reminds me of the futility of being self-conscious.

Lobotomised junkies drift past, ragged freaks scream in from the hills to do the Socco on the tail end of their acid and plug everybody in to the fading electricity radiating from their bodies. A couple of Moroccan drunks, unshaven bundles of rags like winos from the Bowery shout abuse at customers of the Cafe Tingis, waving empty bottles. One begins to do a little dance and the waiter and a friend come over and remove this ultimate disgrace from the scene. They get him under the armpits and take him out of sight round a corner. They come back empty handed, brushing their clothes down and wiping their hands, as though they had just beaten him up.

Two Australian girls, one very plain, the other glamorously beautiful, but very sick, sit down at the table. "She's been sick every day since we left Sydney." "What's wrong?" "Oh, a bit of the old hepatitis. Boils, rashes, the trots." The girl smiles desperately like a failed Miss World contestant. They

had spent the entire summer in London, and had never heard of Oz. "You didn't see anything about it in the papers?" "No." She looked at me with bemusement and the slight contempt people who live anonymously feel for those they think are name-dropping.

"Wasn't Oz that thing in Australia like Mad Comics, years ago?" suddenly asked the sick girl.

They had heard of Women's Lib. "Don't need it and not interested. We know we're superior to guys."

Eleven p.m. Someone at the front table of the Cafe Centrale lights up a pipe, passes it around. After four furtive pipes, the waiter comes out and signifies disapproval with a waggle of his finger and perfunctory glance around the little square. The place is usually crawling with mostly inactive plain clothes cops, but none of the regulars seem to be around. The pipe is put away. It's the one situation in Tangier where it might be called provocative. Like rolling a joint in Notting Hill Police Station. Half a minute later, the every evening big white police van roars up, parks ten feet away and the crew slump out, stand around, buy cigarettes, everybody eyes them, waits. The late night crowd from the American cinema comes through. The cops pick off a couple of them. They get into the van without protest, almost as though they are glad of a bed for the night. Abdelatif sits watching them sardonically. He is wearing a new djellaba and about a hundred quids worth of antique berber jewellery. He has almost two weights of finest Ketama hashish tucked into his waist. Wrapped in plastic, a light glistening greenish-gold. He had been flashing it around a few minutes earlier. "They never touch me. I am free man. I can do what I like. They pick me up many times, when I was little, because I know many people, but I never talk. They know I will die before I talk. So now they leave me alone."

An Italian, who can't speak a word of English, tries to explain to me in Spanish which he speaks very badly and thinks I understand, the matchstick game they played in *Last Year in Marienbad*. His friend, Seymour, a plump international queen with dark glasses and a rain coat slung round his shoulders, interrupts to talk about gay liberation. He thinks GLF should be training guerrilla bands of homosexuals to go round beating and robbing straights and queer bashers. "The only thing this stupid bourgeoisie society understands is fear. Physical fear. Look at the blacks. They never got any respect until the Panthers started carrying guns and it became impossible for white society to spend Saturday night out in Harlem. Homosexuals have a political right and duty to terrorise straight male heterosexuals. Look what I carry." He pulled out a little ice pick from his handbag. "I used it once, in Barcelona."

Two young, beautiful Senegalis, from Dakar, walk slowly into the square and sit down as they do every night at this time. They have come overland through Mauretania but are now stuck without any money and can get no further. If they had been Arab they would have quickly made enough money to get to Paris from hustling among the gullible and grateful gay community, but they maintained an independent proud attitude, sitting up all night in the Cafe Centrale and sleeping all day somewhere on the beach.....they had been doing it for weeks, something which no freak in Tangier had sufficient stamina or stomach for. The Moroccans left them alone and even the police never bothered them.

Just after midnight, a piece of masonry fell off the top of the Cafe Tingis onto the head of one of the waiters, who crashed to the ground, his metal tray and glasses of milk and hot coffee miraculously going down with him and not spilling. He was taken inside and a week later he was still going round with a bandage on his head, looking nervous and shaken. "I love to see things falling apart," said Seymour. "It's the decay which keeps me coming back here." It was probably the huge lumps of majoing we had eaten earlier in the evening but the incident suddenly seemed symbolic of the decline and fall of all western civilisation. A happy thought re-inforced by the sudden collapse at the far corner of the square of an entire wall, which came down with a great roar, completely covering a parked Volkswagen with bricks and plaster. There was nobody in the car, and the owner wasn't around so after some excited chatter amid the settling dust, we all went back to our coffee.

"Do you want a lift down to Marrakech?" I had been trying to get myself out of Tangier for days and I said 'yes' immediately. It was a guy called Jack with hennaed hair and a huge aluminium curtain ring in his ear that I had met a couple of days earlier, when someone had ripped off a new stereo player from the back of his old Jaguar. There was a glazed sort of flicker in his eyes that should have warned me, but he said to come round to his room at nine the next morning so we could get an early start. I was banging at his door at 9.30 next day, unable to get any answer and worried that I had missed him. Eventually the door opened. He didn't seem to remember me. His girl friend lay naked passed out on the bed, and the room was littered with rubbish, clothes, bits of food and empty packets labelled paregoric and a couple of syringes. "Oh yeah," he said at last, getting focussed. "Something came up. But we're leaving at midday. I'll meet you in the Socco." I sat around with my basket. At noon he dashed past looking bothered, accompanied by a fat Moroccan crook, and it was clear by mid-afternoon that Marrakech was off for that day at least. His girl friend wandered up at one stage and sort of explained: "He bought a movie camera last night for one hundred dollars (worth at least ten times that amount). That fat Moroccan promised him he had a buyer for it

for 300 dollars but now he won't buy it." The camera of course had originally been ripped off from the back of somebody else's car and.....it was a familiar story. As the day wore on, they found another buyer who could pay for it in hashish, but wanted to borrow money to buy the hashish. The situation was hopeless. Both the girl friend and Jack kept going back for more paregoric which they boiled up to extract the opium. I decided to go down to Marrakech by bus. "It's probably just as well," she said. "Jack's a terrible driver when he's been fixing. He gets real crazy and is always having crashes. I just curl up on the back seat with a couple of mandies and pray."

The bus journey down was fantastic. I sat next to a freak from Birmingham with eyes like Marty Feldman on acid. The sun was hot and we sat in aeroplane seats which stretched back, brazenly smoking pipefuls of kif. At Casablanca we changed onto the late night Marrakech express which was almost empty but for a few people with chickens and baskets up in the front. I sat in the back seat with the young Moroccan who looked after the baggage. He put the lights out and, as we sped through the desert and the darkness, we smoked and fucked all the way to Marrakech. When I eventually returned to Tangier, Jack and his girl friend were still there, more spaced out than ever. They had lost money on the movie camera, someone had ripped off all their luggage,

including a tape recorder, from the Jaguar, which they were now trying to sell, but having trouble because it was stolen and had no registration or insurance. They had given up any hope of going south. They needed to sell the car because she was six months pregnant and wanted to get back to England.

Marrakech as usual was a hash cookie disaster area. The cookies flavoured with whatever the makers could get from the local chemist, from belladonna to strychnine. Everyone I met seemed to be suffering in some form or another from a disoriented, penniless Eton schoolboy to an American girl who had lost all sense of feeling in her hands and feet and the left side of her face. It was spreading further and she said it was just as though she had been given a local anaesthetic. She decided to give up the cookies and no doubt she is now fully recovered. I spent most of my time on a bicycle speeding round the palmerie on the outskirts of the town, enjoying the first dates of the season — fresh dates are as juicy as peaches — zonked out of my head on the goodness of pure hashish, feeling very righteous, revolutionary and healthy. John arrived from London via Ketama. He had spent a week with a friendly Rif mountain family, who did nothing but make and smoke hash, selling it for ridiculously low prices to people who made a small fortune from it. The family lived in the most primitive of conditions, oblivious to the gold mine they lived with, the weather was freezing cold, and they subsisted on bread and goats meat. At nine in the evening, the matriarch of the household would put up the shutters, blow out all the lights, and John and his friend Kathy would struggle for their blanket and place on the floor in pitch blackness, zonked out of their heads, struggling for air in the crowded, windowless room, never quite sure whether they were awake, asleep, or merely in a coma. They ran the gauntlet of police and CIA men who surround Ketama and arrived in Marrakesh more dead than alive, anxious to get back to at least a subsistence level of comfort.

Marrakech was full of the strange phenomenon known as the Moroccan hippies, who bravely reject their own country's headlong acceptance of Western values and way of life, and try to comprehend the freaks' interest in the old traditional berber existence. They are mostly middle class youths, schooled in frightful education factories for non-existent jobs, and they have taken to rolling joints like ducks to water. Kif is making a comeback in Morocco, from the direction Hassan II least welcomes or expects. The revolution, which everybody confidently expects sooner or later as a matter of course, will probably mean the end of Morocco as a freak's paradise. No matter in what revolutionary framework they themselves put what they are doing, to a socialist Morocco supported by Algeria and Libya, the hippies will be regarded as unwanted manifestations of bourgeoisie decadence, without even the saving graces of the regular tourists who at least stay in the expensive hotels and pay exorbitant prices for increasingly poor quality examples of local craftsmanship.

And, come the revolution, what would happen to people like Muriel is anybody's guess. Muriel arrived in Tangier five years ago with a little money, a carefully preserved English lady in her forties, thin, brown, with the remains of a great beauty. She succumbed to the old notion of arab sheiks, tents and romantic rape on the back of a camel, and realised her dream by fucking her way through the medina, accumulating on the way the unfair label from other, older, English residents of 'the only English prostitute still in business in Tangier' and a child, Mustapha, who spoke better Arabic than English and lived in the streets with the rest of the boys. As time passed, her source of income dried up and she resorted to such tenuous schemes as borrowing, or sending off her jewellery to Madrid to be sold. She obtained money from her bank, who in exchange confiscated her passport as security. Unable to pay the rent on her apartment, she paid a small deposit on another one elsewhere in the medina and lived there until the landlord's demands for money became so serious that she did the same thing again and moved to a third place. By this time she had long since been deserted by her friends, and was forced to seek the company of the only other penniless people around, i.e. the freaks. Brittle and defensive, dignified in adversity, she humbly occupied a mattress on the floor of a room nobody else wanted because it was damp, accepting food, contributing an egg here, a bowl of soup there, and soothing her fears with a lot of red wine. She would gingerly puff at a joint but carefully avoid inhaling. The ravages of drink she would repair with sun, carefully-applied makeup and uppers. Too frightened to stir the house for fear of meeting one of her creditors, she would spend her time reading *The Wilder Shores of Love* or *The Valley of the Dolls* on the roof until the sun disappeared behind the wall, then sneak down to the Casbah beach below the house not much patronised because of sewer outlets and sharp rocks.

One day, after a lot of talk about renting a fourth apartment, she decided it would be safe to go for a short walk. Night was approaching, and the narrow streets were crowded with promenaders and she was as unobtrusive as any English lady could be. Just behind the Petit Socco, landlord no. 2 spotted her, grabbed her by the sleeve and demanded money. She panicked, flapped at him with her hands. "An appointment for tomorrow!" she screamed, "manana, manana" and tried to force her way down an alleyway. But the landlord would not let her go and pushed her into a doorway. Money, he kept brutally repeating rubbing his fingers and thumb together. There seemed no respectable way out of the situation — gaol loomed, the number of onlookers grew, until suddenly, crying and hysterical, Muriel lifted her skirt, reached into her girdle and pulled out a roll of notes, sufficient to pay three months rent, leaving her only two months behind on that particular apartment. The landlord went away, temporarily appeased, and Muriel resumed her walk and her dignity. Last resort money, certainly not intended to be squandered on rent.

When I left Morocco, the situation hadn't changed. She was continuing to hide her head in the sand. Being unable to leave the country, the obvious solutions were either to throw herself on the mercies of the British consul, or move to another town and perhaps become a revolutionary grandmother to some commune. However, most of her problems stemmed from her trying to keep up appearances. The old bourgeoisie concept of gentility was her bogeyman. Pride was no longer a virtue, but one of the seven deadly vices. A hippie existence was probably beyond her tolerance horizon, rooted so firmly was she in her past and her English class values. If she could change to that extent, then there's hope for even Mary Whitehouse.

Jim Anderson.



GAYS DOCTOR REUBEN



May we recommend to your kindly attention a small book written by an American psychiatrist, and called "Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex"? Pan Books have been good enough to reprint it for British readers, and are selling it on all - almost all - bookstalls at 45p or 50p, depending on which price you're lucky enough to get. In their action, Pan Books show an uncommon regard for public welfare, and no doubt they feel it's only fair that they have the prospect of clearing a lot of money by their good deed.

For Reuben's work is a boundary post in what George Jackson calls "the permanent struggle after the revolution - the one for new relationships between man" (If They Come In The Morning, p 165). It is an unhypercritical, wholly honest statement of loathing for gay people, for all our ways, and for what society has made of some of us. We welcome every item of information about us that he prints, including the stuff about torture, the stuff about our pursuing unattainable love, about whisky glasses up our arses, about the dislike of gay men for gay women (and vice-versa), and his suggestion that we don't care if we pick up who'll then go on, before we pick up sex, to bust us.

We welcome it all, and we welcome the book to the psychiatric profession, what the Klu Klux Klan in racist America, and what the "extremists" about the Jews in the 1930s were to Hitler's Europe. Not a member of the psychiatric profession in this country regards the book with anything but contempt. In New York, Governor Rockefeller regards the Klu Klux Klan of the South with contempt. Those who belong to the Klu Klux Klan, neither to the psychiatric profession in Britain nor to Dr Reuben, can regard all 4 with contempt.

And we do. On our side, we feel that activist gays, women and men, are fighting in territory beyond the revolution itself - in that arena of "new relationships between man". Categorically we say that no revolution can do other than lapse into authoritarianism once the great days are past if the men cannot respect women as equals - and at this juncture, superiors in revolutionary potential - and if the "straights" cannot recognise the full co-humanity of the gays. And in this struggle that we wage beyond the revolution, our most dangerous and repellent enemies are the psychiatrists, of whom Reuben is one.

We are demanding that Pan Books voluntarily withdraw the book. Now, doesn't that conflict with the statement that we welcome it? Not really. Under existing British laws there is no redress against such work as Reuben's which all psychiatrists know to be inaccurate, though the accuracies of the Little Red School Book can be banned. We expect the withdrawal of this book because we expect the publishers to grow so ashamed of what they have taken onto their list that they take it out of circulation. In this way, such ignorant persons as magistrates, cops, ordinary GP's, prison wardens, and members of any of the religious orders, will not have their deep-seated prejudices confirmed by an inaccurate but best-selling sex manual.

You, Oz readers, are different. You have gay friends, you don't swallow any of the lies. You recognise in the slandering of gays that some oppressive technique of racist and supremacist western culture which has been applied to blacks, to women, and even to kids: each of us is separated off from her or his fellow-in-oppression by the contempt each of us if falsely taught to feel for another oppressed group. This system is made visible in the 'Ello 'Ello 'Ello Show, where the fat capitalist has a tug of war with all the minorities, and he wins - each minority is made to split from the other, and leave off tugging on the rope.

You, Oz readers will know what we mean when we say that the Reuben book is a poison that comes up to the body of psychiatric doctrine, for that profession's whole blood stream is poisoned. Just as the advanced countries of the world militarily, industrially, and so on, they use their psychiatric-political complex to oppress all are prisoners in Russia, or returned to jail for further indefinite incarceration by psychiatrists in California, or - in the non-protesting overground world - "tested" by psychiatrists for their suitability for work in business.

We welcome the evidence. Dr Anthony Storr, of Britain, has a book on sale in which he concludes that gays are "immature". Anyone remember how blacks were considered "childlike" in Victorian Christian hypocrisy, or as described as "of naturally lower IQ" by Dr Jensen in America today? Does anyone remember how women are slanderously described as "naturally" less bright than men, or less creative, or less rational? Hey-ho, there's the technique again. Call us gays 'immature' if you're Anthony Storr, and no harm's done - by Storr. But let the idea sift downwards through the social "services" and in the end you have defense counsel apologising for

DANGER
 THIS BOOK IS POISON
 "Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex" BY GAYS DOCTOR REUBEN
 COMPLETE HYSTERICAL ANGRY

his client's gayness in court (this year: a West End, London court) and fellow-prisoners turning on gays. Reuben makes a classic statement of (a) what the west has thought of gays, and (b) what the west has made of gays. Of course gay men sometimes fuck with each other in lavatories. Of course we sometimes get bizarre things up our arses, like women get bizarre things in their cunts. Of course we frequently make it with people we don't love: who doesn't? No doubt gay women are sometimes prostitutes, and who — just now — is going to put down prostitutes? "Gay", after all, was first the word for them, only lately has it become the best-known name for us. What is so extraordinary about Reuben is that he sees none of the political implications of what he writes — neither the sexual politics that shoved us into the lavatories, nor the revolutionary politics that lie ahead.

Yet... "extraordinary"? Not really. All psychiatric writing is political, for it affects the condition of the individual within the repressive community. Yet the psychiatrists who write about gays are approximately never aware that their "learning" winds up as brute force exercised on somebody helpless. A rentier profession, many of whose members benefit from title-deeds to such run-down properties, lacking plumbing or window-panes, as almost all — no ALL — "factual" works now on sale about homosexuality, only its rare mavericks can stand outside the profession and see it for the prop to repression that it is. Read the Reuben book, and see psychiatry naked, its pants down and its shallow premise exposed: that gays need to be loathed, or need to be helped. It is the western tradition that has led to Reuben's masterwork that needs to be loathed, and to be helped out of existence.



Andrew Lumsden

WELL FOLKS...IF YER ONE OF THEM WIERDOES AS MENTIONED BY THE GOOD DOCTOR YOU CAN ALWAYS GET YERSELF "CURED" AND "ADJUSTED"... IT'LL ONLY COST A SMALL FORTUNE AND SEVERAL YEARS OF YOUR LIFE!
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YOUR CHANCE TO MAKE OR BREAK A MOVIE

DRIVE, HE SAID has its first showing in Britain at the Classic, Piccadilly Circus, starting Thursday, November 25th.

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Nearly the cause of a riot at the Cannes Film Festival this year when those whose susceptibilities were upset raised fists at those who found it a remarkable piece of film making.



DRIVE, HE SAID has been called very strong cinematic meat. But that's what they said about "Easy Rider" too, until its huge success at the Classic, Piccadilly Circus, showed cinemas all over the country that provocative pictures can, will and do attract audiences.

So a lot of eyes will be on the Classic. And the degree of its success there will determine how wide a release **DRIVE, HE SAID** gets. May well decide, too, whether other bold films are made or whether the screen reverts to a diet of soap operas.

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 Screenplay by Jeremy Lerner and Jack Nicholson
 From the prize-winning novel by Jeremy Lerner · Directed by Jack Nicholson
 Produced by Steve Blauner and Jack Nicholson
 Executive Producer Bert Schneider
 Released by Columbia-Warner Distributors Ltd.



Dear Oz,

I am happy that Felix, Richard and Jim are off the hook — for the moment at least. But now can't you use the time for criticism and self appraisal. The point made by the two American girls in issue 38 was right on and long overdue. At it's best, OZ has been the most coherent (when legible) magazine in the alternative press.

COME OFF IT, OZ! But for ever so long now you've been stuck into this male-chauvinist corpse especially in your illustrations. It's stagnant, it's dead, why won't you let it go or at least, accepting that it's where some people are at, try to strike some sort of balance at least. At the moment, and for as long as you accept the role of an underground Playboy, you are making your own jail-cum-tomb and eventually that's where you must lie. You needn't scrap a thing — just make a balance.

YOUR OWN SWAMP. Apart from the self satisfied complacency of this stagnant repetitious morass that you seem to be content to wallow in for issue after issue ad infinitum, there is the obvious aspect of your wishing to be scourged and crucified for it. You are providing a built-in excuse for the authorities to crush you with. You are meeting them on their own superficial battle field and on their own irrelevant terms. While they keep the emphasis on pornography (who really cares?) and the contenders rush to and fro ignoring real issues they will be happy to let you beat out your brains against their old brick wall.

OUT OF YOUR OWN PAGES BE YE JUDGED. Meanwhile things remain the same. Your pictures and some of your articles are still an insult to women and gays, the real issues are still unchanged and we are all getting older. You can continue to increase circulation. You can sell to middle aged business men and bricklayers who would never show their wives and only look at the pictures and you can speak for a minute on TV and say your piece in the Evening Standard. But you know that the establishment has a strong

enough belly to digest all that and more, and when OZ is dismissed by the liberals as immature and superficial the horrible thing is it's true. So for Christ's sake look at what you are doing and let's move on.

ARGYLE WANKS OVER OZ. We can really shake these bastard fat cats. We CAN upset the apple cart but we've got to look where we're going. You're still looking in the rear-view mirror. What you are doing is too easy, and too futile. Let's try to relate illustrations to where our minds are at. That can be more than fucking corpses. We can show them sex is beautiful and not shameful and that we are together and mean business. Turn OZ into a real forum for alternatives and the means to achieve them. Come together. Argyle wanks over OZ — it should jump up and bite his balls.

With love,
Stephen Burke,
28 Roland Gardens, SW7 3PL.

Dear Oz,

I have recently read 'Angry Oz', and although generally entertaining, I found your historical analysis of the U.C.S. dispute, and your general approach to modern labour history, naive and ill-informed.

The article on U.C.S. stressed the essential compromise nature of the Clydeside shop stewards and then went on to imply that the present compromise was a part of a Clydeside tradition which was apotheosised in the debacles of 1919 and 1926. This is a misrepresentation of the shop stewards who were a considerable force on Clydeside from 1911-19. Essentially this movement, part of a general syndicalist trend in the labour movements from 1911-22, was heavily imbued with the propaganda of the Socialist Labour Party, which itself was influenced by the writings of James Connelly, and the American anarcho-syndicalist and leader of the International Workers of the World (Wobblies), Daniel De Lean. The syndicalism that suffused the shop stewards movements was widespread throughout Britain in the period 1911-14,

Thus in 1919, when the revolutionary potential of the British working class reached a zenith that has yet to be surpassed, the movement failed not because of a compromise spirit on behalf of the shop stewards, but because of their interpretation of syndicalism, which stressed the spontaneous upsurge of the masses, minimising the importance of leadership. It was Hughie Gallacher, a revolutionary shop steward, who said after the battle of St. George Square in Glasgow 1919 that "we were engaged in riots when we should have been organising a revolution."

Similarly, your writer's reference to the General Strike as a sell-out on behalf of the shop stewards is not true. The General Strike was sold out by Ernest Bevin, J.H. Thomas and the rest of the hypocrites who composed the General Council of the TUC. It was the General Council that feared revolution, not the shop stewards on Clydeside and elsewhere who reacted only too quickly to the genuflections in the mood of the masses.

Thus to confuse the militant shop stewards of 1911-19 with the egregious crew of 1971 is an unjustifiable lapse. Men of the calibre of Tom Mann, James Maclean, Gallacher, James Connelly and Larkin (the latter were leaders of the Irish transport strike which saw the emergence of Larkin's Citizen Army, a proletarian militia — surely a more realistic proposition than your rather romantic idea of arming the Glaswegian youth as the vanguard of the revolution, a step which without astute propaganda could only lead to that youth being used for chauvinistic ends) are the true tradition on which Clydeside labour history depends, and to associate such men as these with the insidious, snot-gabbling mediocrities who happen temporarily to lead the workers on the Clyde, is an un-necessary error.

Yours (I hope not pedantically),
Davey Jones,
20 Petley Road, W6.

Dear Straights,

Right Oz, a far out article on pollution and general destruction by Farren so why don't you get those fat greased, ego tripping arses out a there and clog ICI's machinery with grasses and weeds or devote your intellect to inventing a stable psychedelic to render the neurotic "Dinosaur" incapably sane for a time, or get yourselves a self sufficient society together, invest your resources in associated London Prostitution. Toss off in the street instead of wanking your intellect over the World's Cosmic mind fucks. You sound like a bunch of tiny Buck Fullers with your petty straight magazine. You preach "weirdness" but I don't see any.

If you wish to tickle your tonsils through the public media at least make it creative and happy. Give us hope not despair.

All happiness from,
Me and Cliffe Field Road,
Sheffield 8.





Trouble Down At t'Millgarth

The Guardian library on Deansgate, Manchester, has a special file of clippings on 'Leeds Police Irregularities'. Quite fat it is, too, and extremely illuminating. All the misdoings of the Millgarth Street uniformed pranksters screenplayed in elegant Guardian prose, from early 1969 to the present day. From Police Sergeant Michael Baraclough, who in February 69 admitted stealing £489 11s 1½p from corpses (he was a coroner's officer, with "a reputation for his sympathetic and tactful manner with bereaved relatives". He asked that 93 similar offences be considered), through the constable fined £50 for "stealing from a police-woman's hand-bag at the police station"; to his fellow officer sent down for nine months for indecent assaults on two boys and a girl.

And it isn't only the rookies. An isolated paragraph in The Guardian of 22 May 1971 records that Police Sergeant Kenneth Mark Kitching was sent for trial on the 21st charged with wounding a Michael Carden with intent to do grievously bodily harm, and attempting to procure a constable to commit perjury. On Christmas Eve, 1969, a 72 year old widow, Mrs Minnie Wein, was killed on a level crossing by a police car driven by one Superintendent Derek Holmes. One very tipsy Superintendent Derek Holmes, alleged the prosecuting counsel (John Cobb QC), whose intoxication was cheerfully concealed by Inspector Geoffrey Ellerker and Sergeant Brian Nicholson's adept handling of the situation. They fiddled the measurements, failed to take markings, and skipped giving Holmes a breathalyser. Ellerker and Nicholson even went so far as to suggest that the widow was drunk. Mrs Wein was a life-long teetotaller. Ellerker and Nicholson both got nine months in November 1970. In summing up, Judge Mocatta declared: "I am well aware of your impeccable record up to this moment and of the very good work that the two of you have done". But then, Mr Justice Mocatta never met David Oluwale.

David Oluwale left Lagos, Nigeria, in 1949. He was then about 20 years old. Whichever milk-and-honey vision of the British Isles inspired him to stowaway aboard a merchant ship to Hull must have been immediately and brutally despatched by the inside of Hull Prison, and morbidly soured during his itinerant dossing between Leeds and London. Exactly how Oluwale spent his first nineteen years of English existence is impossibly hard to define; we are told of "a history of mental illness", but no history of psychiatric treatment; of "numerous convictions of assault", but details are scant and elusive. What we do know we cannot afford to forget. We know that by 1968 David Oluwale was spending most of his time in Leeds, and that he had attracted the particular attention of Sergeant Kenneth Mark Kitching and Inspector Geoffrey Ellerker of Leeds City Police Force. We know that their fascination with Oluwale had ended by 4th May 1969 when the Nigerian's body was pulled out of the River Aire in Leeds; where it had been floating for 16 days.

Kitching and Ellerker are currently on trial at Leeds Assizes, on several charges of assault culminating in the manslaughter of David Oluwale. John Cobb is again prosecuting counsel, and his case reads like a James Baldwin plot. "Ollie", "Ali", or "Uggie" was allegedly submitted to samples of the most sadistic persecution imaginable. On another occasion Oluwale was held down in a shop doorway by Ellerker while Kitching pissed on him. It gets worse as the witnesses trot on and off the stand. . . . Oluwale beaten up in Police vans; kicked off his feet in the street; driven to a wood four miles out of Leeds and left there; dragged screaming into Millgarth Street Police Station and kicked in the balls by Ellerker so hard that "it lifted him and moved him"; charged with assault for biting Ellerker's thumb and getting three months imprisonment on Kitching's evidence; and finally beaten out of a shop doorway on the 18th

April 1969, and literally chased into the River Aire.

On Wednesday, 17 November, just ten days after the start of the trial, which was predicted to last more than five weeks, against all unbiased assessment of what evidence had been made public, and any sense of reason, Judge Hinchcliffe advised the jury to find Kitching and Ellerker Not Guilty of the charges of man-slaughter, perjury and grievous bodily harm; in the face of what he calls 'no positive evidence.' As the most condemnatory evidence so far has come from police officers, will we see half Millgarth Street Station in the dock for perjury? This is outrageous legal vandalism and don't imagine that Mr Justice Hinchcliffe doesn't know it.

It was naive, but I did hold some belief in the arrogant, supremely confident righteousness of the British courts to maintain their braggart condition of high objectivity and make some show of retribution on deviant minions. It was naive. Proving Ellerker and Kitching guilty of charges amounting to the sadistic torture and killing of David Oluwale would raise just too many eyebrows, reinforce too many awkward allegations, fertilise too many people's doubts and bolster too many subversive causes.

This way is so much simpler: Kitching will be ushered warmly back into the Millgarth Street nest. Ellerker will finish his current term of imprisonment, and then retire quietly. David Oluwale? Well, it's not a decision that he is in any position to appeal against. And after all Ellerker and Kitching never were charged with MAN-slaughter—they only killed a coon.

Roger Hutchinson

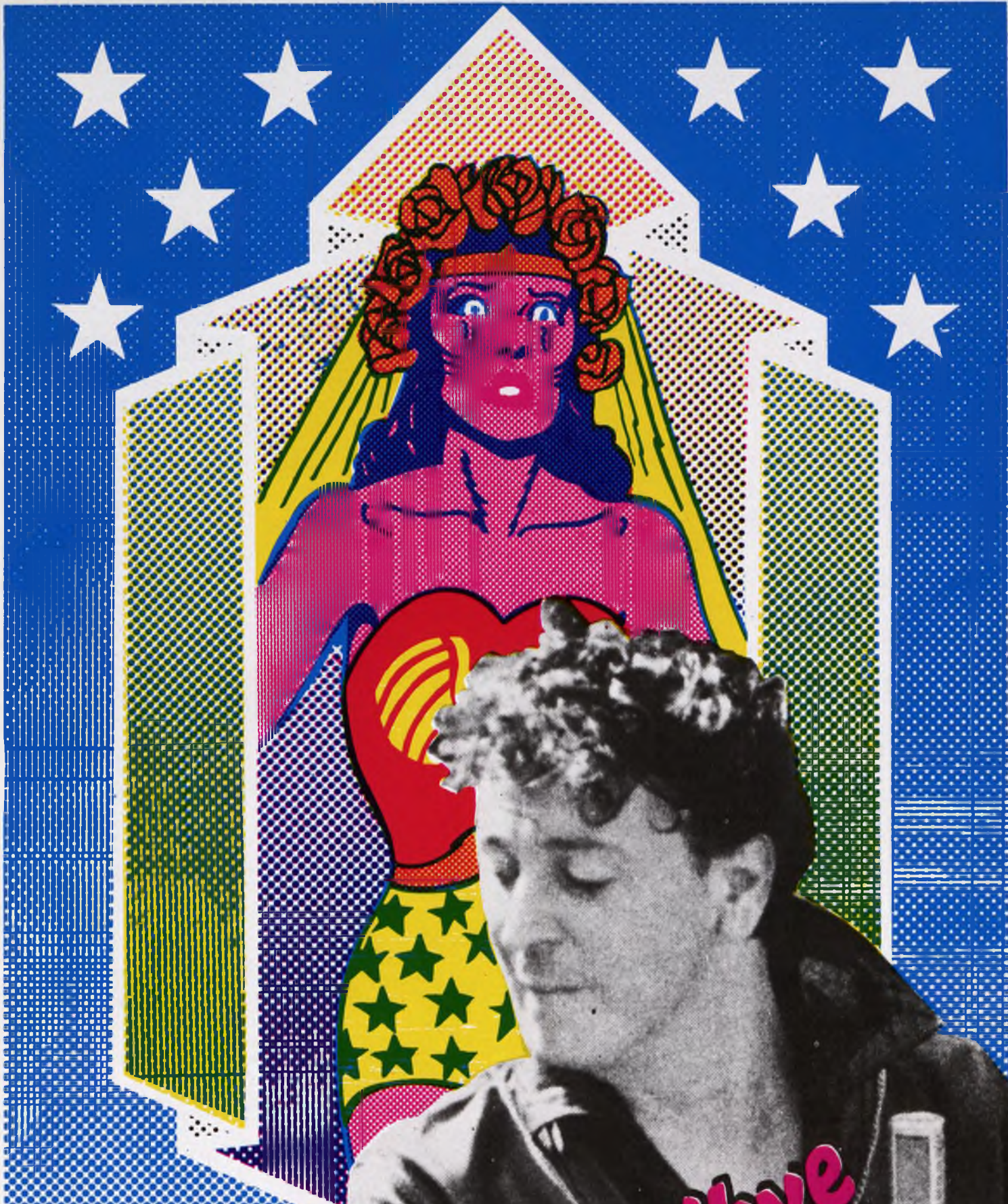


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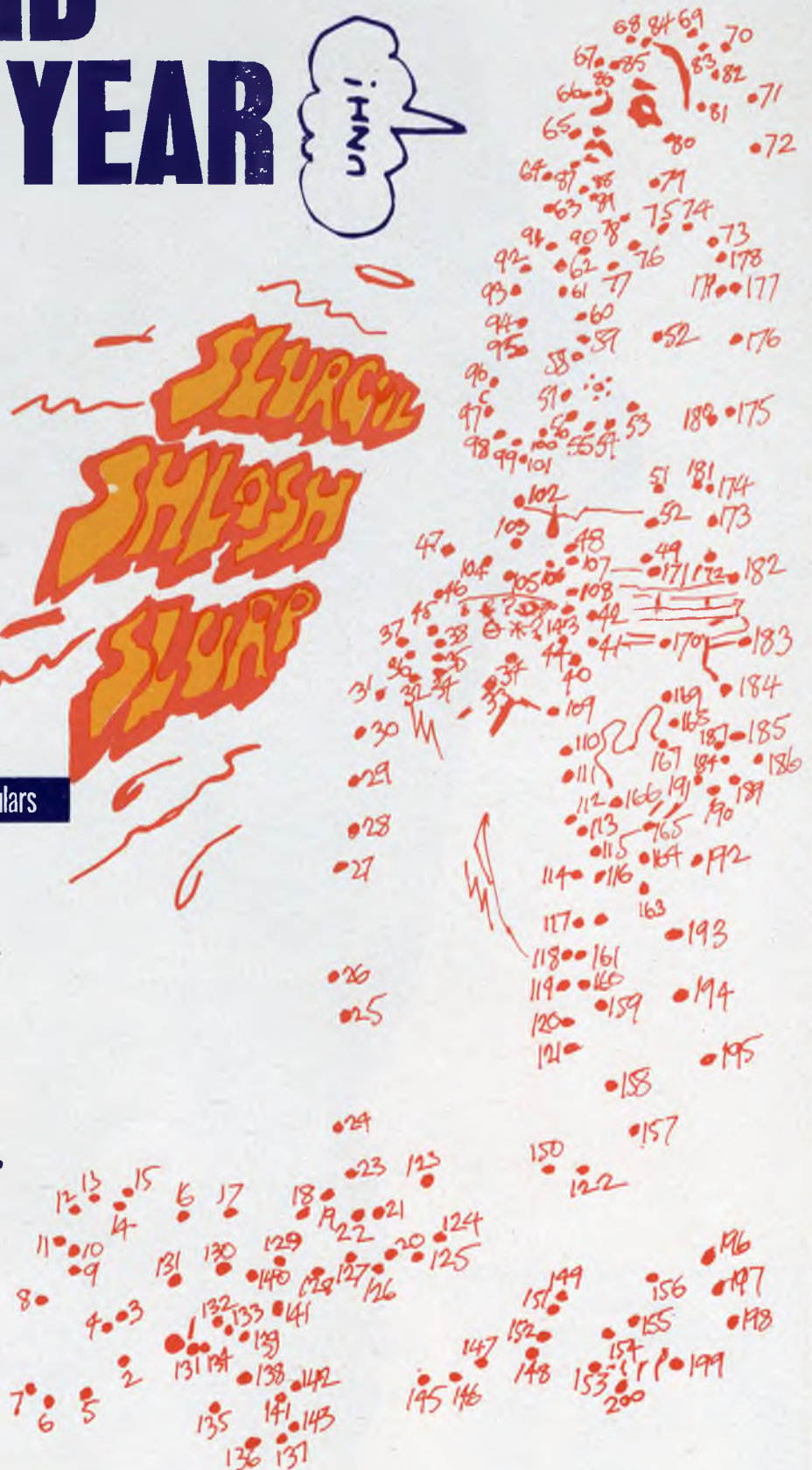
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 the music people

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It looks no different, on the outside, from other buildings which line the block. Inside, it looks like a two-floor extension of a 10 year old's treehouse; posters line the walls, coathanger mobiles hang from the light fixtures, books and records compete for space with rocks, plants and dishes.

While the neighbours wonder what those hippies really do in there, the hippies might open the latest issue of a radical publication to an article which explains it all; they are forming a snobby, cliquish in-group closed to communication with the larger community and insensitive to the urgent human needs of the oppressed people who are their neighbours.

The "commune" has recently become the focal point in the old argument about the order of personal and political liberation. If one places his or her priority on personal or internal-chemical liberation, the commune is justified in remaining a closed living unit in which one may experiment, grow and love with others who allow him/her the freedom to do so. But if the priority is reversed, such a commune becomes an isolated retreat, a micro-community which invalidates itself through its failure to contribute to the revolution.

The geographically-isolated rural commune seems, with a few exceptions, to have failed as an alternative living arrangement. Winter comes, the house gets cold, food and friends get scarce — it requires greater commitments in terms of work and time and voluntary restriction of mobility than most are willing to make. But the urban commune remains one of the best living arrangements for free people who wish to retain whatever degree of strength and sanity they have managed to win from an authoritarian world. The urban commune is a place where people can get it together, or where people who have gotten it together can keep it together.

Individuals living in urban communes do not normally think of themselves as organizing an organic family or establishing an alternative living pattern. Nor do they feel any proselytizing compulsions toward the community. But the sociologists persist in claiming they are organizing and establishing just those things, and certain radical activists claim that if they don't feel a responsibility toward the community they should.

The basis of these claims and observations about the commune are questions forming in the revolutionary consciousness, but not yet articulated; can liberated values be transmitted to the larger community, there to become the basis of a human, if not immediately political revolution? If they can, is there some social unit which can represent liberated values and serve as the means of their transmission to the larger community? If there is, isn't the commune it?

Opportunities for the commune to transmit liberating influences or values to the community are limited by the structure of the nuclear family unit, which precludes the possibility of communication even among the nuclear units themselves.

The nuclear family serves as a retreat from the oppressive forces operating at work and school. But this function has been assigned to it by the same system from which it serves as an escape and so it is in itself oppressive, in that the false impression of relief from such forces which it provides perpetuates their continued existence. While there is limited communication between the members of these units, their escapist function closes them to new, shared, or any form of genuine experience. Outings in the community are undertaken in the spirit of a foray — to buy food, to make other consumer expenditures, to arrange details of operating the nuclear unit. The limited human exchanges

which occur during these forays are likely to be ritualistic instead of communicative. When the nuclear family does respond to repressive, or liberating influences from the larger community, the exchange is usually indirect — through the news media, for example.

The commune can not serve as a means of transmitting liberating values or influences to the larger community because these units are closed to personal communication. They are a conservative element organized to preclude change and preserve the status quo of obedience to the system. The commune can, however, remain open to non-nuclear familial elements in society. These are the kinds of loose, or fluctuating family units which exist in ghettos or economically oppressed neighborhoods, or where young people live together in the interval between their departure from home and a commitment to marriage. Communication is possible with these units because, since a nuclear living arrangement is not already in operation, their interests are not conservative. Such familial units are more open to change and growth.

Individuals who believe that liberation is a subjective process which must be initiated and conducted by each person for him — or her — self might also believe that, instead of transmitting liberating influences to the larger community, free people must preserve their own freedom from the encroachment of that community. The expansion of anti-life, oppressive forces within society does constitute a threat to the chaotic, unstructured existence which free people recognize as essential to their freedom. But withdrawal into an encapsulated micro-environment is an inadequate defense against this threat.

The tendency of rural communes to disintegrate after a brief period of initial enthusiasm

Rosie Barlow



and life indicates that isolation is a self-defeating response to the encroachment of oppressive forces. Isolation tends, in fact, to reinforce this encroachment; the encapsulated life experience, developing within the limits of its closed process, tends to perpetuate the shrinkage of its own boundaries — thereby providing an increasingly smaller and better-defined target for aggressive, anti-life social and political forces.

If men and women are to preserve and increase their present freedoms, they must do so through a life experience which remains open to communication with other non-nuclear, familial elements in the community. "Open to communication" means that these elements — these people — must not be rejected on the basis of their lower level of human development. The commune must remain open to their inclusion within its organization, thereby expanding both the range of communal experience and the number of individuals who might participate in it.

The natural setting for such a commune is urban. It is here that the largest number of people live, and the widest range of human development occurs. It is in an urban setting that a pattern of communal living can develop which is based on toleration for this wide range of life experience. Provided that all the members of such a commune are committed to mutual acceptance, there is no reason why some of them cannot be non-drug users while others are experimenting with as many kinds of drugs as are available. There is no reason why some of them cannot enjoy completely free and creative sexual relationships while others limit themselves to whatever degree of sexual freedom with which they are then comfortable. Within this environment of mutual acceptance, a genuine transmission of liberating influ-

ences can occur.

The claim that liberation cannot be handed to the community like a consumer commodity reflects the fact that a simply-felt and simply-gratified need for liberation does not exist in oppressed people. Conflicting needs for security and fear of its loss prevent such a simple gratification. However, it is possible to give an oppressed person a single experience, a kind of *gestalt-package* which, instead of meeting one need, creates a transcendent series of new needs, the fulfillment of which will alter the individual's life in the direction of liberation. An open communal living unit is one setting in which such experiences can occur.

The urban commune which is organized around a common level of growth or development precludes the possibilities of communication with the larger community. In some cases this is desirable. (Members of the commune might not, for example, wish to communicate their habit of dropping acid whenever it is available.) But in other cases, it clearly is not. A closed or cliquish communal group develops its own prejudices, and its members are subject to their own peculiar ego or power trips. The small differences which exist between members of such a group tend to become magnified. A kind of power hierarchy develops in which members of the group become dependent on each other in an ascending order. One individual's strength becomes merely the measure of another's weakness. In such a group, "bad periods" experienced by the "strongest" member of the group have a negative effect on all the others who "depend" on her or him for support.

In an open communal experience in which varying lesser degrees of strength or development are accepted, specific differences between members tend to become less, not more impor-

tant. Individuals within the group are freed to function autonomously, and are more independent than they might be if there were pressure to conform to specific standards of liberated behaviour.

Herbert Marcuse proposes that there are instinctual and biological urges to create and preserve unity which counter the culturally-imposed characteristics of aggressiveness and competitiveness, both agents of oppression. A commune open to the widest possible range of human experience encourages the development of emotionally and erotically gratifying human relationships which give expression to biological strivings for liberation. In and through the relationships possible in communal experience, men and women may become the tender, sensuous, liberated human beings whom Marcuse believes are alone capable of maintaining a liberated society.

If, however, the human population of the world must awaken one day to a sky swollen with the poisonous clouds of industrial consumption, to an oil-blackened sea turning silver with the corpses of life it can no longer support, it seems pointless to build the kind of relationships which will intensify our pain at losing each other and the world. And there seems no point at all in transmitting a capacity to love, feel and rebel to an oppressed community.

But the human drives for liberation and unity are as irreversible as the destructive effects of capitalistic and imperialistic aggression. In the interval between today and the end of minimal prerequisites for human survival on the planet, the conflict between oppressive and liberating forces will propel itself toward some conclusion. For whatever the duration of this interval, pro-life of liberating forces must continue the effort to penetrate and resurrect the death-in-life of oppressed people
Pat Meyer





HOLY JOE

"I'm smoking a lot of heroin. Maybe I'll get hooked on the stuff. What the hell. I'm at the point right now where I don't really care whether I live or die. Because the fucking army doesn't care whether I live or die. I'm just another number, another cog in the machine. And I've seen so much shit, I'll never forget it, man, you know, like . . . Like what's happened, I'll never forget it, and I'm just so depressed with life, and . . . I've just lost faith in the human race altogether, and I've lost myself. I don't know who I am anymore and I don't know where I am. I just don't care anymore, just don't care . . . and the army has done this to me. This war and the army." Ronnie G. Allen, deserter, US Army.

I interviewed him inside his hideout: a filthy, rotting slum in Saigon, deep in the stinking heart of a city riddled with vice and disease, with rats and with American deserters: eighteen thousand of them, according to one estimate. Ripped on heroin, he spoke with quavering voice, shaking hands, and bloodshot eyes.

Ronnie G Allen, born August 25th, 1951, formerly of 2701 Hunt Club Forest Columbia, South Carolina; latterly Private First Class number RA12850468, Ninth Advisory Team, US Army speaks: "I've been on heroin four and a half weeks. I never touched it before the Army. I can't say who really introduced me to it but like I knew it was going on. My buddies

were doing it but I blew dew (smoked pot) when they were doing heroin."

Ask Ronnie what he thinks of the war. "This fucking war? I can't say it's ridiculous because too many good people have died fighting it, too much money has been wasted, too many peoples' lives have been destroyed. Too many peoples' minds have been messed up. Families have been torn apart too because people have changed over here so drastically, they go back and people don't know them and their wives divorce them because they don't want to live with them, they can't take the person they've changed into. A lot of guys lose their wives, get divorced, because of The Nam, because of what happens out here, because of this Army. Lifers give them so much shit, when they finally wake up to what is going on, it turns out there is a lot of family . . . you know, marital troubles arising from it because a guy will change. A guy wakes up to the truth and his personality changes, his whole person changes. He's not the same person his wife married and when he goes back his wife can't cope with it, can't adjust to it. That's what I am afraid is going to happen to me, I don't want it to happen."

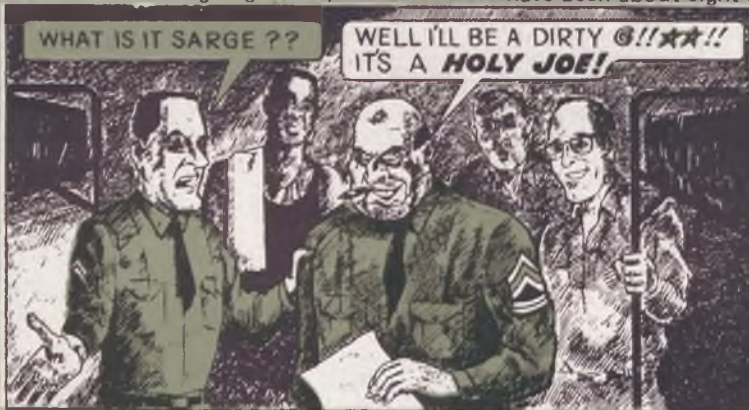
Ronnie has watched his friends get killed. "Hard to say how many, depending on what you mean by friend. I can say anything from 50 - 100 - 150. Both GIs and South Vietnamese. I've had four really personal friends killed, and there have been about eight others maimed for

life. They've lost a leg or an arm or their eyes. One I call Junior got hit by an AK47, he lost an arm from the elbow. A guy called Gerry had his leg blown off by a Claymore. It took his whole leg off, and his testicles too. He lost part of his penis, it's gross, it's so fucking gross. It really is. I have seen people being thrown out of helicopters. Yeah, I have."

Ronnie rolls a cigarette between both hands and the black tobacco trickles out. He opens a tiny glass phial and sprinkles 'scag' (heroin) on a small pile of 'dew' (marijuana). Mixing the white powder with thumb and forefinger, he scoops it up inside the empty cigarette, twisting one end. Shaking, he lights up and takes a deep drag. Then he passes the joint round.

"They throw people out of helicopters to get 'em to talk. They all take two of them up in a helicopter and tell the first one to talk. If he doesn't, they'll get him by the door and tell his friend that if he doesn't talk they're gonna throw him out. They're trussed up, hands and feet tied together with hands behind backs. A lot of them will talk and a lot of them won't. They get him up to ask him a question. He won't talk, they'll hit him a couple times. Ask him to talk, he won't talk, they'll take him to the door of the chopper and sort of hang him out and hold on to him. He still won't talk, or make any moves like to give us information they'll throw him out the chopper.

Ronnie stubs out the joint and lights



*JESUS, SAID: "COME UNTO ME ALL . . . THAT LABOUR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST." MATT 11:28



HEY SARGE - WERE GONNA HAVE TROUBLE WITH HOLY JOE - LOOK WHAT HE DID TO THE SHOES WE THREW AT HIM - HE SHINED THEM!

PUT THAT LITTLE @!!! ON K.P. FOR ONE WEEK! HE'S JUST BEGGING FOR TROUBLE!



HOW'S HOLY JOE TAKING IT?

HE'S DRIVING ME NUTS! THE MORE --- DETAILS I GIVE HIM, THE HARDER HE WORKS - HE'S LIKE NOBODY I'VE EVER SEEN!

THERE'S ROOM AT THE CROSS FOR YOU --

another. He sprawls across the flimsy mattress, his eyelids close and for a moment he appears lost in another world. Now he talks slower. The words are slurred. He is sometimes incoherent, forgetting what he has said a minute before. But the fantasies and the memories inside his mind become ever starker. "They'll take telephone wire, crank type, and like bind it to his testicles or his fingernails and turn it and give him quite a shock trying to get him to talk. I've seen them pull out fingernails and toenails. I've seen eyes gouged out. I've seen fingers split with a knife, and fingers cut off with a knife, by GI's and South Vietnamese, yes. I've never taken part in any of it because I couldn't. I never wanted to kill, only killed when I had to. To me these prisoners were human beings just like I was."

Okay, Ronnie, I said, you've told me what you guys do to prisoners. But what's the other side of the story? What do they do to you? He started rolling a third joint. One phial was already empty. Two dollars worth of scag in Nam; two hundred dollars worth back in the States. The stuff is 95% pure. And 100% deadly.

Ronnie groped for a match, tried three times to light the joint, then gave up. "Well, I've come across Americans and ARVN's (South Vietnamese soldiers) that are dead. They had hands and feet tied behind their back. They were put on their knees and penis and testicles nailed to a tree stump. I've seen them crucified on

trees. I've seen them with barbed wire wrapped round them from head to feet. You know that's my fathers problem. He refused to believe these people died for nothing. He's blind about the news media, he's blinded by the army itself. He just refuses to believe that all these people have died for nothing. Nobody could give me a reason for their deaths. I mean, there's no reason for it. I think at one time there was a reason for it, a good reason for it. A reason that I would have fought for. But it's been lost somewhere. Why is this government throwing good men down the drain? Just to make money for big corporations, to make money for senators, you know, just for politicians to make money for themselves. I would say at least 80% of the GIs, EMs, E5s and below are against the war. There are 500 people in Long Binh Jail. Ninety per cent are black. That means there's definitely something wrong with the system. I was in Long Binh Jail. We call it LBJ. After I got out, I went AWOL because they were gonna put me back inside. They brought more false charges against me. And I'd sworn to my wife and myself that I'd never go back to jail, no matter what happened to me. I stayed AWOL at Long Binh base for two weeks just going around with different guys in the camp, crashing at their places. The lifers never found me. I came to Saigon and I met a Sou! Brother and I rapped to him awhile, you know. That night we went up to Long Binh to

try to get together some money so we could score some stuff to work the black market and make some more money. Well, this cat knew a papa-san and he introduced me. I needed some identification. I'd been in the field for a long time and I wanted to make some money and I was gonna be here for a while. This papa-san connected me with two other papa-sans and as it stands now there's three papa-sans and myself and they've gotten my identification complete new identification, everything. They got it through the underground. I mean you can get a perfect new ID with a fake name, a fake social security number, the lot. I'm in the process of getting a new passport right now. It's costing 250 dollars to get it made. The bread? I had a checking account when I was in the field and I also saved some money from the black market deals. Papa-san gives me new passes every tow or three days. They're just as good as anything else, really, they're travel orders. They don't cost me nothing. They're absolutely foolproof. If you work for Papa-san, he'll give it you. They're free. There's groups of Papa-sans working with groups of GIs, not together in one organization - they're all making money for themselves. There are 18,00 GIs AWOL in Saigon right now. Up north there are some GIs who are AWOL working with the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese." "You know, I spent nine months out



WE'VE FINISHED MANEUVERS SARGE - AND HOLY JOE HASN'T BUDGED AN INCH - GOT ANY NEW IDEAS?

RUMORS HAVE IT, THAT WE'LL BE IN COMBAT IN ABOUT A MONTH FROM NOW - AND WHEN WE DO - I'VE GOT PLANS FOR THAT LITTLE @!!! ☆☆!



JOE, I'VE BEEN THINKING OVER ALL THIS RELIGIOUS PITCH YOU'VE BEEN GIVING ME, AND I DONT THINK GOD IS GONNA DUMP ME INTO HELL! - I'M AS GOOD AS ANYONE ELSE! - I DONT NEED CHRIST OR ANYMORE OF YOUR PREACHING!

I'M SORRY TO HEAR YOU REJECT THE LORD LIKE THAT HENDERSON!

HEY, HOLY JOE - NOW I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY - BEAT IT HENDERSON!

JESUS SAITH UNTO HIM, I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE: NO MAN COMETH UNTO THE FATHER, BUT BY ME.

JOHN 14:6



LISTEN GOOD YOU LITTLE FANATIC - YOU KNOCK OFF THIS --- ABOUT RELIGION RIGHT NOW OR YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!

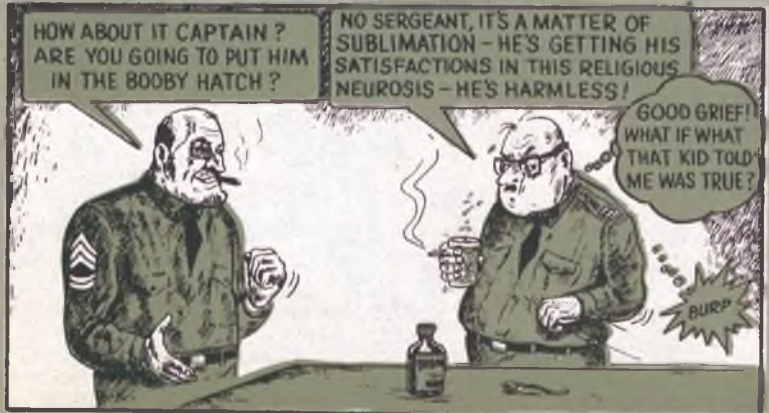
SORRY SARGE! - BUT FOR ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST - TO DIE IS GAIN!

OK YOU @!!! YOU ASKED FOR IT!



SERGEANT, I NEED A MAN FOR A VERY DANGEROUS MISSION - DO YOU HAVE A VOLUNTEER? THIS IS GOING TO BE A ROUGH ONE!

I HAVE JUST THE MAN CAPTAIN - HOLY JOE!



HOW ABOUT IT CAPTAIN? ARE YOU GOING TO PUT HIM IN THE BOOBY HATCH?

NO SERGEANT, IT'S A MATTER OF SUBLIMATION - HE'S GETTING HIS SATISFACTIONS IN THIS RELIGIOUS NEUROSIS - HE'S HARMLESS!

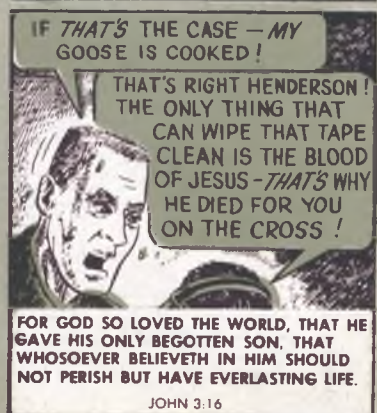
GOOD GRIEF! WHAT IF WHAT THAT KID TOLD ME WAS TRUE?



MANEUVERS ARE YOU TELLING ME THAT MY LIFE IS BEING TAPED?

JUST LIKE THAT! HENDERSON - AND ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT EVERYTHING WILL BE REPLAYED EVEN YOUR THOUGHTS

"BUT I SAY UNTO YOU, THAT EVERY IDLE WORD THAT MEN SHALL SPEAK, THEY SHALL GIVE ACCOUNT THEREOF IN THE DAY OF JUDGMENT." MATTHEW 12:36



IF THAT'S THE CASE - MY GOOSE IS COOKED!

THAT'S RIGHT HENDERSON! THE ONLY THING THAT CAN WIPE THAT TAPE CLEAN IS THE BLOOD OF JESUS - THAT'S WHY HE DIED FOR YOU ON THE CROSS!

FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD, THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON, THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE.

JOHN 3:16



SENDING HIM OUT THERE IS MURDER SARGE - HE ISN'T TRAINED TO--

SHUT UP HENDERSON! HE WANTS TO SEE THE PEARLY GATES- I'M JUST GIVING HIM A LITTLE SHOVE!

I'M STILL PRAYING FOR YOU SARGE!



THE FOLLOWING DAY

SARGE!-- IT'S HOLY JOE- THEY GOT HIM!



LOOK AT HIS FACE! HE -- HE LOOKS PEACEFUL! MAYBE WHAT HE HAD WAS REAL!

I COULDN'T CARE LESS-- LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

in the jungle without a single three-day pass, R and R, or anything. Nothing except I was hit and went to the hospital and the most I ever stayed there was a week. I've been hit in the head, I've been hit in the back, I've been hit in the stomach. Right up on the Cambodian border this gook came out of the reeds in a riverbank and bayoneted me in the stomach. I grabbed him and pulled him down and choked him and shot him three times in the head with my .45.

"That time I had a friend with me name of Fischer. Jeffrey Fischer. Everybody called him Jeff. He was a pretty cool head. Nineteen years old. He was airborne qualified, though he wasn't ranger qualified. We were like brothers, like brothers, man. We were close, we really were. Everything we did, we did together. It happened on my fourth trip into Cambodia. One of those sweep-and-destroy things. Jeff was ten feet to my right. It was a sniper . . . they got him later. The sniper fired and hit him right between the eyes. I saw him stop and he just slumped to the ground. I ran to him you know, and picked him up and carried him over to a ravine. Called the medic over. There was just a little round hole in the front of his head, with a trickle of blood coming out, and the back of his head was completely blown away. Evidently he was hit with an M-14 that was stolen from one of our snipers, because that's what our snipers use. The back of

his head was completely blown out. The medic came over, but there wasn't anything he could do, but I was in shock, because I loved the dude, you know. And I just had it in my mind that he wasn't dead, that he was just wounded, that he couldn't die. The medic came over and told me there was nothing he could do, and I held him in my arms and sort of rocked him and I started crying and I cried like a baby. And then I felt glad . . . you know, glad it was him and not me. And then in the next second I hated myself for thinking that way, I hated everybody that was around me. The army and the war and I even hated my wife because she would never be able to understand . . .

Then I got up and flung my M-14 and my rucksack and ammo belts into the jungle and started cussing. And the American major that was with us - he was my CO - he came over and asked me what I was doing. He asked me if I was crazy and I told him I was tired of it, you know, it was useless. It just didn't make any goddamn sense. Why? Why? Why was it like this? And that's when I got busted from Spec 4 to E2, for cussing him out. I told him I was tired of all this goddamn shit, I was tired of his goddamn army. I told him it was people like him that had caused 44,000 of us to be dead, you know, to be killed. And what were we doing it for? So his buddies could make money? So he could get an eagle on his shoulder . . . or what? I just didn't understand I was sick

of the whole thing. I told him. I was sick of it. I wanted to go home. I didn't have any business here. He told me . . . he called me a *boy*, he says "Calm down boy, calm down. It's not all that bad, all of us lose friends, all of us lose friends you know." and he told me to get control of myself. I'm a good soldier, he says. I'm a good soldier and he don't want to lose me. So he tells the medic to give me a tranquilizer. Then he calls in a chopper and flies me back to base. What the hell can you expect from a lifer? To me, a lifer is somebody without any brains, in the army for 20 years, taking an easy road to retirement. And any time his country says 'go to war', he just goes to war without question, he just goes to kill and shit."

All I've ever read was that Nixon said he would have all his troops out by June 30th and he said also that he DID have 'em out. But he didn't. *I was there*. Two weeks after it was supposed to have been over. We went in and we were up against NVA regulars and it was pretty tough, because the North Vietnamese are as well trained, well, not as well trained as we are but they're a trained army. They got uniforms and they got equipment and the whole bit. They're an army. It was pretty bad, because they'll sit there all day and slug it out with you down to the last man, and that's not too cool at all. No. The NVA won't run. Hell no. They'll sit down and slug it out with you man for man, bullet for bullet. That's not cool at all.



GOD, YOU KNOW I'M A ROTTEN SINNER - I NEED THIS "SAVIOR THAT HOLY JOE SPOKE OF - OH GOD, SAVE ME FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!

SARGE! WE'RE SURROUNDED RUN FOR IT!

NEITHER IS THERE SALVATION IN ANY OTHER: FOR THERE IS NONE OTHER NAME UNDER HEAVEN GIVEN AMONG MEN, WHEREBY WE MUST BE SAVED. ACTS 4:12



AAAAAHH!



ARISE!

"MARVEL NOT AT THIS: FOR THE HOUR IS COMING, IN THE WHICH ALL THAT ARE IN THE GRAVES SHALL HEAR HIS VOICE,"

ST. JOHN 5:28



IT'S TIME FOR YOUR JUDGMENT - COME WITH ME!

WAIT A MINUTE- I'VE LIVED A REAL GOOD LIFE - I NEVER HURT ANYONE - WHY SHOULD I BE JUDGED?

"AND AS IT IS APPOINTED UNTO MEN ONCE TO DIE, BUT AFTER THIS THE JUDGMENT:"

HEBREWS 9:27



My ship was the first one in and I was the first one out to the ground, and I started running to where I could put out fire and wait for my men. I got through three magazines and looked back wondering where they were. Sitting in the chopper not wanting to get out. And the chopper was getting hit with small arms fire and there were RPGs and B-40s (rocket propelled grenades and bazookas) going off all round. And there were other choppers waiting to go in also, they were up there circling and they were getting shot at. Only two could land at a time. One came in and touched down and the American advisers were the only ones to get out of that one too. So I ran back to my ship which was hovering off the ground and hopped up on the landing runner. Started pulling the ARVNs out and throwing them on the ground. That was the only way I was going to get them to go in. They were scared. And the crew was trying to get them out too. But they wouldn't move. Right, we had to actually kick them in the ass and I was grabbing them by the collar and throwing them out

Most of the AWOLs in Saigon hang out at Tru Minh Qui. They live the same way I do. Some of them are peddling dope. Some of them have trained boysans to steal for them and shit. Some of them are stealing Government vehicles and shit. They've got tunnels and shit all over that area. Like the cops can't fuck

with them. The cops go in there and Papsans gonna tell them in advance. And if they surprise everybody and go in for a big bust, they get shot at, the GIs have all got weapons and shit. I have a .45 right there in the closet. They've got tunnels and escape routes all over Tru Minh Qui. They've got fake papers and everything they need. There's no way in the world that the MPs can pick them up for off-limits or anything like that.

Ronnie played with a tiny glass bottle. He wanted to roll another joint, but he didn't have the energy to fix it. "A little phial of heroin like this would cost 600 piastres here - that's two bucks. Back in the world that would run at anywhere from 400 to 500 dollars sometimes. I've heard of people paying 500 dollars for that thing, it's anywhere from 97 - 100% pure heroin. Comes from Laos and Communist China. You can get it anywhere here. I score my stuff off Mamasan, y' know, down over by Tan Shon Nhut. Her husband works, he drives a taxi. He sells it too. They've just got a house over there between couple of shops and I just go in and tell them how much I need, how much I want. And they go outside, out in the back to a little field where they've got stashed, buried. You can get anything you want, really."

I asked Ronnie what he was going to do when he got back to The World. "It sounds really stupid, but I did have plans

to become a rock singer. But it's taking a long time to get my American passport because the heat is on, the pigs are all over the place. They busted a Papasan not too long ago trying to make them. In Viet Nam there's nothing you can't get with the right amount of money." The kid was exhausted and we had to call it a day. But just before I split back to my hotel he reminisced about one more gruesome incident.

"The GIs were at this village on the Cambodian border. Some South Vietnam soldiers and us put plastic explosives on a wire and strung it up round the village, and told the people it was a decoration. And as they came over and started to play with it and touch it and giggle and all this bullshit, y' know, examining it and getting brave, y' know. It was something new to them, it was supposed to be a decoration and they didn't understand it. They didn't understand it and they came up and they were touching it and smiling and giggling and then when they started getting brave and lots of the villagers were out in the main street, they let go with the whole thing. And then they called a B-52 raid on the village as well, after all the damage we did. The reason we did this was because the village was supposedly nothing but Viet Cong sympathizers and Viet Cong wives, etcetera.

Yeah, My Lai was a picnic for the victims after some of the shit I've seen . . .

John Roman



**HEAVEN OR HELL
THE CHOICE IS YOURS...**

**BELIEVE* ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST
AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED,
AND THY HOUSE**

Acts 16:31

*TRUST, CLING TO, RELY ON.

QUESTIONNAIRE

	yes	no
Did you read the book carefully?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Did you understand the message?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Did you accept Jesus Christ as your own personal Savior?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

If your answers are YES then fill in the date of your decision and keep for your own record.

Date of Decision _____

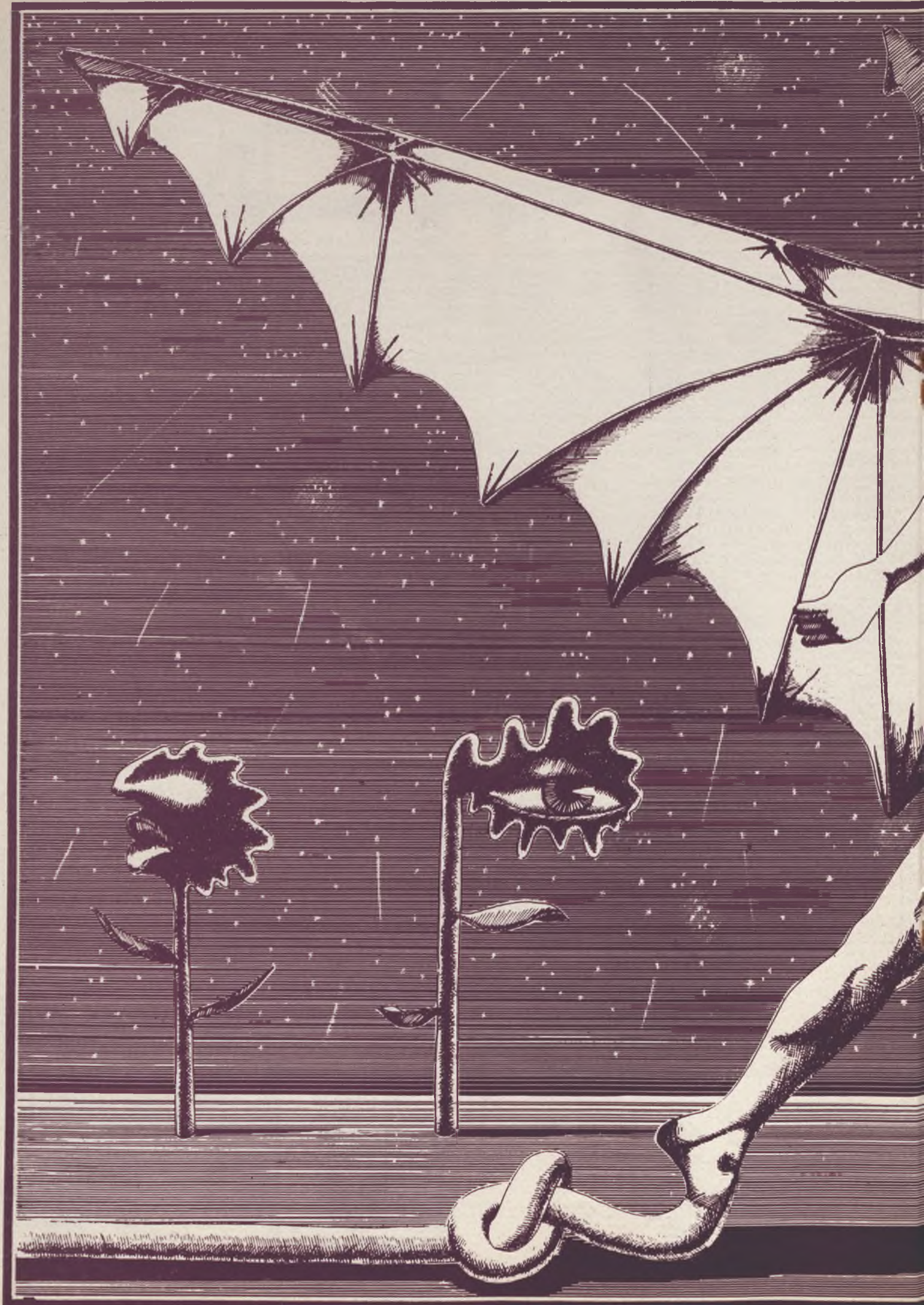
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mrs. lennon's new single –
mrs. lennon b/w midsummer new york
is on apple records. apple 38 ●
from her forthcoming album FLY –
out soon on SAPTU 101/2



ring
01-247 6694
listen to
mrs. lennon

Change of pace for Yoko puts her in immediate chart contention as she delivers a most beautiful ballad culled from her just released "Fly" album. Single adds new dimension to artist's talents as she can now appeal to both AM and underground markets. ● **Cashbox**

consider the lilies

Whatever happened to the hippies? During the late sixties one had the impression that the ordinarily drab scene of American life was about to blossom into an easy-going colorful exuberance. Men seemed sure enough of their masculinity to abandon their customarily uptight machismo styles of dress and bearing, to let their hair down, to sing and wear jewelry, and to dress with imaginative elegance. It seemed that a positive life-style was being proposed as a less expensive alternative to suburbia's conspicuous consumption of uniformly slick plastic hardware. The various forms of rock music showed possibilities of a legitimate development of the Western tradition which had come to a halt in the silences of John Cage and the electronic howls of *musique concrete*. Articulate glory seemed to be returning to Western art through the psychedelic painters.

There were even prospects of a truly swinging religion with meditation, chanting, and joyous rituals, unorganized and set free from the unproductive guilt hang-ups of the Judaeo-Christian conscience.

But judging from Sausalito, California, as one of the hearts of the Movement, the hippies and flower-children have turned back into something even scruffier than beatniks. The long hair is tangled and snarled, and the blue denims patched and frayed. The beads and jewelry have been pawned, and the kapok is coming out of the pads. The attitude is silent — even surly — and the music has just turned up the volume. Hardly anyone dances at the Fillmore; they just sit. The rich verve of the 'San Francisco Oracle' has disappeared from the ever more paranoid, violent, and funky underground press. Leary, in understandable bitterness, has joined the revolutionaries who seem to be demanding no more than their own turn at tyranny. "Love" has become "fuck" . . . But who needs it when personal style is contrived ugliness, and the girls manage to look like peasant women from some depressed area of Russia.

This sagging of spirits may reflect simple depression at the endless and sickening war, at the realization that it may be too late to do anything about ecological catastrophe, and at the difficulty of finding employment even in the sterile busywork of government and the big corporations. The temptation to free enterprise in dope is almost irresistible, but there can be too much pot — like too much booze or too much religion — and the result is not profound mystical contemplation but the most ordinary lethargy. (If the government wants to keep the people docile and avoid violence in the streets, it might note that lawn order follows from legalized grass.)

Furthermore the exuberant "Psychedelic" style went commercial and invaded the Establishment, but somehow this very success was taken as a failure. One wonders, therefore, whether the Movement, the Consciousness III people, wants to woo the squares or simply to be their obedient reverse-image, just doing their opposite. Isn't it yet clear that originality and spontaneity is not being merely anti-conventional?

More and more, however the professed philosophy is ecological concern, and there has indeed been an appreciable migration of hippies from the streets to the countryside in an attempt to love and cultivate the earth at first hand. Yet "charity begins at home" with

love of one's own psychophysical organism (as distinct from conceptual ego) and of ordinary physical things. If the earth is man's extended body, to be loved and respected as one's own body, those who do no greening of themselves will hardly bring about the greening of America.

The idea of "greening" involves color, flowering, freshness of spring, and — above all — respect for what is organic and vegetative as distinct from the mechanical and metallic. As things are now going there is a real possibility that intelligence may survive on this planet only in the form of self-maintaining and self-reproducing steady-state electronic mechanisms, having no need for atmosphere and no feeling or emotions to obstruct their relentless efficiency. In such forms, abstract thought, logic, mathematics, and physics could continue to flourish on the planet, and some would see in this a triumph of purely spiritual principles over the trammels of the flesh. This would be a consistent direction of evolution for a species which confuses the world as described, in terms of linearly arranged word and number symbols, with the world itself; which goes on to value the symbolic more than the real (eg, money more than real wealth and nations more than people), and which would compel the wiggly, liling, and curvaceous forms of nature to get straightened out, squared away, and cleaned up.

I could make a strong, if not conclusive, case for the idea that plants are more intelligent than people — more beautiful, more, pacific, more ingenious in their ways of reproduction, more at home in their surroundings, and even more sensitive. Why, we even use flower-forms as our symbols of the divine when the human face reminds us too much of ourselves — the Hindu-Buddhist mandala, the golden lotus, and the Mystic Rose in Dante's vision of Paradise. Nothing else reminds us so much of a star with a living heart.

I wish, then, that hippies would once again consider the lilies — for the very reason that they are frail and frivolous, gentle and inconsequential, and thus have those very qualities of vegetative wisdom so despised by those who have wills of iron and nerves of steel to fight the good fight and run the straight race. As Lao-tzu put it two thousand years ago:

Man at his birth is supple and tender, but in death he is rigid and hard.

Plants when young are sinuous and moist, but when old are brittle and dry.

Thus suppleness and tenderness are signs of life,
While rigidity and hardness are signs of death.

For I feel that we would go better with this wiggly world if we thought in terms of roots and branches, vines and creepers, fronds and fibers, than in sterile angularities of metal and quartz in which the genius of life has not yet arisen, and in which energy may stutter and hum but has not yet learned to feel.

At least then let me hope — dear children — that there are seeds in your dirty finger-nails, and that you will again come out with flowers.

Alan Watts, 'Earth' June 1971.





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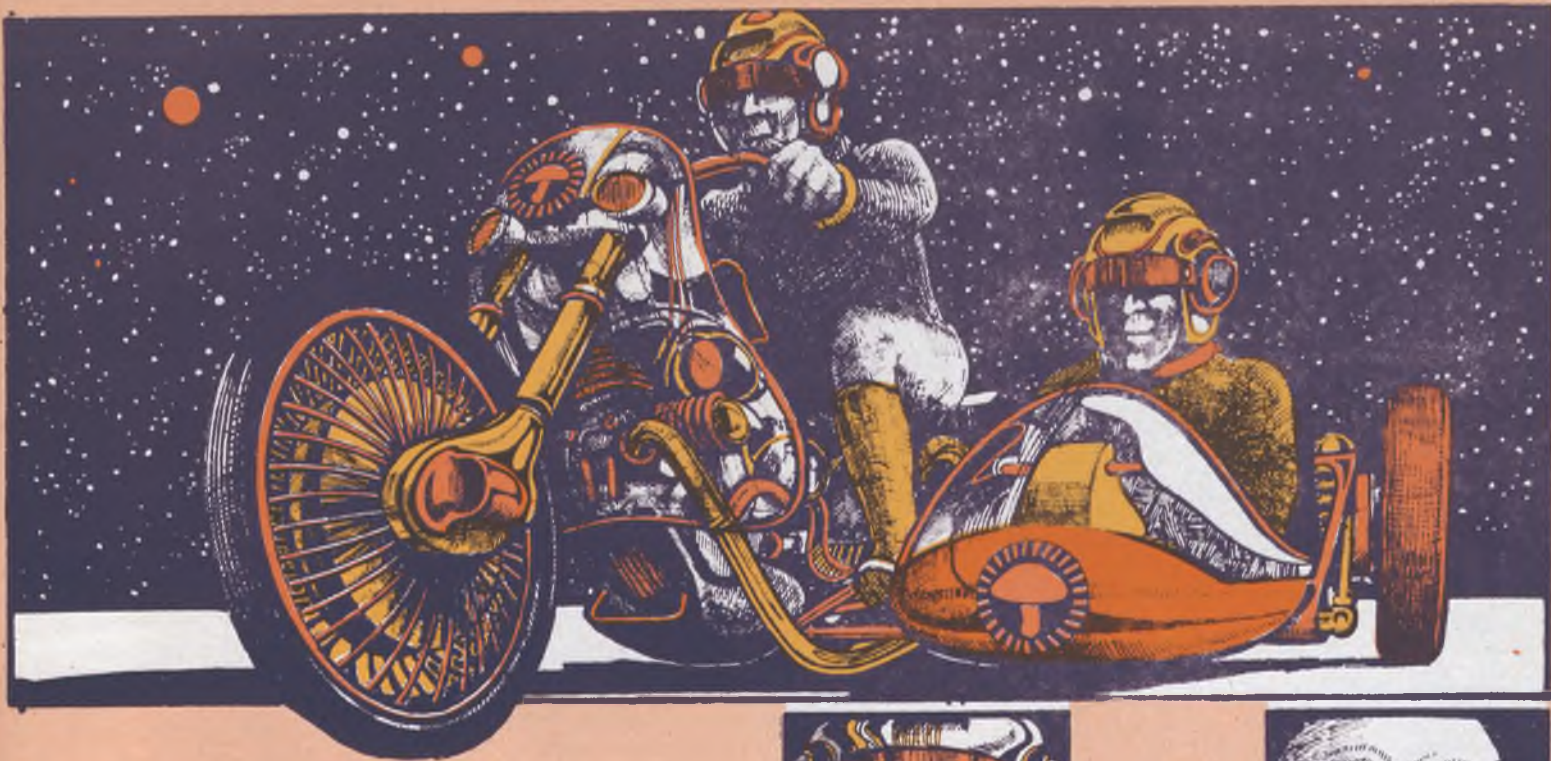
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DOCTOR

from Stephen aged 17, a public school boy: "At the moment I'm in possession of some excellent grass. It is good thoughtful stuff . . . Unfortunately I suspect the grass is laced with a narcotic (could be smack [heroin] as I scored in East Africa. I blew four stiff joints the first week I got it. The grass gives powerful recurrences and after the four beautiful highs I decided to lay off for a few weeks.

However a few days later I developed influenza-like symptoms and came out in a rash of small pimples all over the tops of my arms and scattered over my back . . . what do you think of smoking narcotic laced stuff?

Can only give you my thoughts on this subject as I have never had the pleasure of your experience, but from what you say — especially about the flu — and pimples that grass is laced with heroin, little doubt about it, and you suffered acute narcotic withdrawal symptoms when you stopped smoking. You are in some danger of heroin addiction and also if you got busted it would be more serious than a straight cannabis charge. Take it easy — very easy — remember the American GIs in Vietnam strung out on smoking H mixtures. "A fortnight ago when my mother

was at Bingo I asked two friends round for sex, as I enjoy fucking and bugging at the same time. The old cow came home early and caught us . . . threatened to throw me out. Anyhow one of the bastards gave me gonorrhoea. Then last week dad fucked and bugged me. Now I'm shit scared that he's got it . . . if he gives it to her she'll know he's screwing on the side, I don't want dad in trouble with her. Anyway he's the best to fuck me so far. Please help!" Jane.

Just supposing this hothouse of orgy-flipping is true fact almost all I can say is Wheel! Analysed scientifically this problem is one of female chauvinism, criminal incest and a treatable infection. Suppose you and your boyfriends go to your doctor for VD treatment. Surely your dad is old enough to look after himself? Honestly, face it, you want to enjoy yourself and find no hang ups on the way. T'aint possible. (Don't get pregnant too!) Do some work on teaching your boyfriends how to give you what your dad gives you — aim creative ongoing orgasms — and love.

Bad Trip First Aid cases: girl, 18, goes on first trip then two days later smokes pot and flashes into bad trip. Finds she can hardly talk, mind racing with thoughts. This continues



J



for three days. Needs sleep and food and drink and sympathy from boyfriend and a cool shrink but no drug antidotes. Has some serious hang-ups out with him and her parents. Perfectly well in one week. **Another:** civil servant trips frequently, gets severe abdominal pains and so do his friends about five hours after dropping trip. Nasty common reaction caused by acid causing spasm of intestines, occasionally sign of duodenal ulcer if it happens between trips. Cure: apply heat to belly and trip on an empty stomach. Taking one gram of Vitamin C and glucose in orange juice half an hour before tripping may prevent. (Cause is paranoia . . . space trips twice as far apart as usual or more.)

WANTED BADLY — Names and addresses of doctors you have found sympathetic about drug and sex cases so that from January we may be able to help emergencies.

NEWS — from Medical News Tribune Oct 25th 1971. A completely effective and long lasting treatment for head-lice, crabs, scabies and what have you is now available. Called **Malathion** it makes hair lethal to these pests and is surprisingly non-toxic. You can buy it at gardening shops as Malathion or at chemists (soon) as **Prioderm**. Just one application is needed. Dilute the concentrate to the dilution recommended for killing garden insect pests and souse the affected parts for five minutes avoiding eyes and mouth. Then wash off thoroughly with soap or shampoo. As a spray it kills the most ferocious fleas with horrendous efficacy too. Here's to an itch-free Winter. Dirt-cheap comforts too — amazing.





The cops treated Lenny Bruce, dead, pretty much the same as they treated him alive. He fell off a toilet seat with a needle in his arm, and they found him lying on the tiled floor of his bathroom. They left him there, naked, while the photographers stepped up two at a time to take their shots, and the obituaries filed him away neatly as "sick comic; deceased". It was a shitty thing to do — Lenny hated being posed as much as he resented being categorised.

"I'm sorry if I'm not being very funny tonight. I'm not a comedian, I'm Lenny Bruce."

Lenny died on August 3rd 1966. He was 40, and his last few years had scarred him badly. The drug busts, obscenity raps, his deportation from England, and continual harassment had left him with a reported 600 dollars a week habit, and a string of cancelled bookings. Shortly before his death, he'd leapt from a hotel balcony, screaming that he was Superjew, and broken both ankles. This time — so one story goes — a chick had thought it would be groovy to see Lenny Bruce wiggled-out on acid, she'd spiked him, and Bruce's conditioned response to any metabolic or psychic disturbance was to take another shot. Sergeant Glenn Bachman, of the Los Angeles narcotics squad, said a post-mortem would be made, but "we know it is an overdose, probably of heroin."

".....I'll say these bastards made me into a junkie. No wonder I take stuff when they prescribe it for me. Damn right, Jim. If they ever bust me, I'll bust the whole fuckin' AMA!"

Lenny's drug capacity was phenomenal — as were the lengths he went to, to avoid a bust. He carried a letter with him at all times, signed by a young orthopaedic surgeon in Beverley Hills, which explained how Bruce was instructed in the use of intravenous methedrine injections, and warning any narcs that fresh needle marks were strictly legit — any junkie's dream. Lenny was Norman Rotenburg's first celebrity patient, and though he balked at first when Lenny demanded Demerol for his headaches, and methedrine for his "lethargy", he finally gave in to Bruce's hipster charm. Lenny had been introduced to meth by an experimental chemist in Detroit, and he used to hit up the 1cc amps at regular intervals during the day, varying

it occasionally with Dilaudid (a powerful opiate, stronger than morphine) — twelve 1/16 grain tablets dissolved in one amp of meth — benzedrine, dexedrine spansules, Tuinal (swallowed by the handful when he finally decided he'd have to sleep or crack up), smack and mescaline.

Lenny was never into dope-smoking:—
".....I don't smoke pot at all. I don't dig the high. The reason I don't smoke shit is that it is a hallucinatory high and I've got enough shit floating around in my head; and second, it's a *schlafedicker* high, and I dig being *with* you all the time. So therefore I can talk about pot, and champion it. Marijuana is rejected all over the world. Damn. In England, heroin is alright for out-patients, but marijuana? They'll put your ass in jail. I think that there is no justification for smoking shit. Alcohol? Alcohol has a medicinal justification. You can drink rock-and-rye for a cold, pernod for getting it up when you can't get it up, blackberry brandy for cramps, and gin for coming around when she didn't come around.

CONDEMNING VOICE: What are you doing! You're *enjoying* yourself? Sitting on a couch and *enjoying* yourself! When your mother has *bursitis*! And all those people in China are suffering too!

GUILTY VOICE: I'm enjoying it a little bit, but it's bad shit anyway. And I got a headache and I'm eating again from it.



But Lenny's biggest problem was his 'obscenity'. Over the last couple of years of his life, he was busted 19 times — "I guess what happens is, if you get arrested in Town A (Philadelphia) and then in Town B (San Francisco) — with a lot of publicity — then, when you get to Town C they *have* to arrest you, or what kind of a shithouse town are *they* running?" In December 1962, Lenny was working the Gate of Horn in Chicago. During one of his performances (which co-incidentally was being recorded by Playboy), he was arrested for obscenity. The 'obscenities' objected to by police seemed to be a few 'fucks' in the Bruce patter, but the thing that really got them uptight was Lenny's sniping at religion and GI conduct:—

"You don't think those kids who have heard it since 1942 — 'You know what those Americans did to your poor mother they lined her up, those bastards, your poor father had to throw his guts up in the kitchen while he waited out there, that Master Sergeant schtupped your mother

May 1959, New York Times: "The newest and in some ways most scarifyingly funny proponent of significance... to be found on a night-club stage these days is Lenny Bruce, a sort of abstract-expressionist stand-up comedian paid 1,750 dollars a week to vent his outrage on the clientele."

June 1960, the Reporter: "The question is how far Bruce will go in further exposing his most enthusiastic audiences... to themselves. He has only begun to operate."

September 29 1961: BUSTED FOR POSSESSION OF NARCOTICS, Philadelphia.

October 4 1961: BUSTED FOR OBSCENITY, Jazz Workshop, San Francisco.

September 1962: BANNED IN AUSTRALIA.

October 6 1962: BUSTED FOR POSSESSION OF NARCOTICS, Los Angeles.

October 24 1962: BUSTED FOR OBSCENITY, Troubador, Hollywood.

father

for their stinking coffee and their eggs and their frigging cigarettes, those Americans! That's it, Jim. That's all they've heard, those kids. Those kids now, at 23 to 25 years old: 'The Americans, that's the guy that did it to my mother!' Would you assume that this is sizeably correct.....? 'There's the fellow that fucked my mother — oh thank you, thank you! Thank you for that, and for giving us candy.' "

And, of course, they didn't make any mention of Lenny's 'police bit' that night:—

"According to Sgt. Dolan, one of the original members of the gang, the rough and ready policemen go to great lengths to appear as fascinating females — 'Well, I'll put it between my legs once, and that's all; I'll try it and now — frig that method acting.' (Reading). 'The most hazardous part of the preparation for duty, said Dolan, is learning how to walk on high-heeled shoes. Attackers have a sharp eye, Dolan said, and will shy away from an amateur, wobbly ankle.....' Now dig, the beautiful part about this is that they don't know that some of these rapists are that dedicated — they find out they're cops, they don't care, they'll *schtup* anyway, man. 'I'm a police officer. I don't care, you got a cute ass, that's all I know.' And that's it. Would you assume that there is the slightest bit of *entrapment* involved in this thing? That's not very nice, to incite..

Chicago (population 3,550,404) has the largest membership in the Roman Catholic Church (2,163,380) of any archdiocese in the country. Even so, that the panel of 50 persons from which the jury

December 1962: **BUSTED FOR OBSCENITY**, Gate of Horn, Chicago.

January 1962: **BUSTED FOR POSSESSION OF NARCOTICS**, Los Angeles.

April 1963: **BARRED FROM ENTERING ENGLAND**.

March 1964; New York Post: "Bruce stands up against all limitations on the flesh and spirit, and someday they are going to crush him for it."

April 1964: **BUSTED FOR OBSCENITY**, Cafe Au Go-Go, New York.

October 1965: **DECLARED A LEGALLY BANKRUPT PAUPER**, San Francisco.

November 1965, Esquire: "I saw his act in Chicago.....He looked nervous and shaky.....wretched, broken..... You thought of Dorothy Parker, who, when she saw Scott Fitzgerald's sodden and too-youthful corpse, murmured 'The poor son of a bitch!'"

August 3 1966: **DEAD**, Los Angeles.

bruce

for his trial was selected should include 47 Catholics, was an interesting coincidence — especially as the resulting jury was all Catholic. The judge was Catholic. The prosecutor and his assistant were Catholic.

"On Ash Wednesday, the judge removed the spot of ash from his forehead, and told the bailiff to instruct the others



to go and do likewise. I could never conjure up a more bizarre satire than the reality of a judge, two prosecutors, and twelve jurors, each with a spot of ash on his forehead. When the late Brendan Behan heard about this, he said: 'That scares me — and I'm Catholic!'"

Lenny was found guilty, fined one thousand dollars, and sentenced to a year in the county jail. The Illinois State

Supreme Court upheld the conviction, but the United States Supreme Court then ruled, in a separate case, that a movie, *The Lovers*, was not obscene on the grounds that it was of social importance, and the Illinois court was forced to change its verdict: "While we would not have thought that constitutional guarantees necessitate the subjection of society to this gradual deterioration of its moral fabric, which this type of performance promotes, we must concede that some of the topics commented on by the defendant are of social importance. The entire performance is thereby immunised, and we are constrained to hold that the judgement of the circuit court of Cook County must be reversed and defendant discharged." — "They're really saying that they're only sorry that the crummy constitution won't



permit them to convict me, but if they had their choice....."

It was religion that first really made Lenny Bruce, and it was religion that earned him most of his busts. 'Religions Inc.' was his most famous piece (Lenny always insisted that he didn't do 'bits' but it's very difficult not to see his material as relating to four major topics — drugs, sex, religion and the law), and it landed him in more shit than anything else he did afterwards. But, strangely enough, it was a priest who sent him "the most impressive letter I ever received", and it is perhaps the best summary of Bruce, as a performer and as a man, yet written:—

Dear Mr. Bruce:

I came to see you the other night because I had read about you and was curious to see if you were really as penetrating a critic of our common hypocrisies as I had heard. I found that you are an honest man, and I wrote you a note to say so. It is never popular to be so scathingly honest, whether it is from a night-club stage, or from a pulpit, and I was not surprised to hear that you were having some 'trouble'. This letter is to express my personal concern and to say what I saw and heard on Thursday night.

First, I emphatically do not believe your act is obscene in intent. The method you use has a lot in common with most serious critics (the prophet or the artist, not the professor) of society. Pages of Jonathan Swift and Martin Luther are quite unprintable, even today, because

they were forced to shatter the lying, easy language of the day into the basic, earthy, vulgar idiom of ordinary people, in order to show up the emptiness and insanity of their time. (It has been said, humourously but with some truth, that a great deal of the Bible is not fit to read in church, for the same reason).

Clearly your intent is not to excite sexual feelings, or to demean, but to shock us awake to the realities of racial hatred and invested absurdities about sex, and birth and death.....to move toward sanity and compassion. It is clear that you are intensely angry at our hypocrisies (yours and mine) and at the highly-subsidised mealy-mouthisms that pass as wisdom. But so should any self-respecting man. Your comments are aimed at adults, and reveal to me a man who cares deeply about dishonesty and injustice, and all the accepted psychoses of our time. They are aimed at adults, and adults don't need, or should not have, anyone to protect them from the truth in whatever form it appears, no matter how noble the motive for suppression.....

May God bless you

The Rev. Sidney Lanier,

St. Clement's Church, New York.

Above all, Lenny was a commentator. His comedy wasn't really funny, it was frightening. His greatest talent was in exposing the motivations behind the actions of the State, the Church and the American citizen who watches a war on TV every night and screams 'obscenity' if anyone says fuck in front of his wife. He was ruthless, incisive, and — at times — cruel, but now, five years after his death, he's still funny and supremely relevant. Of course they killed him for it — what else would you expect?

"Lenny was the only truthful philosophical genius of our time....He died from an overdose of police" — Phil Spector.

"Yes, brothers, anyone who does anything for pleasure to indulge his selfish soul will surely burn in hell. The only medicine that is good for you is iodine, because it burns. The stone is lodged in your urinary tract because Nature meant it to be there. So re-tie that umbilical cord, snap your foreskin back on, and drown in the amniotic fluid, 'cause we're havin' a party, and the people are nice....."

Steve Mann.



SUZIE SLUMCODES

WHERE IS SHE NOW?

OOH, PEACE AND LUV, EVERYBODY! WE'RE ALL SO BEAUTIFUL! LET'S TRIP ON ACID AND PAINT FLOWERS ALL OVER OUR BODIES AND DANCE UNDER STROBE LIGHTS!

... AN' I DON'T WEAR A BRA AN' I'M A GROUPIE AN' PROUD OF IT AN' I'M ONLY FIFTEEN



In 1967 Suzie lived on Mt. Vernon Sq with her cats and her I ching.

'Our mission is to destroy, not construct.' Bakunin, c.1870.

'Trash together/ Right on/ Off the Pig', from 'We are the Trashmen' (to the tune of 'Come Together',) c.1970.

When the shit finally does come down over here, and the parlour liberals can no longer sit back on the laurels of attendance at a few abortive demos, what the hell is going to happen. When the revolutionary situation does arrive, when testifying for the defence at the OZ trial or getting busted for the odd drunken brawl, that can in no way be justified as 'political struggle' just isn't enough any more, where are things going to go. Quo vadis domine, whaddya gonna get into now, man?? Of course sweet old England is still getting things pretty simple, at least superficially so, though subtlety (or as Hitler put it 'The Big Lie') works so much better on an acquiescent and apathetic mass than open force. In the States on the other hand, the shit hit the fan some time back, you name it, they've got a crisis to fit it, and action took the place of words.

Or anyway it did for some people. Blacks and other third worlders aside, the most obviously 'revolutionary' of the white left were/are found amongst the Weathermen, formed in June 1969 when the SDS (Students for a Democratic Society) split with the Progressive Labour Party, and stale old Marxist clichés, backed only by theory upon more theory, were replaced by positive aggressive action. Weatherman, named after the line in Bob Dylan's 'Subterranean Homesick Blues' — You don't need a Weatherman to tell which way the wind blows — sprang from the SDS 'action

fact-ion' who participated at the crisis meeting in Chicago. As turgid speakers followed others doctrinal pronouncements, the gloom was shattered by this 'action faction' as they leapt onto chairs, brandishing copies of the Little Red Books and chanting gaily: 'Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh.....' This initial activity was paralleled in many more serious ways, in all of Weatherman's later occupations.

As far as England, and indeed many of Americans are concerned, Weatherman is merely a load of people who throw bombs, get the shit kicked out of them and eventually have to go underground. Now 'Weatherman', edited by Harold Jacobs, and so far only available at Better Books, gives, in the words of Weatherpeople, their supporters and detractors, a deeper picture of the most recent and most publicised, though least understood, white militant group in the so-called alternative society.

'Action' and 'Faction' maybe best sum up the whole Weatherman career. Always an extreme movement it's at its best in its action, quixotic perhaps, heroic undoubtedly, and at its worst when factionalism takes over, when ideological soundness takes the place of intelligent thought. Weatherman's basic premise echoes that of Bakunin and Nechayev's Nihilists a hundred years before them in pre-revolutionary Russia. 'What right have we to take life', asked Ouspensky, one of Nechayev's comrades. 'It is not a question of right,' comes the reply, 'but of our duty to eliminate everything that may harm our cause.' Essentially upper-middle class in background, with wealthy, often liberal parents (Ted Gold, killed in the 11th Street bomb explosions in 1970, when a Weatherman bomb factory blew itself up had parents who were both the essence of 'liberal' idealists) the Weathermen were torn by a conscience which, as horror succeeded horror, escalated to naked rage, and developed into the extremes of their political activist

programme. This little group of men and women.. chose the role of executioner to which they were in no way destined.' This is Camus writing of the Nihilists. It could equally serve as a description of the Weatherpeople;

Weatherman's strength, in the early, pre Days of Rage era, lay in its refusal to fuck around with theories and theories about theories, but to replace this dalliance with action — the National Action which culminated in Chicago on October 8-11 1969, when 300 (as opposed to an expected 2000) Weathermen trashed the streets at tremendous cost, not so much in injuries, but in 750,000 dollars bail money and many arrests. They based their program on the hope that white working class youth, not students who were considered too embedded in white-skin privilege and and thus beyond conversion, would rise up angry from the streets. When only one in every seven of these who promised to attend managed to make it to Chicago their faith in the lumpen collapsed. They too gained the epithet of succumbing to white-skin privilege and Weatherman turned itself into a body strictly to help the Thrid World, in particular the Vietnamese, and the blacks in America.

Any movement that is as far out as Weatherman, in every sense of that overused phrase, will always be faced with as many internal as external struggles. Though the organisation prided itself on the necessity and essential healthiness of working out their internal divisions and creating an atmosphere of continual self-criticism, the very tenuosness of their extreme position was undermined by this desire to keep everyone up to revolutionary scratch, justifications from Ho, Che and Mao notwithstanding. For instance the sexual aspect of Weatherman collectives was oppressive to every 'monogamous' relationship that existed within it. Since many of the women who entered the party came in as 'old ladies' of one of the male leaders of SDS, they were determined to gain self-assertion, to crush male chauvinism. Monogamous relationships were deliberately smashed, to fuck the ideologically sound was the only rule. Periods of intense puritanism inter-

changed with hedonistic orgies. 'Crazy trips' as one Weatherwoman put it, and so crazy as to mess up the party as well as its individuals. Social and ideological rigidity had the most deleterious affect on Weatherman, faction was not compatible with action, especially when to mix into the former was all too easy, and to undertake the latter was almost, especially after the 'Days of Rage' tantamount to suicide, or at least a long jail sentence.

Weathermen have now turned from employing up front aggressive techniques to the urban guerilla tactics of such groups as the Latin American Tupamaros and the Viet Cong, partially by the exigencies of living underground, partially by political and ideological necessity — with no real support from the students or the lumpen, they were best employed in acts of individual terrorism or bombings against the pig state. Tim Leary owed his freedom to them — how ironic that the panthers, on whose side the Weathermen are so vehemently in support, gave him just another form of captivity — and sporadic bombings around the States are answered and explained by a Weatherman communique. Direct confrontation has failed. So far. The Nihilists did not expect to die, but the revolutions of 1905 and 1917 were in part their posthumous reward. Weatherman is underground, it is prepared still to die. What its reward may be, no one can yet say.

To take the extreme position in face of opposition, not only from the State, but from ones own, is always hard, even foolhardy by some standards. If the situation was sufficiently intense here, there would doubtless be Weatherman to combat it. When it happens it will be interesting to see who will be for and who against. 'Who is not for me is against me' said Christ, another extremist. But look what he had to go through for recognition.

Jonathon Green



Tarantula: Bob Dylan.
(McGibbon & Kee) 137 pp £1.10.

Quite a few years ago, Bob Dylan made a deal along with Albert Grossman, to write a book and score plenty bread off some publisher. It happened at around the time that Dylan was beginning to become 'HUGE' and an obvious commercial property/asset. So he made the deal, got the money and then started to think about the book. He wrote it here and there in dressing rooms and motels and Highway Cafes, whenever he found the time. It was practically all 'stream of consciousness' writing and it was confused, random and pretty well unorganised; e.g.

"SEEMS LIKE A BLACK NITE CRASH."

"between the shrieking mattress in the kitchen & Time, a mysterious weekly -- Tao -- a fingertip on his chin, his knees knocking together -- Tao -- he shows the inside of his mouth to a column of faces "does this mean you must take a nap today?" & Phil Silvers eating a banana -- he is inside of the column of faces -- Tao is quiet & Phil Silvers eating a banana -- he is inside of the column of faces....."

It struck me much in the same way as the sleeve notes to Highway 61 -- you remember 'the Slow Train'. White Heat rides again. To all those who have wondered and puzzled over BD its another great opportunity to wonder again. Perhaps it's more of an Historical Curiosity, a key to the mind that produced 'Desolation Row' and 'Visions of Johanna'; but its relevance now is questionable. Dylan managed to prevent its publication until now and, as usual, he has managed to add another layer of mystery to his personal myth. If you've never seen any of the bootleg versions and if you're really interested then it's worth having. Otherwise you'd probably be better off playing 'Blonde on Blonde' a few times.

Chris Rowley.

2001 Motels -- Thus spake Zappathusa

London's fashionable rock milieu turned out of a cold mid-November nite to witness the celluloid testament of Frank Zappa's wit and wisdom: "... but he's so OLD" ... 'yeah, but really clever. I mean to be so weird and yet so commercial, that's ballsy.

A fat blonde NY/LA husteltte turned to the druggies trying to get to their seats: 'Here are the boys; here they are; the Mothers are here. St John's Ambulance men (cleverly hired from Madame Tussaud's) blanched at the mention of the group's name, the extra police clenched their teeth on their special duty bits and -- **HERE ARE THE BOYS**. Viv Stanshall looned a little while the canned musak brought on the light dimmer, and the butt-end clientele of Parsons and Chows recognised themselves. And at last, the first full-length from Zappa, who has promised for years and years that his garage is stacked with unedited albums and half-finished holiday movies. At last, the unedited album and half-finished holiday movie of all time.

'2001 Motels' takes a long long time to beat the meat out of the simple fact that rock musicians on the road get bored and balled a good deal, and mostly balled by a bunch of humourless, anti-nubile, overweight scags. Not an enviable life; repetitious, but colourful. Zappa's ideas, not his alone by any means (though the treatment, thankfully, is), are either so laboured that they are forgotten (after a struggle) or so self-indulgent that they will never register with any audience outside the 'privileged' few invited to the preview and the 'party' at the Hard Rock Cafe afterwards.

So the usual question arises. Why did he do it? To make a huge feature film which will pack the picture-houses of the planet and tell the gaudy truth about rock 'n' roll life content? With feeling now. Or. To be seen to be outrageous once more, to have a good time for a few days, and rip off the Royal Philharmonic, a film and record company, and Zappa's loving millions of teenage fans?

I can hardly bring myself to say this ... god, it's so HARD, but much as I love the Mothers' music, I find Zappa the ripp-off Queen of our culture. Someone should get behind that and find out when he last made a positive creative statement, or aligned himself with ANY PART of the social advancement of the last 20 years thinking. He's a twentieth-century music-hall computer. Sure, the film is funny outrageous, and funny embarrassing (I don't know whether Ringo or his chauffeur is the worse actor, but I can tell who's the better little sucker. Hmm.) and the musical content is very strong, but I have no compunction to see it again and find out why so many people apparently fell asleep ...

At the Hard Rock beanfeast just a little later, Roman Polanski arrived shooting 35mm from his left eyeball, and hippies from the right. Your intrepid reporter decided to split before it got too late.
Herbert Trenchcoat III

**TODAY
WE FOUND SISTER
SUZIE X AT THE
BARRICADES...**

RIGHT ON! OFF THE COUNTER-
REVOLUTIONARY SEXIST PIG FORCES OF
AMERICAN RACISM! BOMB THEIR BANKS!
UP AGAINST THE WALL, MACHO MUTHAFUKKA!
FREE ANGELA DAVIS!

AN' I'M NINETEEN NOW, AN'
I STILL DONT WEAR A BRA!

SUZIE SEZ...

LOOK ME UP IN
1974 FOR MORE
FUN AND SURPRISES
...IF WE'RE STILL
ALIVE ...

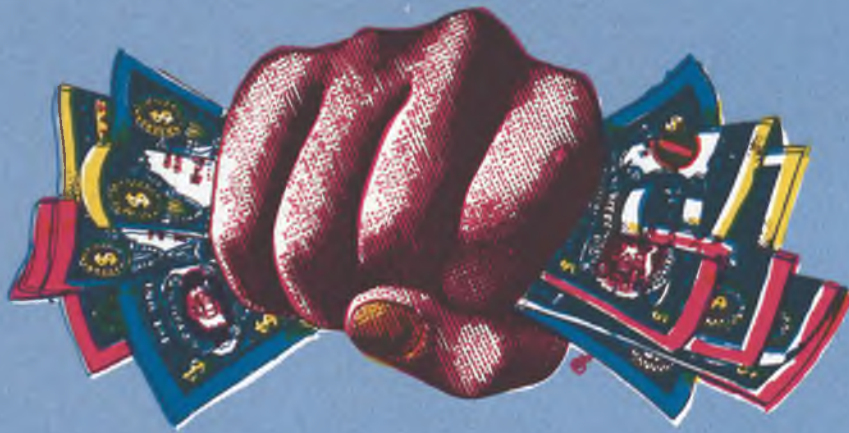
By
Chima



BRAINRAPE

'A brain implant is being developed to enable blind people to read by feeding signals from a modified television camera into the seeing areas of the brain. The work, which is going on at the neurological prostheses unit at the Institute of Psychiatry, is described briefly in the annual report of the Medical Research Council. Electrodes were implanted in the brain of a blind patient and the effects of radio stimulation were analysed for some months. The patient 'saw' lights and the shape and position of the lights produced by signals from each electrode remained constant. "As a result of the information obtained, a more complex type of implant has been devised containing an increased number of stimulating electrodes in the hope that it will ultimately be possible, with the help of a modified TV camera, for the patients into whom it is inserted to read ordinary print", the report states.'

From 'The Times', July 22, 1970



Why stop at print? Ultimately it should be possible for the blind to see everything that the non-blind can — except that they will have as many 'eyes' as they want, positioned wherever they want, capable of magnifying and reducing micro and macro scenes as required. They will be able to have an exact visual memory, they will be able to look at more than one scene simultaneously and they'll be able to see in the dark. They will look upon those still using old-style eyes — which are notoriously prone to deterioration and contain basic design defects such as after-images — in much the same way as the seeing now regard the blind.

Why stop with the visual? Ultimately it should be possible to feed in electronic signals representing stimuli from the entire electro-magnetic spectrum. The Man With X-Ray Eyes will be nothing compared to this. Be the first guy on your block with complete stereoscopic, infrasonic, audible, ultrasonic, radio, radar, infrared, visible, ultraviolet, X'Y,Z, gamma and cosmic eyes.

Once you've kitted yourself out for the known electromagnetic spectrum you could plug in some field force sensors and directly experience magnetic fields and the gravitational attraction of the earth, moon, sun, planets stars and so on. Don't forget, this long, strange trip has already started.

Scientists call it prosthesis and see it as an obscure, minor field of surgery. Their modest aim is to provide artificial devices which will fulfill some of the functions of the diseased or missing human organs. Most of the time they simply produce complex mechanical devices which crudely perform the functions of missing limbs. Useful work.

When they started feeding signals into the nervous system they crossed an unmark-

ed border and entered new territory. They started existential engineering. This is an area with amazing implications — none of which seem to have occurred to scientists.

Up till now our response, when we feel shitty, has been to remove the shit. This is known as technology. Man has a physiology remarkably ill-adapted to his environment, this means that plenty of shit gets in his way. Consequently his attempts to remove shit are frequent and complex. For most humans most of the shit is not removed. A minority passes its shit on to the majority thereby increasing the disposal problems of the latter. A few people eat, drink, keep warm, relax and move around while the rest starve and struggle to survive on scraps. If we had been born as worms we would have been provided for; worms were designed so that their environment fulfills their every need with minimal hassle.

From now on it will start to be possible, when we feel shitty to remove (or change) the feeling and leave the shit alone. The ultimate non-solution, The old technology's engineering response to blindness is to change the environment: you have a white stick which hopefully clears people out of your way, you have a home geared to feeling your way around. The new, improved, square deal, existential engineering response is to leave the environment alone and alter you. Dope is a very primitive precursor to this short circuit approach. It may, or may not, sound like a good idea. Maybe it is — but the probable reality is totally horrible.

If you're a mindless, self-centred, idiot hippie groover, who couldn't give a shit about the world, this is the trip for you: stereo headphones taken to their absurd limit. If you're starving it's not a bad option either. In theory you could junk your body

(an anachronism which acted as an inefficient and restrictive container for the nervous system, as well as feeding it with matter and energy and moving it around) and your obsolete sense organs. You would be left with a brain wired into computers and playback machines and in continuous remote radio contact with your sensors (primitive precursors of which are current communications satellites). No need to stray on planet earth. Equally, no reason to move: leave that to your sensors. No need to stay tuned into reality when your nonconscious nervous system can deal with that crap. When, after a few millennia of grooving, you get bored, you can always flick the switch marked 'OFF'.

In practice, if this trip's for anybody, it's for a minority — a minority who would undoubtedly turn it into a prize bummer. The minority in question are the customary ogres and demons, viz. the Russian and American military-industrial complexes plus their running dogs and lackeys. Prosthesis is the only technical field relevant to existential engineering which is being investigated right now.

Two major fields of interesting research are telefactoring and gook-killing. The former involves remote control of space vehicles from earth. This has been taken beyond the stage of blindly pressing buttons and hoping that something thousands of miles away does what it is told. Thanks to telefactoring the button pusher is as good as on the spot. The remote environment, ie. the space capsule, is constructed as if for human occupancy (eg. the instrument panel of an unmanned capsule will be at 'eye-level'). The operator wears a wrap-around TV helmet receiving live broadcasts from the remote environment and can act exactly as if he really was

there. A sort of live simulation.

Back in Vietnam the Yankee imperialists are experimenting with an exceptionally nasty concept: the electronic battlefield. This is a response to the bad publicity associated with the slaughter of clean-cut cannon-fodder and to the technocrat's urge to make a profit for the defense contractors. It is no longer necessary to send out the boys to stamp out the gooks. You merely retire to a blastproof shelter, together with a computer and radio transmission and reception devices. Helicopters litter the 'battlefield' with sensors (eg. infrared sensors which detect the heat from the human body). The sensors transmit their information, via satellite, back to the bunker. The computer digests the information, tells the Man what's happening and awaits orders. The order is to kill — whoever it is that is emitting that heat. The order is transmitted by radio to the killing device (could be a mine waiting to be triggered, or a serpent's eye bomb, which falls slowly and can directed at will). The Limited Warfare Agency, the Electronic Warfare Quick Reaction Facility and the Remote Area Conflict Group of Project Agile are already well into the theory and

technology of this diabolic concept. They are already using infrared sensors and serpent's eye bombs in Vietnam. Yes, now you too can kill a commie for Christ from the comfort of your own sitting room.

Outside the military-industrial complex (but effectively within it) research is not only being conducted into prosthesis. Electrodes have been implanted into the brains of monkeys and their emotions can be controlled by signals transmitted by radio (the effect is instantaneous and alarmingly efficient). Monkey brains are not too different from ours. American scientists are making fair progress in the development of artificial nerve fibres. They are well on the way to synthesising the axon,

and create your own environment. Sod the other guys, let them wallow in the shit you've created. If anyone attacks the citadel, attack them remotely. If necessary you can retreat to an empty part of the cosmos and carry on the war games over there.

This retreat mentality is already with us. An excellent example is the range of non-solutions being offered for air pollution by the baddies. Last month Peter Walker told us that buildings should have much better air-conditioning to remove shit from the air (eg. lead). The week before that the first British car with a sealed internal air circulation system was unleashed upon the consumers. He rarely mentions action to stop air pollution in the first place. Extend that logic and you enter strange lands.

Remember, the technology is on its way and the attitude to apply it could come too. Maybe UFOs are remote sensors or tin cans filled with the brains of intergalactic morons playing out infinite permutations of inane wargames. Maybe.....

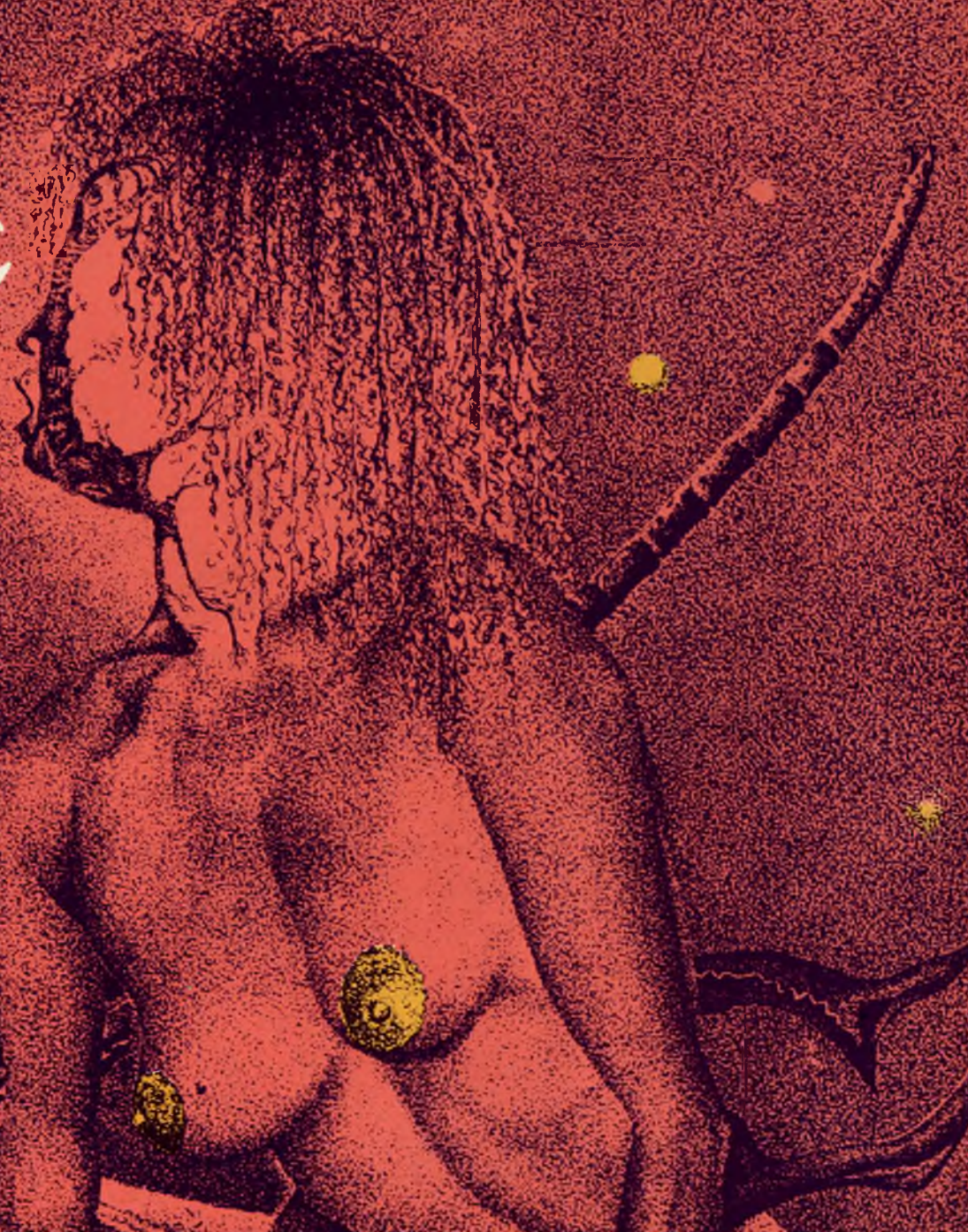
Alf Moorcraft.



the nervous system's main connecting link.

Plug prosthesis, telefactoring, electronic battlefield technology, radio-controlled brains and artificial nerves together and you're well on the way to hell. The baddies are none too intelligent so it may seem unlikely to have the imagination to link these things. Circumstances might however force their hand. The whole exercise is the ultimate in the military mentality of retreating to a fortress in times of woe. If you fuck up the planet (by pollution, thermonuclear warfare, chemical or biological warfare — take your pick) and don't want to make the necessary changes to undo the fuckup and prevent a recurrence, why not retreat to your electronic citadel

SWEET COUSIN COCAINE



It was easy to find cocaine in the States. Everywhere I turned eager Americans wanted to turn an English chick on. This is what I learnt about coke. In its naturally pure state (98% being about as pure as it comes) it is probably the most mentally stimulating drug that exists. However, because of its sudden demand, caused by its new super-star and sexual image, even the dealers who are expected to supply it often know fuck-all about it. Therefore it is vital to know what you are scoring. If your local dealer won't let you buy a taste first, forget it. It's too expensive to score crap. The following tests, are based on the drug's chemical properties and appearance.

When testing cocaine for purity look out for:

(1) The quality of the cut.

Procaine, a synthetic coke being the most evil. Used to give the illusion of strength it is paranoid and harmful to the body, inducing nose bleeds, etc. Menita, the best and most expensive cut, because it is not only harmless, being a baby laxative, but also chemically combines with cocaine into one molecule so that the drug is easily absorbed. Lactose, a harmless sugar cut that is commonly used, tends to clog the coke. These are the main cuts, although even talcum powder could be used.

(2) The quantity of the cut.

Firstly, take a look at the substance. It should contain rocks, flakes and crystals. Coke is not known as snow for nothing! Procaine crystals, being artificially produced, are largely and regularly shaped, whereas cocaine crystals are small and irregularly shaped. Next take a tall glass of water and sprinkle a little coke into it. Cocaine dissolves in water, leaving behind it as it sinks, a trail. Any residue will be the cut. If this is at the bottom of the glass, it will be harmless, but if it leaves a slick on the top, rub it between your fingers. If it feels oily, it's procaine.

Put a little coke on a thickish



piece of silver paper. Coke is very sensitive to heat, and when the paper is put over a match, should completely vaporise. Sniff the fumes. With practice and a good nose, one can identify the cut. For example lactose would obviously be sweet. The residue will be the cut. Again note the quantity. Menita rolls into balls. This test does not apply to procaine, which will also burn.

Rub and press some coke on the ball of your thumb and finger. The heat sensitive coke should eventually dissolve, the cut remaining. Look for the sparkle of the crystals. Procaine crystals will roll into a ball.

Put a little coke on the tip of your tongue and carefully place on the vein in the lower gum, which is highly absorbant. This tests the freeze, which should be subtle and come on slowly. Procaine is much coarser.

Finally the snort! However pure the coke is, this drug is so personal that tastes count highly. An expert will probably do it all night before deciding. Always chop your coke very finely with a razor on a clean dry mirror in order to obtain maximum absorbancy from the crystals. Remember the whole idea is to get high without spacing yourself out, so take tiny lines frequently, rather than large lines occasionally. Don't snort so hard that it goes down the throat, where it will be wasted.

Incidentally pharmaceutical coke is natural, but so purified that few coke freaks like it, as it spaces one out, and makes you nod off. Coke's sexual image is no myth. Try rubbing some on your cock—the freeze will prevent one coming for a long time, and the coke will give the energy to fuck for hours. Always keep coke away from your body—the heat will clog it.

NB: Coke is very addictive and after a few years of heavy use (by the way its £350/oz) you'll be seeing bugs on the walls and your nose may well be getting loose. Check the Doperama in OZ 35 for full fax. Keep it for birthdays, Xmas, Easter and your favourite festivals.

The Who: *Meaty, Big and Bouncy.*

A whole lotta people don't really dig the Who that much any more. Not because they get plenty money and live the full spectrum of rock n roll superstardom — Townshend as a fully fledged intellectual, Daltrey and Moon as ravers and Entwistle as mystery — but simply because the music isn't what it used to be. Their Rainbow Theatre gig, though the band are said to thrive in inverse proportion to the trend status ratings of their audience, was a disappointment for alot of people. 'Not again', murmured Keith Moon as Townshend announced 'Tommy' for the nth time, and not a few people were right there with him.

By these standards, their latest release, keeping the ball rolling after 'The Who's Next', should be just what those loyal, but worried fans need. Titled 'Meaty, Big n need. Titled 'Meaty, Big and Bouncy' (after the lady with the same dimensions) it has everything the die-hard is looking for — all the Who singles, right up to 'The Seeker', 'My Generation', 'Can't Explain', 'Anyhow, Anyway, Anywhere', 'Substitute' and the rest are all packaged together on this wander down memory lane...right back to the Railway Lane, Richmond, where it all began.

The music was indubitably harder, even if purists wouldn't call it actually 'better' five or six years ago. In the days when neither the band nor their audiences had to contend with the problems of trendiness, deep philosophical interpretations of their words or social analysts playing their games, life was simpler and the sounds somehow mean more. Now when one has to look out so avidly for the pitfalls of ideological unsoundness, male chauvinism, sexism and so on, the basic attitudes of a song like 'The Kids Are Alright' can get cut to ribbons. You have a chick, she's yours, but at times it's necessary to get out there and prove your virility - so she gets left behind while ylo and the lads are down in Margate or wherever. Not now, mate...not fuckin' likely.

So score a copy of this one, lie back and let those impure thoughts rattle around your brain. And dig them. In your heart you know who's right.

Simon Viridian

Fanny Charity Ball (Warner Reprise)

The trouble with an all-chick band is that the first thing you get from them is the whole male chauvinist trip and then another one from all the publicity that such a 'novelty' band tends to produce. Even the Observer, bastion of Hampstead liberal inaccuracy, gave Fanny their space in the gossip column.

But, and this isn't meant to be rude, sexist or possess any of the other late 20th century besetting sins tho it may well be, Fanny are definitely a band to get off on. I mean, that bass player. etc. And, despite the cries and gurgles of the average rock (re)viewer,

The Firesign Theatre — *Phil Austin, David Ossman, Philip Proctor, Peter Bergman.*

In the last three years the Firesign Theatre have produced four albums — *Waiting for the electrician or someone like him, How can you be in two places at once when you're not anywhere at all, Don't crush that dwarf hand me the pliers, We're all bozos on this bus.* (Columbia 30737)

They have varied from brilliant to simply very good and they have certainly messed with the heads of those who have listened to them.

The Firesign Theatre apparently all live on an old Tom Mix movie ranch near Los Angeles and their technique, amazing as it is, is derived from a carefully timed and abused Radio Show Presentation. They create trippy movies in the mind. Their use of studio machinery is extremely subtle as they cut back and forth changing direction pulling the listener through complicated changes just to keep up with the pace of the movie. Incidentally they have also branched out into actual movie writing — Zachariah, the First Electric Western, is their first step into this new field. In fact they pull on the Old West for a lot of their material such as the 'Last Chant Saloon' on Electrician, their first album, where barflies consume Third Red Eye, while Gabby our sacred cowboy is cleaning up the Karma of Artful Dodge City. Some Theosophers are raisin' the Devil about ten foot off the Ground when Lieutenant Behind and the Seventh Seal Calvary arrive lookin fer Loco Weed. It seems perfectly natural shortly after the Lone Ranger and Tantric howl through town, "Hi Ho Electric Blue awaaaaaay ahahaah. . . ." that someone should mutter, 'Lone Ranger's on a Bum Trip again'. Meanwhile the devil is down to playing 5 card Tarot with Pentacles wild and tiny Doctor Tim is about to celebrate the miracle — The Sunrise. 'Has anybody got anything to drink, anything at all?' wails the good doctor, 'And why is it you're drinkin Timmy me boy' murmurs a nearby priest, 'Because it's bad fer my Hulla-ballutions, I get a chance to see things in real black an white!' Electrician explores the wasteland around the Psychedelic scene of 67 and 68, not many copies were even produced and I don't remember an ounce of promotion in the US trade papers or anywhere else. At the time the Firesign were restricted to the LA area although their records took in a whole continent, including Goshen Illinois. No one who listened to Electrician remained unmoved nay, unconfused and though their second album, *How can you be in two places at once when you're not anywhere at all*, didn't quite match up to it, it still remained one of the strangest records ever made. This time they delved into the Radio Show format of the 1930s and produced the adventures of Nick Danger, *Third Eye*. The Firesign pick up on Radio where the major networks in the States left off in 1941 — 'America put on a uniform in 1941 and it hasn't taken it off yet' — their motto in the studio may well be 'Uber Dubbing over Alice'. By the time of the third album, *Don't crush that dwarf hand me the pliers*, people had some idea of what to watch out for and they were beginning to make news in American Trade Papers like Rolling Stone, with reviews and stuff. Their second and third albums were even available on import in this country and in the states they were taking their show on the road, *The Dwarf* album took us thru the stirring odyssey of Peorgie Tyrebiter and his close friend Mutthead (Archie and Jughead of the Horrendous Comic Strip) in their search for a way out



SIGN

ATRE

production.

Paul Keegan

of 'More Science High School', hampered by Military Induction, Bottles (Betty?) and the intervention of Communist Martyrs High School.

The later albums although complex and hilarious were not however as forceful as the first, particularly the second side, with its Turkish Lessons, Borders, Guards, Revolution The Ice Palace, Beat the Reaper and the Plague, Guards, Border, and 'You've made it, welcome to side six now follow after me as we learn our next 3 words in Turkish'. A fearsome hilarious and utterly strange journey that returns to its own starting point rather like a verbal Mobius Strip. Now with the production of their fourth album, We're all bozos on this bus, they've matched that earlier trip and produced their best ever.

Bozos consists of a wild, wierd and wonderful look at the future. . . z z z zzzz . . . the future fair, with a bus heading uptime to a mad maze world of hologrammic horror. We meet the 'Whisperin' Squash, the Lonesome Beat, and Arty Choke, hologram guides to the world of the future. The bus doors close in five seconds, soft cooing female robot voices invite us to 'follow the rubber lines' & 'visit the Hospitality Centre', equally soft male computer tones urge us to 'step off yellow line, step on flashing blue line'. A Vonnegut world of sharp insane focus where the President is a fun ride — 'they're always asking him questions', even in the middle of the Small Animal Administration. By this time the Firesign are ready to introduce their subject, perhaps the hero in the old movie sense. There's Barney the Bozo (BOZO by the way stands for Brotherhood of Zips and Others. Zips, Boogies, Beaners and Berserkers make up the classified population of the future. Berserkers rule, Bozos enjoy fun, fun, fun, Boogies Boogy and Beaners like Red Indians don't care anymore about anything they like to live alone.) and Clem, uuhh Clem; Clem attempts to fuck with the machines by breaking thru the program circuits on the President to get to Dr Memory but the President closes the ride rather than deal with impossible questions and Dr Memory, the Master Programme of the future, evades his doom. However thru Clum's messing about with the hologrammic Arty Choke, Deputy Dan, the all time super cop appears, Clem has Cloned by this time and Clem is informed 'you have broken Robots Rules of Ordinance, and will be asked to leave the Future immediately', Clem keeps his wits just and in a beautifully scripted passage, involves the listener in a subjective, objective impasse, 'clone me Dr Memory'. Clone who, Clone me. Subject-Object the Listener fades into Clem as he poses his awesome question to the Master Programme, World wide circuitry strains to reply 'the Dr is unhappy'. The machine is confused, and in a pissed off voice Clem ends the fooling with a request 'Dr do you remember the past?' 'YES' 'Do you remember the future?' 'YES' 'Forget it'. The circuits give up — zip — and we are shoved back to the gipsy fair via yet another extraordinary switcheroo with sound to The Fortune Teller.

The ending is the best they've produced since the first album and in a way this whole fourth album is a great step forward along the lines that they laid down on the second side of their first one.

Yep, it's weird stuff, its the most worthwhile import around to buy especially as CBS are unlikely to ever produce it over here. So if you've gotta spare £3 odd, nip round yer import shop and score yasef some goodies.

Chris Rowley

they are very competent musicians.

They sing from the opposite corner . . . these great female chauvinist songs which put down the inadequate, fuck over the useless and generally put all those male pigs in their place. They played the Rainbow about three weeks ago for a benefit and they blew a lot of minds. The male groupies were tearing, but, according to their *Wesmer Bio*, one of the nastiest bits of literary work around for quite a long time, they are 'into relationships' (whatever that means, I guess longtime scenes) so there's no hope there boys.

As far as the strength of their music is concerned Fanny are well up to the class of many male bands who use lady singess. With one of the Millington sisters (lead and bass) or the one crop-haired member of the band, organist Nickey Barclay belting the songs out, they are as good a rock band as you're likely to come across among the new crop these days. Plenty of their album is derivative, Beatles songs, numbers from Steven Stills, but it doesn't matter. The treatment is great. In their live gig they perform Tina Turner murmuring about 'get you in bedroom alone' and it has just the prescribed effect.

Listen to Fanny, better still go and see them, and you'll dig why not only are they one of the States premier female bands, but they're also simply a great rock band, with all the ingredients that such praise requires.

Jonathon Green

Tonto's Expanding Headband Embryo /Atlantic 2400150

Zip ee doo deh — its synthesizer time. The star of this particular album is a Series 3 Moog performing with the usual electronic array of sound and rumble and smooth tone. It says on the cover that Harbie Mann is Executive Producer and although this is by no means a jazz album, perhaps he has added his vast experience to the production side. It certainly makes for interesting late night listening, just the thing for changing moods, a useful antidote to the endless Rock and Roll.

'n' Roll. The programmers — Robert Margouless and Malcolm Cecil have assembled six pieces ranging from the stimulating 'Jetsex' and 'Cybernaut' to an extremely atmospheric number 'Aurora'. Side one begins with 'Cybernaut' a twinkling, rhythmic piece and carries on thru 'Jetsex' and 'Timewhys'. Fast interesting stuff. Side 2 is much more quiet and atmospheric — 'Aurora' 'Rivesong' and 'Tama'. Gentle, melodic tones — great stuff for coming down on. If you got off on previous synthesizer albums or even Terry Rileys Rainbow in Curved Air then you might well like to have a listen to this one with a view to adding to your collection of late at night, subtle mindfuckers.

Chris Rowley

THE LOCUST SANG

The standard of living of most people in this country ain't up to much. Millions live in sub-standard housing, a million are out of work. Most of everything is owned by just a few and strangely enough for various reasons this minority keeps its power and its wealth despite living in a democracy. As science and technology force the pace ever harder in Industry, Automation becomes more and more essential. A time may come when millions will be permanently out of work—this may well depress them because this society seems unable to come to grips with the idea of permanent

enforced leisure. Will it be dole queues or Welfare checks. Roman style games and legal drugs or beer and football forever. Tranquil proles? Whatever happens people and particularly Politicians seem to expect standards of living to rise. I suppose 'Standard of Living' is really a measure of the individual's rate of Consumption. We all consume. Everything we buy, eat and shit on—we consume.

We lucky little Western Europeans are really Ace Consumers, almost as good as the Americans, 'tho we lack their style. We're much better so far than the Japanese at consuming even if their production puts ours in the shade these days. The rest of the world is either under-developed or un-developed and correspondingly consumes a lot less. Most of the wealth of this, the major portion of the planet's land surface, is in hock one way or another to the Developed nations. At least it was, but now the raw material producing countries are grabbing back their own property. How much of our 'standard of living', our rate of consumption, is based on the basic raw materials produced in un-developed and therefore poor countries? Oil, Copper, Tin, Lead—all vital to the standards of everyone in this country—living in a society based on consumption and profit. The Arabs want a lot more for their oil and so will everyone who has any as it gets scarcer and scarcer. Oil will someday be very expensive along with most minerals especially as the Undeveloped Nations are busily Industrialising themselves and pushing up their own rates of consumption. How will it be possible for the mass of people in Industrial nations to enjoy a rising standard of living without ripping it off from undeveloped nations either in the form of raw materials or by maintaining captive markets—turn Africa, India, South America into a Gigantic East Bengal—utterly bound down to non-industrial production and Industrial Consumption at the same time. If 200 million Americans manage to get through about half of the world's annual output of materials what will an entire world do to the planet's resources

when it becomes developed. Who used Venezuela's Oil and who got paid for it? What happens to the Venezuelan's now. Welfare cheques from Standard New Jersey and Texaco? The Japanese have a new disease—they call it 'Pain Pain'—the product of their own peculiarly intense air pollution. The British Government is about to spend £700,000,000 to try and prevent the Irish Sea from becoming a dead sea. How much will it cost to detoxify the oceans?

An impossible amount, no one will undertake the task the Oceans will therefore continue to be our ultimate dumping ground. How long they will be able to cope with the rising tide of pollutants is unknown but some fear that it will not be long. Monsieur Cousteau, the underwater man, has said that he estimates that 30% of the Ocean's wildlife has vanished within the last thirty years. Most of this planet's life still takes place in the sea and the oceans are indispensable to the manner in which our Atmosphere is renewed and recycled. If we poison the land, we have to live with it, if we poison the oceans we're dead. It doesn't seem as if we have much of a chance to avoid a rather noisome end to Industrial Civilisation and either a dead globe or a return to a more Primitive, non-consuming style — civilisation.

If this seems pretty gloomy, trapped on a dying planet surviving on fast dwindling resources with an enormous population, there are those who stoutly deny that any of this will occur. There exists a belief that somehow—Somehow—Technology and Science will come up with answers. The Green Revolution and the imminent arrival of Prosta Glandins, the wonder contraceptive, are quoted as examples of this. Theoretically the world could feed itself today, but in practice Americans burn wheat rather than have it transported to the starving in Calcutta where it would wreck the precarious local economy completely by being free of charge. Is it reasonable to suppose that the lot of the majority of the world's population will improve very much in this century or will it worsen, will there be time to find out? Is it possible that

the workings of Western Industrial Civilisation have limited our allotted span to about 20 years more? Will anybody stop polluting, will anybody stop consuming? If we don't consume our 'standard of living' will fall and who do you know wants to get poorer? Is it at all possible to revolutionise the world, even to change this country if the end product is a voluntary or enforced drop in the rate of consumption. Has human greed got the better of itself, will we die trying to survive or just die?

Wotcha gonna do about it?
Chris Rowley



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