

2-1972

## **OZ 40**

Richard Neville  
*Editor*

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## OZ 40

### Description

Contents: Special 5th Anniversary issue. 2p Jim Leon graphic. 'Never Trust Anyone Over Thirty...' – Richard Neville reports from New York on the current state of the revolutionary game. 'U.P.S. a Daisy' - John Wilcock takes a critical look at the American underground press. 'Psychedelic Fascism': Robert Crumb Jumpin' Jack Flash Manson cartoon intercut with extracts from Ed Sanders' *The Family*. '2000 Maniacs' – David Sturn review and reflections on movie violence. 'Days Of Future Passed' – John Peel on music + Crumb frame + photo of Jim Morrison's grave. Full page Capricorn Graphics ad by John Hurford. 'To Have Reached 5 is To Have Failed in Life' - Auberon Waugh on OZ, the trial, David Widgery, and related issues + female Rupert Bear dancing graphic & lizard. 'Junger Than Springtime' – Matt Hoffman looks at the work of C.J. Jung. Top Secret 'Youth' document and Restaurant Complex—Creative Proposition. *Gandharva* ad. 'A Bit of the Other' – Bit Information Service ad. 2p M.J. Weller graphic + Schoolgirlie Blue cartoon. 'Things Your Teacher "Forgot" to Tell You' – Dick Leitsch opens up the gay history book and finds a few pages missing + William Stok graphic. 2p desert & camels photo. 'Leary in Limbo Limbo! Limbo!' – Chris Hardy reviews Timothy Leary's *Jail Notes* + Kinuko Craft portrait. 'Up Your Alley, Tariq' – Schradan Giftgas reviews Tariq Ali's *The Coming British Revolution*. Spike: whatever happened to the OZ school kids? update. Naked man photo. Dictionary definition of 'fuck'. Farewell to Ken Petty. *Nasty Tales* trial looming. Centrespread "It's O.K. Harry you can come out now he's gone" image. Miscellaneous Shit – back issues. Reproduction of abusive postcard to OZ. Penguins ad. Viv Stanshall/NME ad. 'The Kinks: Mutant British Rock & Roll' – Charles Shaar Murray reviews *Muswell Hillbillies*. 'Who is Bette Shabazz?' – OZ quiz + images. Edward cartoon *Nasty Tales* bust appeal. 'Snorting?' Things Go Better With Coke – cocaine + illustrations by Peter Till. 'After You With the String Rufus...' – Danae Brook talks to Rufus Collins, former member of the Living Theatre + photos. 'Doing My Jigsaw Puzzle' – Louis Jigsaw asks where now the libidinal left? Full page ad Yoko Ono Mind Train/Listen the Snow is Falling. 2p woman at urinal graphic. Full page ad for Jerry Garcia's solo album. Da Doo Ron Ron Ron... A Rock & Roll Game. The Silent Majority speaks – letters + graphics by Grimwood. 'The Three 'R's Reeding Riting & Revolushun' – Peter Buckman considers the failure of compulsory education in Britain. 2p They Called our Young Love Pornographic cartoon by Griffith. 'Heavy on the Drum' - David Widgery's *Oz* obituary. Ad for Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*. Ad for Cheech & Chong LP. Back cover Walt Disney's Comics illustration.

### Publisher

OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 64p

### 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.

Issue 40  
25p

# oz

64 PAGE SPECIAL  
5<sup>th</sup> ANNIVERSARY ISSUE







JIM LEON '71

# Never trust anyone over thirty ...

Richard Neville, presently starring in the Broadway Follies of 1972, reports from New York on the current state of the revolutionary game.

The publishers of *Screw*, this city's funkier and filthier sex paper, are on the brink of launching what they promise is "the most exciting publishing venture since Gutenberg". It's called 'Mobster Times' and its slogan is *Crime Does Pay*.

Mobster Times believes that everyone adores criminals and intends to reassure readers that "our decade is just as crooked as the past . . . the same type of crooks are running things now just as they have always done". Does Mobster Times lament this seeming truism? Indeed not, continues the handout, "Mobster Times finds it admirable. How dull history would be without mobsters like Napoleon Bonaparte, Julius Caesar, Josef Stalin, Huey Long and Lyndon Johnson. Do we want to run down that boring path towards ennui or does America wish to take her part in Western History as the great and bloody leader of modern culture?"

The paper plans to reveal the fine art of how to bug someone else's telephone and a regular series will outline details of famous crimes "step by wonderful step". "In other words, Mobster Times will glorify our exciting past in the way it deserves to be glorified."

Obviously it's an almost sure fire journalistic success. Categorising Capone, Caligula, Henry Ford and LBJ as criminals does have an immediate, if superficial, shock appeal. And an ironic view of history perhaps justifies the paper's slogan. For many, crime *does* pay, and way above union rates.

But Mobster Times is a shoddy, vicious escapade. Maybe it's a small, and even logical step for the editors of *Screw*, but it is a giant leap backwards for the Alternative Press. For to endorse crime and glamourise its figureheads is automatically to sanctify violence. Crime without bloodshed is like Bonnie without Clyde; half-arsed and not the stuff of which headlines are made. When I questioned chubby, lovable, anti-intellectual *Screw* co-editor, Al Goldstein about his forthcoming promotion of pain

and his motive for "legitimising" violence, he nodded quizzically, sighing "I haven't really worked that one out yet." He then showed me his cold new colt .32, purchased in Florida. A primed cross-bow is secreted in the corner of his living room and a Winchester stands by his office desk.

New York, this visit, is to hear Jerry Rubin privately concede "the Movement is in bad shape" while uptown *Screw* prepares to turn Tommy Guns into hip crucifixes. Naturally there were defensive mutterings from the staff about 'revolutionary violence', which is really irrelevant to the concept of Mobster Times, but the very mention of Weatherman or Panthers seems to assuage people's guilt about gun envy. In fact, the Panthers readjusted tactics after recognising shoot-outs weren't winning the hearts and minds of the people. Weatherman merely alienated the radical constituency, on top of decimating themselves. Terror is sometimes essential, but Notting Hill just aint Algiers. It is one thing to boast "We are all Vietcong", and self flattery to believe it. Recognising that violence is the first law of Gross National Product does not necessarily justify its use as a revolutionary weapon. Fighting fire always with fire ultimately leaves nothing worth saving.

Actually, the contemporary revival of blood and guts fetishism has little to do with social purging or purification. Whether its the faddish cinema of Russell, Peckinpah, Kubrick and Broccoli or Hells Angels mythology or Womens Lib karate classes or tarring and feathering of the scrofulous sado/maso comics in OZ, it is and always will be, the real obscenity. Maybe we're all secretly hungry for a world war of our very own, just like dad's. In this context the blurb from Mobster Times is revealing: ". . . the boring path towards ennui. . . ." So it's come to that? . . . time to feather tickle our throats in preparation of a grotesque second course; a bizarre admission of over indulgence from that paradigm of iniquity, the HQ, the very cockpit of sexual revolution, *Screw* newspaper, New York, USA.



Photograph: Ehud Locker



*"If in the end it means only that Time becomes Time Out, Heath turns into Heffner, Wimpey goes organic, cheque books are multi-coloured, Peter Stuyvesant gets stoned, the OZ musical replaces Fiddler on the Roof and God Save the Queen is set to rock & roll, it was still fun on the way."*

New York, New York, the city that helped make it happen, without which there wouldn't be an OZ. The city which published Kerouac, nurtured Ginsberg screaming of his friends starving, hysterical, naked, where Wilcock, Mailer and others abolished the loneliness of thousands with the Underground Press, where the Fugs chorused Kill For Peace, Kupferberg devised 1001 ways without working, Lenny Bruce invented healthy humour and the Living Theatre begged for Paradise Now. Where Dylan connected with a collective consciousness, Warhol elevated prole art, Leary saw visions and the yippies burnt real live money. From where such energies fused with the sun and acid of the West Coast, then jumped the oceans to make love with the Beatles UFO, art labs, IT and other hip totems, all since ponderously recorded by every tin pot sceney-bopper with a tape recorder, not excluding myself.

*Where is it now, my blue eyed one  
Where have they gone, my darling young ones?*

There's still a little action in town, especially for dealers necklaced with golden cocaine spoons, but it's a hard cold rain down on the Lower East Side. Mort Sahl, looking like an account executive for after-shave, claims on telly talkathons that all the hippies have gone back to Mother America. No, no, they're in the pastures consolidating energy, awaiting the next mass action, reply the indefatigable spokesman for the Woodstock dream.

I visited Ginsberg whom I last saw chanting mantras at London's first Legalise Pot Rally. He's currently high on his music poems improvised with Bob Dylan for an album soon to be released. It pains me to write this, as I behold him with such affection, but on reflection I feel his endless epic poem, Jessore Road, is push button passion on the sufferings of Bangladesh refugees, which tells us what we already know but not how to deal with it. While Dylan is undoubtedly strumming away, it is Allen who is singing, with a voice no less strident for the fact that it's flat.

*Continued on Page 49*

# U.P.S. -A- DAISY

John Wilcock, co-founder of the  
*Underground Press Syndicate* and editor of *Other Scenes*  
takes a critical look  
at the American Underground Press.



A couple of days before Christmas, carefully clutching Andy Warhol's invitation as an alibi, I crashed the *Village Voice's* annual party in what I told myself would be a sentimental farewell gesture before bowing out of the New York scene. (By the time this is in print I will have quit New York — after 17 years — to live once again in Europe).

It was my first contact with the *Voice* for several years because although I was one of the confounders, back in 1955, and a weekly columnist for the first ten years of its existence, I had been *persona non grata* over there since helping the *East Village Other* get started (1965) and my occasional peaceful overtures since, either by mail or by mutual friends, had been coldly rebuffed. The *Voice* never forgave the underground press for coming into existence, and never forgot my role in helping to midwife that birth. Nobody in authority at the *Voice* made any comment to me at the party but I can't say that I enjoyed myself very much. To start with, I've become very cautious about my incursions into New York life these days — there's a vast amount of depressingly low-level activity going on — and if I'd known the company I was going to be keeping, I certainly would not have ventured out. What seemed so surprising, and depressing, about the party was the calibre of the guests: local businessmen, third-rate political hacks, shyster lawyers, a handful of New School academics and such rich vulgarians as Huntington Hartford.

Because of the poor company and such moody thoughts, I said goodbye to the party pretty early and couldn't escape the thought that in some ways, my goodbye was to the alternate media in general. It seems years ago, somehow, since the underground papers were alive and flourishing, it's editors friendly to each other and sharing a common purpose. Enthusiasm was boundless then and we all thought we were going to turn society around and prepare for our places in the brave new world. And now here's the *Voice* — forerunner of the underground press and the best-known exponent of "alternative journalism" in the world — a bastion of the status quo, its staff, contributors and friends all locked into the lifeless literary scene that it tried to bypass when it began, a generation before.

The *Voice*, of course, is a model of reactionary politics to most of its successors, the self-styled underground press. But objectively are they any better these days? Some are still bogged down in the dialectics of kill-the-pig, others in the joy of communal living. A number have blatantly sold out to a corrupt rock industry. None seem to be offering much in the way of practical solutions to the problems we all face — and who can blame them? For most papers it has been three to five years of constant financial hardship, police and official harassment, internal power struggles and, to a large extent, indifference from the straight community.

What of the successful papers? Art Kunkin's *L.A. Free Press* modelled itself openly after the *Village Voice* from the very beginning which may have accounted for its phenomenal success. Expatriate New Yorker Kunkin did for Southern California what the *Voice* had already done back east: identified and polarised a community that didn't know it existed until the paper arrived to serve as a clearing house. The *Free Press* cut its teeth during a time of social upheaval in the mid-Sixties (love-ins, riots on the Strip, free rock concerts, Leary's road-shows, the Watts riots, Chicano uprisings, Bank of America bombings) and built up a vast readership with a combination of subversive social comment and racy sexist ads.

Before long, Trotskyist Kunkin was buying expensive homes in the hills, driving a telephone-equipped roadster and milking the paper to finance a printing plant and a chain of bookstores. Staffers and



contributors, needless to say, were punching time clocks and living on sub-standard wages — if, indeed they were paid at all. People who'd lent money to the paper were blandly ignored, their loans never repaid.

Inevitably the staff finally fought back, splitting away to form a series of alternative papers, only one of which — John Bryan's *Open City* — ever presented a real alternative. (Bryan was done in, partly by lack of support from people who were still faithful to the Freep, but mainly by rock superstar Leon Russell whose nude record ad brought the paper an obscenity bust. Russell not only refused any financial help, but declined to involve himself in the subsequent legal proceedings in any way).

Something of a similar nature happened further to the north with Max Scherr's *Berkeley Barb*, which, along with the Freep, New York's *EVO*, Austin's *Rag*, and Michigan's *The Paper*, constituted the initial membership of the Underground Press Syndicate.

Scherr, a forty-ish anarchist who'd been running a Berkeley bar during the emergence of the street scene in the early sixties, threw together his first Barb almost alone, peddled it in the streets himself and through its influence helped to bring about the cataclysmic events which made the University of California's Berkeley campus the center of student revolution.

The Barb was, and still is, a hodge-podge of biased reporting, sexual anarchy, Black militancy, activist politics, acid agitation and cynicism. It was usually the sloppiest-looking underground — and always the most fascinating.

But Scherr, too, viewed success in old-fashioned terms: a fat bank account for himself, pittances for his employees. He was miserly, greedy and possessive and eventually many of his staff, too, peeled away to start a rival paper, the *Berkeley Tribe*, which never matched its parent's interest or irreverence. (As a matter of fact it was downright insular for a long time, disdaining help from or for people outside the "tribe"). No other underground paper has ever matched the financial success and public acceptance of the Freep and the Barb, although *EVO* in its early days had probably the best chance of bridging the gap between the freek and straight communities. *EVO*'s founder Walter Bowart was certainly the first of the new-style publishers to conceive of a *visually* revolutionary paper rather than merely using offset techniques to save money while producing the same linear predictable package that the straight press had offered since Gutenberg. (Whatever happened to the idea of underground papers as "art"? A handful of North American papers — *Oracle*, *Kaleidoscope*, *Georgia Straight*, *Logos*, *Harbinger*, *Nola Express*, *Astral Projection*, *Other Scenes*, *Seed*, *Open City* — have dabbled with the concept from time to time but it has more adherents in Europe with *OZ*, Amsterdam's *Real Free Press* and *Hotcha!* the outstanding examples).

With a few exceptions, the underground press in America has barely changed since its inception five years ago. All are honorable, all worthy, all have integrity — but somehow the spark faded long ago. Instead of working to develop a larger community, most papers have decided to settle for the local freek scene: God knows, the job they do is important enough and the sacrifices most of their editors and staffs make to do it deserve respect, but somehow the excitement and imagination is gone. Maybe it's just the down period America is going through.

What major changes that have come about have sometimes lessened the papers' impact: New York's once-gutsy *Rat*, as well as other scattered papers, was taken over by Women's Lib Liberation Workshop who, whatever the merits of their case, have yet to prove themselves capable of producing a paper relevant to the community at large, rather than one section of it. (Sure a paper run by males is male chauvinist; so far the papers run by females have been so excessively *female* chauvinist that even women don't read them.)

Much the same criticisms can be made of course about papers taken over by Gay Lib, Irish Nationalists, Israeli freedom fighters, transvestites and toenail biters. Nobody would deny that each has a "cause" of some sort to present, but diverting an existing paper's audience solely to the specific problems of a splinter faction does mean less for their cause than they imagine.

To some extent the split that has plagued the movement from the beginning (and maybe every community from the beginning of time) has also polarised the papers. Should a corrupt society be challenged head on and fought at every opportunity? Or should it be ignored and circumvented until it becomes ineffective because of its utter irrelevance?

The problem came up at the very first Be-In in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park in January 1965. Twenty thousand heads gathered to celebrate an emerging community that most of the world learned about only at Woodstock three years later.

But on that winter day in San Francisco, the alternatives were there for all to see: on the one side, Tim Leary, Ginsberg, the rock bands, the Oracle people.... on the other, Scherr and his Berkeley Barb, Jerry Rubin, Mario Savio's Free Speech Movement. All grooved together, elated by the show of strength and confident about the future.

Beneath the surface agreements, however, were the arguments between the Oracle people ("Straighten out your own head, man; don't confront the enemy and prolong the bad vibes; drop out") and the radical Berkeley community ("Who's going to stop the racism, end the war, confront the killers so you people can afford the luxury of dropping out?"). Neither side realised the importance and necessity of the other; both sides were right — and wrong.

And since that day the situation has seen-sawed, first with one viewpoint in the ascendancy, then the other. (Chicago, obviously, was the activist peak; Woodstock the time of the doped-out freek). At present, disillusioned with the obvious ineffectiveness of protest and demonstrating, devastated by the tactical error of Mayday, the activists are in disarray. Many have left the struggle, most of those left go through the same motions like robots. The spark has gone.

The alternative press, obviously, reflects this mood — and seems unwilling to change (or incapable of changing) it. The predominant theme in America today is theft, whether it be of the public at large by bankers and aerospace chieftans, or with the super-market and telephone company as victims. Everybody no matter what their social level, can rationalise stealing, which is just a way of people insisting that they are not legally getting out of the society what



they put into it, and merely intend to assist with more equitable distribution.

What the alternative press can (and hopefully will) be doing, therefore, is to justify some of these unfamiliar moral attitudes. As long as society maintains an "underprivileged" caste, for example, that caste has a right to help itself to a fair share. As long as politicians, of whatever stripe, pretend to be serving the community rather than their selfish selves, papers should be ridiculing and discrediting them. As long as judges and prosecutors pretend there is some objective "justice" rather than using the law to keep the poor in their place, propaganda should stop at nothing to expose their hypocrisy and reveal the true nature of their connections and interest.

Technologically and journalistically, of course, the alternative press has done tremendous things: five or six years after the first kids were starting campus papers with 200 dollars and a typewriter, there's hardly a community in North America that doesn't have its own alternative to the straight media. And this revolution is spreading rapidly throughout the rest of the world. The days when it took vast sums of money and influence to start a paper are gone for ever. In fact, it is theoretically possible already for anybody to acquire all the technological means to publish for a few hundred dollars. (Distribution is still the bottleneck, as it always was, but more channels will inevitably open up).

Naturally the vultures have appeared on the scene, too. There will always be hustlers, in any sort of a commercially-oriented society, and it didn't take long for the emergence of hippie publishers who preferred to see a "market" rather than an audience for their wares. Rolling Stone's Jann Wenner has so far served as No. 1 bogeyman for the hip culture's purists, but he is not the first, and certainly won't be the last, to exploit the freek community. I don't care much for RS's-orientation myself, but as a vehicle for information and as a reflection of subculture mores, I find it superlatively interesting. *Friendz, Rock, Cream, Fusion, Crowdaddy, Zigzag* — they might all be much more honest, and produced by people whose tastes I share more closely, but the plain fact is that they just aren't as amusing as Rolling Stone and, frankly, we could all manage quite nicely without any cult propaganda sheets if it's revolution that we're truly into.

But, of course, that isn't really the point. You could make out a good case that all these rock papers, and the sex papers, and scores of other alternative media publications of almost every kind would scarcely have been possible if the underground press hadn't come along first to pave the way. That is the major accomplishment of the young editors and writers who have fought, and are still fighting, for the right to publish unpopular views. Even the straight press has been influenced by alternative media techniques and within a few years will be totally infiltrated by a generation of writers and editors trained by the hippie press.

The underground press itself has lost most of its shock impact, seen part of its potential audience wooed away for profit, but nevertheless has planted robust seeds in the fertile soil of the future.

And that brings up an important question. What is it that we hope for the future now that we're all five years older and presumably wiser? Do we still believe that we can change the society by force? Well, some still do — the Weathermen/women perhaps, and certainly some militant Blacks and IRA terrorists. But most of us have reluctantly concluded that if violence IS the route, then this isn't the most favourable time for our side. Do we still believe in a cultural revolution — a societal change brought about by the spread of *ideas*? Certainly there's evidence that this has had some effect if you consider that what used to be underground (personal and/or group "Liberation", changed mores, protest, dope smoking, anarchist ideas) has become an

internationally accepted life style.

The word anarchy has a habit of popping up in everything I say and write these days and that's because I believe anarchy is the wave of the future, not the anarchy of constant turmoil and bomb-throwing, but the liberal dictionary definition: "Rejection of all forms of coercive control and authority".

Many of my fellow publishers would undoubtedly agree that authority can only be granted, it cannot be assumed. The fact that authority *does* assume its right to coerce and enforce is irrelevant to the morality of this argument. If you don't vote because there is no candidate who even remotely represents your viewpoint you are not morally bound to respect the decisions of that candidate (or his cronies) whatever "democracy" demands.

This viewpoint is bound to grow in popularity if only because it allows dissidents to rationalise their "anti-social" attitudes. But more importantly it will grow because, for the first time in history, it has a sympathetic communications media through which to spread organically.

Hopefully, then, that is the future role of the alternate media — the restoration of some principles to a profession that until now seems to have preferred prostitution.

John Wilcock,  
publisher of New  
*Other Scenes*,  
himself as  
American.

Yorkshire-born  
York's  
now thinks of  
an expatriate



**H**E'S HERE! HE'S HERE! AFTER NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY YEARS OF BLASPHEMY AGAINST CHRIST...ALL THE SHAME...ALL THE GUILT...THEY CAN'T HIDE IT ANY LONGER! IT'S THE SECOND COMING!  
IT'S...

# JUMPIN' JACK FLASH!



I AM JACK  
AND JACK IS ME  
...ALL ARE ONE...  
YOU ARE ME...  
YOU ARE JACK...  
CEASE TO EXIST...  
KILL THE EGO...  
BECOME NOTHING...  
BECOME ME...

JACK FLASH  
IS GOD!

HE'S A  
GAS  
GAS  
GAS!

## PSYCHEDELIC FASCISM

The age of Psychedelic Fascism, of 'video campirism' and high society spank—spank parties, of dial-a-corpse and living room necrophilia, of evil worship that goes beyond the cover of Look magazine, of blood-sucking death cults that worship both God and

Satan and have "Thou Shalt Kill!" as an absolute — if unadvertised — commandment, of the knife movie, the blood-fuck movie, the snuff-movie — the age of Psychedelic Fascism is here. The extracts which follow overleaf are from ex-Fug-Ed Sander's book

*The Family: Charles Manson's Dune Buggy Attack Battalion*





GIVE UP EVERY THING... ACCEPT THE TRUTH... THE SELF IS AN ILLUSION... THERE IS NO SELF EXCEPT THROUGH LOVE... FORGET SELF... FORGET EGO...



LOVE IS ALL THERE IS... I AM LOVE... YOU ARE LOVE... YOU ARE ME...  
I AM... YOU...



I AM THE MESSIAH... YOU ARE ME... THEREFORE, YOU ARE THE MESSIAH...  
I AM THE MESSIAH...

In the early afternoon on August 8, 1969, Charles Manson arrived at the Spahn Ranch, after a recruiting trip and pleasure jaunt to Big Sur and the Esalen Institute. Someone went on a garbage run for the evening meal. At the back of the movie ranch, they cooked dinner on the Coleman four-burner camping stove. Everybody was delighted that Charlie was back.

Approximately an hour after the meal, Manson pulled Susan Atkins a.k.a. (also known as) Sadie Glutz aside and told her to get a knife and a change of clothes. Linda Kasabian had helped fix dinner, had helped to clean up, had walked to the front of the ranch and was standing by the Rock City Cafe set when Charlie came up and pulled her off to the end of the

boardwalk and told her to get a knife, and a change of clothing and her driver's license. Patricia Krenwinkel a.k.a. Katie was already asleep coming down off an acid trip, when she was awakened and told to get a knife and a change of clothes. She didn't really want to get up but she did, summoned by the Devil.



EGO IS THE DEVIL... WE ARE ALL ONE... CEASE TO EXIST... BECOME ONE WITH ME... BECOME THE MESSIAH (ME)... BECOME LOVE (ME)...  
I BECAME YOU (ME) (CRIES)



YOU ARE NOW IN A STATE OF EGOLESSNESS... YOU ARE NOTHING... YOU ARE TOTAL SUBMISSION TO THE MINDLESS COSMOS...  
I AM NOTHING... I AM THE MINDLESS... UH... THE... UH...



I SHIT ON YOUR FACE... MY SHIT TASTETH LIKE ROSES... EAT OF MY SHIT...  
OH WOW... FMMPH! SPLURP!

Linda Kasabian got into the car, in the right front passenger seat. Sadie and Katie were in the back of the car. Also in the back of the car were a pair of red-handled bolt cutters and a long, coiled three-quarter inch nylon rope. Tex Watson got into the car and the car backed away and then headed out down the dirt driveway toward the exit to the west, by the corral.

About halfway down the drive, Manson stopped them. He came over and stuck his head in the window on Linda's side and said, according to Linda, "Leave a sign. You girls know what to do. Something witchy." Then Manson stood alone, watching the car drive off...Voityck Frykowski lay on the couch, in front of the fireplace, dozing off, zonked under

the pleasant influence of the moderate psychedelic, MDA. Past the desk and toward the back of the couch crept the death-minded butcher. Evidently Watson walked around, standing on the zebra skin, his back to the fireplace, and leveled the Wyatt Earp revolver at Voityck's head. He motioned with his knife hand for Katie and Sadie to line up behind the



EXCELLENT! YOU'LL DO FINE, MY LOVE... JUST FINE!  
MM... THAT WAS GOOD! WE ARE ONE... I AM YOU... I AM LOVE... (TOO)



COME... YOU ARE NOW ONE OF THE FAMILY!  
DINNER'S READY, JACK!  
HAVE A SEAT, JACK!  
I AM THE MINDLESS ONE... DEATH IS EGO...  
I GOT TALK IN TALKING TODAY!!



LATER  
NOT BAD... NOT BAD, GIRLS... AND NOW, AS ANACT OF SUBMISSION AND CHRISTIAN HUMILITY, I SHALL FEED ONE OF YOU... SUNSHINE, MY LOVE, COME HERE! COME TO ME.  
YES JACK!  
LUCKY!  
YEAH

couch, prepared to enact their helter-skelter exactitude. Voityck woke up, stretched and asked, "What time is it?"  
"Don't move or you're dead."  
"Who are you?"  
"I'm the Devil. I'm here to do the Devil's business. Give me all your money," said Tex Watson, tall and hairy, knife in one hand, gun in the other.  
Elegant Abigail Folger was lying alone

on the antique bed in her bedroom in the extreme southeast corner of the house, clad in full-length, white night-gown, reading, wearing her reading glasses, slightly stoned on the euphoric MDA.  
Tex told Sadie to go get a towel in the bathroom with which to tie up Frykowski. Sadie went looking for the bathroom. She took a towel back to the couch by the fireplace and tied Voityck's hands behind

his back with a loose knot. Frykowski was then made to lie down on his back, trapping his hands behind him.  
Sadie turned, crossed the hallway, walking west, and glanced into Sharon's bedroom. Sharon, her stomach tanned and full of child, was lying in bed, propped up on pillows, her blonde hair down over her shoulders. She was wearing matching blue-yellow, floral-patterned bra and



panties. For jewelry, she had on her wedding ring and gold earpins. The lime green and orange sheets were pulled down. It was about 12.25 am. On the edge of the bed where the beautiful Sharon Tate lay sat Jay Sebring, clothed in black high-top boots and white pants with black vertical stripes. On his wrist was an opulent Cartier watch. They were

talking. Sadie unfolded her Buck clasp knife and walked into Abigail Folger's bedroom waving her weapon: "Go out into the living room. Don't ask any questions." She did the same thing on the other side of the hall in Sharon's bedroom. Sadie waved her knife at Jay and Sharon and they all walked out into the living room

confused and angry. Jay Sebring said, "What's going on?" "Sit down!" Sebring refused to sit. When Tex told everybody to lie down on the floor on their stomachs atop some pillows near the fireplace, Sebring would not stand for that and said: "Let her sit down, can't you see she's pregnant?" Then Sebring lunged for the gun and Tex



waxed murderous and shot Jay in the armpit. Jay fell and Tex drop-kicked him in the bridge of the nose. Abigail Folger screamed.

The sight of Jay Sebring lying on his side gave the former cotton picker, Charles Watson, instant credibility. "All right, where's the money?"

Abigail said that her money was in

her purse on the couch in the bedroom. Sadie stuck her knife up to Miss Folger's back and marched her back into the bedroom where Abigail opened up her black canvas shoulder bag and took out seventy two or seventy three dollars for the satanist. Sadie refused her offer of credit cards and they walked back into the living room.

Tex then tied them around and around their necks with the nylon rope and threw the end of it over the white ceiling beam and told Sadie to choke the rope so that Abigail and Sharon had to stand up or else strangle. Jay's unconscious body acted as a dead weight on the other end of the rope which was knotted around his neck. A large hematoma was swelling on



his left eye.

Tex told Katie to turn out all the lights in the house. This she did, according to Susan Atkins.

Katie assumed choke duties on the end of the rope. One of the ladies asked, "What are you going to do with us?"

Charles, the smug muscular boy from Copeville, had them trapped in his phoneless hamburger universe. "You are

all going to die." And again he told them that he was the Devil. Immediately the moans and shrieks and beggings rose up from the trussed victims. They struggled to get free.

Tex ordered Sadie to kill Voityck Frykowski. Voityck lay quaking up and down, desperately trying to loosen the knot behind his back. Sadie raised her knife and, by her account, hesitated.

Voityck wrenched his hands free and reached up from the couch and grabbed hold of her hair and pulled her down, grabbing her knife arm. He hit her on top of the head and they fell against the end table to the left of the sofa and rolled onto the stuffed chair.

Sadie got her arm free and stabbed blindly, one, two, three, four times, parallel down the front of his left leg. He

turned toward the front hall as if to flee. She managed to stab him once in the back, but the knife hit bone. Then she stabbed him deeply in the right back lung. The skin surface widths of the wounds were three-quarter inch, the same as the width of the Bick knife. In the scuffle she lost her knife somehow.

Still, Voityck staggered onward. Tex ran up, wrestled Frykowski around and shot him below the left axilla, the bullet lodging in his middle back. He shot him also through the front right thigh. Still he walked on. Tex shot again — the gun misfiring. Tex began to club his face and scalp with the gun, holding it by the barrel.

When Tex ran up to the hall door to get Voityck, Sharon and Jay and Abigail struggled to get free from the knots on their necks. Katie was holding the rope where it trailed down on the other side of the beam. Abigail broke loose and headed for the back bedroom, where the door to the swimming pool led to freedom.

Krenwinkel dropped the rope and gave chase. Abigail, taller and stronger, fought for her life. Meanwhile, Tex spotted the struggling Sebring and ran up. Stab, stab, stab, stab, four times Watson hacked him in the left back into the lung. The wounds were one-and-a-half inches wide on the surface, penetrating deeply. Tex kicked his face, then turned, his attention caught by the yells from Katie, his black velour turtleneck beginning to get bloody. He ran



Tex told Sadie to kill.  
No. Tex, I can't kill her, you do it Katie? No. Tex, you do it, but she was willing enough to hold her. Tex stabbed her several times in the left breast through the brassiere. Screams. Stabs. Aorta. Death.

Then they all stabbed her, sixteen times, with both knives. To Sadie it was thrilling: "It felt so good, the first time I stabbed her." Then the little assassin vampire licked blood from her own fingers.

But it wasn't adventuresome enough for her. "We were going to mutilate them but we didn't have a chance to." Sadie later confided that part of the game plan included gouging out their eyeballs and smearing them against the walls.

All of a sudden, Tex said, "Get out." The girls left and then Tex came out and proceeded to go berserk in a final dutiful circuit to check out death. He ran in a counterclockwise direction. He ran over to Abigail: chop chop chop. He ran over to the lifeless Frykowski who actually lay clutching the grass in his hand, with his left arm still perpendicular to the ground in death, where he crumpled. Tex used some of his football training on him. Then the hell-creep ran inside to arrange the tableau.

Sharon seemed to Sadie more cut up than before, probably from Tex. Then Sadie got a towel. Sadie next went over to Sharon Tate and put her head on

to her feet and careened toward the French doors to the pool, leaving a trail of blood, as Katie, who was standing guard over Sharon and Jay, chased after her, chopping. Abigail clawed at the shuttered door, smearing blood, to open it up.

Abigail Folger got out of the house dripping upon the sidewalk leading to the pool. She ran left, splattering the green garden house in the grass. She almost reached the split-rail fence, past the pole light near the tall fir tree. Collapse.

All the killers were out of the house, leaving Sharon, as yet untouched, and Jay Sebring, now dead, inside. Mrs. Polanski, unguarded, started toward the front door just as Katie Krenwinkel reentered the back door by the pool and walked into the living room. Sharon was crying for the life of her child. Sadie got her in a headlock. Tex told her it looked like Sharon wanted to sit down. "So I took her over and sat her down on the couch."

"All I want to do is have my baby." Sadie was worried that Sharon might get hysterical so she talked with her to calm her down, about how she had no mercy for her. Words, getting her attention.

They killed Sharon last. Sadie later told a member of the family that Sharon Tate was the last to die because she "had to watch the others die."

Sharon sat on the couch quietly. They waited a few minutes. It is not known what was done during that time. Finally it came. Sadie told Virginia Graham that she held Sharon's arms back behind her. Sharon turned her head around and looked back at Sadie, beseeching her, "Please don't kill me, please don't kill me. I don't want to die." She was crying.

"Please I'm going to have a baby." Sadie replied, according to Graham, "Look, bitch! I don't care if you're going to have a baby. You'd better be ready. You're going to die . . ." Sadie to Graham: "Then we killed a few minutes later."

In a final plea, Sharon begged Sadie to take the baby, the perfect unborn Richard Paul Polanski.



Sharon's stomach to listen, kneeling on the floor by the velvet couch. Sadie picked Sharon up slightly off the floor and sat with Sharon's head in her lap and embraced her. Finally Sadie went over to the yellow towel used to tie Voityck's hands and came back, obtained some blood from Sharon's breast, walked to the front hall and knelt down to print PIG in blood type O-M. She turned, walked back into the living room, threw the towel toward the hearth and split. She left the door wide open and also she left, as she moved east off the porch, her two bare footprints in blood.

One hundred and two stab wounds riddled the bodies. Thirty minutes, one stab every twenty seconds.

Tex announced that they had to find a place to wash up. He pulled off Benedict left onto Portola Drive, just a block north of the street where Jay Sebring lived.

It was over. Over for five sparks of the universe, butchered by some new form of programmed zombie spore.

Ed Sanders



up to Abigail, who was wounded only defensively at this point, in the hands and arms. Abigail surrendered. "I give up. Take me." He did, slicing her neck and smashing her head with the gun but. He stabbed her in various parts of her chest and abdomen. She clutched a gaping tear in her lower right stomach. She fell.

Watson glanced up when he heard Voityck screaming near the front lawn. Tall Voityck stood up against the square wooden support post on the northeast corner of the porch and he tried to step from the flagstone onto the sidewalk, holding onto the post. His balance failed; he spun around the post and fell head first into the dirt. But then Voityck got to his feet and began to scream into the smog, down the canyon.

Tex was out the front door in a red-dog chop blitz and rode Frykowski to the ground, stabbing in the unprotected left side of his body. Frykowski suffered sixteen defensive wounds in his left lower arm trying to ward off the Devil. Fifty-one wounds Tex dealt to the spleen, abdomen, front, back, heart, left lung, right chest, hands.

Inside the house Abigail somehow got

# 2000 MANIACS

The truth is that violence is not, in reality, beautiful or dynamic. It is banal. It is mundane. It is committed mostly by rather small minded people for petty reasons. Why create myths about it?

David Sturn

Near the beginning of the movie, Clara is persuaded to take a walk in the woods with Clyde, a hulking and dimwitted but handsome resident of Pleasant Valley acting as guide for the town's centennial celebration. They reach a grassy, shade-checked clearing and sit down. After some idle talk and necking, the grinning brute produces a large knife from his pocket.

"Ain't that a beauty," he remarks, "Here feel that edge."

Clara gamely touches the knife edge with her finger and it cuts her. She becomes upset as she watches the blood run down her hand, and calls Clyde an "oaf" and a "stupid bumpkin".

Clyde, knitting his brow in sympathy, grasps the bleeding hand and examines it, grunting at the tenderness of female flesh. Then his face transforms into childish glee. He grips the injured member tightly and, giggling at her shocked face, he

produces the razor-edge blade and severs her thumb from the rest of her hand.

*Cut to mayor's office in Pleasant Valley.*

The mayor is fat and wears a string tie in the dogpatch style of southern politics. He sits talking to two local crackers named Clem and Zeb, or something like that, about the big barbecue scheduled for that night.

A commotion is heard off camera and Clyde bursts in with the hysterical Clara in tow. Clara's hand is wrapped in a handkerchief, soaked with blood. Her face is contorted with terror and shock.

"The little lady here had an accident," he mumbles and the three men rush forward to offer assistance.

"Why we can't let nothing happen to Clara here, she's the guest of honor at tonight's barbecue," notes the mayor. "Here, put her on the table."

*The four men lift the woman*

onto a large table and pin her there as one of the crackers produces a large ax.

"Put her out of her misery," the mayor tells the man with the ax who has leaped up onto the table, standing between the woman's legs.

The ax wielder giggles obscenely and swings the ax mightily.

After hearing a sickening "chunk!" the camera frames a close up of the face of Clara, eyes bugging and mouth yawning open in ecstatic horror.

Her head lolls to the right and eyes turn downward. Camera pulls back and we see what she is seeing: Her right arm is severed at the shoulder, blood gushing everywhere. Her eyes glass over and her face relaxes into a dazed expression. She is dead.

"Not only is she the guest of honour at tonight's barbecue," the mayor laughs, "she is tonight's barbecue." They all convulse in hilarity at the mayor's joke.

2000 Maniacs, from which that scene is taken, is the most successful of a small group of renegade films whose sole purpose is to satisfy the blood lust of the audience. There are no pretenses here. No hokey love. No gratuitous sex. None of that confusing, tricky avantgarde stuff. Just blood, and lots of it.

Where other supposedly "violent" movies merely tease with super long shots, fade-outs and cunning angles, the "blood" series of films are forthright and unflinching. No pantywaist stuff here, if you want to see what a disemboweled person looks like, you get to see exactly what it looks like. Close up in glorious color.

Film critics will accept violence in films, but it must be relevant, like nude scenes. It must be integral. It must be choreographed. It must have "message". In other words it must be tasteful. As in "Bonnie and Clyde" and "The Wild Bunch," the mere spilling of someone's blood is jazzed up with slow motion, zooming cameras and sometimes backdrop music to match the "rhythms of death".

The truth is that violence is not, in reality, beautiful or dynamic. It is banal. It is mundane. It is committed mostly by rather small minded people for petty reasons. Why create myths about it?

The blood lust movies treat violence in exactly this manner. Their attitude suggests that our fascination with gore merits a few films devoted entirely to that subject with no punches pulled, no sugar to help remove the bilious taste.

The director understands fully our horror fascination toward the graphic depiction of human mutilation, and he exploits it. We know what is coming but we think he can't possibly actually show that on the screen. How could he do it?

But we know that the camera will not pull away at the last minute, will not go out of focus, will not pan to the victim's suffering face. It will stay there. And we will watch it all. And we will watch it out of passion and curiosity. To miss it would be to miss the film's entire theme.

Such as the films try to satisfy this need to be revolted" on the part of the viewer, it also satisfies our curiosity as to what violence actually looks like. Most of us never get that chance to witness violence and are somewhat in the dark as to the actual mechanics of it. We find it revolting and gruesome, yet we are intensely curious about it. We crowd around a traffic accident to catch a glimpse of it. We read about it. We talk about it. We joke about it. We want to see more of it.

This is one of the important appeals of stag films. We want to see "what it looks like". We know that Hollywood sex is phony. There are never really any women that seductive, or men that confident. Never really the soft focus, violins and flawless technique. Stag films have none of these, not even a soundtrack, just some clumsy, average-looking people sweating and flinging themselves at each other until it is over. And we grin knowingly and make jokes because we know that the stag film is the truth. And we are more secure in that knowledge.

The blood movies indulge us in the same manner. We are given content rather than form.

These films are revived periodically at your local seedy movie house. The audiences are young, mostly local teenagers. They sit in their jalopies after the movies and drink beer or cheap wine and try to pick up girls. They sit in the back of the theater with their feet up and

vell things like "That's the grossest thing I ever saw" or just "Yeah." The films are an initiation of sorts for the local teens. If you can take this you can take anything. Get your older brother to buy a few six packs, borrow the family car, pick up the guys at the local where they hang out and drink a beer each on the way over. After the movie, you all agree that the movies were "pretty goddam gross" and did you see that girl near us turn green and run out and you laugh and finish up the beer on the way over to the local where you tell all the girls about the movies and they wrinkle their noses and say "that's disgusting" and you laugh and feel good because it didn't bother you one bit, but you have to admit that it was the grossest thing you ever saw.

Yes, the blood lust movies are a middle American phenomenon. You won't find them playing on 42nd Street porno houses, but rather in the drive-ins "passion pits" and movie houses in (or just outside of) the small towns in Kansas, Virginia and Arkansas. The audiences are the local "good old boys," greasers, weekend hell-raisers and student council representatives. After all, the films are rated general release, so you don't even have to bring an adult along.

Pretty soon, these movies will have had a ten-year nationwide run, which is pretty damn long, no matter how you look at it. Perhaps these are the illegitimate underground classics of our time — not even recognized by the avant garde film goers.

If you find a moral here, more power to you, but suffice it to say that to understand America you must understand its culture.

# DAYS OF FUTURE PASSED

My reaction to music has always come from the small of my back and crept slowly up to the nape of my neck into my hair. I'm consumer, not critic, and when I'm asked what my interests are outside music I reply immediately "Liverpool F.C." and there the list ends. The small of my back first came under fire in the mid-fifties when I heard Little Richard and Fats Domino on AFN and realized that I could put away the Frankie Laine and Johnny Ray records forever — and 1967 my back had a lean time of it, with only the occasional small thrill running up into the care-fully brushed Kennedy-styled hair since '67 though the sensation has become pretty much of a constant and it must be fair to say that during the past five years good popular music has had a greater influence on people's lives than music has ever had before.

At the beginning of 1967 when I was living in California the music was already on the move. The Beatles, Stones and Dylan we already knew well and loved but Butterfield was playing on the coast, Love and the Byrds were across the road from Lawrence Welk in Hollywood and Captain Beefheart and the Magic Band had caused shock and confusion among an audience that had come to the Whisky-a-Go-Go to see Them. Briefly and without understanding just why they seemed so damned mellow, I'd met the Airplane during the sessions that produced "Surrealistic Pillow". The next day a girl in Riverside laughed and told me about the pernicious weed and Rick, the singer with the Misunderstood, turned me on among the orange trees in the foothills of the San Bernardino Mountains.

Back home in Berdoo we listened to the Yardbirds, Love, the Byrds, the Doors, Butterfield (in those days Elektra was a fine label) and the Airplane and got massively stoned. Rick would come back from San Francisco full of names like "Grateful Dead", "Country Joe & the Fish" and "Quicksilver Messenger Service" and none of us quite believed that anything could be as good as he said they were. Several months later doing "The Perfumed Garden" from Big L, I played a track from Electric Music for the Mind and Body and Barry Melton's guitar is still singing around in my blood somewhere. In those days "Underground" really was and a guy with long hair was a friend and you knew he was on your side. Trips to UFO in jokey kaftans made out of bedspreads with beads and bells swirling on the chest and love swirling in the heart until you thought you'd choke with joy. The Floyd, the Softs,

For a while we held the hustlers and gangsters at bay but now they're back again — groovy gangsters who roll joints and wear shoulder length hair streaked and styled just so — but still gangsters. Some are East End, some Trad, arr Italy, others are public school, but they're there and without them you go so far but no further. Accepting that it's all show-biz again and that there is a foul and grimy machine into which good music and good people must be fed for us to hear and see it's miraculous that so much good music comes out the other end even if few of the people make it out again.

Mind you we are a self-conscious and image conscious market and they aim a vast torrent of stuff at us until it threatens to swamp us. The kids who buy Middle of the Road and Jonathan King buy them because they like the music — they sure as hell don't buy J. King because he's sexy. The reasons why we buy records are more subtle, devious, complex and silly. Images, the right revolutionary or mystical posture, the right clothes, hair, equipment, friends, producers — it's all important. We're terrible suckers for packaging and hype and the gangsters must piss themselves laughing at us for all of our absurd pretensions. How long has it been that you felt really liberated, opened out, joyfilled by a band playing for you? After several hours sitting on a grubby floor you may have jumped up and down with peace signs shouting "More" a lot because, well, everybody does, don't they? I often suspect that a lot of that is relief that it's all over. Thank God for bands like the Faces, Brinsley Schwarz, Lindisfarne and others that give you a good time, unashamedly. I wish I could show you some of the abusive letters we got when the Faces first did Top Gear. "Uncool", they said and "Sell-out". There's still despair in the air and a tragic lack of human contact but that's always been with us anyway. In the final analysis I feel optimistic though — an unreasonable optimism perhaps but a real optimism never-theless.

This optimism comes from still getting that old time feeling in my back several times a week. It comes from the sixteen year olds who camp out for days at hyped-up festivals and radiate an amazing purity and from those who came each week from Feltham to raise hell at the BBC concert programmes — and it comes from knowing that, despite the gangsters, the music often soars free and unfettered. The gangsters may be getting the money — I suspect that they always will — but we're getting the music and I know that we get the better of the bargain. No money could buy the feeling I get when the Faces walk on stage, when I talk with Robert Wyatt or listen to Loudon Wainwright or any of several hundred others. At 32 I'm an opinionated, cantankerous bag stuffed with rock 'n' roll and lusting after more with a powerful passion. I know I'm going to get a lot more too and that's a good feeling in itself.



An overdose of gangsters....

Arthur Brown were our heroes and Mick Farren and the Social Deviants the people we believed in. We sure were naive but it felt a whole lot better than the weight of the wisdom we've acquired since.

Since then, the music has changed and lost a lot of its innocence.







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# TO HAVE REACHED 5 IS TO HAVE FAILED IN LIFE

AUBERON WAUGH

*"One can almost hear the acne bursting forth with adolescent pride from David Widgery's young face as he proudly wrote: 'Private Eye is Andrex pretending to be Kleenex. Tampax pretending to be Durex.'"*

When OZ was born in February 1967 anybody could see it was a bastard, and rather an unnatural one. Richard Neville, the surgeon, and his midwife, the lovely Louise, explain that it was intended as a cross between the *New Statesman* and *Private Eye*. To demonstrate this, it carried a long, respectful interview with Paul Johnson, then editor of the *Statesman*, in the *Statesman's* most portentous style, and a four-page take-off of *Private Eye*.

The author of the cringing interview with Johnson ("The *Statesman* seems to have gone in for a jauntier, more personal style recently. Is this part of a general policy?") was Alexander Cockburn. Cockburn: What would you regard as your great virtue?

Johnson: Well, I'm very conscientious and responsible-minded, probably over-much . . .

Cockburn: And your vice?

Johnson: I'm impatient, terribly impatient.

Never had been such nakedness been revealed before — shocking! Readers of OZ were probably relieved when Alexander next appeared as a regular contributor to the *New Statesman*.

The four-page supplement on *Private Eye* included a brilliant parody of a Scarfe drawing which showed *Private Eye* eating its words. This was a reference to the numerous apologies extracted from the *Eye* by the rigours of the libel law, and although there was no particular exultation in *Private Eye* when OZ fell foul of the obscenity laws, this first issue ushered in a certain coolness between the two mighty organs which has taken five years to disappear. What caused most irritation

I imagine, was rather a heavy piece demonstrating everything that was wrong with the *Eye* which would, by implication, not be wrong with OZ.

The author of this piece was David Widgery, still a teenager at the time and intoxicated with the importance of this thought. OZ, with all the intuitive wisdom of a day old chicken, knew it was going to be better informed and less trivial than *Private Eye*; politically, it would carry more weight; it would be morally superior and much more committed. Committed to what? Never mind, the details could be worked out later. OZ, like the *Eye*, might have no editorial policy, but it would definitely be very committed, if only to the idea of being committed. Above all, there would be no more of those filthy, public school

lavatory jokes. One can almost hear the acne bursting on David's eager young face as he proudly wrote the punch-line to his denunciation of poor old *Private Eye*: "*Private Eye* is Andrex pretending to be Kleenex; Tampax pretending to be Durex."

Wow! But why on earth shouldn't Tampax pretend to be Durex, or Kleenex, or Andrex, if it feels like it? And who on earth is going to be taken in if it tries? Muddled, indignant, slightly hysterical, self-righteous, this note runs like a needle through the flabby soft heart of OZ until at times it seems to be the only thing holding the magazine together. Often it is couched in the tough, terse language of the high-school revolutionary. The world is divided into workers and mother-fuckers. This planet is dying — fast. The workers can't wait. They want it now. Help! "Every time you buy a bar of chocolate someone in Ghana works a little harder and gets a lot poorer. EXPLOITATION!!" Never mind that most of these statements are actually the reverse of the truth, especially about chocolate and the Ghanaian worker. Chocolate and Ghana sound like the sort of things we ought to be getting indignant about and if we are really interested in the truth, the truth of the matter is that we are not really all that fantastically interested in the Ghanaian economy, are we?

One can read the same sort of thing, written by over-excited, under-endowed middle class intellectuals posing as typical members of the working class, in *Socialist Worker*, any day of the week. Few bother to read it for the very good reason that it is not very interesting.

Eventually, pomposity and self-importance begin to show through the angry rhetoric and we see not the loveable idealist and libertarian we had imagined but another frustrated bureaucrat, wanting only to boss us around and organize us into systems according to his own notions of how we should be organized. In OZ, the revolutionary's function is slightly different: rather than seriously urging us to overturn the economic structure of society to his own advantage, he creates a stimulating atmosphere for looking at tits.

This statement is not intended as a sneer, still less as a hint that it is better or more important to overturn the structure of society than it is to look at tits. Sexual fantasy is one of the great liberating forces of our time, at any rate, psychologically. Far more than religion, it is now the opium of the people, and who are we to deny the people their opium? It may be a bizarre commentary on our society that people can't be sexually aroused without first growing indignant about Ghanaian cocoa farmers, unemployed boiler-makers on the Clyde etc but it could be much worse. There are those who need to inflict pain or humiliate their partner before being aroused, and it is less complicated than the furry animal syndrome, whereby you need to dress up as a Teddy bear before you can fuck.

It was not until Issue Six, with the arrival of John Wilcock, that OZ found its identity as part of the international underground. Henceforth, a large part of

the editorial copy — and some of the best features, including Dr Hippocrates, Honeybunch Kaminski, the Fabulous Furry Freaks — were lifted straight from the Underground Press Syndicate. Two traditions remained peculiar to London OZ. The first was a crazily extravagant and adventurous idea of colour printing, whereby whole issues were more or less illegible and cost £6,000 to print. The second was an editorial determination to include among all the SLURP SLURPS of cartoon characters fucking, the occasional article enquiring in a sober and articulate fashion what on earth it was all about.

The great debate over what, if anything, OZ is about, did not really emerge until issues 31 and 32, when Richard Neville's historic "All God's children got de clap" was answered by David Widgery's equally memorable "Whistle while you wank" arguing that "to be dangerous to capitalism you have to do more than spell it with a K." OZ 32 also carried a letter supporting Richard's main theme and postulating a new political alignment, the Aquarian Party: why kill the pigs when kissing them would do much more? After OZ 6, as the magazine developed an identity of its own, *Private Eye* and the *New Statesman* were forgotten. So were satire and conventional left-wing politics, for the most part. Satire's last fling was in OZ 11 (April 1968) with a four page supplement on the *New Statesman* which finally got the old Paul Johnson out of its system. Later supplements on the SUN etc — were more shrieks of pain than serious parody.

After OZ 11, we begin to see that wide-eyed innocence which puts mockery to shame. There is an unmistakable heroism about those who refuse to accept that they may be slightly ridiculous. OZ 25, for instance, carried reports on Scunthorpe and Morden, introducing its readers to the full horror of life outside the Land of OZ, as if they had no experience of it. The piece on Morden is especially touching to read in a magazine which started out with satirical aspirations:

"Revolution has got to come," wrote the Reverend Donald Reeves, bless his poor, silly old heart. "The Church of England has had a love affair with the working classes ever since the Industrial Revolution, but it has never been consummated. But if the Church of England has any relevance at all, it has got to lead the Morden revolution."

Sex, politics and religion — what more can anyone want? Perhaps less politics. As a political correspondent, I am painfully aware of how little most people are interested in politics, and as OZ grows up, it seems to me to have been losing interest in politics. Many would say it has become more political, and certainly the political content has become more bombastic and humourless. But no intelligent magazine which took politics seriously could possibly allow 'Tom Ludd' to get away with this sort of remark: "A revolution is essentially libertarian. Workers' Councils, the democratic control of our environment, etc, it's essentially fun."

No doubt *Socialist Worker* would be delighted to print this sort of solemn rubbish, just as plenty of municipal sanitary inspectors would be delighted to assure a primary school audience that cleanliness, too, can be fun, but not a magazine which has the wit and acumen to publish Dr Hippocrates. Is the young man worried about the way he gets an erection every time he takes his clothes off, especially with other men present? "Think of making it with one of the Johnson girls or recall a university cafeteria meal — the possibilities for turn-offs are endless."

From being a bastard, OZ has become a violent schizophrenic but somehow something always emerges which, when it is legible, is refreshing, loveable and still innocent. This reviewer has probably made it plain that in the debate between the politicians and the freaks, between the killers and the kissers, the dynamic and pathetic traditions of underground culture, he is heavily on the side of the freaks, the kissers and the pathetic tradition. Perhaps I should take it further than that: in supporting the drop-out against the revolutionaries, I should make it plain that I actually dislike revolutionaries. This is partly because of their self-importance and their seriousness, but mostly because of their desire to exert power and influence events, which I find unforgivable. Nevertheless, the most extreme quietist must admit that from the purely literary viewpoint they add a little salt to the kisses and sucks, a little opium or whatever to the hash, and OZ would not be so tasty or so stimulating without them.

During the trial, I almost felt they had a point, when comparing the ostentatious, preposterous innocence of the three men in the dock with the cold fanaticism of Judge Argyle: if the paranoids in high places had been allowed to treat these three as criminals, locking them up for four years with the sights and smells and brutal stupidities of prison life, then the establishment had really gone out of its mind and it was time to act in self defence.

But it was not the system, only a part of it which had gone off the rails. Perhaps, in time, OZ will learn to love the system for the beautiful, incredibly complex thing that it is. Then OZ will realize what it is all about. Inspectors Luff and Habershon, Judge Argyle and Lord Hailsham are as much misfits in the system as OZ's own beloved revolutionary pigs, although they are probably greater threats to the system than any revolutionaries. OZ has its own, fairly important and entirely beneficial role to play inside the system, comforting and sustaining its drop-outs while feeding the fantasy existence of many who remain inside. Most people, after all, don't want to be liberated, although everybody likes to be assured that his servitude is voluntary. Those who love OZ must love the system, since OZ is one of its most characteristic products. The only two pieces of news which will make me take down my shotgun from the wall will be when I hear that OZ has been suppressed or that the fun-people from Upper Clyde Shipyards are taking control of the country.

Freaks are not alone in responding to the needs our society creates in its members; they are simply more outspoken in their public rejection of conventional patterns. Drastically dramatically freaks have begun to explore alternative life styles, philosophies, religions, social and personal relationships. In the process they have used drugs to influence the psyche, tried ascetic diets, meditation, loud and rhythmic somatic music, controlled environments from encounter groups to multimedia bombardments; and too many other experiments to enumerate here. What all of these techniques have in common is the tendency to look beyond rationalist verbal systems for direct experience of life through altered perceptions. One of Jung's books has an apt title for this range of activity: *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*.

Jung devoted his sixty year psychiatric career (1900-1961) to the study of non-rational states of consciousness and unconsciousness. He conceived of the ego (our self-awareness) as a very limited portion of our total selves, but a portion with the profoundly important faculty of free moral will. He sought to use what is best in the evolution of rational thought, but to take from that thought its false evaluation of its (own supremacy in the psychic world. We are not in Jung's opinion, kings in our own castles when it comes to the activity of the mind; our ego self is more accurately describable as a member of a community that includes our emotions and instincts. Jung interpreted, in more than twenty volumes, the history of civilization as a series of outward signs of the passing of the psychic reality of religious and mythical experience, and he saw these forces as still living within us:

*"In the everyday world of consciousness such things hardly exist; that is to say, until 1933 only lunatics would have been found in possession of living fragments of mythology. After this date the world of heroes and monsters spread like a devastating fire over whole nations, proving that the strange world of myth had suffered no loss of vitality during the centuries of reason and enlightenment. If metaphysical ideas no longer have such a fascinating effect as before, this is certainly not due to any lack of primitivity in the European psyche, but simply and solely to the fact that the erstwhile symbols no longer express what is now welling up from the unconscious as the end result of the development of Christian consciousness through the centuries. This end-result is true antimimon pneuma, a false spirit of arrogance, hysteria, woolly-mindedness, criminal amorality, and doctrinaire fanaticism, a purveyor of shoddy spiritual goods, spurious art, philosophical stuttering, and Utopian humbug, fit only to be fed wholesale to 'the mass man of today. That is what the post-Christian spirit looks like.'" (Collected works, Jung, Vol 9, part II)*

Freaks, political and mystical, share a perception of the need for change in our society's concept of the supremacy and the self-sufficiency of the individual. Kepler and Copernicus took the earth out of the center of the universe, Marx depicted the individual acting out the role of his econo-

mically determined class, and Freud showed him the play thing of unconscious emotional affects. But there still remains, for Jung and anyone who constructs an argument, a belief in a fraction of ourselves that can be appealed to by reason, that can make moral choices. Jung devoted his life to carrying the candle, as he once dreamed the light of consciousness to be, forward in the storm of irrational forces that swirls about us and drives us forward. Yet he also respected the inner winds as sources of life and energy, even meaning and purpose.

LSD users have often discovered the soothing effect of drawing and contemplating regular symmetrical patterns that center on a dot and expand outwards into a circle within a square. This form often is found in the East; in India it is called a mandala. Jung found himself drawing mandalas when he was trying to come to

# JUNG THAN SPRIN

*"... a false spirit of arrogance, hysteria, woolly-mindedness, doctrinaire fanaticism, a purveyor of shoddy spiritual goods, spurious art, philosophical stuttering and Utopian humbug, fit only to be fed today."*

Matt Hoffman looks at the work of C. G. Jung



grips with a flood of spontaneous visionary material that burst upon his own consciousness beginning in 1912.

*"When I began drawing the mandalas, however, I saw that everything, all the paths I had been following, all the steps I had taken, were leading back to a single point — namely, to the mid point. It became increasingly plain to me that the mandala is the centre. It is the exponent of all paths. It is the path to the centre, to individuation." (Memories, Dreams and Reflections)*

Jung saw the mandala and the four-sided figure as symbolic of the unity of the whole self. He claimed that the Christian injunction that the kingdom of heaven is within you meant that we are

carrying within us the four gated city. (Jerusalem, in Blake's imagery) the psychic concept of wholeness.

*"During those years, between 1918 and 1920, I began to understand that the goal of psychic development is the self. There is no linear evolution; there is only a circumambulation of the self. Uniform development exists, at most, only at the beginning; later, everything points towards the centre. This insight gave me stability and gradually my inner peace returned. I knew that in finding the mandala as an expression of the self I had attained what was for me the ultimate. Perhaps someone else knows more, but not I." (Memories, Dreams and Reflections)*

Jung explored a symbolic material

ER



# GTIME

oundedness, criminal amorality and  
 virtual goods, spurious art, philosophical  
 fed wholesale to the mass man of

psychic impulses. When he seeks to throw off his Western heritage, he is cut loose, adrift in a strange land where everything he reaches for turns to something else in his hands. Drug highs turn into downers; Eastern religions turn into warring factionalized cults, even rock and roll music turns out, on closer inspection, to be a vehicle for ego-trips and empty-headed repetitiousness

Although Jung cannot save us from the pursuit of illusions, he does point out the danger of venturing too far afield. He tells us in his autobiography (*Memories, Dreams and Reflections*) that all kept him sane during his own confrontation with the unknown fantasy world welling up within him was his solid domestic life and his professional work. Without them, he fears, he would have gone mad like Nietzsche. In his own analysis of patients, he often used Freudian and other well-known therapeutic techniques before

In modern speech we have taken fantasy to be something insubstantial and airy, ungrounded in experience and by nature untrue. Jung, and the freak of today (the freak from his gut reaction to growing up in a world that so deprecates imagination) would probably agree with Blake as he pictures this state of affairs.

*"A dark and unknown night, indefinite,  
 unmeasurable, without end,  
 Abstract Philosophy warring in enmity  
 against Imagination  
 (Which is the Divine Body of the Lord  
 Jesus, blessed for ever.)"*  
 (Jerusalem).

Jung found in his own life, and in that of his patients, that the unconscious fantasy products are a blend of creation and destruction, of wholeness and painful fragmentation. His therapeutic techniques were directed towards distinguishing the distortions that the absolute nature of the unconscious can produce (as in the case of hostility projections based on inner fears) from the images of healing and compensation that the unconscious can also produce. Jung seemed to see the unconscious as terrible and divine, absolute and yet able to be influenced by conscious moral choice. He painted a picture that unified the religious and cultural history of the world, East and West, with the experience of our own time.

An area of great interest today is Jung's investigation of parapsychology, the modern study of telepathy, prophecy, fortune telling, mind over matter, spiritualism, and other apparently non-physical phenomena. Jung examined the uncanny appropriateness of the answers given by the Chinese fortune telling book, the *I Ching*, and he found astrology to sometimes have a close correspondance with life. In fact he employed both these tools, the *I Ching* and astrology, as diagnostic aids in analysis of his patients. Jung chose not to understand these phenomena as presently unexplained but ultimately rationally explicable in terms of physical energies. Instead of searching for a causal relation that might transcend time and space (and such an explanation would be needed to explain precognition), he considered these events to be psychically related to the same process that creates fantasies in our minds. The laws of nature which are understood to be solely causally based would be amended by Jung to include the accidental variant, the chance factor, when we know without cause what has happened or what will happen somewhere. There is no cause and effect at all; the event and our fantasy (in dream or whatever) of it simply mean the same thing. This is dealt with at length in Jung's essay 'Synchronicity: an Acausal Connecting Principle' (Volume 8, *Collected Works*). Jung tells us here that Richard Wilhelm translates Lao Tze's word 'Tao' (the name of the ineffable ground of the universe) as *meaning*. At this point in Jung's thought there appears to be an attempt to construct a unified picture of all experience, human and material. He postulates a relationship between the psychic world and all matter: not just that of the human brain. And what, in fact, is psychic life but the perception of meaning, the naming of the equivalence of concepts and fact?

It is hard to follow Jung here, but he seems to be pointing towards a comprehensive understanding of the universe. And that is what, I imagine, a great many of us (freaks of nature, every one of us) are searching for.



extensively throughout his career. He began with modern dream interpretation and gradually found parallels and aids to understanding dreams in the symbolism of astrology, Western and Chinese alchemy, Buddhism, gnosticism, primitive religious and social structures. These systems all seek to encompass man's experience and relate it to the universe as a whole. They seek to portray oneness and completeness. They are the opposite of the compartmentalized Western classification systems that work so well in the natural science and leave us fragmented when we try to understand and find meaning in our lives.

A dilemma invariable arises for the student of symbolism, the follower of

moving onto his own 'individuation' process for confronting the unconscious. Some patients who did not have a predisposition towards encountering the inner world, he kept away from it. In fact, Jung coined the terms introvert and extrovert in his classic study of psychological types and their *a priori* orientations, introvert originally meaning the type of person oriented towards the inner world.

Jung found another aid to constructive encounters with the psyche, one known well to freaks working with his hands. The interpretation of one of his own dreams told him to build models in stone as he had done as a child. He did so, and found, for the rest of his life, a means of understanding himself and placing himself in the world in non-verbal fashion.

CLASSIFICATION A1.

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## 1. YOUTH

The initial stage is to bring as many young people as possible within the range of Movement propaganda. This is not too difficult in London but is much more difficult in the provinces. It is therefore necessary to set up a continuing grass-roots structure. How can this be done? Rather than impose an organisation and personnel upon a community, it is preferable that local organisations be organic. However, it is necessary to identify potential community motivators. The following is a viable means of accomplishing this.

*Stage One:* Small advance team (5) of researchers spend at least two weeks in selected community in order to:

- 1) Prepare reports on dominant social attitudes and institutions in community; any dissenting organisations; attitudes expressed in local and school papers; attitudes and actions of local authority and police; social tensions expressed and submerged.
- 2) Book hall for concert on pre-selected date. Make arrangements for fly-posting and leafletting in advance of concert. Make arrangements for accommodation for concert and post-concert teams.
- 3) Percentage of tickets distributed free through local groups (if any). Balance sold at door (low price).

*Stage Two:* The concert: Rock groups with political content in music (although no to extent that music suffers). Movement speakers relating to general issues and local issues determined by research. Guerrilla Theatre Groups. Literature. It is vital that the speakers be available to any local person who wants to speak with them. Of the persons who do want to discuss anything it should be possible to identify potential community motivators who will be invited to a small meeting to be held two days after the concert.

*Stage Three:* The day after the concert, the political group will discuss the reactions to the concert and the persons who have been invited to the small meeting. Two persons of this group will remain in the community for one week. Their purpose will be to establish contact through a series of small meetings with local people in order to:

- 1) put information dissemination on a regular and established basis
- 2) encourage the formation of local dissent groups
- 3) work out support basis for establishment of groups. Particular encouragement is to be given to formation of local underground newspapers. Limited economic support is to be offered but not for less than three months. Local people are to be made to feel that they will receive support from established groups in London and other large centres and are to be invited to London for indoctrination (See "Special Indoctrination for Community Motivators").

From the foregoing, it should be clear that this is an initial programme for establishing a communications network within the U.K. for the propagating of the underground values of dope, rock 'n' roll and fucking in the streets. This is backed up by the establishment of local groups who will necessarily come into confrontation with authority

and through this experience become more committed. At this stage of commitment, the values of a socialist and libertarian democracy will be logically and organically arrived at. In short, it is considered that a cultural revolution must precede a political revolution in this society. The social values of the bourgeois family structure must be attacked and destroyed in order to provide motivation for the supplanting of the capitalist system by a democracy of the people.

## 2. POLICE AND ARMED FORCES

*(a) Information Agency:* The agency will be responsible for the programme directed at the police and armed forces. Revolution can only occur when the government no longer can control the armed and police forces of the State. The Government is very careful to indoctrinate the members of these forces. It would be the function of the information agency to counter-act this indoctrination by regular mailing of radical and libertarian propaganda to Police Colleges and Armed Forces colleges. This can be presented as another point of view. There is no doubt that pressure would be put upon the agency by the authorities so care should be taken that no police action is possible either by reason of activities of agency personnel or by material being "obscene or indecent" under the Post Offices Act.

*Demonstrations and other acts of Confrontation.* (b) Demonstrations accomplish something simply by happening. They are evidence of dissent and help to keep social tension alive. The police over-react and the liberal is transformed into a radical. "A Yippie is a hippie who has been hit over the head by a policeman". The most important thing in a demo is to have as much media coverage as possible and to have our own cameras etc. Any violence should be pointed out as the direct result of unprovoked police attack. Care should be taken to get photographs of special group police in their busses before police attack and in action. If possible, the link up should be shown. (In static demos the special group police will pick out the people they intend to attack and this is noticeable to anyone watching).

*Financing Operations:* (c) Every possible method of obtaining finance should be used. These include:

- 1) Donations from "liberals" for "liberal" operations. Money can also be siphoned off from these operations for other purposes.
- 2) Profits from dealing.
- 3) Profits from rip-offs books, records and cassettes etc. . . .

In general, money should be obtained from operations that are in themselves revolutionary and righteous. Bank robberies, etc. are not appropriate means of financing operations at this stage. However it must be emphasized that this is not for any reasons of bourgeois morality. When the stage of armed resistance and the incursions of the capitalist state upon the liberty of the people is reached, then armed robbery becomes not only appropriate as a means of finance but becomes a means of propaganda and encouragement in itself.



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Alfred Barnet, Esq.  
The Curzon House Club  
20/3 Curzon Street  
London, W.1.

Dear Mr. Barnet,

RESTAURANT COMPLEX - CREATIVE PROPOSITION

The object of my writing to you is to put on paper some creative thoughts which I have had regarding a new restaurant concept. I am working on these ideas in conjunction with a colleague of mine - Mike Savino, the largest advertising agencies. You have not become involved in preparing thoughts to you

**RESTAURANT COMPLEX - CREATIVE PROPOSITION:** The object of my writing to you is to put on paper some creative thoughts which I have had regarding a new restaurant concept.

**RATIONALE:** Looking at the London restaurant scene the general indications are that the Italian Trattoria situation has reached its zenith. The film world and the creative advertising community thrive on fantasy. We believe in this respect that it would be possible to create for these people a 'fantasy' restaurant/Night Club complex. I believe that if one can attract showbusiness, the heavy business/playboy element will follow.

**FLUERS DU MALS:** The creative theme which would be followed through in every aspect would be BLACK.

**EXAMPLE:** Extensive use of smoked glass, BLACK - leather, P.V.C., velvet, plastic, Coloured staff.

It is a fact proven by Mr Hugh Hefner's not inconsiderable success, that untouchable sex attracts men. I would not suggest that the girls who serve the customers should be dressed as bunnies. What I do believe is that we should have exquisite coloured 'waitresses', picked for their appearance and intelligence. Black Jack will be the house game. Only Black & White and Johnnie Walker Black Label Whisky will be served. All crockery and glass will be black. Wherever possible, black food will be served, i.e. Caviar, Coq au vin, Black-berry Sorbet, etc. etc. In the main restaurant I would like to see a cage built into the walls which would run completely round the restaurant. The cage would either be shielded from the restaurant by bars or two-way smoked glass. A black panther would circulate within this cage. There would be certain 'alcoves' which should be designed specifically for intimate conversation. In these alcoves it would be possible to select the music which you require, either soul, pop or classical. Only black coffee will be served, with, of course, black sugar. There would be black soap, towels and paper in the totally black loos. Black velvet would be the house drink. If it was technically possible, the top floor of the complex should be devoted to an out-of-door situation. In other words, it would be a roof-top restaurant which could be opened to the stars during the summer by an automatically controlled sliding smoked glass roof. There would be a certain amount of black fauna and flora, with cages containing blackbirds, black macaws and maybe even black monkeys. I think it might well be amusing to have bats somewhere in the animal situation. We could also have black mambas and cobras.

**PRIVATE ROOMS:** Restaurants in the U.S.A. and France frequently have private rooms for hire. I suggest that Fleur du Mals should do the same. There might well be four or five of varying sizes all named after the Seven Deadly Sins - i.e. The Gluttony Room, The Greed Room, The Envy Room, etc.

**THE BOARD:** To pursue, or for that matter, emphasise any sort of negro involvement would be politically unwise. I feel, however, that it would be worth considering the appointment of one coloured Director. Berry Gordy (Motown) would be a logical choice.

**JOINING GIFT:** Members joining the club would receive a gift from the management. This would be a small piece of gimmickry. Gucci keyring specially designed, black writing paper with a white 'Pental', mildly erotic black giant sized postcards to send to their friends, giant black ashtray, Fleurs du Mals After Shave and toilet water for women. These might be sold together with soap, etc. within the club. Members would be sent presents on their birthdays. A black rose for the women, black pens for men.

**BOUTIQUE:** I believe also that we should include a boutique within the complex which would sell nothing but black clothes, shoes, hats, belts, etc., also specially designed and exclusively produced Fleurs du Mals merchandise, i.e. soap, after shave, etc.

**THE BAR:** Superb in every detail. Maybe coffins to sit around - certainly. Specially designed bar stools with backs like tractor seats.

**OPENING PARTY:** The publicity for the complex is self-generating. We would wish to publicise the complex on an international level, arranging in-depth pieces in the Sunday Times Colour Supplement and major international media. The theme that we would propagate is that Britain has produced an entirely new concept in today entertainment terms. This type of operation is basically something that could only really occur in Las Vegas. What one is saying in effect is that London has for some time been the international arbiter of 'fashion' and we believe that the town is sophisticated enough to accept such a revolutionary entertainment concept. One could, of course, devote ten pages to the publicity and launch of the club but at his point, this would seem superfluous. One would obviously invite every major coloured figure in the world to attend the opening and Ella Fitzgerald, for example, could arrive on a black horse. Only black cars would be allowed to park and everybody would be asked to dress in black. We would arrange for a heavy contingent of showbusiness personalities and international names. Obviously, when the complex was established and shown to be highly profitable and, as it were 'in the black', the formula could be extended to the North of England and rapidly developed in Europe. Membership, of course, would be difficult to obtain and extremely expensive.

Such a project is obviously going to cost. We have access to certain funds and I believe such a proposition might prove attractive to your company. I am confident that the finance aspect of this situation should not represent any particular problem but I would obviously welcome your views...

be difficult to...

Such a project is obviously going to cost. We have access to certain funds and I believe such a proposition might prove attractive to your company. I am confident that the finance aspect of this situation should not represent any particular problem but I would obviously welcome your views...

Yours sincerely,  
*Peter Jeeves*  
PETER JEEVES  
DIRECTOR, CONSUMER & PRODUCT RELATIONS

**Gandharva**  
from Hindu mythology  
means the celestial musician,  
and it's a score  
from a non-existent film.



**Beaver & Krause**





# A BIT OF THE OTHER

BIT INFORMATION SERVICE COMMUNITY MUSIC / BITMAN 141 Westbourne Park Road, London W11 1BQ. 01-229 8219

BIT one of the first "underground help services" is still here, just about! It is still trying to be a 24 hour, 7 days-a-week information, crisis, advisory and referral service. It is trying to prove that it is possible for an organisation to be run without directors, figure heads, sleeping partners; without committees, "supervision, or controls. Apart from the 1000 people a week who make use of us, we are also still needed as a stimulus or spur to others to start similar organisations throughout this country and the rest of the world (the latest being in Auckland, New Zealand). We do this through our 'info sheets', BITMAN, benefit concerts and COMMUNITY MUSIC. Although broke ourselves,

"There is a convincing air of poverty about BIT, applying to both the place itself and the people who run it. The regular workers receive a token payment that is far below subsistence, they wear mostly clothes that they have been given and eat whenever food appears . . ."

from article by 'graham' in BITMAN 4. we raised £508.90 last year for other "Community Aid Groups" (plus £510 for UCS).

"In trying to increase our sphere of communication we came in contact with BIT (London) who are invaluable to us. We began to feel part of a scheme of things. When we outlined our plans to BIT, they offered their support and ran a benefit concert for us, which provided £30 . . ." TOUCH (Dundee) info sheet, Dec 1971.

However, we are all two-way processes and cannot give out more than is put in. If you would like info on a new film, play, a job, a flat, names of solicitors, doctors, dentists, info on communes, "busts", alternative structures/newspapers/magazines etc. then unless someone else gives us this information and bread/money to pay our expenses, we won't be able to help you with your requests or be around when you need us.

The 'alternatives' to our present society are (hopefully) based on respect of oneself and others, an increased sensitivity and awareness of the effect of one's actions/thoughts on others and mutual self-help. Without the latter we have nothing.

" . . . SEARCH is a community project (NOT just "hip" underground trends in the wake of OZ). . . One of my main arguments against the present "underground" is that it is very much a middle-class drop-out affair. I believe the notion "alternative society" is politically, culturally and sociologically a red herring: Radical Sub-Culture — Yes, hopefully!; Alternative Society — Not for a long, long time.

If present groups/organisations working towards improvement in social conditions can combine the HONESTY and AGGRESSIVE ENERGY of the working class with the INFORMATION and EDUCATIONAL BENEFITS so far restricted to the middle class, then we may have the beginnings of a new classless culture (RICHARD NEVILLE ON LATE NIGHT LINE UP—WHAT A FUCKIN JOKE!)

Many of the so-called "underground" elements are so obviously middle class and self-centered that they waste most of their time! Therefore for any COMMUNITY AID GROUP to concentrate on incense, pot, womens lib, communes, gay lib, Lord of the Rings, abortions

etc without relating to the rest of the community would be negative and sad (and boring).

LIVERPOOL FREE SCHOOL is the way the "underground" should be going: we're all fuckin' people you know! All these factions eg. blacks, gay lib, womens lib, freaks etc miss one important point: that, although the system may indeed hit them in special ways, the repression/alienation is COMMON to everyone: EVEN yer so-called capitalist/pigs etc ie. EVOLUTION not REVOLUTION (revolution is out of the question, a meaningless word, except for self-deluded middleclass trendy radicals!) PEOPLE NOT CATEGORIES! RISE ABOVE THE CLASS SYSTEM!

Bernard,  
Search, 93 Abingdon St,  
Blackpool, Lancs.

We believe that with such support it is possible for Community Aid Groups to continue to:—

(a) set up housing and food co-ops, youth clubs, pre-school play groups, free schools, adventure playgrounds, clubs for the elderly, arts labs, street newspapers etc

(b) take over cinemas, theatres, youth clubs, church halls, and try to provide creative alternatives to the boredom and monotony of life that exists in so many of our cities.

All of these activities help improve the quality of life and help create a change in values that will hopefully make the functions of Community Aid Groups, as we know them today, superfluous.

However, without financial support, today's Community Aid Groups won't even get off the ground or will collapse when the first bills start coming in. IMPLOSION was, in the beginning, set up to provide such financial support,

"the Electric Cinema. . . was the first organisation that used a regular entertainment scene to raise bread to be given away. . . we wanted the profit to be kept moving in the community. . . a lot of bread was given away to existing scenes . . . So I got £100 from the Electric to start a music/films/free market scene at the Roundhouse. I got a contract with them for 6 fortnightly concerts starting in June and called it Implosion — I wanted it to be

a benefit for the people who came there by charging 7/6 a head and then to use the profit in the same way as the Electric. I contacted various agents, groups, etc., to suggest that the musicians might dig to play to a large audience that hadn't been screwed at the door — that the groups could make this possible by playing for expenses and good vibes . . ." — Roger Cross writing in IT/73, 12-25 Feb, 1970.

but like so many of our ideas/ideals 'Implosion' has slowly been taken over by the "new establishment" (Jeff Dexter, Ian Knight, Huw Price, Penny McLucas, Rufus Harris), who seem to care little about 'our' survival. We find, for example, the "principal trio's" close involvement with the music/entertainment industry very, very, disturbing, especially in view of the amount of money/influence/power they now exercise over what was once "our" music scene: Jeff Dexter, dj, manager of AMERICA (who record for Warner Bros), friend of Ian Samuels (producer at Warner Bros — which is part of Kinney . . .) which is owned by Kinney Holding Corporation, which has allegedly its board meetings with consecutive translations into Sicilian. — UPS Vol 2, no 18); Huw Price, part of NEMS agency with AMERICA/FAMILY etc on its books; Ian Knight, part of The Rainbow Theatre where 'Family' and 'America' recently played. Rufus Harris, who isn't disturbed by the trio's business interests but who did try (unsuccessfully) to prevent the new members of Release from discussing Implosion with Ian at BIT and finally Penny McLucas, about whom all we know is that she doesn't consider "us" worth circulating with Implosion hand-outs, "as we wouldn't believe them anyway!" Yet there was a time when Implosion was worried about the outside commercial interests of its working group and Roger Cross in particular:—

" . . . Another point that Roger raises that needs clarifying is the question of his working for another club as well . . . As contact with him might have yet further distractions, particularly as it would have been with a more commercial organisation."

IMPLOSION reply to article by Roger Cross, IT/75 13-26 March, '70. The irony is that Roger Cross now works for the Rainbow Theatre with

Ian Knight!!

" . . . (5) Politically, I think the concept of an 'alternative', underground' society is reactionary in that it by definition admits and accepts the existence of an establishment 'straight' society. It is elitist in many of its attitudes, bourgeois in its self-conscious "separatism" from normal working class life, and anti-revolutionary in that it thinks alternatives can be set up parallel to the establishment—this is often an arty-farty dream — the establishment has the wealth and therefore the guns and will only tolerate alternatives as long as they are harmless and channel off otherwise militant energies (eg the fate of the 'alternative' in the Bogside).

Anyway, there's no reason why we shouldn't work in each others interests as long as we're careful to remember what those interests are . . .

Mike Evans, MUSIC LIBERATION FRONT, 70 Huskisson St, Liverpool 8, Lancs.

We still believe that the original aims of 'Implosion' can be made to work for the benefit of Community Aid Groups and for that reason COMMUNITY MUSIC has been started from the 'ashes of Implosion'. COMMUNITY MUSIC will try to help musicians establish their independence and self-respect, at the same time getting a reasonable return for their creative activities. In this we will work closely with MUSIC LIBERATION FRONT and their anti-Agency; Colleges and Student Unions; as well as all other Promoters, Agencies and Record Companies who are prepared to give Community Aid Groups and musicians a 'fair deal'. Although we are not, at this stage, a management-agency, we will be happy to put promoters in touch with groups/agencies and vice-versa. At the moment we are looking for any "name" who would like to help us?

You can help now by contacting us or your local 'aid group' and finding out what their needs are (at the moment BIT needs money — we only have enough left for another 6 weeks — cheap supplies of duplicating paper, stencils, envelopes, unused stamps, etc . . .) You can also support us by subscribing to BITMAN (25p/50¢ single issues, £1.20/£3 for six issues and supporting all COMMUNITY MUSIC concerts. A full list of 'Community Aid Groups' can be obtained from BIT (enc sae).



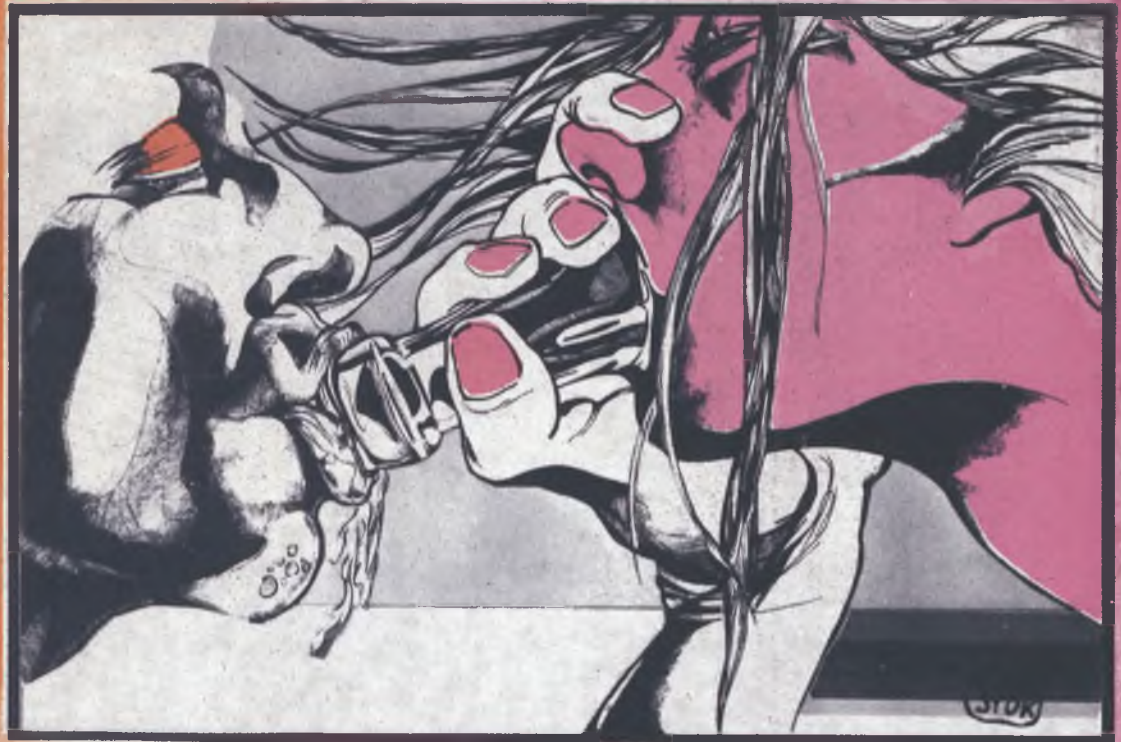


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# THINGS YOUR TEACHER 'FORGOT' TO TELL YOU

Dick Leitsch opens up the gay history book and discovers a few pages missing.



In the last days of the 19th Century, Prince Maximilian Egon zu Fustenberg gave a party for the other notables of the Second Reich. While the Kaiser sat in the seat of honour and watched, General Count Dietrich von Hulsen-Haeseler, chief of the Reich's military cabinet, danced into the room wearing a pink tutu and a rose garland in his hair. He pirouetted and swirled several times around the room to tremendous applause. Then, while taking his bows before the Kaiser's chair, he dripped to the floor, dead of a heart attack. Concerned "sister" carried him to his bedroom, where his body was left while the party continued downstairs.

The next morning the thought occurred to his friends that it just wouldn't be appropriate to bury a general of Max's rank in a pink tutu. Rigor mortis had already set in and it was reportedly quite a chore to get him out of the tutu and into his uniform. Everyone did agree, however, that he had danced "divinely".

At that time, the whole Second Reich was being run by a gay circle. They may not have run it very well, but they did a bit better than the predominately heterosexual Third Reich. The Kaiser was straight (though some say not), but his best friend, Prince Phillip zu Eulenberg, was sleeping with Count von Moltke, the military commandant of Berlin. Three Counts, all of the Kaiser's aides-de-camp, the Kaiser's private secretary and the court chamberlain were all gay. So were the King of Wutttemberg (whose lover was a mechanic), the King of Bavaria (in love with a coachman), and Lidwig Viktor, the brother of the Emperor Franz Joseph, whose death helped start World War 1. Ludwig was madly in love with a masseur from Vienna who called him "Luzi-Wuzi".

Unless the school you went to taught history much differently than my school did, you probably weren't told all of this, and may be even now

you don't think it's very important. Maybe not, but it's no less important than information you were given, such as Catherine the Great's promiscuity, Louis XV's affairs, and the gossip of historians about whether or not Elizabeth I deserved the title of "The Virgin Queen". Rather than arguing over whether Lizzie had affairs with her men friends or not, it might be worthwhile to investigate whether she might have been a drag queen or a lesbian.

Homosexuals, like everyone else, need people to identify with. We need heroes, homosexuals who have "made it", to show what we can do if we try. We are doubly handicapped in the search: first, many of those who could qualify as gay heroes cop out by being closet queens, and secondly, when a homosexual does make it, the world that has accepted him prefers to ignore or deny his homosexuality. Gertrude Stein is an example. She lived openly with her lover, Alice B. Toklas, for many years. She had many admirable traits. She practically discovered Picasso and most of the other greats of modern art, and she almost invented modern American writing. While she did write and publish a not very good lesbian novel, her later poetry, plays, novels and short works directly or indirectly influenced every great American writer of the last thirty or forty years.

Now she and Alice are both dead. The Museum of Modern Art wants their fabulous collection of paintings and Miss Stein's writing is constantly coming back into vogue. Books and articles about these two groovy girls are constantly being published, but most of them ignore the central facts of their lives; their homosexuality and their love for one another. Poor Alice, devoted lover, has been relegated to various roles by these biographers, roles ranging from "secretary" to "companion" to "housekeeper".

We need heroes to show what members of our group can achieve and to serve as models for the young. Increased interest in homosexual heroes and homosexual history would help solve the identity crisis so many homosexuals feel by bringing home the realization that we are not "freaks", but part of a group that has always existed and contributed its bit toward civilization and culture.

But such an interest would do far more than just help homosexuals make a better adjustment. Many in the straight world like to believe that we are some sort of strange eruption on the face of the earth that will just vanish if they close their eyes and wish hard enough. Others think they can solve the "problem" of our existence with more laws, more police, more harassment.

A study of history would show them that their approach has been tried since the Jews first got back from the Babylonian Captivity and it hasn't worked yet. The Chicago cops think the way to deal with homosexuals is to constantly raid gay bars. The first such raid I ever heard of was staged in London in 1820, and those arrested were paraded through the streets and pelted with garbage. Over the years, the means of raiding bars and the punishments have changed, but gay bars have outlasted all of the laws and enforcers of the law.

Voltaire lived near a cruisy street in Paris, and was curious about the homosexuals he saw. He and a friend decided to get blow jobs one night, and did, later comparing notes. A few weeks later, Voltaire met his friend, who said he had tried it once again. Voltaire cautioned him: "Careful, my friend. One time a searcher for knowledge; twice, a sodomist!" If street cruising has been going on that long, can anyone

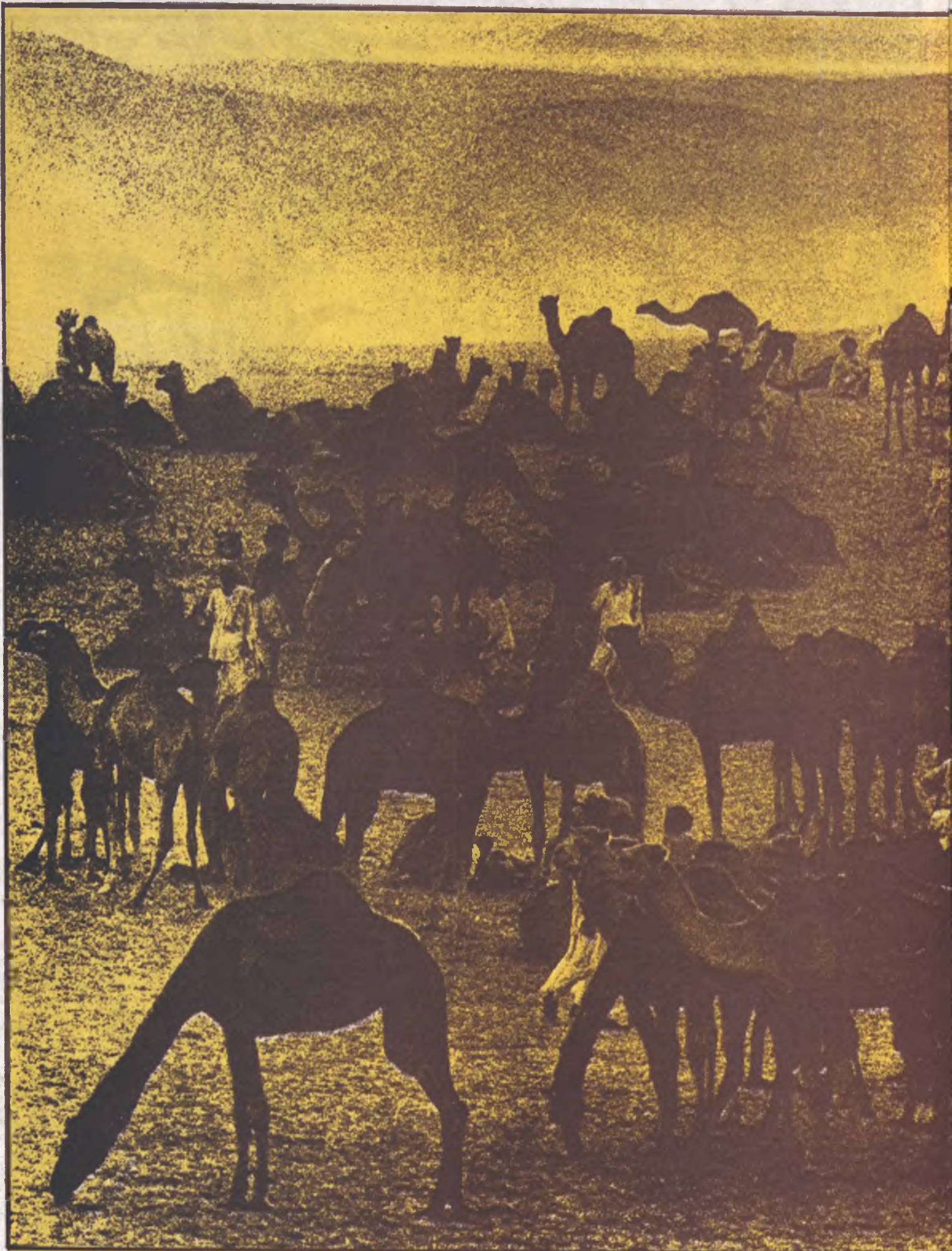
believe a little more harassment now will make any difference?

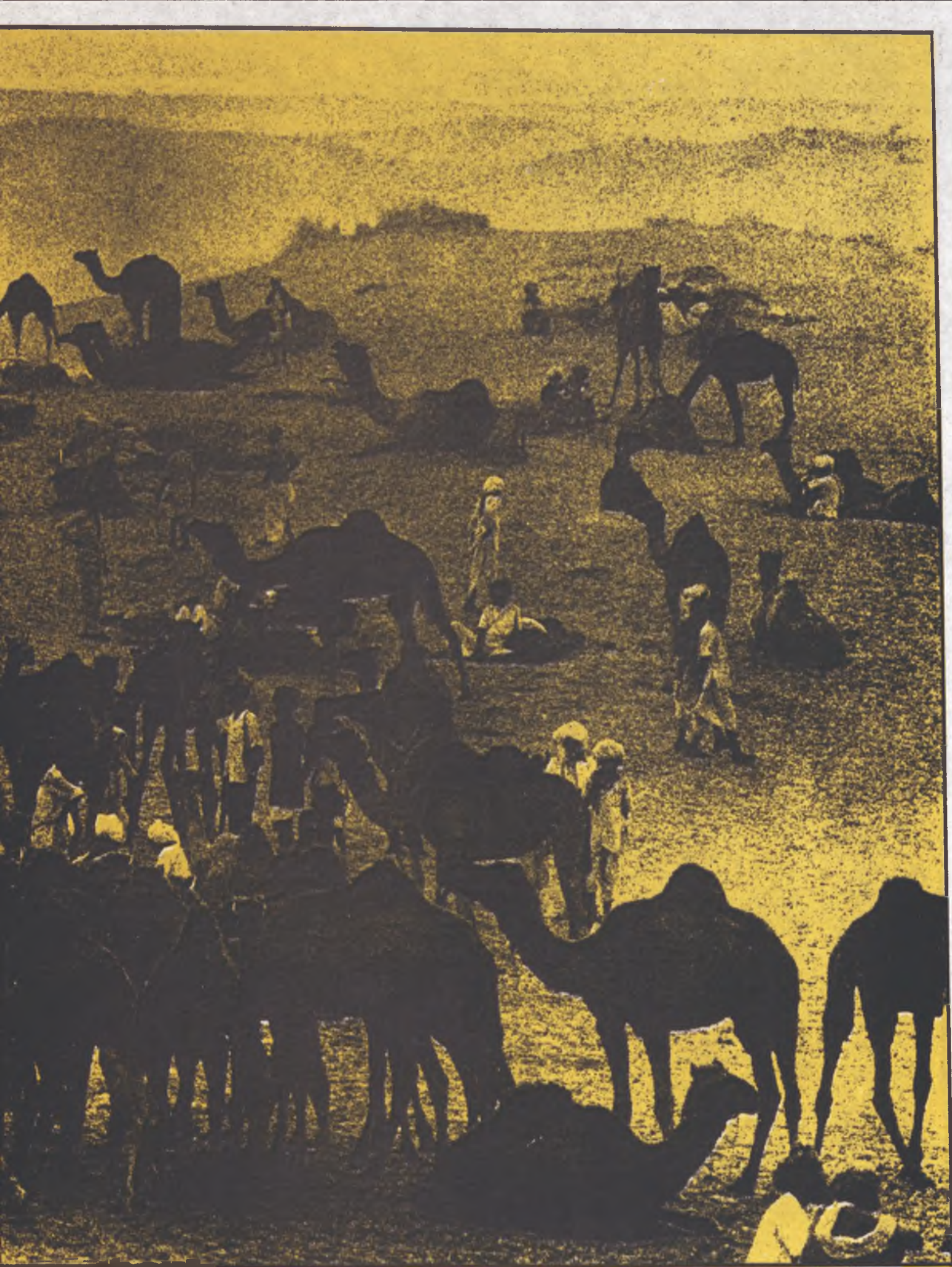
Straights point with scorn at drag queens and flamboyant types, and they seem to love to ridicule homosexual in-fighting. What if they knew that one of the first governors of New Amsterdam was a full-fledged drag queen (his portrait, in drag, hangs in the N.Y. Historical Society Museum). Who could be more flamboyant than Jean Cocteau, Oscar Wilde or poor Richard II? And as far as bitch-fights are concerned, Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo carried on one that would put "The Boys In The Band" to shame!

Promiscuity and "trade" are nothing new, either. Giovanni Bazzi was so lecherous that history has almost lost his real name, and even the most uptight scholars and art historians refer to him as "Il Sodoma", nickname he picked up because of his favourite pastime. Richard Wagner was happy enough to play "trade" to Ludwig of Bavaria, who helped him get started in the music business.

Not all gay historical figures have been praiseworthy. Some of the gay Popes were particularly awful, and it is rumored that Goering was gay. As straights have to acknowledge Hitler, Stalin, Eichmann and other unpleasant types, so I suppose we can afford to admit to the skeletons in our closets.

Schools offer courses in American History, parochial schools provide religious history, and there are courses for Negroes to learn of their backgrounds and traditions. But nobody could teach homosexual history, even if Yale wanted to offer a course and William Buckley would permit it. There simply are no books and no experts. Homosexual organizations and the gay press must encourage such studies. Until we find our past, we won't have much future.





# Leary in Limbo Limbo! Limbo!

Chris Hardy reviews Timothy Leary's "Jail Notes" (Douglas Books — cheap)

Leary made a noise once, and as a consequence got busted twice, ending up in jail on a twenty year "political" sentence. He has since escaped and had various diversions in Africa and Europe, but while in jail he put this book together, 'Jail Notes'

Everyone knows something about him, the acid freak who believed in his acid experience, as against his (then) habitual one, and who, with the aid of his (then) station in life, persevered in publicising this chemical plus accompanying rituals, cosmic order and delights until he disappeared from the public ear. He is one of that group of Americans (Olson and Watts are others) who, through a combination of academic knowledge and status with a romantic myth-hungry imagination, succeed in roaming the world, pockets and heads loaded, absorbing a thousand cultures and writing a book a year, in order that we may listen to and maybe even believe in, their words.

Like Ginsberg in his introduction Leary seems a bit old fashioned sometimes. He continuously argues his attitude, that is, his religion, however secretly, and marshalls the facts and authorities from his voluminous and flashing brain. However again like Ginsberg, he has a powerful, intelligent energy pushing his words out, and one reads them easily, joyfully even, sometimes. 'Jail Notes' contains a load of anecdotes, quotes (prison records, bible, C. Wilson mostly) and sermons, from various of the seven jails he mentions being put in. Concluding the book are two chapters, one about the Joujouka tribal bands of Morocco, and the other about tripping with his wife Rosemary. The former is an adulation of Morocco, and in particular of the stoned drummers, flute players and one knock-out fiddler of the Joujouka tribe, who can now be heard on record, produced by the late Brian Jones. These people are, naturally enough, very appealing to Leary, and, by appending these ecstatic words to the quite different, staccato, notes from jail we get a heavier effect from both. The Joujouka, with their abidance by kif, Pan and rhythm music, have an "Imprint system" which Leary (as he sees it) had to find for himself, using acid to dynamite the ground layer of karmic and environmental habit/dross. The Moroccan trip also includes vignettes that 'place' Leary; he spends his time drifting from one Burroughs/Brion Gysin scene to another.

For the prison section Leary uses a, some-

times rather fey, Berrymanesque style. The detailed reproduction of action, filtered through this vocabulary, often makes for active and enlivening communication: There are many different stories — of crowds, games, people, incidents, and of jail; "Heavy metal gloom overhangs this grievous place. Guards walk through it grimly, coughing filter cigarette smoke forty hour week. Faces not happy". The ideas and lectures and advice, on acid, on ontology, society and all the rest, are packed down amongst the people, so that the crowded life of mind and skin, behind bars, gets over. Leary has always been an 'acid saddhu' (as against your ordinary acid head); a teacher of a sort of esotericism now widely popular, drawing on everything from the Vedas, Zen and Blake to nuclear physics: a man who got such a 'religious' hit off acid that he was adapted

tips, and gets it down clearly. The image of jail is the image of man's primary experience of life; one of limitation. Leary puts the case for his somewhat notorious key to this cage with the conviction of a doctor who believes in a biochemical one, and an individual drug cure for each personality. Acid changes the senses and inhibits habitual reactions or knowledge. Thus the blinkers of Karma and viewpoint are broken. He's a Bhakta, a body freak, a love freak, finding numerous delights along his rosy path to Liberation. Though he espouses Zen he also grasps, holds and preaches, chemical categories, a sort of empirical mysticism come alchemy: He enjoys personal existence and is happy to believe in definitions, and cures. The book, being broken up into three, is a set of images



sufficiently moody, of all read

to deal with the up and down nature of dope. Its good to ancient and sacred thoughts again. Even though Leary has his own form of the soteriological systems, he has the words at his finger-

which work together like a poem, emanating the feeling of Leary's consciousness. It's a mysterious effort and the subject and purpose is an emotional and spiritual one, with no exhortations to arms. There are also beautiful things to sense, good things to think, and some amazing stories.

# "Up Your Alley, Tariq"

Schradan Giftgas reviews Tariq Ali's new book, "The Coming British Revolution" (Jonathan Cape 95p)

It's rather a gruesome task to have to review Tariq Ali's "The Coming British Revolution". First and foremost because it means you have to read it, and secondly because putting down Tariq Ali is an easy and socially acceptable pastime, for a variety of incorrect and unpleasant reasons.

Since the days of the V.S.C. Mr Ali has been ridiculed and lampooned from many quarters; Private Eye's Tariq Ali Baba, to the Grove Graffiti "Tariq Ali is Vanessa Redgrave in drag" (which is a mortal insult to transvestites). But in the majority of cases the racism lying behind the criticism is extremely thinly disguised; there may even be "Englishman, Irishman and Tariq Ali" jokes for all I know. To be a Pakistani Trot in public stirs up all sorts of insect life.

So to avoid misconstructions I shall limit my criticism to T.A. as a member and spokesman of the International Marxist Group. In any case to judge from the book, that covers 99% of him, it reads as if it were ghost written by Mandel.

The book starts from the premise that the capitalist world is today in a state of pre-revolutionary crisis and that revolution is on the cards again for the first time since 1945. Very true, but it's probably the only true observation in the book. Given the truth of its premise, the only sound reason for writing such a book is to make a contribution to the understanding of our situation; some theoretical, strategic and tactical suggestions that might help in the making of a world revolution, and avoiding past "mistakes".

Instead we are treated to a complete run down of one of the old brands of Trotskyism (I.M.G.'s brand) complete with the sordid history of the collapse of the Trotskyist International, and the ritual denunciation of the other brands (I.S. and the S.L.L. in this country). To be sure he is less (though only slightly less) jargon ridden than many of his comrades; and he doesn't have the philistine approach of so many Trots. He is perceptive and articulate on several points, but the sum of these parts is that same "brand of practical and theoretical impotence" of which it has been said "Forty years of counterrevolution separate these groups from the Revolution since this is not 1920 they can only be wrong (and they were already wrong in 1920)."

In the chapter on "The New Youth Radicalization" he concentrates solely

on the student movement of the '60's and on the V.S.C. No mention of youth subcultures, the Underground, skinheads because they're not a political phenomenon. And earlier on in the book he states that the "British Bourgeoisie could not survive for long unless it dominated a significant section of (the working class) ideologically."

The point that the British Working Class is dominated mainly by its own ideology of the family, which disarms it politically by reflecting its aspirations *within the family*, escapes him. As does the fact that the whole "youth problem" the subcultural crisis, is part of the collapse of this

ideology, and that to politicize subcultural revolt will be a most important step in breaking the *political* domination of middle class ideology.

It seems that the present state of disarray among the "Underground" Left is going to bring flocks of Leninist vultures to pick the carcass and offer goodies like a national or even international organization, committees, membership cards and all to the poor lost lambs. If we can't produce our own effective non-hierarchical organizations then perhaps we deserve it.





Whatever happened to the Oz school kids, those debauched and depraved moppets who conspired to produce Oz 28? Have they now sunk into a life of sin and shame, become the lost souls that the moral fascists of England assume they and every child in the country would become once tainted with Oz. What particular bogeyman of our bourgeois society has grabbed them. How many are vegetables, pimps, junkies, prostitutes, homosexuals, criminals? How many have tried to commit suicide, how many have syphilis, tried to fly from an upstairs window. How many have had to be placed in Brostal, prison, homes of correction, or mental hospitals. How many are dead? Two of them, whom we see quite frequently, Viv Berger and The Incredible Bradford, did a quick check, the results of which, apart from the fact that they are all probably seasoned dope smokers, would surely gladden the heart of Mary "I think the sentences were about right" Whitehouse. They are all alive and well and functioning in a sensible manner. One is doing an early morning bread delivery, another has joined the civil service. Robb Douglas is doing social work, several are still at school, being prefects and doing A levels, others are at University or Art School. Trudi, who wrote Week-End Drop-Out, penned us a little note: "Sure I sympathise with much of what the Underground press stands for. But as for Oz, its guiding principle has always been fuck for fuck's sake, rather than for anything more valuable. Entertaining, amusing it may frequently be, but artistically, politically etc it has always been pretty non-constructive. It's a nice hippies comic, but I'd like to think there's more to the world than comics."

Charles Shaar Murray who was side swiped by Judge Argyle for calling Led Zeppelin fuck music, has become one of the props of the London music press, being a contributing editor of Cream and a writer of an endless stream of record reviews and articles for Oz, Ink, and IT as well as working on a couple of rock books and completing a journalist's course at Harlow Tech. Steve Lavers is trying to start up a magazine and all of them in fact, seem to be continuing to display the energy and initiative which brought them to Oz in the first place. As for Viv, cross fertilizer of Rupert Bear and Robert Crumb, he is swimming prominently in the uneasy sea of Children's Rights ("Children are not allowed any representation in the system - why should they obey any of its laws?") Bradford, who wrote Headmaster of the Year, has become a well-known underground personality. His name frequently appears in IT and Styng, and one day, if he manages to get his facts just a little straighter, will make a good gossip columnist.

Acid is still with us in case you had forgotten - the following incident and plea will bring a sentimental tear and a sigh to your mandraxed cheeks:

Dear Brothers and Sisters, I have been busted with what eventually may prove to be 1400 tabs of LSD. This is a simple appeal for help and courage. I shall be fighting the case on a basis of no guilty intent, that this is a matter of conscience in which I believe acid is a holy sacrament which greatly assists the individual in cleansing himself of selfishness and the various million inhibitions bestowed upon us by an authoritarian, moralistic society. I shall be calling sufficient evidence to show that I was not motivated by personal profit but lived as an equal in a commune where the ambition was the growth of the commune, giving substance to an alternative society. . . . Bill Dwyer.

Early this year twenty one persons - eight women and thirteen men - met at 40E Holland Road, W.14. to discuss how best to bring some substance to the ideal of a free, co-operative and loving way of life in which, in varying degrees, they had believed. They decided that, in a voluntary and optional manner, they would contribute half of what they earned to establish as soon as possible communes - in both city and country - to cater for the different and varying aspirations of all. All were conscious that this was no opting out of society but, rather, a serious effort to play a part in the new civilisation which has already



inspired thousands of people in the United States and elsewhere. This revolutionary togetherness arose out of the bust in the commune on the 28th December last. We had been criticised some time previously by a friend from California who said that with all the thousands of freaks in England no serious effort seemed to be attempted to care intimately for one another, to provide a viable alternative to the coercive and insensitive society in which we still live. Our friend brought with him a quantity of sunshine acid which was light years ahead of anything we had

ever had before. Acid made to one standard - perfection, acid made on a commune which was part of a growing brotherhood of hippies, acid made with love. Some of us soon discovered the true use of LSD - that it is a tool but not an end. Like a hatchet you may, correctly used, chop wood or, carelessly used, chop off your foot. Acid is a love machine, helps people to turn on to life. But love needs people and acid is valuable in turning people on to one another. Particularly in view of the tremendous breakthrough that is necessary to reject conventional society with its selfishness, anti-life philosophy and corruption from the cradle (the mother slapping baby's hand after it plays with its sex organs, for example) We don't think we are going to have any easy victory with the forces we are struggling against but we do think we can start now building a decent and beautiful society for our kids and ourselves to live in. Anyone who wishes to discuss these matters with us is welcome to call at the address above named. . . .

Bill is calling for people who will witness as to the beneficial effect of acid on their lives. Anyone interested call at or write to 40E Holland Road, London W.14. Tel: 602 4027.

David Solomon also, is interested in accounts of how acid and grass, particularly the latter, etc have increased your capacity for work or pleasure in work, or interested you in new forms of constructive activity of whatever sort. Write to him c/o OZ. If you don't want to use your name, anonymously.

While we were in the midst of moving furniture and unsold back issues at INK the other day, a Jesus freak materialised on the stairs. He had the well scrubbed look of the fanatic or Mormon and it quickly came out that he was on the other side of the barricades at the Festival of Light. He and others of his group wanted to have a revolutionary chat with Oz staff over lunch some time, to discuss ways of understanding each others position. I often get the impression that these radical right wing Christians who appear so frequently these days wanting to turn us on to the Lord and thus help us in our predicament, are really desperately pleading for us to help them. . . . never has Christian inferiority complex been bigger, and the Jesus freaks are the most extreme manifestation of this neurosis. His eyes pleaded love, sympathy, understanding and masochism. I could find nothing pleasant to say to him so he probably enjoyed the conversation. He didn't agree that the words of St Paul had brought more misery to the world than the words of any other single man - that as a homosexual I had nothing to thank the Christian religion for - that the bible's absurd teachings on love and marriage ran contrary to human beings natural feelings and desires - he did say that he had been a homosexual once. Once? Had he then undergone aversion therapy? No, a conversion experience, whatever that was. And now he was a happy heterosexual? Yes. And that was better? Oh yes. Ho hum. I'm not interested in helping Christians. They

will have to start up their own liberation front.

**FREEDOM**, the Underground rent-a-revolution co-ordinating and help service has moved from its pretty house in the country at Ascot, to another pretty house in the country, location top secret. Stan the Man still has his finger firmly on the button and remains the most dynamic man in the business. For ANY revolutionary problem just contact the boys at **FREEDOM**. Write to 39 Balderton Brown Hart Gdns London W11 for Seamus Brady's Arms and the Men, the inside story of one of the more sordid episodes leading up to the current Ulster crisis. Enc 50p + p & p.

Pictured below is the cover of the last OZ, carefully disguised as a San Francisco comic book. Thousands of potential readers were deceived by this device and the results of the deception now lie stacked up in the corner of our new offices in the INK building at 19 Great Newport Street. Anyone who thought that Oz 39 hadn't appeared yet, turn to our



subscription and back issues page and get your copy of the tackiest Oz in years, before they're pulped. I hear that Oz has at last been accepted in several prisons as suitable cell reading matter - Oz 39 has made an appearance in gaols as far apart as Pentonville and Parkhurst, being allowed in by the screws under the mistaken belief that it was a horror comic.

We apologise for the increase in price. For your extra five pence you get sixteen more pages of a sort, and less advertising. What you will get for your extra bread next time I scarcely dare to contemplate.

After many letters of protest which cast doubts upon the credibility of Dr J his column has been temporarily shelved while he reads up on his medical textbooks and Marjorie Proops. An extract from Michael Ginley's letter follows: *Dr J diagnoses a fissure in ano - by post this time - in a female sodomist, before covering himself by suggesting syphilis or constipation as possible alternatives to account for bleeding from the rectum.* In all cases where blood issues from the body orifices - whether the anus, penis, vulva, mouth, nose, ear or eye, **A DOCTOR MUST BE CONSULTED AT ONCE.** Internal bleeding can arise for many reasons and no chance.



should ever be taken with this symptom. Notwithstanding the patient's sexual predispositions in this case the bleeding could also arise from untreated haemorrhoids or even carcinoma of the colon and in the latter case particularly rapid attention by experts is essential. I take the most violent exception to Dr J's advice that this patient should apply anaesthetics to this bleeding as all these do in isolation is to paralyze the symptom whilst allowing the condition to fester merrily away. Stud aerosol in particular is only a mild anaesthetic and contains nothing in the way of antiseptic or antibiotics, it is purely for desensitising the glans penis to prolong sexual intercourse. . . . The piece about VD is completely erroneous being nothing but complete bullshit from start to finish and containing not a word of truth. First of all syphilis is not particularly rare and along with non-congenital urethritis, gonorrhoea and infestation (crabs etc) its treatment constitutes the bulk of the venerologist's work. Secondly, the disease is usually passed about in ordinary intercourse and not by sodomy though it is true that one can get syphilis of the rectum. It can in fact turn up anywhere that the conditions of warmth and moisture are available — the mouth is another possibility as a result of fellatio or cunnilingus. The most serious VD is the incurable lymphogranuloma inguinale which is viral, two more types called granuloma and chancres are pretty bad but bacterial and curable — once diagnosed and this ain't easy at all — with antibiotics. There is a suggestion that these three last are mainly passed about by sodomists because only men seem to get them! So I think I'd be inclined to rank syphilis after these three in terms of danger . . . There is however rather too much distortion and misinformation in the straight press these days without having some in Oz as well!

Those people who wrote in about bad trips and difficulties encountered after smoking, I suggest you contact Release, or wait until the Dr J column is resumed.

Jim Anderson

After some nagging from friends, I went to the last performance of Lindsay Kemp's "Turquoise Pantomime" at the Mercury Theatre. I wish I had gone earlier and had seen it a number of times. "Turquoise Pantomime" originated at the Edinburgh Festival in 1967 when it was taken off after playing for three performances to audiences counted on the fingers of one hand. Remember 1967? We weren't ready for this show then but it sure hits home now. The show is an acid-sexual trip that attacks and involves the audience. The effect is that of Performance, Isle of Wight and Walt Disney rolled into one. Kemp purses his lips and becomes an obscene Donald Duck tarted up in an old Harlequin costume. He pirouettes across the rubbish strewn stage and decaying Venice makes its last final plop into the oil-slicked non bio-degradable sea. In "Aimez Vous Bach", he gives his heart to the audience and then increasing the subtlety to Angry Brigade proportions, hands out his liver pancreas kidneys and shit filled bowels. We took his heart; can we reject the rest of the pulsating system that supports our romantic fantasies?

All this is done in mime. Kemp supplies the broad strokes and you add the details. The audience is involved and creating what is going on in a fashion seldom experienced. God gets a going over in "Adam and Eve" in such a way that if He had any humanity, He would break up with laughter and admit He was wrong. In "Lady Burlesque", we get a going-over for our sexual attitudes and while it is hilarious, every male chauvinist should feel his cock shrivel up and surrender.

The whole thing is, of course, very homosexual, sort of an acid-queen version of Time Out (if you know what I mean). Kemp is supported by Orlando just in case anyone is not afraid of Virginia Woolf. Orlando is a middle-aged, hairy, bald chorus girl with torn black-net stockings, a fixed smile and strangely penetrating eyes. I found out later that Orlando is blind. Well, his blind eyes help other people to see. "If I could imagine Jean Genet in gender-fuck drag, it would be Orlando", said

The Students Advice Movement has been set up as a medium for all youth organisations to work with and through. We also want contributors in and out of school for finance and support in numbers. We hope to have one or two contributors in each school to form a committee who will receive information and literature to be distributed (to you). The way we hope to do this is to have an office where people can ring for information and advice once we are on our feet. Hopefully we will start a library available for everybody to use, and a magazine run by you. For the present (and we hope for a short)

time we are operating via post . . . S.A.M., c/o INK, 19 Gt Newport Street, London WC2 H7JE. You don't have to be a student to dislike the mass produced child our schools despatch. PLEASE CONTRIBUTE in facts and money. We have no money but during the next month we hope to raise enough to pay for our own offices. What we really need is your help. Remember we cannot give more than you put in. Become involved and although there are no membership fees try hard to give what you can or anything you think will raise money — 'Miss a meal for SAM'.



Is it rolling Ken? A tip of the hat and a fond farewell to former OZ man Ken Petty who died in Morocco late last year.

Jean-Paul Sartre.

For some time, I've been hoping someone would come up with a British version of the "Cockettes". This is it, only better and more acid and not so nembutal. The troupe is off to Glasgow to do "Salome". When they return in a few weeks, I want to see them again.

Warren

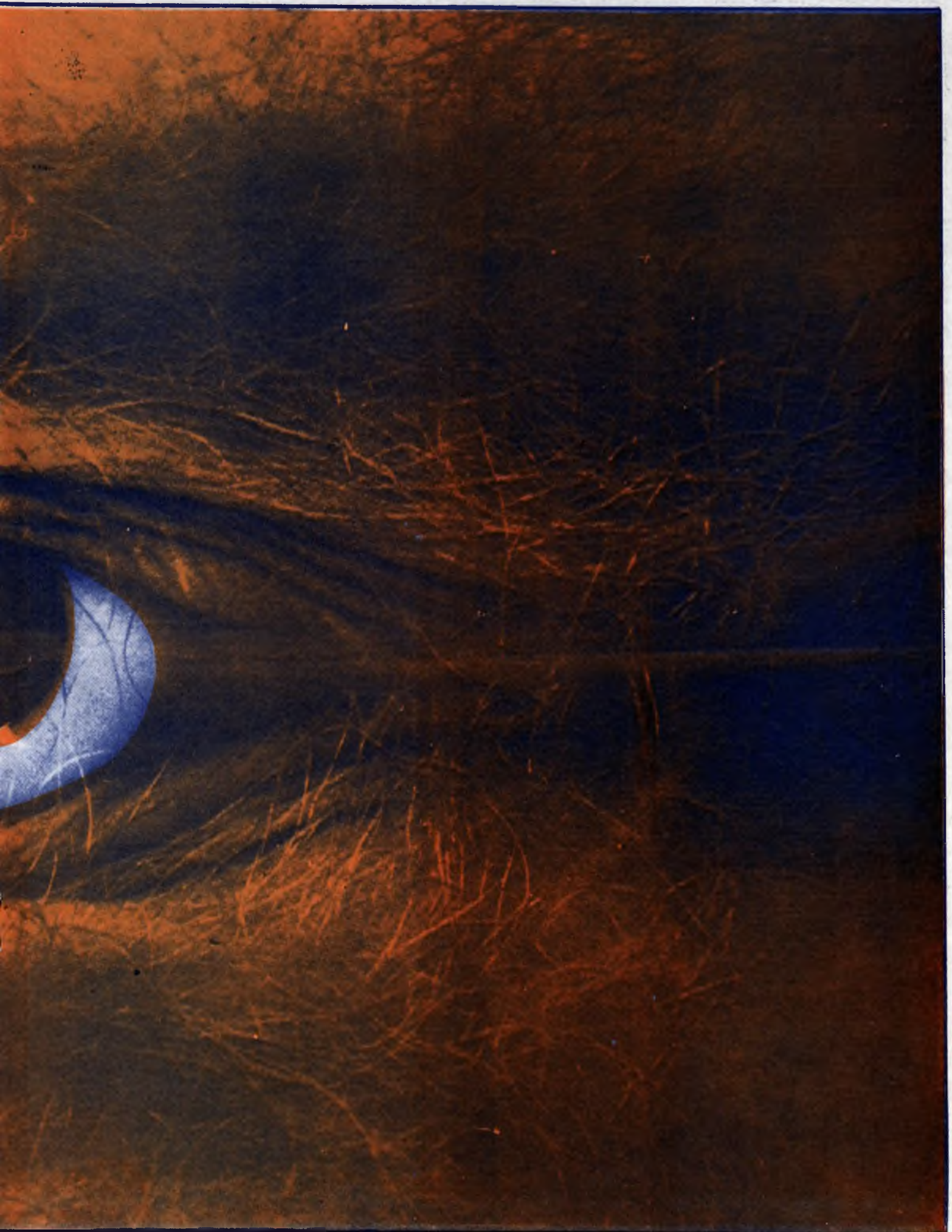
IT's Nasty Four, Joy Farren, Paul Lewis, J. Edward Barker and Mick Farren, should be getting their turn at titillating the Old Bailey sometime soonish. Their comic book Nasty Tales No 1, the perverse object in question, is even now dragging them through the due and infinitely tedious process of the law. All of which costs plenty — so all donations gratefully received by IT at 11a Berwick St., W1.

**fuck** (fūk) v. fucked, fucking, fucks. —tr. 1. *Vulgar*. To have sexual intercourse with. 2. *Vulgar Slang*. To deal with in an aggressive, unjust, or spiteful manner. 3. *Vulgar Slang*. To mishandle; bungle. Usually used with *up*. —intr. 1. *Vulgar*. To engage in sexual intercourse. 2. *Vulgar Slang*. To meddle; interfere. Used with *with*. —n. 1. *Vulgar*. An act or instance of sexual intercourse. 2. *Vulgar Slang*. A partner in sexual intercourse. [Middle English *fucken*; a Germanic verb originally meaning "to strike, move quickly, penetrate" (akin to or perhaps borrowed from Middle Dutch *fokken*, to strike, copulate with); details uncertain owing to lack of early attestations. See **peig-** in Appendix.\*]

The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language, Houghton Mifflin, 1969

**"IT'S O.K. HARRY,  
YOU CAN COME OUT NOW  
HE'S GONE"**





# MISCELLANEOUS SHIT

## BACK ISSUE EXTRAVAGANZA

The following issues are available in very limited numbers only. First come, first served. There will be no second chances. The scarcity of these issues will necessitate a certain price rise: they will cost 50p per copy, plus 3p Postage and Packing each. Please realise that there are literally only tens of each issue, and the first letters in will get what copies there are. Please mark on your voucher an alternative choice in case stocks have run out.

**OZ 2:** Interview with Mark Lane; saggy British boobs. (Purists and/or puritans must forgive the sexist aberrations of early issues.)

**OZ 4:** Solden gold triple cover by Michael English; Martin Sharp Tarot cards.

**OZ 5:** Flower power strikes! The gigantic poster that almost broke the company.

**OZ 6:** Bumper fun bonus — John Wilcock's Other Scenes; McLuhan, John Peel et al..

**OZ 7:** Bob Dylan cover. You loved the poster, now get into the words behind it.

**OZ 8:** Most unreadable ever. Another plunge into financial chaos. Infamous mis-spelt Guevara poster.

**OZ 17:** Don't let your chick blow your balls.

**OZ 21:** Eight page comic freakout, with an ad on the front cover.

**OZ 22:** 'The most suave OZ ever'. Final Martin Sharp cover.

**OZ 23:** Homosexual OZ — pre-GLF. Rescued only recently from Scotland Yard's obscene warehouse.

**OZ 25:** Hippie Atrocities. Wallow in filth as Leper rapes Virgin. 60 packed pages.

*You've read about it! You've heard about it! You've battled for it in the streets! But have you actually read it? In a humiliating scene last month Scotland Yard's Obscenity Squad finally returned the last remaining copies of OZ 28 — the Schoolkids Issue, the mag that cost the British taxpayer £100,000.*

**We Cannot Send This Issue Through The Post Under Any Circumstances.**

*However, even the ludicrous provisions of the Obscene Publications and Post Office Acts cannot prevent OZ 28 being legally and freely obtained by anyone who cares to come to our office and get it. Notoriety, rarity and kindred events have inevitably upped the price of this issue: For longhairs, freex and the ideologically sound the mag will cost 50p. For academics librarians and wholesale dealers in pornography there will be a charge of £1. Hurry, hurry, get your while the stocks last!!!*

*For those who are wondering why, in the midst of this avalanche of back issues, the usual offers of books, T-shirts and other paraphernalia are conspicuous in their total absence, here is an explanation: Our Mail Order Dept has reached more than capacity as it deals with mounds of letters all requesting something from the stores. To give them a chance to catch up with the backlog, and more especially to ensure that no-one who writes in is disappointed, there will be a Mail Order Moratorium for this issue. Those who are awaiting their goods, please bear with us; those who want to grab T-shirts, badges or whatever, please wait till OZ 41, hot from the presses in March, when the regular service will be resumed.*

*The issues listed below are all available in relatively unlimited supplies. A snip at their unique bargain price, each of these OZes can be yours for a mere 20p, plus another 3p for Postage and Packing.*

**OZ 18:** Tabloid format — It's Fingerlickin' Good. Yippie Report.

**OZ 19:** Groupies. Dr G probes Viv Stanshall, the first English appearance of Dylanology.

**OZ 20:** Hells Angels. The author of this piece is still in hiding.

**OZ 24:** The Beautiful Freaks and Honeybunch Kaminski — the real little yummy herself.

**OZ 26:** Candy Darling and Hollywood's best hung stud.

**OZ 27:** Acid OZ. The mindbending facts.

**OZ 29:** Female Energy. Germaine and cohorts parade their thing — when she still had balls.

**OZ 30:** Fun, Travel and Adventure.

**OZ 31:** Yippies. Richard Neville pontificates, in the days when he too still had balls.

**OZ 37:** Double pack — Angry and Horny.

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68, Mulgrave St.,  
Liverpool,  
January 20th 1972.

Dear SCUM,  
Just a bit of advice. Get some lavatory paper, some strong carbolic soap and try *hard* to clean your foul and filthy minds. It will be a hard job, but try and persevere.  
With utter disgust Leo Gradwell.

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# PENGUINS

recommend to OZ readers a selection of recent titles

Firstly, two film tie-ins just hitting the London scene: **A Clockwork Orange** by Anthony Burgess (25p) and Alexander Solzhenitsyn's **One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich** (25p). Then we should mention that the reprint of **The Life and Times of Private Eye 1961-71** edited by Richard Ingrams (£1.50, Allen Lane The Penguin Press hardcover £2.50) is now available in response to huge demand. Mervyn Peake joins Penguins again with his comic novel **Mr Pye** (40p) and Graham Greene is on fine form in **Travels With My Aunt** (35p). George Melly records the whole pop scene in **Revolt into Style** (40p) while Jack Kerouac's classic **On the Road** (40p) charts the beat generation's beginnings. In rather more serious vein is John Hersey's unforgettable narrative **Hiroshima** (30p), built round the experiences of six survivors of the holocaust, now reissued in Modern Classics.

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# THE KINKS MUTANT BRITISH ROCK & ROLL

Charles  
Shaar  
Murray

**THE KINKS' Muswell Hillbillies (RCA)**

It is fashionable to say that the Kinks are an institution. Certainly the continued existence of Ray Davies' merry bunch of friends is one of the basic assumptions of life, like Melody Maker organ supplements, dead superstars and the Common Market. You don't tend to think about the Kinks very often, except when one of their records inveigles its way into your synapses and demands attention. But when you finally sit down and listen to them, you'll find it rather hard not to give serious consideration to the possibility that the Kinks may be the best rock band in England, . . . well, North London at least.

Which brings us to the strange case of Ray Davies, our very own hip combination of George Formby and John Betjeman. From a rather third-rate post-Jagger British R'n'B singer, Ray mutated into a sharp-eyed satirist of trendy foibles and finally to the tragicomic poet laureate of the British working classes, a more convincing Working Class Hero than Mr Lennon, mainly because he seems concerned with the fabric of day-to-day life rather than with the metaphysics of superstardom, with reportage rather than with autobiography, and windows rather than with mirrors.

*Muswell Hillbillies* is funky British down home. The cover shows Ray and his mates draped along the bar in a pub. Some of the locals are giving them funny looks — after all, they do have long hair, beards and tie-dye trousers — but they're at home there, they're easy, they know they belong. Every song is about Britain, which makes for a change from easy American cop-outs. And it's obvious that Ray has been listening to the radio a hell of a lot — the music on this record is studiously eclectic and full of stylistic cross references. Like the Beatles, he chooses to frame each song in a specific musical setting. It's a bit slick to say that *Muswell Hillbillies* takes you on a guided tour of British life and American music, but it almost sums it up.

"20th Century Man" is the opening cut, and it gives both Ray and everybody else a chance to show off their new tricks. That combination of acoustic rhythm and slide guitars over a driving beat that we've learned to love on Rod Stewart's albums ushers in Ray telling us all about what's wrong with the 20th century.

*"I was born in a welfare state  
Ruled by bureaucracy  
Controlled by civil servants  
And people dressed in grey . . ."*

then in comes Brother Dave to add a modal harmony fresh out of The Young Tradition.

*"Got no privacy  
Got no liberty"*

*"Cause the 20th century people  
Took it away from me . . ."*

The stylistic juxtapositions continue. "Acute Schizophrenia Paranoia Blues" is pure Mungo Jerry. "Holiday" has Ray affecting the voice of Randy Newman to sing a song reminiscent not only of John Sebastian's "Daydream" but of his own, "Sunny Afternoon." "Skin And Bone" sounds like T. Rex and incorporates a "dem bones dem bones dem skin an' bones" chorus, borrowed straight from Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians' "Dry Bones" classic. "Here Come The People In Grey" restates the theme of "20th Century Man." It begins with a traditional opening line from the blues, "I got a letter this morning." But in Ray's world the letter is from the borough surveyor, announcing the compulsory purchase of his house. In the end Ray announces that he and his baby are gonna live in a tent in a field and "buy a gun to keep the policemen away." If Ray Davies proclaims "a one man revolution" and declares his intent to shoot policemen, then brothers there ain't no turning back.

In a lighter mood, "Have A Cuppa Tea" is a hymn to the Englishman's perennial panacea. It includes the verse

*"Whatever the situation, whatever the  
race or creed  
Tea knows no segregation, no class, no  
pedigree"*

which may just be the most subversive lyric of the year. "They took my baby to Holloway Jail" sings Ray. The band may play like L.A. cowboys, but Ray's firmly stuck in Norf London.

"Uncle Son" is perhaps the album's most powerful song. The mood is heavily Band-ish, with wailing country harmonies. The central character is an ageing, retired labourer, fucked over all his life by unions and employers alike. "He was just a workin' man," Ray tells us, "He loved with his heart, he worked with his hands."

The title cut tells of a kid simultaneously proud of his London heritage, determined to keep his cockney pride despite elocution lessons, but simultaneously hankering for old West Virginia and dreaming of "the Black Hills that I ain't ever seen." The TV age creates nostalgia for things never experienced.

*Muswell Hillbillies* is the nicest album of the last few weeks, and a great start to the Kinks' renaissance on RCA records after seven years with Pye. The instrumental work is certainly better than I've ever heard from the Kinks before, especially Dave Davies' lead guitar. Lyrically, Ray has once again performed the impossible and surpassed himself, though his pathological clinging to a

of Utopian future is understandable — after all, we might just win next week — but a Utopian past is harder to swallow 'cause there just ain't no such animal. Still, Ray Davies is one of the Grand Eccentrics of rock and roll, and he is very precious to us all.

Buy this album.

*"You can keep all your  
smart modern writers  
Give me William  
Shakespeare  
You can keep all  
your smart  
modern painters  
I'll take Rembrandt,  
Dian, Da  
Vinci and  
Gainsborough."*



# WHO IS BETTE SHABAZZ?

This quiz supposedly covers the five years of Oz's existence. The lengthy list that precedes it should get memories surging, and the questions that follow will hopefully utilise some of those reawakened energies. There will be no prize for a correct set of answers, except for the inevitably increased self-esteem, and for those obsessed, the relevant truths can be found in the column that succeeds the questions.

**Magical Mystery Guests:** A walk down memory lane . . . Mal 'Organ' Evans; Steve Abrams; Edward Paisnel; Michael Argyle; Jann Wenner; Chay Blyth; Joe Orton; Ralph Nader; Herbert Marcuse; Pete Best; Stuart Sutcliffe; Kelaher; Ronnie and Reggie Kray; Lesley Hornby; Martin Cole; R. Crumb; Red Rudi; Danny the Red; Peter Frampton; Suzy Creemcheese; Neal Cassady; Pete Hain; Mary Wilson; George Lazenby; Marianne Faithfull; Alan Aldridge; TV Mama; Bernadine Dohrn; Otto Muhel; Ernest Bond aka Cmdr X; Dr Hip Pocrates; Tommy; Edward de Bono; Mick Farren; John Peel; Kenny and Cash; George Melly; Monty Python; Jonathan Miller; D.I. Luff; Tariq Ali; Germaine Greer; Andrew Lloyd Webber; Buttons; Lord Sutch; A suffering old dear in Wolverhampton; Stoneground; John Cluchette; Richard Brautigan; Bill Graham; Brian Epstein; Andrew Kerr; Tricky Dicky Neville; Alice Pollock; Danny La Rue; Ken Russell; Nimmo; Lord Gnome; Joe Cahill; Sid Rawle; Chris Searle; Robert Pitman; Huey Newton; Barbara Hulanicki; Helen Gurley Brown; Ricki Farr; Sewell; David Medalla; Miles; Nicholas Roeg; Mark Rudd; Curt Le May; Vito Genovese; Melvyn Belli; Betty Shabazz; Myra Hindley; Muhammed Ali; Lin Piao; Ronald Laing; Lenya; Stanley Kubrick; Fleeta Drumgo; Fanya Jordan; Jan Palach; Otis Redding; Elija Mohammed; Angelo Dundee; Dubcek; Solzhenitsyn; Dave Dellinger; sundry Hoffmans; David Frost; John Hopkins . . .

# 1

Just a few quotes to start with. Fill in the gaps in the first couple and just work out who or what the rest are about.

'Two's company, . . . 's a crowd'  
'The Lord giveth, the . . . taketh away'  
My stomach cannot take the sight of two hairy hedonists spreading the gospel of peace as they vibrate all the way to the bank . . .'  
'Goddam the motherfucker . . . 14 heart attacks and he had to die on my week. . .'  
'It gives pornography a bad name'



# 2

Certain books, as in people, are supposedly "meaningful". Which one's are opened by these lines:

- (a) Filipinos come quick; coloured men are built abnormally large (their wang is like a baby's arm with an apple in it); ladies with short hair are lesbians; if you want to keep your man, rub alum on your pussy.
- (b) As children we were always proud of two things: our father's wonderful Scottish accent, and our mother's maiden name.
- (c) Hernia, hernia, hernia, hernai, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, HERNia, hernai, HERNia, hernia, hernia, hernai, hernia, HERNia, HERNia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia.

# 3

Who or what are: China, aka god, Moon Unit, Amerika and Zak and why are they of interest?

# 4

**Beatles Korner:**  
How many recordings of 'Yesterday' have there been: 32/54/75/119  
How was 'Helter Skelter' Sharon Tate's swan song.  
Who was Sexy Sadie?  
'I'd love to turn you on . . . 'My love will turn you on . . . ' — Changes for John. When was the first and who was the second?  
How does who sleep . . . and who 'never give me your money'?  
When T. Rex weren't the 'new Beatles' etc, who did Marc Bolan play with then?



# 5

What were Grace and Abbie trying to do to Tricia when they all fell out at her party?



# 6

Two rock stars smashed their choppers and only one lived; another one got pushed. Who were they?

# 7

- (a) Which Rolling Stone released a single?
- (b) Which Rolling Stones album cover had to be changed . . . and why?



# 8

Everyone can recite the list of late greats, but let's have it one more time, and just for interest, what substances or otherwise were they using when they moved on? Pen any four from five.



# 9

What were these before . . . ?  
Twiggy  
Baba Ram Dass  
Wavy Gravy  
Malcolm X  
Betty Shabazz and El Hadi Malikel  
Shabazz

# 10

Which of these is the odd victim out?  
RFK, Martin Luther King, L'il Bobby  
Hutton, Rudi Dutschke, Andy Warhol,  
Malcolm X . . .

# 11

'The Pope wears red socks.' Who said that?

# 12

What connection have a hotel in Cambridge and three manilla envelopes?

# 13

What was missing from Mick Jagger's Performance (but later emerged in Amsterdam), and what did James Fox gain from his?

# 14

Who does whom think she is?

# 15

Give the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers their first names, and their major contribution to the freak philosophy.



# 16

Name the Companions of the Ring.

# 17

Fill out the figures, and answer to this equation: The Mangrove + OZ + Belfast + Catonville + Chicago + the Panthers all divided by Jake and Ian = ?



# 18

Who said this: 'On the one side I was exuberantly delighted to find myself in possession of boundless supplies of (the drug) and on the other I was enraged with mankind for having invented the substance that had ruined my life and I wanted to take my revenge by poisoning as many people as I could?'  
Tim Leary / Owsley Stanley III / Aleister Crowley.



# 19

Who recently let down the side on Morning Cleoud?

# 20

Who drove the bus for Kesey and, earlier on, the car for Kerouac?



# 21

Where was Desolation Hill, where were the two Garden Parties, plenty of Phun, and when did Shelley meet the butterflies?

# 22

What was LBJ doing with JFK on the plane from Dallas?



# 23

What was the International Free Press, and for how long?

# 24

How many Soledad Brothers remain?

# 25

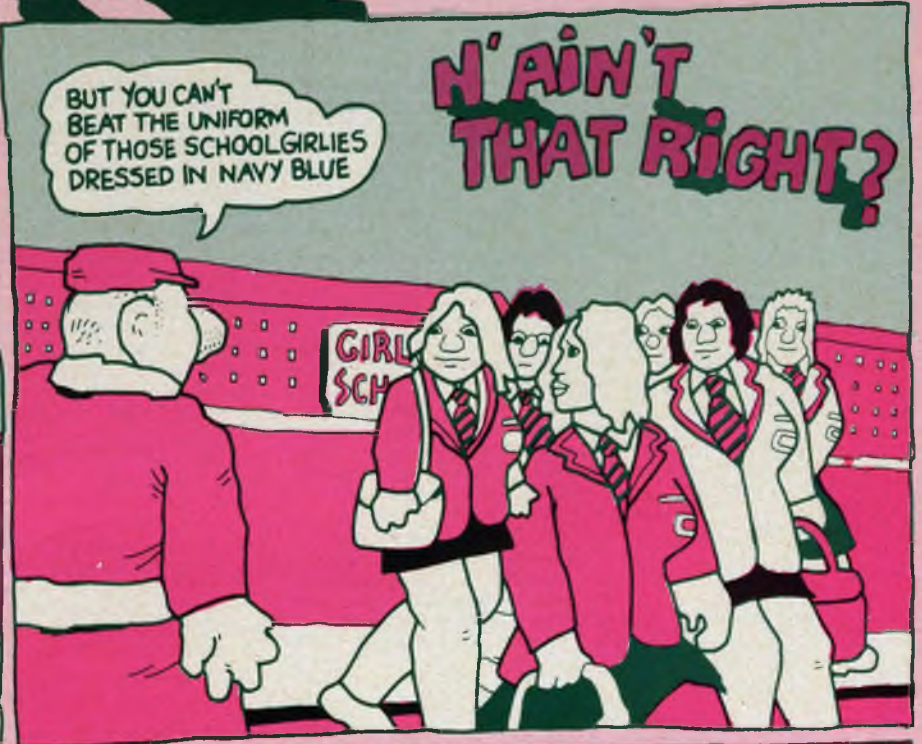
Whose youthful visage is this? Kwik klu! "Yes, ladies and gentlemen, but what does it all mean?"



(1) Tard / (Maharishi Mahesh) Yogi / John and Yoko Lennon / Janis Joplin on ex-President Eisenhower / O Calcutta (2) Lenny Bruce: How To Talk Dirty and Influence People / Mary Whitehouse: Who Does She Think She Is? / Tom Wolfe: Kandy Kolorad Tangerine Flake Streamline Baby (3) Children of Grace Slick and Paul Kantner / Frank Zappa / Anita and Abbie Hoffman / Ringo and Maureen Starke (4) 119 / Charles Manson had it as his theme song / The Maharishi / 1967. Yoko / Paul. Alan Klein / Steve Perigrine Took (5) Spike the Presidential sea parry with acid. (6) Dylan and Duane Allman. Frank Zappa. (7) Charlie Watts (7b) Beggar's banquet — the graffiti: ridden, lavatory wall was too much for Decca. (8) Joplin on smack / Hendrix on Mandrax / Duane Allman on cocaine and a motorcycle / Brian Jones on drink 'n' drugs and a swimming pool / Jim Morrison on alcohol, and, so they say, the odd downer. (9) Joplin on smack / Richard Albert / Hugh Romney / Malcolm Little / Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm X (10) Malcolm X, shot dead in 1965. All the others got theirs in 1968 (11) Ian Paisley. The Rev. (12) Justice Melford Stevenson who tried both the Garden House demonstrators and Prescott and Purdie. (13) Jagger's cock was cut out and Fox discovered religion. (14) Mary Whitehouse (15) Phinas, Frawhealin Franklin and Fat Freddie. Times of no money and dope are easier than times of no dope and plenty of money. (16) Samwise, Frodo, Legolas, Gimli, Gandalf, Aragorn, Merry, Pippin. (17) 9+3+4+9+8+21 divided by 2 = Periodic 27 (18) Aleister Crowley "Diary of a Dope Fiend", 1922. (19) Terence Hiscock. Fudging the bullet wound in his throat, according to Paul Krasser. (20) Neal Cassady (21) Isle of White '70. Crystal Palace Spring and Autumn '71. Marthing '72. Hyde Park '69 (22) Michael "Hizzoneer" Argyle QC. (23) The rebel's paper, produced in the great IT split of October 1969. (24) 2 John Cuiuhette and Elaeas Drungo. (25) Judge



# SCHOOLGIRLIE BLUE



Criticisms of 'flippancy', 'irresponsibility' and the like followed last issue's piece on the demon dope cocaine. Notwithstanding our postscript, many people felt that the drug received an over-favourable handling. Here, hopefully to satisfy all concerned, is an extended investigation of cocaine, its properties, its source and its popularity.

**Cocaine: Pharm.** A narcotic, bitter, crystalline alkaloid obtained from cocoa leaves: used as a surface anaesthetic.

Cocaine was the first, and for many years, the best local anaesthetic. Although modern medicine has replaced it with the less toxic Novocaine, it was generally used for dentistry, eye, ear, nose and throat surgery.

**The Coca Leaf:** Several varieties of the brown or green coca bush reaching heights of between six and 18 feet, grow both wild and cultivated on the Amazonian side of the Andes at heights of 4,000 to 6,000 feet. A staple of the South American Indian's life for many centuries, there are records of the Incas worshipping the leaf fourteen centuries ago. Probably for the same reasons that their descendants use it regularly today: it increases endurance and disguises the symptoms of fatigue caused by low oxygen levels at such heights. The total world need for

medical cocaine is between 200 and 500 tons of the leaf; statistics from Bolivia and Peru estimate a yield of 12,000 to 15,000 tons — the majority of which is the leaf, chewed by some 8 million people. In a diet of maize, dried meat and potatoes, coca has become vital to the Indians to sustain them in their tough everyday existence.

**Importation:** The cocaine that arrives in America and England is produced either as an alkaloid powder or as a more water-soluble hydrochloride, and results from a process of washing the crushed leaves and percolating them with solvents and other chemicals. Its use has been frowned on for at least 400 years when Christian missionaries saw the devil in it (presumably because it slightly lightened the burden that they were placing on the unhappy Indians) and it was outlawed in the colonies. Today its manufacture is restricted to government authorised pharmaceutical companies. Latest Home Office statistics



*I smelled the sharp sickly-sweet odour of the cocaine. My palms were dripping sweat.*

*I was quivering like a joker in the hot seat at the first jolt. I tried to open my talc dry mouth. I couldn't. I was paralysed. I could feel a hot ball of puke racing up from my careening guts.*

*I saw the green stinking puke rope arch into the black mouth of the waste basket.....*





in their report to the UN, 1970, reveal that in that year a mere 200 grams of the dope were seized. As a Class A drug, it carries penalties of up to 15 years inside. In the States, where you can be fined 25,000 dollars and jailed for life, official seizures of cocaine rose 1,500% in the same year.

**Addiction?:** Cocaine has yet to be proved wholly addictive in the same way as heroin. Of the two types of addiction — physical and psychological — it is the latter which is induced to the greater extent. Tolerance and physical dependance do not seem to be a common occurrence, but its euphoriant quality makes for a possibility of heavy psychological dependance. As William Burroughs has observed — you'll snort coke, go right across town to score some more, then come right home and go to bed if you can't find any.

**Properties and effects:** Cocaine is one of the strongest central nervous system stimulants known. It is thus medically and pharmacologically opposite to heroin and other opiates which are depressants to the senses. Stimulation first hits the cortex — higher brain centres — and makes the user restless and active, in mind and body — which feelings will last for the short time the drug has its effect. Like with speed, you can stay up all

night with continual doses, and the appetite lessens. A cocaine high will make you feel confident, and powerful.

Withdrawal from a heavy cocaine habit can be severe — paranoia, depression and exhaustion can all occur. If things get really bad there are hallucinations — things crawling over your body — and you'll be sick. Death is possible through choking, and if the cocaine is injected into the bloodstream, there's a good possibility of a heart attack. As far as the nose is concerned, heavy use, around a quarter ounce per day, will destroy the mucus membrane.

**Price:** Cocaine is still a status drug for white westerners. Retailing at somewhere around £20 per gram, by which time it's been heavily 'stepped on' to increase bulk and lower potency, it's hardly the drug for the quid deal purchaser. Rock stars, as usual, have propagated its use, and the hip world follows hard on their heels. For a cocaine dealer, if he can amass enough to buy in, the drug can be highly lucrative. An ounce can cost around £250–300, split into 30 'grams' of £20 each, his profits can be excellent. And most dealers will purchase in kilos; the only way, say most experienced dealers, to get the pure stuff — at least for yourself.



*I felt like the top of my skull had been crushed in. It was like I had been blown apart and all that was left were my eyes.*

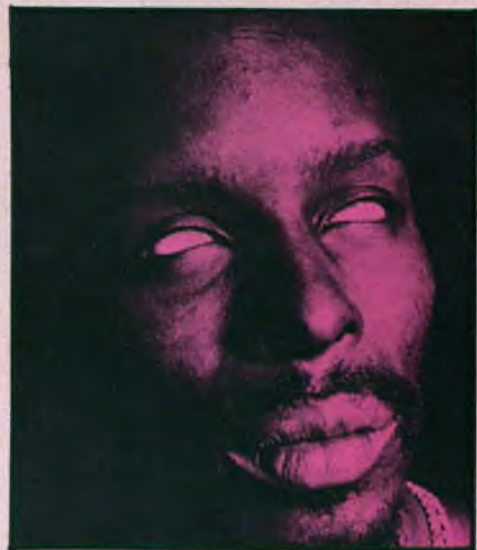
*Then tiny prickly feet of ightsy started dancing through me. I heard melodious bells tolling softly inside my skull.*

*I looked down at my hands and thighs. A thrill shot through me. Surely they were the most beautiful in the Universe. I felt a Superman's surge of power,*

Illustrations by the beautiful Peter Till

# "AFTER YOU WITH THE STRING RUFUS..."

Danae Brook talks to Rufus Collins, former member of The Living Theatre.



The Living Theatre of New York was Rufus Collins's family for a decade. When it splintered into fragments, in Berlin, 1969, he decided to get himself and four of his friends to India to rest from the up against the wall politics of living theatre and learn a new way to get to people that did not involve verbal violence and Yippie tactics. Early in 1970, due to the sustained efforts and considerable inheritance of an ex-member and life friend of the Living Theatre, Olivier Boelen, Rufus was able to go to the University of Shantineketan, 100 miles from Calcutta, with four other erstwhile members of the Living Theatre: Alexander van der Linden, his wife Diana and her five year old son David, Leo Treviglio and Axel Hippolyte. Three other members of the Living Theatre came and went during the eighteen months the group spent in India. It is possible they buckled under the rigorous disciplines imposed by the serious study of Hathayoga and Kathakali temple dancing. Now, the company is at the Dance Centre in Floral Street, Next to the warehouses of Covent Garden, rehearsing their sadhana, (working meditation). This, their life ritual, is to be practised every day, the play of their experience in the East. They call it 'Lila - the Divine Game'. Its creation began just at the time the first Bangla Desh crisis arose. On the 2nd and 3rd of September, 1971, they gave two performances in Calcutta as benefits for Bangla Desh, and returned to England just as war broke out.

Rufus says: "The difference between Lila and what was done in the Living Theatre is a matter of structure, and changed environment. Real environment is that in which one exists oneself, and that is what has to change before any other can be effective.

"The Lila company cannot be considered as part of the Living Theatre as it was, because the interest of the Living Theatre was in changing the environment outside them first, then they themselves changing as a result of changing the environment. This company functions in completely the opposite way. We believe one has to change oneself

"It is necessary to take an interior, meditative trip, and to concentrate on the rebuilding of what has been torn down, the planning of what is to come.

"If you spend your life destroying what exists it takes up so much energy that you lose touch with what you want to put in as a replacement.



The artist must decide to which group he belongs. I felt I should work with the artist who changes himself, and by the very nature of that change and being able to communicate it, changes others and the environment around him."

The play itself is a prayer, its spiritual significance that all prayers become one, that we are all one, that the journey to enlightenment is a singular experience and the ultimate realization of man's aloneness is the moment of mortality understanding of mortality. There is an extraordinary sequence at the end of the play, when the audience has been taken through the meditations, yoga asanas (positions), cleansing rituals, the sacred songs of the Bauls and dance of the Kathakali, to the Final Song, the words of which run like this:

"In the last days  
At the end of your life  
Give up work, family and wife  
You will see pall bearers  
Coming to bury you  
And you will be left with  
Only your Self inside you."

It explains the philosophy which made Rufus turn away from the forms already used by the Living Theatre throughout Europe and America, the shock confrontations, the screaming harangue, the obsessed monologue, the careering from love to hate to love with less understanding than there should have been and less compassion. It explains why Rufus now detaches himself from the original aims of the Living Theatre, to say:

"In this play I don not think that we are taking steps to enlightenment in the same way as Paradise Now, but rather steps to prepare for the time we click into ourselves. We have none of us yet succeeded in what we set out to do. We have begun a trip in a direction which we hope will produce a desire for change."

While in India they changed their life-style considerably. They stopped using heavy drugs: "Chemicals only produce for a short time in a blinding speed and use of energy, the kind of

intensive vision that we are now learning to build the body to support, without the breaking down of cells which the stronger chemicals, such as LSD produce.

"We have been into as strong a self-discipline as we could support. I still don't think it was strong enough. Certainly we took upon ourselves new sorts of disciplines that we had not practiced before, in so far as we made a formalized study of Hathayoga, singing and Kathakali temple dance. It demands tremendous physical discipline but the physical exercise is the instruction of the body so that it can begin spiritual investigation, demanding just as much strength.

They rose at 5.30. The cleansing rites required the opening of bowels, vomiting, pouring water through the nasal canals. Then they would practice yoga before breakfast. After breakfast there would be Kathakali dance, after lunch a siesta from the intolerable heat, and after that more yoga and Indian singing. In the evening they studied.

Rufus explains: "In the Hathayoga exercises we learned to put a string down the back of the mouth through the nose, opening the canals, cleaning out the mucus membranes, to increase the intake of oxygen. When one got over the initial idea of passing string through your nose, and the difficulty of finding the right passage, which does take a bit of time, you get used to it. It doesn't bother you. First you make yourself vomit — another cleansing exercise, done by drinking six glasses of warm water in succession and then sticking your middle finger down your throat to induce vomiting. All these are exercises to systematically energize all parts of the body.

"They are not as alien to the Western physique as one might think. 'Yoga' means 'union'. It is not considered 'exercise'. Hathayoga is taken from a more primal source. It is part exercise, part 'asanas' which lead to meditation and to the higher states of consciousness. They are positions assumed by the body, and can be either seated or standing. Hathayoga has it



down to about 106 asanas I believe, although there were originally thousands.

"In order to train our minds along with our bodies we studied from the University's extensive library which covered the philosophical tenets of Hinduism, Buddhism, Indian Mysticism, Tantric mysticism and music."

They did not find any one particular guru or religion to cleave to. "That is still accepting a formalized kind of religion. I think it is best for man to find his own ritual. One must give life a meaning. Make life a sacred act."

They have been in a hard school for a long time but I think they learnt much. Each of those people I knew as a raving political dope freak has returned with a peace of mind and tranquillity that the past two years has not brought to many.





here now for the libidinal left? There comes a point when it must either flag, become something else, or make some kind of linkup with workpeople's politics. Objections to the political plunge are weighty, but ultimately those objections define precisely the most valuable aspect to the freak's contribution to politics. Bureaucracy, leadership, a mechanistic view of the human heart — these are the very features of political life which cry out for the freak's refining anger, which will mean ten times more if administered *within* the political group, trade union, tenants' association or whatever.

You may feel that working class people are as bigoted about your lifestyle and values as middle class are. But the source of this bigotry is different, and so, therefore, is the possibility of dissolving it. The middle class are on a permanent tight-rope between self-repression and self-gratification. They've traded their wholehearted, risky *now* for a colourless but (they think) guaranteed *then*. Their own feelings are the biggest danger to this plan, and the reason that freaks are felt as a threat is because their vibrations call to the numbed heart in the mortgaged cellar. The better-off, more class-confident middle class and upper classes are quite willing to be half-enchanted with hippiedom. They can pick up useful portents and patents for the fashion and entertainment industries, if nothing else.

But working class resentment of freaks, as of students, is because the whole movement, however rebellious, looks suspiciously like a minority privilege. In our incense they smell some of tomorrow's exploiters — and who can say they're not right? The magical transference is happening all the time.

Since the workers *have* to work, or at any rate that is how they perceive it — and many, price-pressed to overtime, work as long and hard as the Victorians — our anti-work ideology, though universal in intent, sounds like sponging. The answer is not compromise but equalisation: the difference between 'the right not to work' and 'the right not to work more than 20 hours a week' is, firstly feasibility and, secondly, about ten million potential allies. It is also the difference between anarchism and socialism. All rights must be rights for all. The right not to work at all can only, for our generation at least, be a right for some and an imposition on the rest. Less obvious than sheer commercial desertion, but more insidious in leading us back into resignation, are the bringers of conformist mysticism tarted up in

stale cosmic cosmetics. The God Squad. There are two ways for God to disappear. One is because he's dead, and so is all moral feeling and cosmic coherence. The other is because he's been completely integrated back into the tangible world which is his tissue and was his origin before he lost his head in the clouds. He's often dead for those who talk about him most, and particularly for those who make a living out of him. Kierkegaard, a phenomenally serious christian circa 1848, called God's custodians "cannibals", but they're only timid nibblers. I don't know much about God, but I gather that an important part of the semioriginal idea was to eat him. Not believing in him, but believing in whatever it was that made it necessary to think him up, I've chewed it over and eaten it, and now all I'm interested in is doing something with the

ornament and gaseous good intentions. But if you shun organization in favour of the inner light, how come you are willing to be part of the credibility-wrapping for the most highly organized bailiffs in the game? The Church of England are the largest landowners in the realm. They weren't content to inherit the earth — they made sure to get the title deeds. There must be some connection between the housing problem, and the homeless problem and the tremendous profits in land over the last decade. God's accountants have got it taped. I'll believe in Christianity when Christians occupy St Pauls and Westminster Abbey and demand a rise for God's creatures out of the church millions.

A word about pornography. It is clear that it is not pornography that offends, much as the emergence around it of

# DOING MY JIG

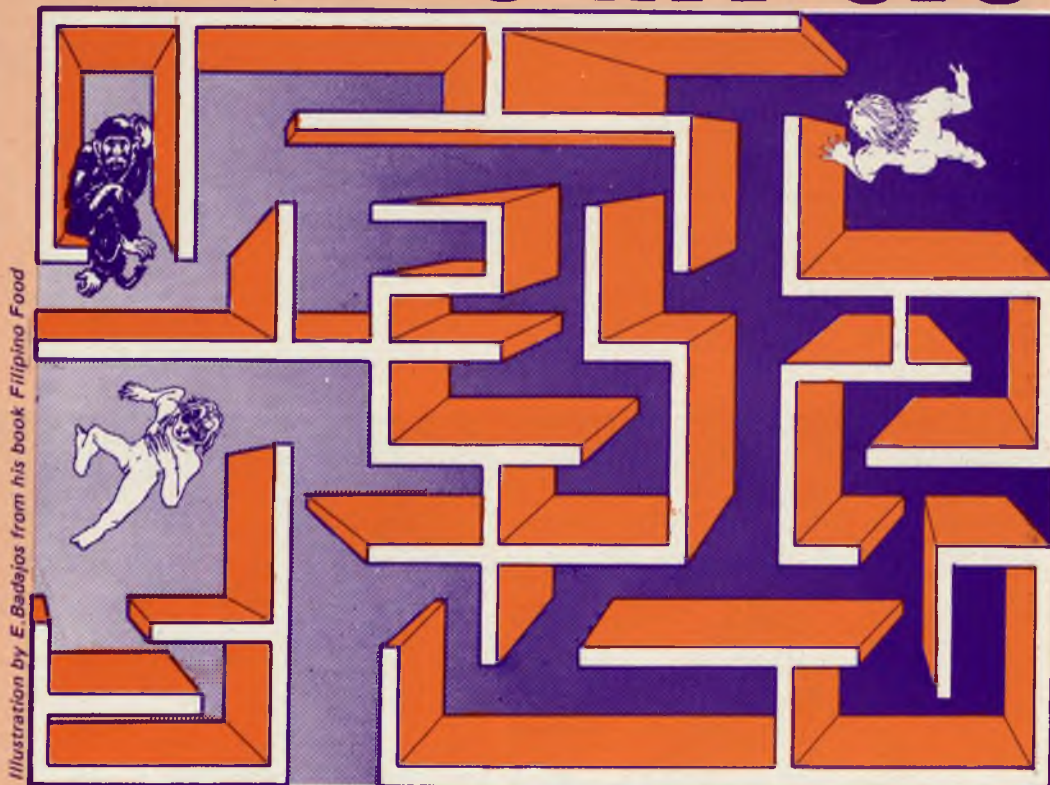


Illustration by E. Badojos from his book *Filipino Food*

energy it's produced. Those who use his cloudy, alienated name to justify positions they're taking in this world are simply showing how poorly they've digested him. That's why they keep bringing him up. Why associate yourself with two thousand years of repression, manipulation and enchanting architecture just for the sake of underwriting one proto-revolutionary moment in the history of colonial Rome: the point of which anyway is that, like the architecture, it belongs to everybody *without* labels? Bring the revolution home without collapsible historical telescopes; let precedents go. You won't call yourself a communist because you don't want to be associated with Russia, yet you'll call yourself a christian in spite of the holy roman empire, the crusades, the inquisition, the presentday church-hypocrisy industry and the fact that Stalin himself got his education from christian theologians.

The rightward-drifting righteous are trying to neutralize the libidinal left by appealing to its susceptibility to ritual,

serious social satire. What, after all, is pornography (a question the moralisers never ask — they rely on devil-conjuring assumptions)? It is fantasy. If the fantasy is twisted, look to the reality endured by the fantasizer. That is where the evil lies. Thus pornography comes of age when, taken closer to its root, it becomes satirical, and then socially critical, as in Oz. But the extraordinarily primitive minds of the rightchuss cannot distinguish between fantasy and reality. They are so fixated on pornography that its symbolism becomes a reality more concrete, to them, than reality itself. In focussing on fantasy sex and fantasy violence and speaking of them as if they were real, the rightchuss are parallel to the tellyviewer who protests about the showing of a Vietnamese prisoner being shot. The agitation is all about whether it should be *shown*, and the consequent irrelevant debate is a Freudian dreamwork, its function being, by concentration on the symbol, to avoid consciousness of the reality to which the symbol refers with all the problems that would entail. What we are seeing when we witness an antimoral pollution rally is collective self-repression in action. They



wish at all costs to avoid recognition of their own sexuality, threat to the delicate balance of family life. The semidetached family, prism of the hierarchic commercial state, represents the stability, the twenty five year lease on love, for which they have traded spontaneity and selfhood. It is already standing safely dead in its harness of insurance and pocket money, fees and fears, barterings of one fuck for a saucepan, two for a hairdo, and they don't want it suddenly running away with them.

The ecological crisis is a much more serious topic than the porn, and, some claim makes workpeople's politics look mean and stale. But first, are you sure you aren't one of those who scruples not to use a whole galaxy to excuse personal inertia? — 'I can't get worked up about unemployment because it's tiny compared

advertising campaigns and the incontinent shit pouring from their industrial arseholes. It is their refusal to rationalize public transport and make it free and plentiful so as to starve the private car, and their refusal to mandate the electric car, for fear of denting the profits of the crucial motor industry. It is their inability to arrange full (part-time, highly paid) employment except as an adjunct to hysterical industrial growth. These are the real obstacles.

By all means let's put ecology at the head of our banner, but don't imagine we'll ever get a rational policy towards our soil from profiteers. For they too, like the rightchuss, take symbols for reality as a way of avoiding the latter. The ecological crisis is not, to them, a crisis of the earth but only one of public relations. So millions are spent in Amerika

favourite spiritual terminology.

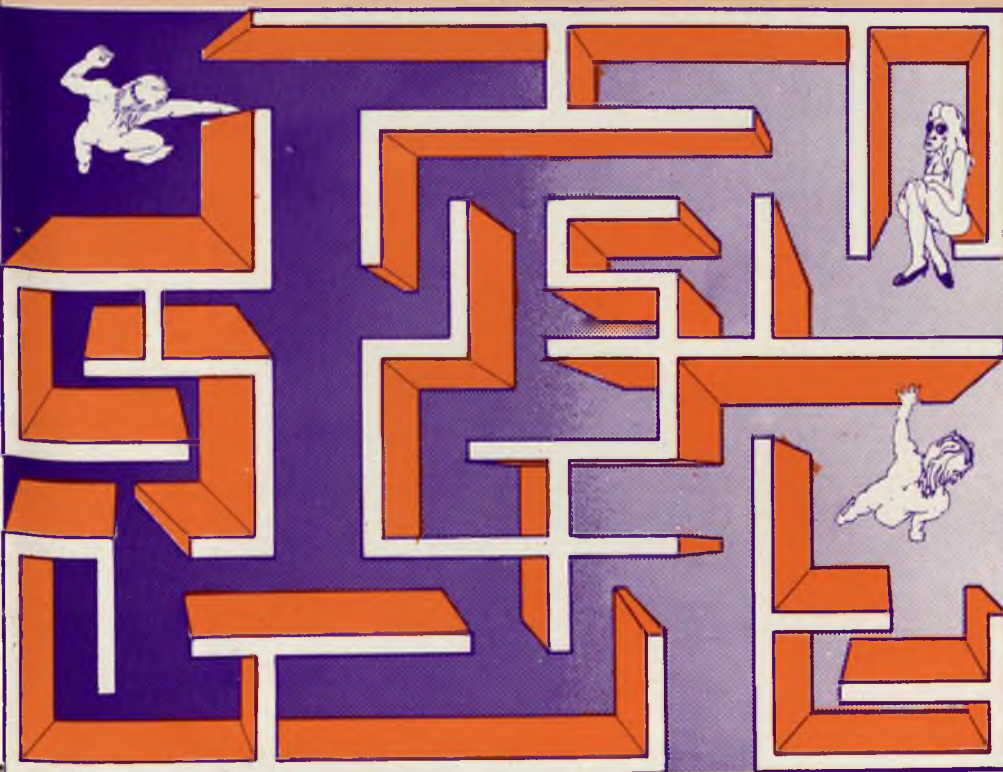
The crucial contests of our world are not between spirit and matter but between individual gain and collective gain, and between shortsighted materialism and visionary materialism. However bureaucratized and atrophied the workers' struggle, there is still a world of difference between a strike, which embodies in some form the mutuality of men, and personal careerism. Pyramid-climbing necessarily entails competitiveness. My gain must be your loss, and the higher I advance, the fewer equals I can afford. Hence my privatism, my self-distancing from other people, my invention of a personal 'superiority' to justify my ambitions. But a strike, for all its possible distortions, is still a sharing of struggle and prospects, and leads to different experience and different conclusions. It is the root of humar. mutuality. But more than that: a strike is also a more daring, more spiritual act than mere rational self-defence. It is a real seizing of the time; a breaking of the hold of routine; a leap from being acted-upon to acting; a supplanting of mechanical, imposed time by subjective, created time.

But how? How to be involved? Well there are two routes — complementary, not alternative. One is to join a political group. You may find them bureaucratic, philistine, imaginationless — but why give them the compliment of thinking them unshakable? The purpose of your joining would be as much to open them out as to clue yourself in. Learn everything they know that you don't, and have compassion on their shortcomings. If they hide behind abstract phrases and leaders, set them right. Whatever you find to be an obstacle in them is probably just what impedes them in their attempts to reach the workers; so insist on your 'naive' criticisms till you get real answers, and you will already have made yourself useful.

The other route is through involvement in your place of work (however reluctantly adopted). When you finally, or intermittently, have to get a job, get one with other people rather than on your own, and work for a boss rather than yourself. It's better to work for someone you can resent and resist than to schiz yourself by being your own capitalist slavedriver. Being 'cultural' and urban-verbal, maybe you're more likely to meet your employment Waterloo in an office, shop or school rather than a factory or building site. And here, among the white collar workers, there is a tremendous and ripe job to be done, though one often shortsightedly scorned or neglected by the politicians. That job is to make the clerkly throng aware that it is part of the working class. It's not as close to the machinery as 'they' are, but it's close enough. But here, abruptly, I must cease, for classical theory does not prescribe for the white collar masses. From their struggle itself, leavened with freaky stimulus, will come new theory, new prospects. Be there. Be part of it.

Louis Jigsaw

# SAW PUZZLE



with the fate of the planet'. What are you doing about the planet, then? 'Oh . . . not driving a car, which I can't afford at the moment anyway, fortunately; hating plastic; and hoping.' You, me and the cosmos — that is the class-transcending view from the middle and would-be middleclass right through from the library of romantic picture stories to the most rarified ether of freakdom. The great central stratum, the area of social-economic conflict, is wondrously transparent. And yet it is the real source of most human tensions, which we experience, in the guts and the stars.

However, giving you the benefit of the doubt, let's say you are genuinely concerned about the planet. What then? The answer, boring to recap, is the same: it needs a complete social/economic change. Balls to the politicians who tell us that it is *our greed* which causes overconsumption, yet who ceaselessly strive to stimulate ever greater consumption for the sake of profit and the notional economy. No, my friend, it is not your chocolate wrapper and mine which is devastating the vasty deep. It is their sales campaigns,

not on clearing up the shit but on ad-campaigns to persuade the public that such and such a company has an ecological heart. At the same time, ecologists are told that they have 'overstated their case', as if they were putting in an extravagant claim for travelling expenses. *Their case, forsooth.*

So it's back to the political arena for ecological as well as all other reasons. But a word first about 'materialism'. A further reason sometimes given for avoidance of workpeople's politics is that the workers are as materialistic as the middlers, simply want a bigger stake in the proceeds of capitalism. There is confusion here. There is a tacit acceptance of the opposition of materialist and spiritualist aims. But this supposed contest is only the double-vision of alienation, a division of the human heart into its concrete case and its abstract image. Whatever you think spirit is, it cannot be opposed to matter. Matter is *its* body, not some alien casing. Spirit is the stress *in* matter. All concepts, including the most spiritual, originate in the tangible world — just look up the source of your



YOKO ONO

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APPLE 91 

# MOBSTER TIMES

crime does pay



Never Trust Anyone Over Thirty: Continued from Page 5

Another attempt at cross fertilisation, is John and Yoko on David Frost with street group David Peel, plus Jerry Rubin cheerfully banging the bongos. The gesture magnificent, the sound horrendous. While the spectacle of a tamed Rubin on Frost has prompted incessant debate among local politicians, their partnership over the rally to free John Sinclair was undeniably successful. Only the next few months can tell whether their rabble rousing will eliminate Movement cynicism, or underline it.

Allen, write us a new Howl, not to the inhuman complacency and chromium vulgarity of the fifties, but to the hyper human confusions and contradictions of the seventies; a dream blurred by the traffic jam of bandwagons, a Movement threatened by junk but itself unthreatening to the traditional citadels of power and madness, a culture which has not levitated Wall Street, but merely lengthened the hair of its brokers.



Not that the achievements are nil. The campuses crackled and smoked for awhile, until everyone settled down to their Phd's. At least the boys are being brought back home, guns still ablazing, but how we gonna keep them down off the horse after they've seen Saigon? Thousands have been given the courage to go their own way, sidestepping toil for unworthy ends, risking their pensions for a life of poetry and adventure. Cannabis has helped; instilling what the psychiatrists love to term amotivation: "loss of interest in conventional goals and the development of a kind of lethargy". Which shouldn't mean human furniture, but an aid to a hopefully inspiring perspective.

Lives, relationships, and preconceptions have been shattered and reborn by the movements of liberation for blacks, gays, women and children. And even if the mass of society grinds on, maybe shuffling to a new kind of music, but

bowed down by the old kind of motives, then while carving inroads isn't as exciting as blowing up the fortress, it's still better than not even bridging the moat.



Now it's time to grow teeth. If the Underground is to develop beyond a mammoth exercise in merchandising, it must anchor its instinct in action. OZ, if it's not to repeat-eat-eat itself, should link closely with community programmes, especially the unglamorous Bill and Street Aids, Claimants' Unions, court actions, school insurrections, Radical Alternatives to Prison, strikers outside the big city and relate freshly to strikes, work-ins and Third World aspirations.

The danger is to let popularisation degenerate OZ into the lazy ethic of a Rolling Stone or Time Out, efficient, even fascinating, but not basically concerned with promoting anything much except advertising. (Their editors already sound like Lew Grade). On the other hand, as they say in Times editorials, OZ's special quality is not to close its pages to all but revolutionary catechism. It should remain a collective inspiration, and profits, if any, dribbled back to the community, but without commitment to a specific 'party' line. Ink's gallant ambition to be every hard core militant's messenger from the Mount, sacrifices humour, surprise and contact with many who, while uncommitted, are floating confused and catchable.

OZ has recently, alas, slackened its search for new talent, leaning too heavily on its Special Effects, mistaking the tradition of editorial eclecticism for sloppy standards, tolerating, sometimes, hysterical, propagandish rubbish. After five years of English OZ, thousands have been affected by the surfaces of counter culture, who by the essentials? What are the essentials? For answers, please turn to

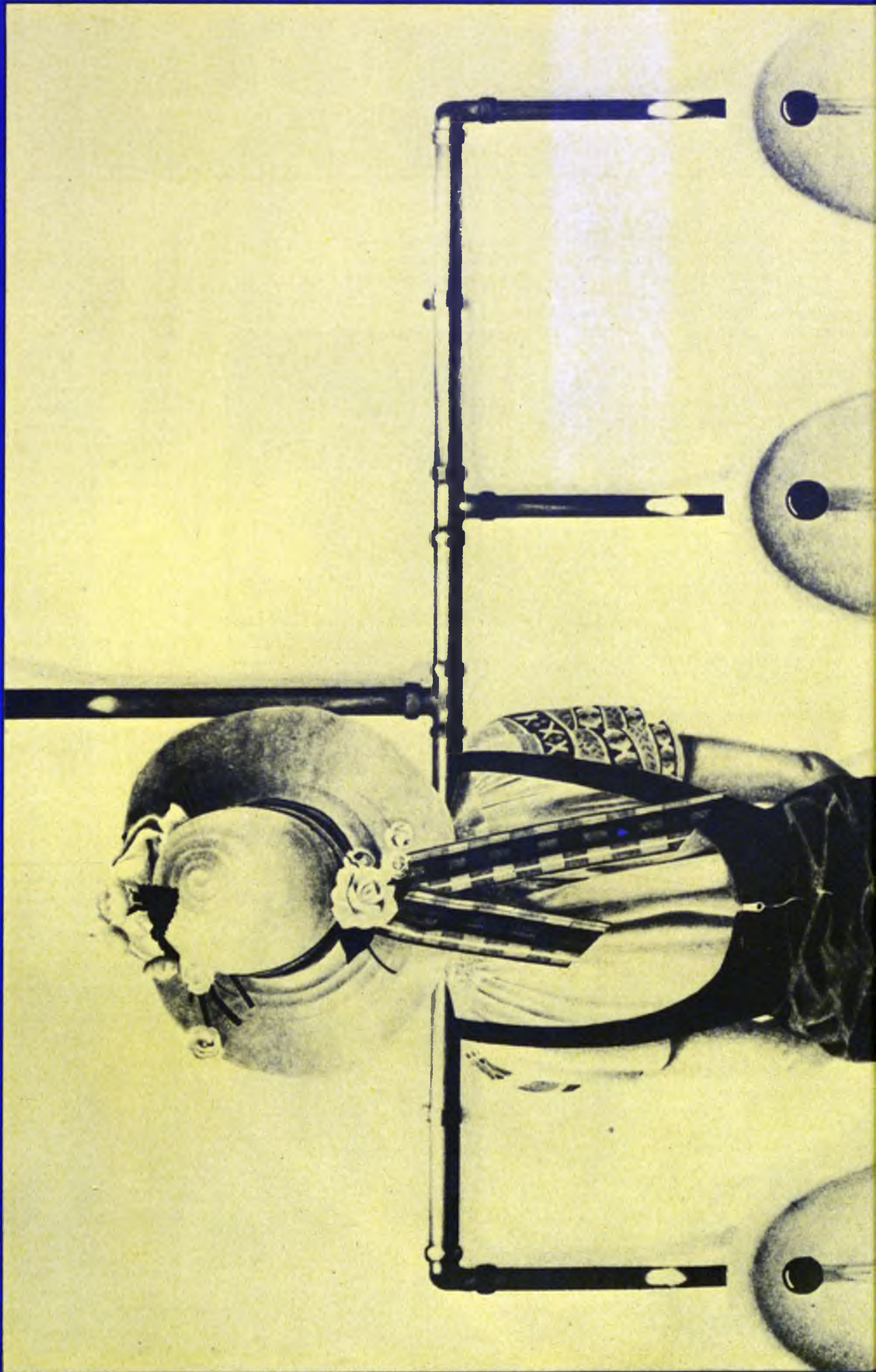
future OZes.

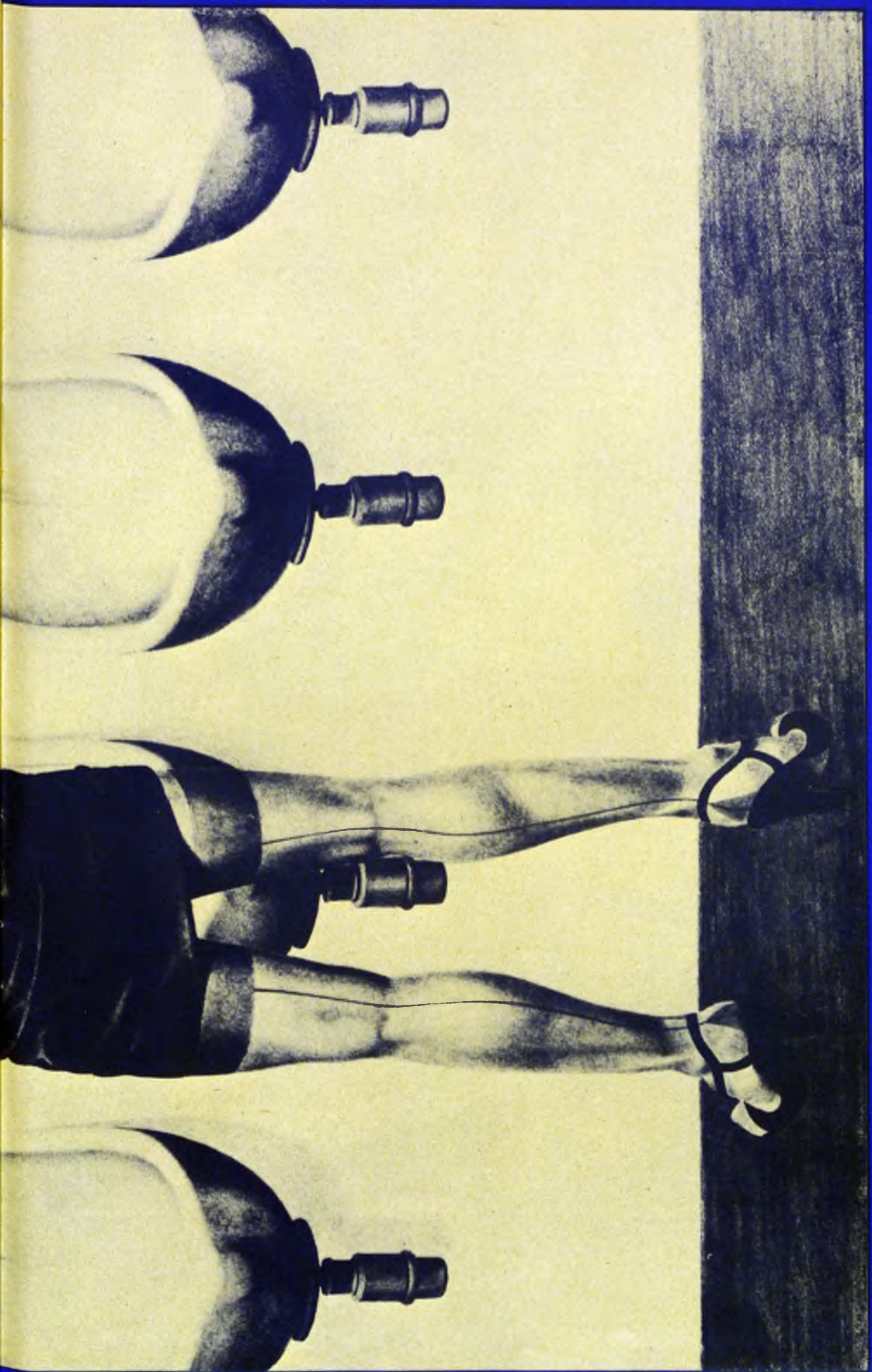
Timothy Leary's recent letter on the 'Americanisation of the Movement is, like previous pronouncements, a bewildering mixture of bullshit, banality and brilliance. (For "America", read "capital!"). Greed, power, and competitiveness are still the great contaminants, and by no means exclusively American. Do revolutionary leaders wish to destroy the system, or run it themselves? Now that sex editors romanticise mobsters, are hallucinogens and mysticism parallel springboards into mini dictatorships? The recent reprint of Psychedelic Fascism in IT and the tales of Mel Lyman and Charles Manson, are virtual re-enactments of the last days of the Third Reich, where Herman Goering was resplendent at fancy dress orgies, sniffing cocaine and brooding over astrology charts.

Anyway, sensing that my own ambivalences and philosophic manic depressions are not particularly constructive, I've taken a sabbatical from OZ, although persevering as an outside contributor. After this stint in New York, helping to reconstruct the idiocies of the Old Bailey for the off Broadway stage, and a brief re-appearance for a drugs battle, I plan a contemplative rest and an African adventure. (Another crackpot on the bench, may impose a further alternative). It's because there's so much potent play power around — which Jim, Felix and I were personally succoured by during the brief gaoil days — that I'm disappointed we haven't yet devastatingly harnessed it. There are enough radical reactors to begin a Fourth World, but everyone's still fighting over where to put the flag.



Oh well, if in the end it means only that Time becomes Time Out, Heath turns into Heffner, Wimpy goes organic, cheque books are multi coloured, Peter Stuyvesant gets stoned, the OZ musical replaces Fiddler on the Roof and God Save the Queen is set to rock 'n' roll; it still was fun on the way.





Jerome John Garcia,  
legend in his own time for his  
guitar, vocal and composition work with the  
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has recorded a solo album  
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DA DOO RON RON RON  
 DA DOO RON RON RON  
 DA DOO RON RON RON  
 DA DOO RON RON RON

(And then he kissed me.....)

**A ROCK & ROLL GAME**

*Contrary to media persuasion and management propaganda, Rock & Roll stars are human beings. They are often fallible, they are often foolish. They are often prejudiced, ignorant and just plain dumb. 'Gods', 'Superstars' and 'Geniuses' they may be, but frankly we mourn the days when rock musicians were paid to play their music and not to preach gospels or expound philosophy.*

*Here, then, for your entertainment, are twenty quotes selected by Felix Dennis and Charles Shaar Murray from previously published interviews with people in the Rock & Roll business. Each quote has four alternative origins. Only one is correct. The continuations, answers and acknowledgements for source material are to be found on pages 56 and 57.*

1

"Fucking groupies . . . I'm telling you, the next one that pushes herself at me, I'm going to piss all over her. Just piss all over her . . ."



Dean Ford of Marmalade



John Osborne of Black Sabbath



Jeff Beck



June Millington of Fanny

2

"I probably made millions, but I ain't never seen any of it."



P.J. Proby



Joe Cocker



Bo Diddley



Noel Redding

3

"I feel sexless on stage — I'm neither man nor woman. A lot of people think I'm terribly butch . . ."



Marsha Hunt



Marc Bolan



Alice Cooper



Jonathan King

4

"I'm warming up to the idea of an asylum."



Marianne Faithfull



James Taylor



Captain Beefheart



John Lennon

"I laugh at 'em. I laugh at those parlor-pink revolutionary kids going around saying 'I am a revolutionary by trade'. Bullfucking pukie. They haven't any idea what it is, man. They should go watch a newsreel of the last three days of Budapest, and think it over."



Johnny Cash



Julie Felix



David Crosby



Ronald Raygun

# The Silent Majority Speaks

Dear OZ,  
It is quite apparent that OZ 39 is without doubt the worst ever magazine you have issued! Though I once sympathised, this seems totally senseless rubbish. Any analysis of your magazine would show that its sense of fun, reality even, has steadily deteriorated since the first issue...

If there was as much fun in your magazine as a s death images then there might at least seem to be some hope.

Wishing you wished love,  
David Taylor.

3 Ringold Avenue,  
Ramsgate,  
Kent.



Dear Sir,

I refer to your chart "The Medical Effects of Mind-altering Substances", OZ 35 wherein Romilar is classed as a narcotic along with opium etc. and a load of analgesics. This as anyone who has taken Romilar properly knows is absolute fucking nonsense of the first degree and not a single one of the properties shown against its name has any relevance to its reality.

I don't know anything about the chemical effects of R on the CNS or any other NS but let me assure you that it gives a spiritual turn-on so revealing that I was sorely disappointed when I came to try LSD some years later; and furthermore that after seven years of sometimes intensive R-tripping I am apparently none the worse and even holding down a good job in international financial administration after doing my four years on the road including a year's begging in India. So much for your 'impaired' this and that, addiction, withdrawal symptoms, etc.

And let me tell you there's a set of international R-freaks who wouldn't be seen dead in London who would read your article with ridicule and understanding and wonder why the mystery of the story of Romilar should remain always unknown except to the chosen few; how

Gunther and Bernt brought it from Germany to the vision of Kevin and Dave on the steps of St Martins in September '64 and the ensuing two weeks shook the centre of London and of several universes so hard that the fuzz were scared out of their wits by the miracles that were going on . . . I kid you not, these were the real happenings that drew out powers from the air and the earth to transmute minds, to wake the living dead and turn the whole world on . . .

And it's been going on and off like that ever since with the R group hither and thither. Some died, others survived and always new initiates, right up to last weekend when with Kevin the Earl of Romilar I tripped in a Bat-cave deep down dank and dark below the Himalayas in a hidden corner of Nepal with a couple of Tibetan kids - got to per-per-interpenetrate to the central point. For the best trip in the world, go down in the bat-caves of Nepal with Romilar and ganga.

Words cannot describe it.  
Bye Bye.

Dr Romilar,  
West Pakistan.



Dear Richard,

You were billed as an "independent voice" in the Evening Standard and as far as that paper was concerned, that is what you were. But the question that kept occurring to me when I read your last column is how independent you are really. You have become identified with a life-style not only in the minds of the straights but also in the minds of thousands of young people who have an image of you as a sort of hippy hero. And you do influence their thinking, like it or not.

I think you would agree that heroes, hippy or otherwise, are not good things. They come too close to leaders and in our society, leaders are power-figures. The ego involvement of the heroes of our sub-culture is all too apparent. The songs about peace and love and righteous anger do not compensate for the brutal attacks upon the people through the involvement of the same heroes in capitalism. Che Guevara boutique disgusts me but it does not anger me as much as, say, Apple Corps or the structure of Time Out.

I don't think that you want

to be a hero and that is admirable. But you are a voice that speaks not only in the "ghetto" but outside it as well. There are not many voices who can speak for us and those few should not allow themselves the self-indulgence of purely personal opinion. Certainly not in the context of a column in a straight newspaper. There are

three things in your last column I would like to say something about. (1) Your anecdote about the freak being run over in Kings Road and your inability to look around to see if he was OK. In an earlier piece, you attacked Christianity and I agreed with most of what you said. There is in Christianity a parable about a Good Samaritan. There are great similarities between that parable and the story you told. Frankly, I prefer the Christian one in case I ever get hit by a car in the Kings Road.

(2) Your remarks about Gay Liberation Front and the book by David Reuben. You would

probably not have written what you did had you known all factors involved in GLF's opposition to this book. You did not know, for example, that the Times had refused to print a letter calling for the publishers to withdraw this book. This letter was signed by Anthony Grey, Charlotte Wolf, Michael Schofield, D.J. West and others none of whom are members of GLF and all of whom have a public reputation that does not allow facile imputation of fascist book-burning.

The struggle of gay people is no more important than the struggle of any other oppressed people but a great deal of the direct support you received during the Oz trial was from gay people (and not just GLF). I would think that because of this and because the issues are important to the whole of society, you would take care before throwing out so casually the off-hand comment you made. Have you ever been to a GLF meeting?

(3) Your idea for a Freaks United Party. It is a good idea, but you throw it in and almost throw it away. It doesn't sound

all that important to you and yet it would be easier at this point in time to make that good idea a powerful reality with your involvement than without it.

You have been instrumental in the formation of two voices of dissent and liberty in this country (OZ and INK). But now it appears that your personal involvement is ending. Nothing wrong with that. Perhaps you want to think for a time and then devote your energies to your idea of Freaks United. Good. But somehow I get the impression that you think that something is dead because you are weary; that something has lost its purpose because you have lost interest. That is not so good. Not good for you and not good for us.

The personal struggle for you has been enormous but when you most needed it you received the love and active support of many thousands of people. (Some of those people received fines and now have criminal records for supporting you - they were at your trial - were you at theirs? Did you mention the farce of their trials in your columns?)

To become part of a collective



Dear OZ,

To put it mildly, OZ seems to have lost all sense of direction. For me, OZ reached a high-point in nos 33 and 34. I would describe those as complete. To be quite frank, if OZ is going to produce more crap of the sort that makes up the appalling no 39, then it

should cease publication, and give away the money it costs to bring out an issue, to community uses. That would be a great pity because OZ DOES have a role to play and could be used to propagate some really radical ideas/actions instead of the wishy-washy crap that by and large fills its pages now . . .

Ads in the last three issues have made up between a fifth and a quarter of the magazine. I think that's OBSCENE!

Your friend,  
Nigel Grey-Turner.

*The Manor House,  
Riverlane,  
Richmond-upon-  
Thames.*



Dear OZ,

Grass was where we started. But we all know grass isn't really hip any more. If you want to be in, the drug of choice is cocaine. Now I remember the first time I was ever offered C. I was pretty shocked. That was what made it so fine. Of course C doesn't shock anybody anymore. So if everybody is doing C it takes something heavier to enjoy that illicit edge. (Read all about it in your last issue.) It's the underground version of keeping up the the Jones. A little morphine, a little smack. Just a little snort. So we have escalation. Well what do you know? We always denied it vehemently when people said smoking grass led to using the harder stuff. It needn't have, but it did. What do we do? Admit that we were wrong? Give up our self indulgence and ego trips? Why? Because our cities are getting sick and our friends are dying?

Prohibition wont work. Straights making speeches and passing laws about a problem they don't understand won't solve it. We are the ones who helped create the problem. We turned our children on. We wrote and sang about how delightful dope was. And it was. But we didn't know the price. (I didn't think that death could really

touch me or anyone I loved.) Now we have all seen it. As St. Joan said, "Death isn't just not being stone dead." I don't have to describe the casualties. Plenty of people in the underground could do a better job than I can. Why don't they?

They say they are working toward a better society. I think they would find that the kids are ready to listen. They haven't suffered from an overdose of piety the way we did. A 17 year old kid I know says he doesn't want to listen to one more conversation about anybody's acid trip. Is he right? Is the drug talk getting just a little boring?

Maybe the tide can be turned before London winds up like New York, where cops ride shot gun for the H. dealers and take their cut of the action. You say it can't happen here? I pray to God that you are right.

Fran Landesman,  
8 Duncan Terrace,  
London N1.



consciousness is a hard and personally bitter struggle but it is a struggle towards freedom. I hope you will continue to struggle with us and use your talents and love for the liberation of yourself and all the sisters and brothers.

Love Warren.

P.S. If you do decide to go and work in Uganda, I hope you start in the villages and not in the Presidential Palace.

Dear OZ,

I thought of you the other day and realised, sadly, that you have nothing to say.

Once affectionately yours,  
Rook Ashover.

Dear OZ,

A faction in our school has started a movement against the barbaric inhumanities performed by the headmaster and his puppet staff. At least one, usually two students, are beaten across the buttocks every week. It is usually the same boys who are beaten. (Within four years four boys have received the following number of strokes, one boy 39 strokes, one

32 strokes, one 31 strokes and another 28 strokes.) This figure can often escalate as the head-master often exemplifies certain boys for having "long hair" (hair is not allowed to touch the collar) and for quashing any slight rebellious attitude taken by the boys. Recently one boy refused the cane but was forcibly beaten by the head and was held down by the

deputy head and the boy's father. The boy tried to stop the headmaster and his hand was cut. The severe bruising he received on his buttocks lasted for almost three weeks. One boy who was in his first term of his first year received six strokes, which for an eleven year old is obviously emotionally disturbing. Since this he has been "transferred" (euphemism for expulsion used by the headmaster). After receiving a caning the boy is forced to shake hands with the headmaster. When boy refused to do this and commented, "It's the first time I had my hand in shit for years" he was removed. The results of caning create even

more animosity than is already present within the school. Bruises which are always sustained often last for a first-night or more.

If anyone else feels strongly in opposition to corporal punishment and is in favour of starting a national movement against caning would they please write to the address below.

Simon Miles and James Lister,  
Mount Vernon Lodge, London Rd.  
Retford, Notts.

Dear OZ,

Having read No 38 I find myself doubting the sincerity and honesty of the whole OZ 'enterprise'. My contempt was sparked off, initially by a remarkably trivial occurrence. A friend remarked that a frame or two had been censored from the strip cartoon, "Honeybunch". We checked with the original in an American 'Zap' comic and he was right. You may say that cutting bits out of a strip comic means nothing, never-the-less the fact that OZ has started censoring whether to save space or (I dread to think) protect the public, throws the validity of the entire magazine into jeopardy. OZ has

lost its guts - what else do you censor? Your articles have become very 'acceptable' these days. The magazine that once spanned all strata of thought and ideas is now exclusively middle-brow. Most of the features could have been written by one man (they're not are they?).

Yours faithfully (UGH)  
C. Newcombe,  
28 Bradmore Way, Brookmans  
Park, Hatfield, Herts.

Dear OZ,

Less talk and more action.  
Chris Dawson.  
4 Bristol Street, Colne, Lancs.

Dear Dirty Minded Scum,

In your quiet moments does it not ever strike you that it is a pretty vile way of making money to print and disseminate filth? Hardly a manly way to live! You must be mentally, morally and physically very unwholesome as I have said degenerates. Your proper sphere is a brothel or living on immoral earnings - enough to make decent men vomit.

L. Gradwell  
68 Musgrave Street, Liverpool 8.

6

"I haven't seen her in 2 years . . . In the old days. Beautiful. Used to wipe herself with the American flag after doin' it. And the way she dropped acid lying naked on old Fats Domino records. . ."



Pete Townshend on Suzy Creamcheese



Yoko Ono on Cynthia Lennon



Bob Dylan on Joan Baez



Mick Farren on Germaine Greer

7

"I believe in what George Harrison says, that you can change the world with love."



Frank Zappa



Scott MacKenzie



Charles Manson



Mel Lyman

8

"Rock and Roll owes me a living."



Piggpen McKernan



Jerry Lee Lewis



Giorgio Gomelsky



Bill Haley

9

"That bullshit about the people's music, man, where's that at? It wasn't any people that sat with me while I learned to play the guitar. If the people think that way they can fucking make their own music."



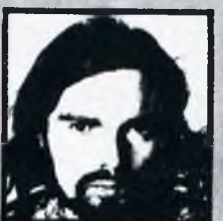
Jimmy Page



B.B. King



Jerry Garcia



Van Morrison

10

"Mickie Most, let me tell you about him . . . all he wants to do is make hit records and all I want to do is play my music."



Peter Noone



Lulu



Donovan



Jeff Beck

11

"You know, English people have a very big thing towards a spade. Everybody in England still sort of thinks that spades have big dicks."



Isaac Hayes



Eric Clapton



Chuck Berry



Taj Mahal

12

"I think Enoch is the man. I'm all for him. This country is overcrowded. The immigrants should be sent home."



Rod Stewart



Ginger Baker



Billy Fury



Kenny Lynch

13

"It will give me great pleasure to tell the public that Mick Jagger is not God Jnr."



Charlie Watts



Bill Graham



Bianca Rosa Jagger



D.H. Lawrence

14

"Why shouldn't I get 20%? I cured all their problems."



Robert Stigwood on the Bee Gees



Allen Klein on the Beatles



Brian Epstein on Billy J. Kramer



Phil Spector on the Righteous Bros

15

"The youth revolution in America is a hype . . . I like Agnew, but I don't like that Nixon."



John Mayall



Country Joe



Grace Slick



Tom Paxton

16

"I love being a star more than life itself."



Buddy Holly



Jim Morrison



Jimi Hendrix



Janis Joplin

17

"I'm 24 years old and beautiful . . . pink hanging down my legs, sequins all around my bottom and pearls hanging round my neck. I'm the bronze Liberace . . ."



Sly Stone



Little Richard



Muhammed Ali



Miles Davis

18

"We should send planes to Biafra and rescue all the people and then play at the airport as they come in. Do a show for them Biafrans."



George Harrison



Leon Russell



Paul McCartney



Ravi Shankar

19

"I've had a black leather jacket since I was five years old. I've been wearing black leather all my life."



Elvis Presley



Gene Vincent



Bob Dylan



Johnny Winter

20

"I am the world's worst groupie."



Yoko Ono



Chris Welch



David Bowie



Caroline Coon

ANSWERS

- 11) Eric Clapton (Rolling Stone 1967)
- 12) Rod Stewart (I.T. 1970)
- 13) Bill Graham (Rolling Stone 1970)
- 14) Allen Klein about the Beatles (Rolling Stone 1969)
- 15) Country Joe (Rolling Stone 1971)
- 16) Janis Joplin (J.J. Her Life & Times by D. Landau 1971)
- 17) Little Richard (Zigzag 1969)
- 18) Paul McCartney ('The Beatles Get Back' 1969)
- 19) Bob Dylan (1965 - quoted in The Age of Rock 1970)
- 20) Caroline Coon (Melody Maker 1971)

- 1) John Osborne (Rolling Stone 1971)
- 2) Bo Diddley (Melody Maker 1971)
- 3) Marsha Hunt (Zigzag 1969)
- 4) John Lennon ('The Beatles Get Back' 1969)
- 5) David Crosby (Rolling Stone 1970)
- 6) Dylan on Baez (Fusion 1969)
- 7) Frank Zappa (1967 - quoted in Rock 1970)
- 8) Bigpen (Zigzag 1970)
- 9) Jerry Garcia (Zigzag 1970)
- 10) Jeff Beck (Zigzag 1969)



# The three 'R's READING WRITING & REVOLUSHUN

"Schools will soon go the way of the workhouse and other institutions designed to keep the poor in their place. Not only are they not doing the job they set out to do, they are breeding all sorts of dis-satisfactions that an already strained society cannot cope with . . ."

Peter Buckman considers  
the failure of compulsory education in Britain

Compulsory education has recently become as much a matter for argument as involvement in foreign wars. It used to be something everyone took for granted as a Good Thing, like increased pensions. Most people still think of schooling as a great benefit, a sort of philosophers' stone that will turn society to gold.

If everyone is forced to learn to read and write, the argument goes, not only does everyone have an equal chance of succeeding, but society will go on improving, and we'll all stagger one step further along the road to the Better Tomorrow.

But Tomorrow looks like pretty bad news. The pursuit of progress turns out to be a mass suicide pact. And all compulsory education has done is to lay down the shining tracks that lead to that particular Tomorrow.

As with the railways, to tear up the tracks and start again is

too expensive. Either they get blown up — which is unlikely — or they rot away. It is the rot that is becoming more and more obvious.

Kids at school have always voted with their feet. Most accept the fact that the law requires them to spend at least ten years inside an institution.

Truancy has always been a problem, however, and at the moment it's quite dramatic: one kid in four stays away in some big cities, including London. Violence in the classroom has always been a problem too, but recently it's got huge publicity. We are still a long way from the American situation where there is a cop on duty in the class — to protect the teacher, what's else? — but you wouldn't think so to hear the professionals at it.

But violence and truancy aren't the root problems with schools. As institutions they simply aren't doing the job expected of them, which is to turn out kids educated enough to keep the wheels going ever faster. Schools aren't teaching their pupils — or, to be fair, *enough* of their pupils — anything they will later find of use in leading a full adult life. They are not providing the kind of skills society is supposed to need, because society isn't sure what it *does* need any more. Unemployment amongst school leavers, let alone university graduates, has never been higher: what kind of argument is that for ten years of training?

Schools haven't brought about a more equal society, as our Victorian forefathers promised. Has the balance of power changed in 150 years? Class distinctions may have levelled out so that everyone can call themselves middle class, but there is still a division



between those who give orders and those who take them. Necessary, some may thing. But how many givers of orders are lining up in the dole queues alongside those who have taken orders for generations? Schools haven't even eradicated illiteracy. Half the school population leaves (at the moment) at 15. Of these, a substantial proportion *forgets how to read* within three years. Some people have blamed lax teaching. I blame a society that produces little worth reading, that makes reading a pointless acquisition. Whatever the cause, the basis of schooling was supposed to be teaching kids to read and write. And it's fallen down on that.

We have to distinguish "education" and "schooling". Everybody learns from watching what goes on around them. Most learn from their friends, or families, or their gang, or tribe, or community. When society was an open thing, when the basis of life was the village which, amongst all its obvious disadvantages, at least took care of its own (unless they were radicals, or witches, or likely to get them into trouble), when, in short, everybody knew about everybody else, as in the underground, then everybody *learnt* from everybody else. There was no division between learning and living. "Education" — the pursuit of what interests you, the acquisition of knowledge and skills — was not something you got in school. It was all around you.

Compulsory schooling changed all

that, to the point when kids think their "education" is finished when they leave school. You learnt what you were told to learn, in the manner in which the teacher laid it down for you. Of course there was, and still is, scope for you to wander off on your own, but basically schooling, as a compulsory institution, did two things: it kept kids off the streets, and it taught them at an early age to accept the governing hierarchy that would rule their adult lives. That is, of course, still true of school. Kids have always known, and perhaps resented it. Even now they are not able to do much about it. The Schools Action Union may have splendid ideas and certainly has aroused some strong feelings. But what is wrong with the system isn't cured by having two pupils on a Schools Council, or by abolishing the wearing of uniforms. Of course SAU stands for more than that, and I don't want to do them an un-necessary injustice. What they apparently refuse to see, in their arrogant and dogmatic way, is that the whole system of compulsory education has got to go. Tinkering with it is merely reformist. Any idea of telling people what to learn and how to learn it — marking them according to *your* standards, not *theirs* — is counter-revolutionary.

Now this is an attitude that is gaining ground amongst adults. That some people are prepared to think of compulsory education as evil — are prepared to work out details of how education could be freed from schooling — *that* is the great change

in the last five years. Many people still think you are attacking the foundations of socialism, or whatever ism they happen to believe in, when you attack schools. I wrote a satire, in the form of a story of the takeover of a school by its pupils, called "Playground". It included in it a lot of games kids and adults play — and when I read it in places, we played the games, with good results. But the takeover of the school in the book collapses because the oldest kids want to tell the youngest how to behave. And the youngest take no notice. Now this was an attack on the whole concept of dogmatism, compulsion, or whatever most people regard as necessary means to an end. The book got attacked on many grounds, but to my surprise it was the underground critics who seemed to take most exception to it. Indeed the best review I got was in the "Times Educational Supplement", and worst in "Time Out"! Perhaps this was because of the form the book took, which some found difficult. But I suspect it was more because the implicit message in it is "You can't tell people how to learn. It doesn't work." And that makes anyone in the communications business very unhappy indeed.

Schools, as places where you are *forced* to spend ten years or more of your life, don't work. What's more, they are proving too expensive, which is perhaps the strongest reason for thinking they will soon go the way of the workhouses and other institutions

designed to keep the poor in their place. We are entering a time when they are useless. Not only are they *not* doing the job they set out to do, they are breeding all sorts of dis-satisfactions that an already strained society cannot cope with. Equally important, there are soon going to be more and more adult unemployed — even if they're called "leisured". If a 30-hour week soon becomes normal, what are people going to do all day? You could have 24-hour television, or football, or bingo. What you can't have is adults attending the kind of institutions schools have become. And yet they'll want to learn — to pursue their interests — their "education" at their own pace. To allow them to do so, society will have to become de-schooled. Compulsory education will be abolished, and it will be as illegal to ask about someone's schooling as it is now to ask about their race or politics, when considering them for a job. People will learn more from living than from a set curriculum that was designed by robots. Education will be freed from the grip of the educationalists. And that will be the beginning of something entirely different. For a change.

Frances B. Johnston



Thanksgiving Day Class, 1899, at the Whittier School, Virginia: "Reaching out the hand of assistance to the lowest and most needy of the Master's children."

HEALTH FOOD APPROVED  
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# THEY CALLED OUR YOUNG LOVE PORN-O GRAPHIC!

**But... WE DON'T CARE!**

THAT'S RIGHT, DARLING, YOU JUST SUCK IT AS HARD AS YOU WANT TO! IT'S GOOD FOR YOU!!

OH, JAMES! I'M DRIPPING WITH LOVE JUICE!!

**SEXPLOITATION COMICS GROUP**

IT ALL STARTED A SHORT SIX MONTHS AGO. A FRIEND HAD INVITED ME TO ONE OF THOSE "42<sup>ND</sup> STREET" TYPE MOVIES WHEN.....

SALLY! ISN'T THAT GUY ON THE SCREEN JIMMY NESBITT?

WE WENT TO HIGH SCHOOL TOGETHER!

WOW, BRENDA, THAT'S WEIRD!!

IT SURE IS!! LOOK AT THOSE DEGRADING THING HE'S DOING!

I CAN'T GET OVER IT! SURE, JIMMY WAS A GOOD-LOOKING GUY, BUT, TO SINK SO LOW...

TO THINK... I ONCE HAD A TEEN-AGE CRUSH ON THAT SAUT-PEDDLER! GOOD GRIEF!!

OH, JIMMY!

**DIRT**

I STAYED IN BED LATE INTO THE NEXT MORNING—THINKING, SINFUL THOUGHTS I KNOW; THOUGHTS OF JIM'S BODY!!!

THOSE THINGS!

I STILL HAVE HIS OLD PHONE NUMBER... MAYBE IF I COULD TALK TO HIM... HMMMM...

WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS, A CRANK CALL?

WHO?

BRENDA WHO?

JIMMY!

DON'T YOU REMEMBER? WE... ER, UH... WE USED TO BE IN THE SAME HOME-ROOM!

JIMMY, I LOVE YOU!! HOLD ON!!

YEAH, I KNOW YOU. SURE, WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, BABY??

I SAW YOU IN A... A MOVIE, JIM...

I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE SO... SEXUALLY ALLURING, JIM...

IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE WE'VE SEEN EACH OTHER... ARE YOU LISTENING, DEAREST?

LISTEN I'LL BE RIGHT OVER! WHERE ARE YOU??

1214 1/2 SOUTH VAN BUREN... & HURRY!

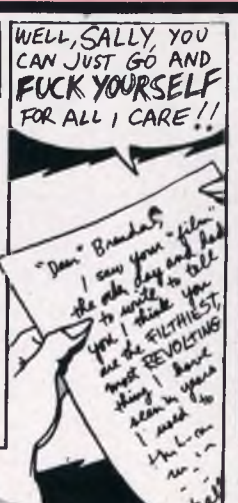
CHRIST! THIS CHICK'S GOT A REGULAR HARD-ON FOR ME!!

OH, QUICKLY, QUICKLY, MY JAMES, I ITCH FOR YOUR WARM AND TENDER TOUCH!!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

IT'S HIM!

EXCUSE ME, IS BRENDA HOME?





first met OZ early in 1967. In those days it was square, upright, dressed mainly in black and white and told satirical stories out of the corner of its mouth. It had the confidence which comes of being utterly unknown and an innocence which it didn't hesitate to exploit. It was prone to rather unsuccessful parodies of its elders and fond of what it thought were brilliant attacks on the moralism and alcoholism of the British cultural Left. But, beneath the faux-naivete and the inadequately disguised ambition, was an intuitive radicalism and a directness and a friendliness which was in violent contrast to the pomposity and straightforward lying of most of its contemporaries. With the exception of the young International Times, which even at that time was exhibiting a remorseless lack of taste, and the small, stout and ill-tempered Black Dwarf, which often shouted at it incomprehensibly, OZ was alone.

Everyone else was either patronising or hostile and united in a more or less critical admiration for the status quo. OZ had expected its distant grannies and great-uncles on Fleet Street to gloat over every set-back. But it hadn't anticipated the resentment of many people it had sneakily and later it felt misguidedly, admired. The intellectual weeklies, the new aged satirists, the media radicals and, above all, the socialist Left with its carefully achieved dowdiness and its organisational cunning, treated OZ with a curious disdain. Indeed it was as much as a reaction against this polite but icy disapproval that OZ first assumed the calculated visual excesses, the typographic flamboyance and acquired its considerable skill at insolence. At this early age too come the brief but intense affair with Swinging London and the beginning of OZ's formidable intake of substances. And here too to discerning eye was the early evidence of the hallucinations and the falling down in the street which were to herald OZ's later tragic instability.

But the gloaters of Right and Left who viewed OZ's 'depravity' with a barely concealed contempt were to see it, in its middle years develop a remarkable following among young people. And for them, OZ was almost alone in fully expressing the energy and imagination with which they were reacting against the banality and restrictions of urban life; of home, work and school; of a future illuminated by moon launch and the dole. Their chaotic life

es, royal gymkanas  
kicking against a  
long career as an  
obedient  
producer and  
consumer  
was  
mirrored  
in OZ's  
chaos.

At that time OZ was to provide, if not the first or the best one of the fiercest and most compelling cries of rejection of the choice offered the young within welfare capitalism. It seldom said exactly what they thought but it did express how they felt. With a voice alternatively cracked with passion and hoarse with laughter, OZ devoted itself to the destruction of those comfortable myths we had been brought up to cherish; the myths of the Cold War, of the disappearance of poverty, of the incorruptibility and virtue of the courts and police, of the worthiness of the schools and universities, of the existence of democracy. OZ took an early interest in the American war in Indo China, the police regimes of our Nato Allies and the facts of an unendurable poverty and homelessness. And though OZ himself seldom attended the movements which grew to express a rejection of those myths the May Events, the student sit-ins, the squatting and the demonstrations against the Vietnam War were increasingly part of its life.

It would of course be misleading to portray OZ as a stern political critic poring over maps of capitalism. It insisted on an almost annoying flexibility, one would meet it one month passionately enthusiastic about flying saucers and the next buried in Lenin. OZ's personality was so contradictory that many feared a serious instability of character. But OZ's own style expressed a desire to begin an alternative to the nightmare of the present now. OZ was attempting to promote a cultural uprising, his attack on society was not merely cerebral but displayed in the funk of its colour and music and the sheer delight of boogying along alive and free. Indeed even at this stage of his life many of OZ's enemies, their own lives a cage of postponed pleasures and suppressed desires, found OZ's mere existence an outrage. OZ himself, on good days, still felt there was space and time to experiment with new ways of living and loving each other. But other mornings when the attempt to both bring into being a new culture and then defend it politically was too much, OZ could be heard to moan that it was 70% crap anyway and he would sit, in an insoluble gloom, complaining that he could hear nothing but cash registers in his ears.

OZ's insomnia and occasional depression was still concealed from all but close friends and in the famous series of trials (soon to be re-issued as a Commemorative Retrospective Tribute 22 Album Set) OZ was again to show its flamboyance, courage and organising ability. But although it bore the trial with stamina, and at times relish, the strain was considerable. OZ had finally stumbled rather than charged across those who control society. In his increasingly frequent serious moments, OZ regretted that his ideas about sex and education had not been more carefully thought out and its old desire to shock had not been linked to a movement which could actually organise. It was forced to accept what it had always known, that although the state depends on myths, it is not an illusion itself and that there must be a material basis for free minds. OZ was still prepared to look visionary but many of its old friends were more anxious to carp at its mistakes than develop its ideas. To survive OZ had been obliged to become notorious, to make use of a fame it actually despised and suffer the chorus of sell out from a movement itself in a surly stagnation. And OZ's longstanding romance with Karl Marx was increasingly causing both parties pain. The friendship had always been platonic but Marx became increasingly physically demanding and OZ found itself still incapable of surrendering to such a stern even masochistic lover.

It became increasingly obvious in his last years that many of his most deeply held ideas had rebounded. The movement OZ had tried to express had been towards, not an altered form of work and government, but the disappearance of both. But now that glimpse of the future was overshadowed by the instability of the present to any longer provide work, housing or a half-way decent standard of living. OZ was sympathetic but external to that fight. The Revolution which had meant to OZ the possibility of an altered and a freer relationship between man, woman and nature had become a euphemism for the bounding of certain West London police officers. The music which had powered OZ's wild dance was busy, either parodying or consoling itself, half buried under unreadable PhD's and punctuous DJs. OZ would be seen, half grumpy, half pityful at its old haunts being bought by a new generation of long hairs who had inherited the culture OZ had fought for but who were squandering it, wallowing in their own groovy passivity and doing what had been exciting five years ago as a reactionary routine now.

Almost an exile within the Underground and in the impossible situation of becoming a symbol for a generation, OZ was still snubbed by a Left who seemed to refuse to admit they had anything to learn. And OZ's old and final source of power, the phallic self-confidence of its Australian youth, was, it realised painfully, finally counter-revolutionary. OZ could no longer wave its cock when in doubt. A sexual politics had come out, people were organising against the family, against the sexual training and sexual guilt that crushed women and hobbled men.

The last part of OZ's life was spent in a whistful melancholy. OZ had been exhausted finally by demands which he could never begin to fulfil and he would talk bright eyed of the irresponsibility of his youth. He was happiest among friends reminiscing and he would talk of the old days with a bewildered tenderness. OZ had grown hardened outside, but inside hurt by denunciations of movements it had helped to bring into being.

The circumstances of OZ's tragically early death remain unclear. Whether OZ is dead, of suicide or sexual excess, or whether OZ is alive and operating under a series of new names is unclear at the moment. What is clear is that OZ bizarrely and for a short period expressed the energy of a lot of us. We regret its passing.

# HEAVY ON THE DRUM.

An Obituary by David Widgery





Being the adventures of a young man  
whose principal interests are rape,  
ultra-violence and Beethoven.

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BEST DIRECTOR  
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