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Description

This issue appears with the help of Jim Anderson, Pat Bell, Felix Dennis, Debbie Knight, Stephen Litster, Brian McCracken, Pearce Marchbank, Richard Neville, John O'Neil, Chris Rowley, David Wills. Thanks for artwork, photographs and valuable help to Eddie Belchamber, Rip-Off Press, David Nutter, Stanslav Domichick, Charles Shaar Murray, Sue Miles, Warren Hague, Paul Whitehead, Insect Fear Comics, Michael Ramsden (for heroic help with the *Ozjects d'art* Exhibition - sorry Michael), Jim Leon, Nicholas and Michael and particularly Michel de Saint-Chien, whose sketch books provided at least a dozen fantastic illustrations.

Contents: Dream Power cover by Jim Leon. (insert: Janis Joplin / Oz Old Bailey Trial poster) Inside front/inside back and back cover Big O Posters ads. Voltaire quote, Director of Public prosecutions quote + 'Necrophilia' Jim Leon illustration. 'Dream Power' – dreams, ecstasy, shamanism and the Malayan Sonoi by Ioan Lewis and Kilton Stewart + illustrations including John Hurford. 'The W.H. Smith Story – An extract from *Satan's Slaves* by James Taylor, available from your friendly local W.H. Smiths (Smiths refused to handle OZ) + graphic and text: "Paranoia is a new form of awareness and awareness is very close to love" - Charles Manson. Presenting The Old Codger 3p cartoon. 'Obscenity, who really cares? Propaganda all is phoney' – a discussion b Dave Robins. Full page John Thompson graphic. Oz Package Tour Feature: Indian Summer by Simon Watson Taylor. Full page M.J. Weller cartoon The Firm. 'Someone Somewhere Wants a Letter From You' protest forms by Anthony Haden-Guest re: the war against the underground press, police harassment and corruption, legalisation of soft drugs. Full page *Frendz* ad. 'Here Come de Judge' – pig law by Ned Ludd. White Panthers. *STYNG*. Digger Action Movement. Barry Fitton poem. Photo of the Cottingley fairies. Centrefold full Jim Leon cover + 'A draft charter of children's rights'. 'How Abbie Hoffman Stole "Steal This Book"' – an 8p accusation of plagiarism by co-writer Izak Haber + graphics + extracts. Letters + C. Broulin graphic. 'And Then Along Came Jones' A Letter from John Sinclair – 3p of Sinclair against scag + graphics. Full page Victorian porn/tree of life montage. Full page John Thompson graphics. Film ad for *Sunday Bloody Sunday*. Edward cartoon/ad for *Nasty Tales* issue 2. 'Women Are Goddesses or Sloppy Beasts' - 3p David Widgery comment on Norman Mailer's *Prisoner of Sex* + Jim Leon, Eddie Cairns and Hans Bellmer graphics. Acid in Wonderland Peter Till graphic/lyric/ad for Neil Tucker LP. LP reviews: Head Hands and Feet, *Stormcock* by Roy Harper, *Four Way Street* by Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, John Entwistle. OZ mail order including trial T shirts and naked editor prints by David Hockney.

Publisher

OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 52p

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.





DP2 Rivergirl 80p



DP18 Nun 80p



BOP44 Louise 80p



DP5 Love in Blue 80p



BOP45 Chained 80p



DP13 Golden Sunset 80p



TW7 Captain Hippo 70p



MS16 Giant Hendrix 95p



DP17 Sonja 80p



BOP46 Painted Body 80p

Big O Posters

We hope these three pages of colour advertising will give Oz readers something to smile about-- they also enable you to see Jim Leon's work in a new dimension on the cover. We hope to produce some of his work in the future. Meanwhile turn to the back to find the order form and lots more posters.



ML1 Popeye 60p



BOP2 Flower 60p



FP1 Beauty 60p



MS10 Mick'n'Vince 60p



BO4 Live Give Love 70p



MS9 Van Box 60p



BOP8 Vincent 60p



BOP26 Cream



FP4 Big Deal 60p



BOP17 Oz Head 60p



SP1 Jail Stone 60p



DP4 Hippie 80p



BOP48 Pereira 80p



CP3 Jackie Stewart 80p



DP3 Margurithe 80p



DP22 Fishing Boat 80p



‘I disapprove of what
you say, but I will defend
to the death your right to say it...’

Voltaire

‘...unless, of course,
you’re 18 years old or under.’

The Director of Public Prosecutions





ream power

It is no accident that protest and exotic mysticism should be such striking features of the contemporary scene. In almost all known civilisations and periods of history religious ecstasy has served as a generous mouthpiece for frustration and aggressive self-assertion. No wonder ecstasy so often has such a shrill tongue. So, in a rich variety of cultural and historical settings, we find downtrodden women swept headlong into ecstatic mystery cults whose leaders are the authentic founders of Women's Lib. So also the ideal inspired prophet of protest rises dramatically from the very fringes of society 'speaking with tongues', and blazing the Hippie trail. In keeping with this resonance between our own and other times and cultures the current craze for exciting novel religious experience inevitably gives the bizarre-seeming beliefs and practises of supposedly simple tribesmen a new relevance and meaning. Already oriental mysticism has been so widely borrowed from that some find its nirvana appeal a little tarnished; and so more and more people turn to the more exotic and less well-known tribal cults of Africa, the Caribbean, or South America — to say nothing of the richly luxuriant and as yet relatively un plundered resources of New Guinea.

In this fashion, yesterday's sinister tribal witchdoctor is rapidly becoming today's most acceptable guru, just as today's science is likely to become tomorrow's magic. The inspired priest or Shaman, with his mystical insight into human problems, has thousands of unwitting as well as conscious imitators in the West today. While the Third World belatedly borrows the West's discarded marxism, the West urgently seeks to appropriate all the Third World's mysterious magic in one of the strangest cultural exchanges in the world's history. Savage tribesmen used only to be invoked as intellectual black dwarfs in order to emphasise the whiteman's superiority. For 'their' 'irrational superstitions' served to point up our superior rationality and the ultimate truth and validity of Western scientific culture. Or so people used to think. This is today no longer the case, and today the danger is rather that our dissatisfaction with what we consider degenerate in our own culture may encourage us to adopt an over-optimistic and indiscriminating attitude towards exotic religions.

Before the recent occult revolution, anthropologists and psychoanalysts were virtually the only people who considered that tribal concepts and values merited serious attention. Here most of the donkey work was naturally done by the anthropologists who made first-hand studies of primitive peoples and tried to learn their languages and thus absorb their cultures. The psychoanalysts, for the most part, simply picked over the anthropological accounts of

primitive beliefs, assimilating and adapting those juicy items which suited their particular brand of psychoanalytic dogmatism. So themes from exotic dreams as well as from primitive symbolism and ritual found their way into the theories of Freud and Jung and those of their successors. Previous generations of European political philosophers had exploited tit-bits of exotic information about the quality of life in savage societies to add a bit of colour to their polemical theories about the ideal form of society or the best kind of government. The founders of modern psychoanalysis thus simply followed in their footsteps. Although Jung was certainly more open-minded than Freud and frankly fascinated by the numinous, the general trend was to look for correspondences between the thoughts and actions of children and neurotic Europeans on the one hand, and primitive, supposedly 'immature' tribesmen on the other. It was thus often argued that primitive societies were not only juvenile but also delinquent, and that they were regularly dominated by half-crazy shamans, who had obsessions about evil spirits and were in any case fraudulent and scarcely worthy of even the title 'primitive healer'. Such absurd assessments smack rather strongly of professional jealousy, and more rigorous and informed research has shown how misguided they are. It is now clear that the shaman is often a brilliantly insightful psychoanalyst, playing a highly significant role in helping to maintain the health and harmony of his community. Similarly, tribal beliefs in detachable souls or spirit-essences which can be separated from, or joined with the self anticipate much of the conceptual apparatus of psychoanalysis. In the same way also, the modern 'discovery' that inter-personal tensions can produce illness is a hoary old truth (often expressed in the idiom of witchcraft) which is taken for granted in most self-respecting tribal societies. It is not only the psychotropic drugs which have been recently re-discovered in the West.

These very interesting parallels have not gone entirely unrecognised by psychiatrists, although it is only recently that much has been made of them. Even more unusual, of course, has been the adoption of tribal psychiatric procedures and their use in western psychoanalytic practise. One person who did try to do this in an original way was Dr Kilton Stewart who based his treatment to a considerable extent on what he had discovered in expeditions amongst the Senoi aboriginals in the Malayan jungle in 1935. The Senoi are shifting cultivators, living in small and apparently unusually harmonious communities led by inspired priests or shamans. Stewart was amazed



to find that they were virtually a tribe of psychoanalysts who spent a great part of their waking hours recounting and analysing their dreams. Dreams were discussed seriously at the breakfast table each morning and, what particularly struck Stewart, was the way in which their interpretations were used to condition people to the extent of even altering the content of their dreams! Frightening dreams, for instance, were explained to have really meant the reverse and people were encouraged to re-dream their dreams with this new interpretation in mind. The following extract from Stewart's account of the Senoi emphasises how the open discussion of dreams and their constant re-interpretation contributed towards community harmony. He claims that he found this a successful technique in his treatment of his own patients. The method is, however, obviously open to abuse and it is not a very long step from this to Orwell's Thought Police. The reader should also bear in mind that while Stewart stresses how peaceful the Senoi are, he is speaking particularly of small Senoi groups which have to achieve a good measure of internal harmony if they are to successfully confront their hostile external environment. Their dream management may help them achieve this as Stewart argues. But his account, which is based on some ten months with the Senoi, plays down conflicts over leadership within the group in which dreams would certainly play a significant part.

— Ian Lewis

Ian Lewis is Professor of Anthropology at the London School of Economics, and the author of Ecstatic Religions (Pelican original 35p) an anthropological study of Spirit Possession and Shamanism.

The Senoi are, perhaps, the most democratic group reported in anthropological literature. In the realms of family, economics and politics, their society operates smoothly on the principle of contract agreement, and democratic consensus, with no need of police force, jail, psychiatric hospital to reinforce the agreements or confine those who aren't willing or able to reach consensus.

Study of their society seems to indicate that they have arrived at this high state of social and physical co-operation and integration through the system of psychology which they discovered, invented, and developed, and that the principles of this system of psychology are understandable in terms of Western scientific thinking.

Dream interpretation, is a feature of child education and is the common knowledge of all Senoi adults. The average Senoi layman practices the psychotherapy of dream interpretation on his family and associates as a regular feature of education and daily social intercourse. Breakfast in the Senoi house is like a dream clinic, with the father and elder brothers listening to and analysing the dreams of all the children. At the end of the family clinic the male population gather in the council at which the dreams of the older children and all the men in the community are reported, discussed, and analysed.

While the Senoi do not, of course, employ our system of terminology, their psychology of dream interpretation might be summed up as follows: Man creates features or images of the outside world in his own mind as part of the adaptive process. Some of these features are in conflict with him and with each other. Once internalised, these hostile images turn man against himself and against his fellows. In dreams man has the power to see these facts of his psyche, which have been disguised in internal forms, associated with his own fearful emotions, and turned against him and the internal images of other people. If the individual does not receive social aid through education and therapy, these hostile images, built up by man's normal receptiveness to the outside world, get tied together and associated with one another in a way which makes him physically, socially and psychologically abnormal.

The Senoi believes that any human being, with the aid of his fellows, can outface, master, and actually utilize all beings and forces in the dream universe. His experience leads him to believe that, if you co-operate with your fellows or oppose them with good will in the day time, their images will eventually help you in your dreams, and that every person should and can become the supreme ruler and master of his own dream or spiritual universe, and can demand and receive the help, co-operation of all the forces there.

The simplest anxiety or terror dream I found among the Senoi was the falling dream. When the Senoi child reports a falling dream, the adult answers with enthusiasm: "That is a wonderful dream, one of the best dreams that a man can have. Where did you fall to, and what did you discover?" He makes the same comment when the child reports a climbing, travelling, flying, or soaring dream. The child at first answers as he would in our society, that it did not seem so wonderful, and that he was so frightened that he awoke before he had fallen anywhere. "That was a mistake," answers the adult-authority. "Everything you do in a dream has a purpose, beyond your understanding while you are asleep. You must relax and enjoy yourself when you fall in a dream. Falling is the quickest way to get in contact with the powers of the spirit world, the powers laid open to you through your dreams. Soon, when you have a falling dream, you will remember what I am saying, and as you do, you will feel that you are travelling to the source of the power which has caused you to fall."

"The falling spirits love you. They are attracting you to their land, and you have but to relax and remain asleep in order to come to grips with them. When you meet them, you may be frightened of their terrific power, but go on. When you think you are dying in a dream, you are only receiving the powers of the other world, your own spiritual power which has been turned against you, and which now wishes to become one with you if you will accept it."

The astonishing thing is that, over a period of time, with this type of social interaction, praise or criticism, imperatives and advice, the dream which starts out with fear of falling changes into the joy of flying. This happens to everyone in the Senoi society. That which was an indwelling fear or anxiety, becomes an indwelling joy or act of will that which was ill esteem towards the forces which caused the child to fall in his dream, becomes good will towards the deizens of the dream world, because he relaxes in his dream and finds pleasurable adventures, rather than waking up with a clammy skin and a crawling scalp.

The Senoi believe and teach that the dreamer — the "I" of the dream — should always advance and attack in the teeth of danger, calling on the dream images of his fellows if necessary, but fighting by himself until they arrive. In bad dreams the Senoi believe real friends will never attack the dreamer or refuse to help. If any dream character who looks like a friend is hostile or unco-operative in a dream, he is only wearing the mask of a friend.

If the dreamer attacks and kills the hostile dream character, the spirit or essence of this dream character will always emerge as a servant or ally. Dream characters are bad only as long as one is afraid and retreating from them, and



will continue to seem bad and fearful as long as one refuses to come to grips with them.

According to the Senoi, pleasurable dreams, such as of flying or sexual love, should be continued until they arrive at a resolution which, on awakening, leaves one with something of beauty or use to the group. For example, one should arrive somewhere when he flies, meet the beings there, hear their music, see their designs, dances, and learn their useful knowledge.

Dreams of sexual love should always move through the orgasm, and the dreamer should then demand from his dream lover the poem, the song, the dance, the useful knowledge which will express the beauty of his spiritual lover to a group. If this is done, no dream man or woman can take the love which belongs to human beings.

If the dreamer demands and receives from his love partners a contribution which he can express to the group on awakening, he cannot express or receive too much love in dreams. A rich love life in dreams indicates the favour of the beings of the spiritual or emotional universe. If the dreamer injures the dream images of his fellows or refuses to co-operate with them in dreams, he should go out of his way to express friendship and co-operation on awakening, since hostile dream characters can only use the image of people for whom his good will is running low. If the image of a friend hurts him in a dream, the friend should be advised of the fact, so he can repair his damaged or negative dream image by friendly social intercourse.

There follow some of the elements of the social and psychological processes involved in this type of dream interpretation:

First, the child receives social recognition and esteem for discovering and relating what might be called an anxiety-motivated psychic reaction. This is the first step among the Senoi toward convincing the child that he is acceptable to authority even when he reveals how he is inside.

continued



Second, it describes the working of his mind as rational, even when he is asleep. To the Senoi it is just as reasonable for the child to adjust his inner tension states to himself, as it is for a Western child to do his homework for the teacher.

Third, the interpretation characterizes the forces which the child feels in the dream as a power which he can control through a process of relaxation and mental set, a force which is his as soon as he can reclaim it and learn to direct it.

Fourth, the Senoi education indicates that anxiety is not only important in itself, but that it blocks the free play of imaginative thinking and creative activity to which dreams could otherwise give rise.

Fifth, it establishes the principle that the child should make decisions and arrive at resolutions in his night-time thinking as well as in that of the day, and should assume a responsible attitude toward all his psychic reactions and forces.

Sixth, it acquaints the child with the fact that he can better control his psychic reactions by expressing them and taking thought upon them, than by concealing and repressing them.

Seventh, it initiates the Senoi child into a way of thinking which will be strengthened and developed throughout the rest of his life, and which assumes that a human being who retains good will for his fellows and communicates his psychic reactions to them for approval and criticism, is the supreme ruler of all the individual forces of the spirit — subjective — world whatsoever.

Man discovers his deepest self and reveals his greatest creative power at times when his psychic processes are most free from immediate involvement with the environment and most under the control of his involuntary balancing or homeostatic power. The freest type of psychic play occurs in sleep, and the social acceptance of the dream would, therefore, constitute the deepest possible acceptance of the individual.

Among the Senoi, the child accumulates good will for people because they encourage on every hand the free exercise and expression of that which is most basically himself, either directly or indirectly, through the acceptance of the dream process. At the same time the child is told that he must refuse to settle with the denizens of the dream world unless they make some contribution which is socially meaningful and constructive as determined by social consensus on awakening. Thus his dream reorganization is guided in a way which makes his adult aggressive action socially constructive.

A further example: A child dreams that he attacked by a friend and, on awakening, is advised by his father to inform his friend of this fact. The friend's father tells his child that it is possible that he has offended the dreamer without wishing to do so, and allowed a malignant character to use his image as a disguise in the dream. Therefore, he should give the dreamer a present and go out of his way to be friendly toward him, to prevent such an occurrence in the future.

The aggression building up around the image of the friend in the dreamer's mind thereby becomes the basis of a friendly exchange. The dreamer is also told to fight back in the future dreams, and to conquer any dream character using the friend's image as a disguise.

Another example of what is probably a less direct tension state in the dreamer

toward another person is dealt with in an equally skillful manner. The dreamer reports seeing a tiger attack another boy of the long house. Again, he is advised to tell the boy about the dream, to describe the place where the attack occurred and, if possible, to show it to him so that he can be on his guard, and in future dreams kill the tiger before it has a chance to attack him. The parents of the boy in the dream again tell the child to give the dreamer a present, and to consider him a special friend.

Even a tendency towards unproductive fantasy is effectively dealt with in the Senoi dream education. If the child reports floating dreams, or a dream of finding food, he is told that he must float somewhere in his next dream and find something of value to his fellows, or that he must share the food he is eating; and if he has a dream of attacking someone he must apologise to them, share a delicacy with them, or make them some sort of toy. Thus, before aggression, selfishness, and jealousy can influence social behaviour the tension expressed in the persuasive dream state become a hub of social action in which they are discharged without being destructive.

My data on the dream life of various Senoi age groups would indicate that dreaming can and does become the deepest type of creative thought. Observing the lives of the Senoi it occurred to me that modern civilization may be sick because people have slowed off, or tried to develop, half their power to think. Perhaps the most important half. Certainly, the Senoi suffer little by intellectual comparison with ourselves. They have equal power for logical thinking while awake, considering their environment data, whereas our capacity to solve problems in dreams is infantile compared to theirs.

In the West the thinking we do while asleep usually remains on a muddled, childish, or psychotic level because we do not respond to dreams as socially important and include dreaming in the educative process. This social neglect of the sleep-side of man's reflective thinking when the creative process is most free, seems poor education.

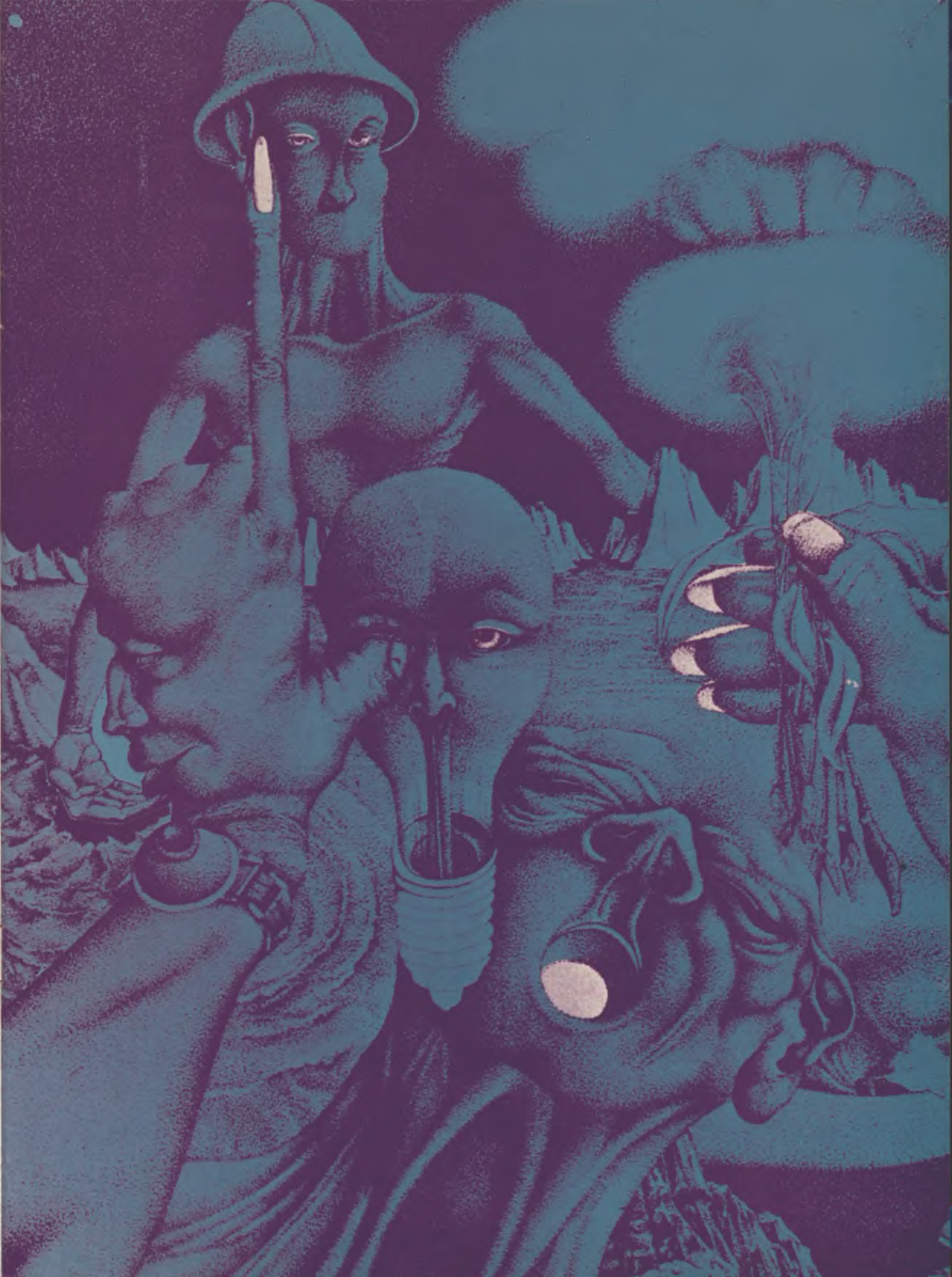
Among the Senoi, the terror dream, the anxiety dream, and the simple pleasure dream, as well as muddled dreams of vague inconsequential happenings, such as a meaningless repetition of the day's activities, largely disappears before puberty. From puberty on, the dream life becomes less and less fantastic and irrational, and more and more like reflective thinking, problem solving, exploration of unknown things or people, emotionally satisfying social intercourse, and the acquiring of knowledge from a dream teacher or spirit guide. However dull or unimportant an individual may be, he can always count on receiving a hearing from his family members and from the larger group through his dreams.

Civilized man pays little attention to the thinking he has the power to do in his sleep through dreams. Western society is rife with war, crime, and wasteful economic conflict, insanity, neurosis, and chronic psychogenic physical ills. The Senoi make their dreams the major focus of their intellectual and social interest and have solved the problems of violent crime and destructive economic conflict, and largely eliminated insanity, neurosis and psychogenic illness. They have done this without the help of a written language or of the scientific method as we think of it.

Kilton Stewart.

The full text of Kilton Stewart article can be found in Fire Magazine, published 1967.





THE W H SMITH STORY

A child cries and is left alone in its little misery. A strumming guitar can be heard far into the purple velvet night. Overhead, a pin-pricked sky looks down with twinkling disgust. Etched against the darkly-blobbed mountains, the giant cacti form a protective circle as evil seeps from a flickering fire.

Huddled round the fire, within sight and sound of their Master, the naked women wait for him to sing. The song will be about lust, copulation, the obscenities he will demand of them when the LSD takes its firm hold. They watch him, getting higher as firelight dances and weaves over their nude flesh.

The guitar plunks into silence as the Master closes his eyes. He is thinking, wondering how...

He has decided and his slaves rush to please him. The guitar plays again and his voice floats across the cold desert to mingle with the faint snufflings of night creatures.

Time is meaningless.

Nothing exists — not even the silent desert, not stars or moon or civilization. Least of all civilization. God has been banished. Satan rules absolute. It is a night for devils...

Black-clad devils snaking into the fireglow dancing to the tormented guitar, gesturing in accordance with their foul-mouthed words...

It is soon apparent that this is a night for witch-craft. A maiden must be found — an innocent victim for ritualistic passions to assault, invade, impregnate.

A girl rushes forward, naked, beads jangling discordantly. She is high on acid. She simpers, hats flouncing wildly. She begs... she is far from innocent but the drug makes her 'feel' pure, undefiled. She stands before her master, legs wide apart, gesturing, speaking with her body; pleading to be the offering.

The black-clad devils prance round the girl... and she is seized, quickly roped to a make-shift altar. The guitar strums faster, the song rising to its peak... the words blasphemous, insulting, largely lost in the wailing of the devils.

Now, the Master climbs to his feet, eyes piercing the gloom like a demented deity. He is naked — an obscenity about to perform his bestial act.

His followers wait expectantly, black uniforms cast away for the finale of the ritual.

He approaches the smiling girl, lifts a knife above her head. She is unafraid. Anything he does will be exquisite torture. The knife descends to the murmured occult 'praise'... and, swiftly, he draws blood. His body stiffens. The girl shrieks...

Like a fiend, he mounts her — taking her, savaging her willing flesh, yelling filth as he feels the acid rip through his mind.

All around him, the others watch, and wait. Passions inflamed, they dare not begin to enjoy what they want. Not until he gives permission.

The violated girl moans her gratitude, slumps into psychedelic coma.

Like a reincarnated Lucifer, the master strides to the fire, throws his arms upwards. His voice shatters the night's composure. He invokes the 'beasts of Satan' to enter their circle; calls up evil to make them unpure; orders the night to cloak them with black deeds.

He implores his men to defile their women but first, they must worship at his feet. Quickly the girls fall on their knees, crawl around before him, buttocks shimmering in the fireglow. Like vapid creatures they adore this monstrous evil, touching his

let the pride
in your heart
come alive
in your home

genitals, kissing his bottom, begging to be his next.

Maniac laughter tears from his throat and he falls to the sand, screaming filth, his physical powers enlivened by the narcotic filling his veins. A girl is spread-eagled, mounted — another instructed how to perform a perverse act to keep him amused as he enjoys himself on her friend.

Men grab girls, gross acts of indecency are performed in the communal circle and, when the mood seizes the Master, partners switch, and the depravity commences anew.

And, somewhere beyond the fire's flickering flames, another child begins to cry for a mother who will not hear its plaintive sobs until the sun rises and she returns to her slovenly cot...

The above is conjecture. It happens. Not necessarily like this where The Family were concerned but from evidence already offered, not far short of the terrible scenes they enacted in their desert commune. Manson, it has been said, would make love to four girls at a time as his lieutenants pleased themselves with some of the other females in their group. Changing partners is part of hippie tribe life; as natural as public copulation.

Manson's Family had progressed farther along the road to complete depravity than most hippie groups it seems. Love was, for them, strictly a physical process. It did not mean love thy neighbour; give love to all. They reserved their loving for moments of tribe lust. Drugs, too, played a larger part in The Family's existence than in other communes. Manson was an addict and therefore his Family had to be junkies. But probably Manson used his Scientologist knowledge — with that vital occult ingredient — to a much higher degree of skill than the majority of 'tribe leaders' did in their communes. Manson fertilized his group activities with the seeds of criminal genius. That is not to say that Charles Manson was a particularly good crook. He had too many arrests and convictions to be classified as a 'smart criminal'. But he did have a genius for knowing about crime, and how to procure cash for The Family's immediate needs. Considering the hippie mentality and their loathing for fuzz and civilized order, Manson's record set him apart, exalted him in the eyes of his tribe. The Family did not just steal in the haphazard way of the majority of groups. Theirs was an organized effort — as witness the members held in custody awaiting trial on numerous charges.

Unfortunately for Los Angeles, California and the hippie movement, Charles Manson happened along when society needed a broad-edged sword with which to eliminate the growing menace of drop-out kids clogging the nation's engine. Public opinion, which has reached a state of apathy at times, is now being marshalled into definite channels — all intended to rid the land of hippie cults. The hysteria that can so quickly assail the United States will most assuredly sweep tribes from their communes and re-establish order where none has been seen to be. One is not surprised, nor even shocked, by the violent attitudes of some enforcement agencies. Hippies have made their own bed and the great masses must be offered some protection from their police servants. The tide has reached its zenith when liberal thinking can condone the continued growth of this social menace...

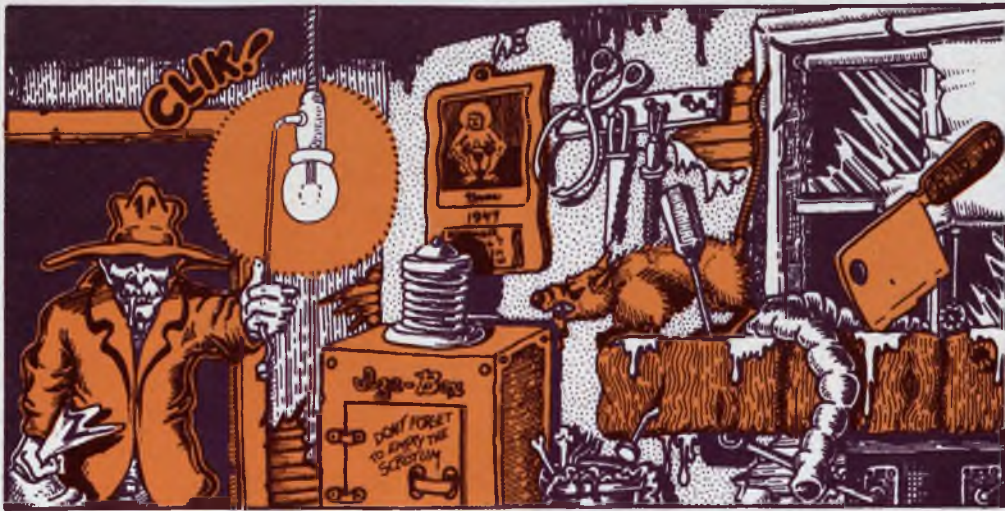
An extract from *Satan's Slaves* by James Taylor, available from your friendly local W.H. Smiths.

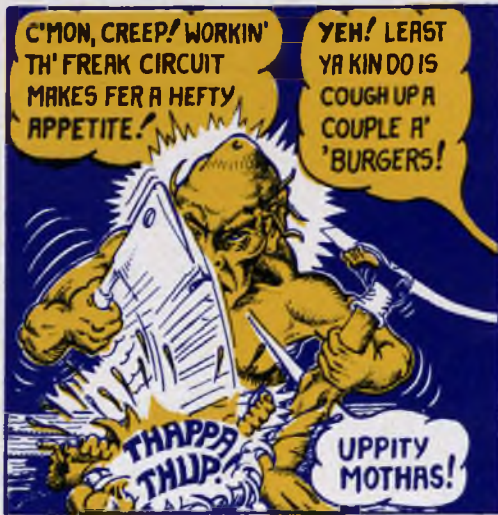


"Paranoia is a new form of awareness. and awareness is very close to love." Charles Manson

Presenting
THE OLD CODGER
 ANOTHER SEARING EPISODE
 TORN FROM THAT
 UNPUBLISHED MASTERPIECE
TAMPICO TALES







C'MON, CREEP! WORKIN' TH' FREAK CIRCUIT MAKES FER A HEFTY APPETITE!

YEH! LEAST YA KINDO IS COUGH UP A COUPLE A' 'BURGERS!

THAPPA THUP!

UPPITY MOTHAS!



SO THEM SAWED-OFF HOTSHOTS IS HONGRY! WAL, I'LL JEST MAKE 'EM SUCK TH' SHIT OUTTA THESE HERE BOWELS!



MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE ROOM...

COME ACROSS WIT SOME EATS, SCUMMO!

FOOD! FOOD!



SHLUP

AWRIGHT CRACKERS! STOP MAKIN' THEM GAWD DAYEMED OBSKENE NOI— ULP!



SHLUP

FZZZZZ!

WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?!!



WH-WH-WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?



-BEEN HERE ALL TH' TIME, SAP! WE JEST CRAWLED OUTTA OUR STREET CLOTHES!

YEH! Y'SEE WE'RE...



MAX'N MELBA, TH' CROATIAN CATERpillARS!

STARS OF SMILIN' ED'S FREAK SHOW!



RIGHT, JOCKO!

AND BEIN' CATERpillARS WE EAT 16 TIMES OUR WEIGHT DAILY!

OH NO NO!



AND WE'VE DECIDED TO START WITH YOU!

DEAR READER! DUE TO THE EXTREME VIOLENCE OF THE OLD CODGER'S DEMISE, WE HAVE, IN FULL KNOWLEDGE OF YOUR DELICATE SENSIBILITIES, PRUDENTLY DRAWN THE CURTAIN ON THE STORY AT THIS POINT. AS FOR MAX AND MELBA, THOSE MURDEROUS MULTIPODG, THEY EVENTUALLY RECEIVED THEIR JUST DESSERTS—NAMESLY, THE CONTENTS OF THE PICKLING JARS ON THE OLD CODGER'S SHELVES!



Obscenity, who really cares?

Propaganda all is phoney.”

Dave Robins.

What is obscenity? What is pornography? The great debate goes on. And it's boring. On one side Jill Tweedie, Jilly Cooper, Kenneth Tynan and all the other false guardians of "full and frank human expression". The Pioneers of Permissiveness?

A permissiveness that permits the sale of more and more pure rubbish, Oh, Calcutta!, The Dirtiest Show in Town, opening up new markets for trendy profit-seekers and 'hip' Playboy capitalists. The Campaign for the Abolition of Censorship in the Arts. Liberals in search of bogus freedoms? Sterilized, polite, predictable arguments about the right of artists and playwrights to say fuck in public (in an ethical manner, of sociological importance). The vast majority of working people have been saying fuck in public in an entirely unethical way for years. They don't have to go to the theatre for that.

On the other side Lord Longford and the middle-aged uptights on his commission, Mary Whitehouse and the heavy-duty regressives, Nabarro, Heath etc, nervously fingering their crotches at the mention of porn-waves sweeping the country, creaming their jeans in gleeful anticipation of the legal lynching of OZ now taking place at the Old Bailey.

The judges, the old blind men who presume to weigh our actions in the scales of justice are known to take a very serious view of obscenity. In our society the ruling values are always the values of the ruling class, based on the familiar double standards traditional to British rulers. Courtroom Hypocrisy, stone-faced juries, Holier-than-thou attitudes about depraving and corrupting innocent people. "Let he who is without sin cast the first stone." He might even enjoy it.

Of course the establishment has nothing to fear from so-called porn-waves and sexual permissiveness. *Under capitalism pleasure and liberation are commodities just like everything else.* That's why "progressives", unwittingly end up acting as their advance guard, either by providing new markets for profits, or encouraging free sexual activity as a social safety valve.

Take the Underground Press's attempted liberation of sexuality. It often conceals the extent to which sexuality is still perverted by capitalism:

1. Sex is dehumanised, deified, fetishised.
 2. Sex is commercialised: it's used to sell just about everything the Underground produces!
 3. Sex is competitive. Take a look at Groupie or Suck.
 4. Women are treated as sexual objects and reduced to a purely sexual role.
 5. Men remain lumbered with a sex role as initiator.
- And yet even Playboy has features on Women's Liberation.

Every step taken in the direction of liberation is perverted, recaptured, co-opted by the existing system and used. Maudling knows all this. His pronouncement from the supreme legal lavatory seat of Home Secretary that he ain't gonna pass no law to suit Longford and Co, shows that only fools and creeps in the establishment, plus the liberals, are really worried about decaying values. Power is not deterred by the sight of a bare nipple. In fact *they* know, and we know too, that the whole obscenity rap which liberals, Longford and the law take so seriously, is really a highly convenient *camouflage* which they, our increasingly paranoid rulers, are using to stalk the menacing and illusory ghosts of freedom of speech and of the press, (Freedom being defined here as anything that doesn't agree with *them*.)

It's clear that real freedom of speech and of the press can be the enemies of power — especially where power is hierarchically organised and concentrated in the hands of a few capitalists, politicians and manipulators — but effective enemies have to have effective ammunition, which is why it is important not to get too hung up on the "cheap thrills" aspects of our so-called press freedom, (Play Power, the right to print nipples etc). Can we really expect to make or break the revolution over the right to expose cocks or advocate sex amongst the under nines? Besides, our thrills should be priceless, not cheap.

A successful OZ trial, indeed every issue of



OZ, is a blow struck for the campaign for free dope and balling in the streets. Fine. But don't let's be satisfied, like the yuppies, with picking up the pieces from hippy hill (Dope, sex, rock music and a bit of mysticism thrown in), and making a revolution for that alone. To repeat an old and of necessity somewhat heavy adage, *The totality of Capitalist Ideology has to be answered with an equally total response.*

And there's the rub. *We are up against a capitalist system that invades every single area of our lives.* Even those private, personal areas (like sexuality) that we imagine belong just to us and our friends. We lock ourselves in our rooms and reckon we've got away from the system, even though we've imprisoned ourselves. Or find a groovy cottage, bake our bread and try, to forget the creeping horror inside. Why are we such walking ghosts? Such impotent Freax? Who has the power over us? We have no alternative but to work to raise the level of our theoretical and practical activity before we can counter-attack the system directly and at its weakest points.

In fact an event such as the OZ trial gives the chance to do just this — not so much within the four walls of the courtroom, where the specialised and separated issue of 'what is obscenity?' will be boringly debated, (this issue alone can never be the basis for a direct attack), but in whatever events and activities are planned around the trial. Street theatre, agitation and propaganda, public, political manifestations which aim at exposing the system for what it is and are at the same time the practical extension of our criticisms. A festival of alternative life surrounding *their* legal moratorium.

Of course, a direct and total attack on all the conditions that oppress us should have clear goals, otherwise our protests will remain what they are already, a permanent sore on the arse of an equally permanent establishment. In demanding the right to live our lives COMPLETE AND UNEXPURGATED by any authority except our own, (*that's* where the obscenity issue comes in), *we have to demand this right, not just for ourselves, but for everyone who wishes to lead a free life.*





INDIAN SUMMER



Goa is a small territory on India's west coast, a day's sail in the steamship south from Bombay (by far the nicest way of getting there). The landscape is lush and tropical. Two great rivers wind down from the hills to the coastal plains with their paddy fields and groves of coconut palms. And two fantastic beaches, Colva and Calangute.

Goa's capital, Panjim (or Panaji), where the boat from Bombay docks, is a pretty little town with some fine Portuguese architecture. Goan cooking is good, and as different from Indian cuisine as the Goans themselves are different from the Indians surrounding them (Maharashtra to the north, Mysore to the east and south). Goa was a Portuguese colony for 450 years, until "liberated" ten years ago by India, after a three-year blockade. The Goans are kind-hearted people, straight-forward and honest in trading, and altogether less frantic than the Hindus. They are predominantly Catholic by religion. So the buildings that set their mark on the landscape are churches, not temples as in most of India. The Goans are also great boozers. They manufacture potent liquors — feni or fenny — from coconut and cashew nut, and all that most Goans see of their beautiful beaches is when they stagger out to puke after hitting a bottle of fenny at the beachside bars. Even the sober ones seldom venture far from the beach-heads, leaving the great lonely stretches to the fishermen and the heads.

The Goan who hovers in spirit over the beaches is represented by a bronze statue on Panjim's waterfront. It depicts a man towering over a prostrate female, his arms reaching, Dracula-like, down to her, a look of demonic energy on his face. The woman is leaning back on one elbow, eyes and lips half-closed in an expression of pure orgasmic ecstasy. The long-haired gentleman is Goa's historical hero, the Abbe Faria, an eighteenth-century priest-scholar-scientist (he figures in *The Count of Monte Cristo*, in case there are any Dumas fans still around) who was a pioneer of hypnotism and the first man to use it in the treatment of mental illness. The swooning lady represents one of his patients. It seems inevitable that this groovy old magician should preside over Goa's coastline — he is surely the patron saint of the beaches, where, at the height of the head "season" the hypnotic beat of the waves has to compete with the vibrations of rock music across the dunes.

Around the end of last year — at the time of the famous love-in at Calangute, where Eric from Australia distributed 200 tabs of Sunshine to the freaks assembled along the beach — there must have been at least 500 heads up at Calangute, and a hundred or more at Colva. The "season" starts in November, and by the end of February more freaks are splitting than arriving. By mid-March the really hot weather is beginning to set in, and it's time to start moving north toward the Kulu valley, Kashmir, Assam, or Kathmandu.

Apart from the back-to-nature freaks and the economically-minded who prefer to live and sleep on the sands, the style of living at Colva and Calangute is to rent a house from the local folk, usually several sharing out the rooms and rent. Cost per person can amount, this way, to just a few pennies a day. A house can be leased for as little as 80R. per calendar month, though bigger ones will cost around 100 or 120R. a month.

Some houses have electricity, none have running water (there are wells everywhere). They may come with wooden bedsteads and other sticks of furniture, but most are bare walls, tiled or thatched roofs, pressed earth or tiled floors. However, it's easy and cheap to get it together domestically, since all the essential things are very cheap to buy in the nearby markets and bazaars. It's also sensible to do your own cooking at home, especially at Colva where the one restaurant serves terrible food. And at Calangute it's a trip shopping in the local market on Saturday mornings, with the mild bargaining

that etiquette demands. Anyone wanting to sell gear or clothing or any other negotiable possessions before splitting take their things into the market and squat down on a mat among the other sellers.

Each of the two main beaches provide a very different atmosphere. Calangute can be pretty frantic, whereas the smaller community at Colva exists on a quieter basis of house-to-house visiting and party-giving.

Colva Beach is four miles from Margao, a town with a bazaar (famous for its spices) and some good eating places. Margao is on the railway line, and the place you would arrive if you came from India by train. It's a two-hour bus ride south from Panjim. There is a bus service between Margao and the beach, or motorcycles will roar you there in eight minutes for 2R. The beach itself is superb — some thirty miles of smooth crisp white sand backed by dunes and coconut palms. The road from Margao ends at a beach-head boasting a Tourist Hostel and Vincy's Hotel Bar. The hostel accomodates occasional fat Indian holidaymakers *en famille*, and a few western straights. Vincy provides accomodation of a sort, but it must be said that though Vincy is personally a very sweet guy his menu is disastrous. Still, his patio provides the social focus for resident heads, and the evening air there is thick with the smoke of chillums and joints.

Calangute Beach lies about eight miles north of Panjim. It is reached from there by taking the ferryboat across the river to Betim, whence a bus (meandering and infrequent) or a group-taxi at 75 paise ($\frac{3}{4}$ of a rupee) will land you at the village. A large Tourist Hostel dominates the beach-head but the heads living around this part of the beach frequent the Royal "Hotel" nearby on the dunes, where the food is cheap (good shark steak at 2R.) and the Goan manager lugubriously spins good rock and folk all day.

The busiest scene is around the houses rented along the road between the beach-head and the village. From December to February, there were astonishing numbers of record, tape and cassette players in action, hereabouts and all along the beaches. The blast of rock across the dunes or through the palm groves has always been an open invitation to track down the sources and join the company. For those without their own sounds, there have been communal sources. Not only the Royal, with its eternal repetitions of *Let It Bleed* and *Revolver*, but such establishments as Bunny's Place, Bruce's Pancake Stall on the sands, and the Universal Life Church with its Chai-and-Chillum Shop.

In January Bunny from Ireland and his old lady Barbara from England rented a whole house midway between the beach and the village, fixing it up as a restaurant plus smokers-and-sounds room. From the kitchen, Barbara dispensed food at 1 or 2R. a dish, while Bruce presided over the sounds (a collection of 200 or more tapes), and sold dope at friendly prices.

Bruce from Australia opened up his pancake stall on the sand dunes only for a laugh, but before two weeks were over, the hole in the sand had become a lantern-lit, thatched palm-frond stall, and a relay of girls were creating such far-out goodies as banana-and-marmalade pancakes until 2 or 3 in the morning. Drums and guitars under the moon, with a night breeze from the sea and the sound of the surf for good measure . . . They were good nights.

The sign of the Universal Life Church still hangs out by the roadside between Baga and the Calangute crossroads, though the church itself is closed now until the coming winter, when the heads start filtering back again in the wake of the monsoons.

The Church itself is not committed to the idea of "turning the world on", but Mike - the Rev. Michael Randall - is: he presides serenely over a refectory-chapel where statues of the Lord Buddha and Lord Krishna watch over the preparations for the evening meal.

A separate house nearby is reserved for rapping, reading, blowing dope provided by the Church: uppers or downers, whatever the freaks' needs, Mike is there to minister to them. And calm the occasional victim of a bummer or an OD. Only one rule — no fixing.

Each Sunday between December and February the Church put together a love-in on the beach, feeding anything between two and three hundred heads, and turning them on from the Church's own supply of fine Afghani shit. Free acid, too, under mild supervision.

The Great Church Bust took place on January 21st. Mike and his wife Joan were arrested by customs agents near Anjuna Beach, while transferring 22 kilos of hash from a friend's van to their own. The customs crowd that this was the biggest haul of "contraband narcotics" in the history of Goa. It was intended to fight the charge of illegal possession when the case came up, on the grounds of the sacramental function of the seized dope, but Mike and his lawyer discovered that the relevant clause of the Indian Dangerous Drugs Act covered only opiates and processed drugs such as cocaine and they pointed out to the fuzz that hashish is a pure organic substance. The local police chief sent a sample to Delhi for analysis, then after a painful interval had to admit that there was no case to answer under the act. Mike walked out of Panjim Police HQ the following morning, with 22 one-key slabs of hash, a free man. A significant legal victory for smokers everywhere.

Not that the heads around Calangute paid much attention to legal niceties before this unexpected judgment in their favour. Calangute village may well be the first "liberated zone" or India, where you can turn on with impunity in public, passing chillums and joints, and hustling shit and acid, in the sidewalk cafes and cold-drinks stalls, under the very eyes of the listless fuzz. The law-and-order boys in Goa have remained pretty cool about the whole dope scene, reserving their energies hitherto for an occasional big bust (though even here they must be dismayed at the outcome of their most spectacular coup to date). In any case they wouldn't dare come down heavily on the smoking — the heads would simply quit Goa *en masse* and seek more hospitable beaches. Any such exodus would create havoc in the local community which has come to depend on them, from the fishermen who rent their cottages and huts, to the peasants whose little girls go from house to house (or sleeping bag to sleeping bag along the sands) in the mornings, selling

eggs and milk and bread. Not to mention the village tailors, who have learned how to turn out a neat imitation of a pair of Chelsea flared strides. Or the village pharmacist, a decrepit old zombie to whom I would not care to entrust a prescription, but who makes a fortune from the sale of such items as Mandrax, Methedrine, and that terrible cough linctus, Romilar, a bottle of which sparks off a jolting hallucinogenic high, if you can survive the initial nausea, and punishes you with a wicked hangover. Or the cafes along the main strip which offer such exotic dishes as porridge, bacon and scrambled eggs, and spaghetti bolognese.

There remains one hangup. Come the beginning of March, the fuzz start busting for bathing or sunning naked. This sudden clean-up is in anticipation of the start, in April, of the straight Indian tourist scene.

However there are beaches where the fuzz rarely penetrate. Anjuna, an hour's perilous walk around the cliffs, is a perfect little beach, the far end of which is strewn with multicoloured hollow shells that make lovely necklaces or ankle-bracelets. Here, you can wander around the sands as naked as you like — there are no fishermen to offend, and the villagers seldom venture onto the beach.

Around a further headland from Anjuna lies Chappora the most isolated of the beaches. (It can also be reached from inland by a hard road). A dozen or so groups were living in tents up there during December to February, walking or biking into Calangute once a week for supplies. At one period, Chappora became the preferred headquarters of the hard-dope heads, those who are into shooting morphine (there is no heroin around) or speed, snorting coke, smoking opium. These cats used to make it into Calangute village just once a week, for shopping, and maybe to hustle morphine or opium among the freaks, to raise bread for their habit.

Leaving aside the hard-drug fringe activity, it can still be said that the dope scene at Colva and Calangute is fairly fantastic. Travellers arrive from Afghanistan, Kashmir, Nepal during the winter months with satchels full of fine hash, give it away to their friends, sell the rest to raise bread. The price along the beaches is usually agreed to be 1R. per gramme, which is about 12R. per tola (an ancient Indian measure still widely used, though officially superseded by the metric system) — that's to say, roughly \$2.50 or just over £1 per ounce, a price that represents an honest profit of up to 100 per



cent in return for the ingenuity involved in smuggling such huge quantities through national frontiers! Hash is often cut by the manufacturers into one-tola slabs, so to know where it's at when scoring, it's wise to learn to judge a tola-weight of shit visually. And since you may find yourself dealing in grammes as well, and with American heads, ounces, a necessary piece of mathematical lore is the conversion rate between the three. Briefly and approximately: 1 tola = 12 grammes or 3/8 ounces. 100 grammes = 8 1/2 tolas or 3 1/2 ounces. 1 ounce = 2 1/2 tolas or 28 grammes. 1 kilo = 85 tolas or 35 ounces. Simple.

Good grass, is difficult to score locally. So if you like to blow grass as well as hash it's best to bring in your own supply from Bombay, where first-rate Kashmiri ganja costs as little as 1R. 50P. (say 35c. or 3/- an ounce) if you buy in bulk (1 kilo up).

Acid is a bit tricky along the beaches. There is always some around, often a wide variety. The best tends to be dropped among friends, and only enough sold (at \$2 a trip) to cover expenses. But there have also been a number of real bummers, so it's cool not to score except from an impeccable source. Since acid's an easy thing to get sent in it's a sensible idea to arrange your own supplies from your home base, and use what you don't need to barter for shit or whatever else you dig. Remember too, that acid soon loses its potency under tropical conditions.

One way or another, Goa adds up to a far-out experience. You can live in style for less than a dollar a day, if you want to, including all the dope you can blow. From November to March, the sky is blue and the sun hot without being too fierce. The only clouds are those from the smoke of a hundred chillums. A breeze blows in forever from the sea, and around seven every evening the sun repeats its great psychedelic light-show as it sinks beneath the ocean.

Simon Watson Taylor

NOTE: Currency need not be a big hassle if you take reasonable precautions. Decide, before you set out, to what degree you cherish security over profit. India no longer enforces currency controls for foreigners, and unlike the straight tourist who gets 7R. 50P. for his dollar at the bank you will change your bills (notes) or TCs on the fairly blatant black market. In Goa, a dollar will fetch around 12k. 50P. and an American Express Travellers' Check from 10R. to 10R. 50P. In Bombay you can get between 1 and 2R. more in each category. Your pound sterling will fetch 25 to 32R.

If you carry all your funds in cash, your trip is going to be cheaper. But if your wallet is ripped off you're up shit creek, whereas if you are carrying TCs you are automatically insured against loss. It is essential to keep a list of the serial numbers of the checks, in a separate place, and tick them off as you spend them. Then, in case of loss or theft you can get an immediate refund on advising American Express of the numbers of the missing checks. Amazing how many freaks carrying TCs don't take this vital precaution.

Dollars are the most acceptable currency to take with you anywhere in the East (or elsewhere, I suppose). As to the question of cash versus TCs, a good maxim is: "Carry as much cash as you can afford to lose, and the rest in checks".

Keep your passport and money attached to your person: best is a passport-size fabric wallet slung from a strap long enough to pass over one shoulder and under the other arm. When not travelling, keep this wallet *at least* in a locked case in a locked room. If you still get ripped off, it's your karma.

An International Student's Card will make your Indian trip even more incredibly cheap, since it entitles you to travel half-fare on all classes of the Indian railway system and on Indian Airlines (the domestic carrier). This means that you could, to take a couple of random examples, travel the 2,159 kilometres from Bombay to Calcutta by 3rd class for 25R., or fly from Delhi to Kathmandu for 180R. Ordinary 3rd class rail travel can be murderous: always try to travel by night and reserve a 3rd class berth in advance. (If you intend to take a train out of a town, go to the station immediately on arrival to book your reservation. You can book up to twenty days in advance, and it's often impossible to get berths at short notice.)

The inter-city and long-distance bus system is highly developed throughout India: on the whole it's less of a hassle travelling by bus, it's cheaper than 3rd class rail, and often you can reserve your seat in advance.

Hitch-hiking is for tough constitutions only here. But there are often chances of picking up a cheap (or free) lift in some head's van going in your direction. And if you must be repatriated at government expense, and you are British, work it from Madras, where the British consul is particularly amiable and co-operative, rather than from any of the other main cities, where the consular staff are the usual bunch of pricks.

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THE FIRM

M.J. WELLER



SOMEONE SOMEWHERE WANTS A LETTER FROM YOU

Below is the copy of a petition being circulated by journalist Anthony Haden Guest. Copies received at OZ will be forwarded to him for eventual presentation to the Home Secretary. Also two post cards which we urge readers to endorse and dispatch. We can't afford perforated cardboard, so please cut out and post them to: i. Sir John Waldron, Commissioner of Police, New Scotland Yard, Broadway, London SW1. ii. Reginald Maudling, MP, Home Secretary, The Home Office, London SW1. Now sit back and watch pot legalised and the police abolished.

If you agree with the following petition, sign it and send it to OZ.

I, the undersigned, would like to comment on recent events concerning those newspapers and magazines which are customarily referred to as the Underground Press. It is becoming quite apparent that the persistent campaign against these magazines is in fact an attempt from some quarters at their suppression.

These measures emerge as expressions of social and cultural antipathy. Yet the underground media communicate with a large and intelligent public in terms which it recognises, and upon matters which elsewhere it is difficult to find treated except with inaccuracy or sensationalism. Those political and sexual flights of rhetoric which another generation finds so shocking are evaluated by this readership as coolly as the readership evaluates the rhetoric of other, older media.

I feel that this undeclared war against important aspects of the youth culture is based on fear and, principally, on ignorance. It is further clear that any such campaign will find that time is against it, and it can only help provoke that climate of extremism in which other fundamental — and once traditional — freedoms are increasingly liable to erosion. The persecution of OZ, International Times and Frenz, and many of the provincial papers can only promote that very situation which one must charitably assume it is intended to avoid.

As further indication of support I have posted your card to:

The Commissioner of Police

The Home Secretary

Name Address

To Sir John Waldron, Commissioner of Police

- Over the past year, I have been unnecessarily searchedtimes by police exerting their authority under the Dangerous Drugs Act.
- I have at some time appeared before a court and the police have falsified evidence against me.
- I am black; live in a predominantly black area and myself and my friends are continually pestered by police.
- To escape a prosecution I have bribed police.
- I have a social conscience. Every time I express this publicly in the form of a demonstration etc., the police interfere by misapplying trivial or archaic ordinances designed for entirely different purposes.
- I sell underground magazines. Police have applied pressure to discourage me from stocking them.
- I am a homosexual. In public places police provocateurs have made attempts to trap me into soliciting them.
- On the condition that I am approached by an organisation independent of the police, such as the National Council for Civil Liberties, Release or BIT, I am prepared to substantiate either one or more of the above statements.

Name Address

Dear Mr. Maudling,

Either produce clear and undisputed evidence that cannabis and/or LSD are more harmful than alcohol, nicotine or barbituates or stop putting people in gaol. Nearly everyone I know uses soft drugs. It is still true that "the law against marijuana is immoral in principle and unworkable in practice"

All laws against obscenity and pornography should be repealed. Since their abolition in Denmark the result on the community has been beneficial, that is why Sweden followed suit. Even the Obscenity Commission appointed by US Congress could discover no reason why such laws should be retained. Nowadays obscenity laws are used only to stifle free speech, and to provide a bandwagon for the sexually repressed.

Yours sincerely, _____



SMALLS

Young lady amateur photographer has for sale stag films and photos for free, yes FREE. Details - send sae only to: Miss V Phillips, Dept 'O' (Box 604), High Road, Chiswick, London, W 4

Are You Adventurous? If so, you must not miss this chance to make exciting new friends of the opposite sex in a revolutionary way. Free details from: SIM (OZ/8), Braemar House, Queens Road, Reading.

A new bookshop in W 2! Hardbacks/paperbacks/comics/mags/posters. We also have the biggest selection of Science Fiction/fantasy in England: US imports/pulps/first editions/scarcie comics - countless rare items. 10 am-7pm every day. Bookends, 23a Chestow Mansions, Chestow Place, London W2 4XA (01-229 3361) Lists sent on request.

Floyd Followers, play the title track of 'A Saucerful of Secrets' in a semi-darkened room, and/or use strobe/stimulus/whatever/nothing and write down instant impressions. Box 4 (36)

Nude Boys and Men, all types, sizes and shapes. Largest selection of Male Nude photo magazines in the USA. Send for FREE illustrated brochure. Rainbow Studio - OZ, Box 46544, Hollywood, California 90046.

The Electronic Ear, range 1/4 mile through walls etc. Made cheaply, easily. Instruction - 50p p.p. to Gadoneix, 24 Cranbourne Street, London, W C 2

Large buxom girls. Full nudes for the adult artist, £1 set. Nylon Stocking poses £1, Strip tease set £1. Sae list: Miss Maxine, 466a Hoe Street, Leyton, E 10.

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Underground Craftsmen and Producers interested in co-operating to sell and distribute goods please contact Dave at 01 - 836 0550.

Lady's Battery Massager 7" long, 1 1/4" thick, round, invigorating, scarce items. End frustration, frigidity etc. £1.50 post free to Gadoneix, 24 Cranbourne St., London, W C 2

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Model Couple M/F available duo photo modelling. London area. Box 3 (36)

Looking for a room, derelict, shop or something? Bread, information and help of any sort? Contact Alnag, C/o 26 Pelham Grove, Liverpool L17 8XD (051 - 727 1188)

Informer 9 is now in your local bookshop. The Dog, Print Mint, Turret etc. If not YOUR local, send 28p to Circle Books, 16 Davenant Road, Oxford. Also available, Image 14, (mind-poem poster, Keith Armstrong, 10p each, £1 p.a.)

Wanted for gentle Lulie - boys under 17 for seaside walks, trips to London and balling. Box 2 (36)

Yeah, Miss chauffeur big bang or me eagle in me tree o' bird on o' wave. C'est lava. Box 99.

Severely disabled male student at Reading University needs full time helper (preferably female). From late September until July 1972. £350 p.a. plus board and lodging. Write: J H Williams, 16 Northcourt Avenue, Rad RG7 2HA.

Please Help our plans to provide free accommodation to travellers abroad. Free details, Ray O, 12 Crosby Avenue, Worsley, Manchester.

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Young man, 22, intelligent, seeks mutual relationship with mature woman 35 onwards. Box 1 (36)

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UNDER NEW NEW MANAGEMENT



HERE COME DE JUDGE

their famous *Forcible Entries Act of 1381* to prosecute you with a few 15th century modifications) and if you've nowhere to stay it's illegal to sleep around CATCH 22 is the vagrancy law. The best bet is to make yourself invisible, and hope they don't prosecute under "wilful deception and fraud".

The glorious history of British justice has shown a marvellous consistency in depicting poverty as crime, and exploitation as the rewarding process of entrepreneurial genius, more often known as trampling on your friends and kicking shit out of all the rest. Hence to this day the state prosecutes people for being poor "failure to maintain yourself". (*Social Security Act 1966*) To have a comb in the wrong place is to have an offensive weapon, to have lice gets you nicked under the *Public Health Act*. The idea of the law is that you can't win.

The law is nothing if not mind-bendingly comprehensive. There's a piece of statute for almost every occasion on which obscene and depraved minds stalk the streets of sin, sending outraged shudders down 70 year old spines.

The law says you can't stay too long in a public place looking gay, can't blow your mind, re-adjust your head or urinate when anybody's looking (except in public conveniences which may not be very convenient when they're locked up by midnight). (*Sexual Offences Act, Abuses of Drugs Act, Causing a Public Nuisance Act.*) You're banned from standing around outside your lover's window — "loitering with obvious and wilful intent" to harm the virginity of a young maiden, you're not allowed to fuck with beautiful girls under age no matter how willing and eager, and even carved erotic chess-pieces are not safe from the long arm of the law. It is illegal to have a roof over your head without paying for it like the squatters, (and they dig up

If you're not already guilty of the above, you soon become guilty by laughing at the law. Here comes the judge, and if you dare to criticize his lordship mafia in ermine, he can do you for contempt of court, (whether your criticism is justified or not!) It is forbidden to laugh at the bench, scream at the jury, or take your clothes off. You're not allowed to waste police time (*Criminal Justice Act 1967*), although no time limits are set on how many years of the public's time piggies can waste. You shouldn't fuck on Sunday because the *Lords Day Observance Act* might be used against you, and you mustn't sit in a church and open your mouth when Harold Wilson is reading the sermon, because two people did this and were rewarded with 6 months imprisonment for their contravention of the *Blasphemous Practices Act*. A mass love-in and anything else that can freak the authorities into a state of nervous exhaustion is "a conspiracy to effect a public mischief".

Whether these crazy artifices are applied depends on the whims of such wise people as Station-Sergeants, CID chiefs and the Director of Public Prosecutions, (supreme legal organ of the state). If it's a bad year for profits we may all get prosecution; if it's a good year for strikes we may all end up in nick.

Such however is the skill of legal brains that 90% of the actions of the ruling bastards to steal the wealth from the workers is law, and 90% of the actions of the workers to expropriate that wealth back again are illegal — including strikes under the *Industrial Relations Bill*. However, just in case we nurse any grievances against our masters, we are promised a fair trial.

It's nice to know the judge takes such an interest in you, that he reads a special Scotland Yard report, not only on your previous convictions, but on just about everything the pigs suspect you of from forgery to fornication. Luckily "judges are not corruptible" like juries, and will not allow this information to prejudice them in any way. E.S. Turner in his book *May It Please Your Lordship* makes it clear that judges are a remarkable breed of tyrants who only once stood for justice, when hanging from oak trees in Epping Forest, after peasant lynchings.

Political firebrands often reminded the bench that King Alfred had the right idea about judges (if nothing else) — he hanged 44 judges in one year for various errors. If the present judges were treated this way a lot of wigs would be on their way to the grave, and all their pompous bullshit with them. 1381 was a year of special celebration, a judge's head, that of Sir John de Cavendish, was carried on a pike through Bury St. Edmunds during the Peasants' Revolt. Wat Tyler, well-known member of the Angry Brigade showed a special hatred of the legal profession resulting in communiqué 9 to Judge Melford Stevenson (of Cambridge riot fame). It said "We're getting closer . . . you're next . . ."

Historically most judges have declared torture to be illegal. Torture continued to be a popular method of extracting information just the same, and judges showed no interest when the victims shrieked in front of

them. This tradition of leaving civil liberties to the discretion of the police force continues to this day, even if in a somewhat mitigated form. Now it is random interrogation without charges, illegal detention in custody, a blase thrusting aside of the bare minimum of "Judges' Rules" and still the same discreet silence from the bastards who made the rules — the Judges. Nine tenths of law is repression — this is rigorously enforced, every judge sees to that. The one tenth of law is concerned with our liberty — in practice these administrative rules and laws get so hopelessly and conveniently neglected, that even our proudest claim to fairness "Habeas Corpus" is about as alive as a Dodo (about 3 applications have succeeded in the last 20 years.) You're innocent until you're proven guilty, but you may spend six months rotting away in jail in the meanwhile trying to prove it, which puts you at some disadvantage from the point of view of contacting witnesses. Even the magistrates treat the subject of bail with the same concern of a judge sentencing the guilty. The discretion of the bench is an invitation to tyranny — they usually accept it with sadistic enthusiasm.

Who then are the guilty? Who are the criminals? If the crime of the capitalist, in stealing 48 hours of time and energy from each worker each week is democratically accepted "by a jury of 12 men" good and truly ignorant and middle class, then that crime is law, and the law is the crime, and so they convict the victims of industrial oppression: of wrecking machinery, sabotaging the plant, and burning down the whole miserable place. Respectable society screams for vengeance in the name of the law, and calls it malicious damage, sabotage and arson. It's subversion of law and order.

Bourgeois laws allow headmasters to terrorise schoolkids with beatings and violence, yet persecute the Underground for infiltrating young minds filled with fear. In spite of the alphabet of law and order taught in every school "we teach you nothing until you learn to obey everything"

the kids are pretty keen to cling to their secret treasures — OZ, IT and other mind-boggling alternatives to dull grey school text books. Anarchy and love are universally more popular than fear and discipline — the law is the law of King Canute and it was King Canute who busted the Little Red School Book. The law will continue to punish us with its sadistic desire to make us suffer but it will never stop us from being the people our parents warned us against.

Vicious criminals seldom get caught because they are either hiding behind legal robes or like the Kray brothers they set up a deal with Scotland Yard, a gentleman's agreement to play the game and keep each others' secrets secret. In Italy the name of the game in Mafia and it's rampant. In England the game calls for extra care, no publicity, no mistakes. If the gang blunders Scotland Yard then is forced to act after years of happy lethargy and splendid rake-offs. The Krays and the Richardson gangs finally goofed — after a decade of being kings of the underworld in the East End unmolested by Scotland Yard. The pigs were finally forced to go hunt their partners in crime, owing to a certain over-exposure of underworld blunders. Scotland Yard always covers its tracks a bit more smartly than the other gangs, and they're not above prosecuting a few selected victims in order to preserve the good name

of the police force. (Note: all recent prosecutions of policemen are ones of junior rank.)



Rather than go for real gangsters the police are more likely to satisfy their authority trip by taking it out on the Steven McCarthys and the David Oluwales. David Oluwale a Nigerian vagrant, workless and black — enough to provoke any pig; Steven McCarthy the Borstal boy who ran away into the custody of a bus-stop with a little help from two Islington PCs. Two individuals — people without influence, power or viciousness, two people the system hates — TWO DEATHS JUSTIFIED IN PIG LAW.

Pigs are sexually repressed, politically ignorant, psychologically stunted persons who do a very good job of being automations of state repression. That's their job. Judges are a much more intelligent version of the same profession; they clothe their bestial judgements in a multitude of legal niceties, and centuries of barbaric precedents. Legal protocol can sometimes camouflage the monster beneath the wig. The film *Investigation of the Citizen Above Suspicion* shows us just how cellophane the legal wrapping is — the head of homicide squad in Rome who regards all women as either virgins or whores, kills a whore because she dares to tell Mr Big the truth — "you are sexually inadequate". The pig's blood runs hot, he strangles her. The perfect murder by the man

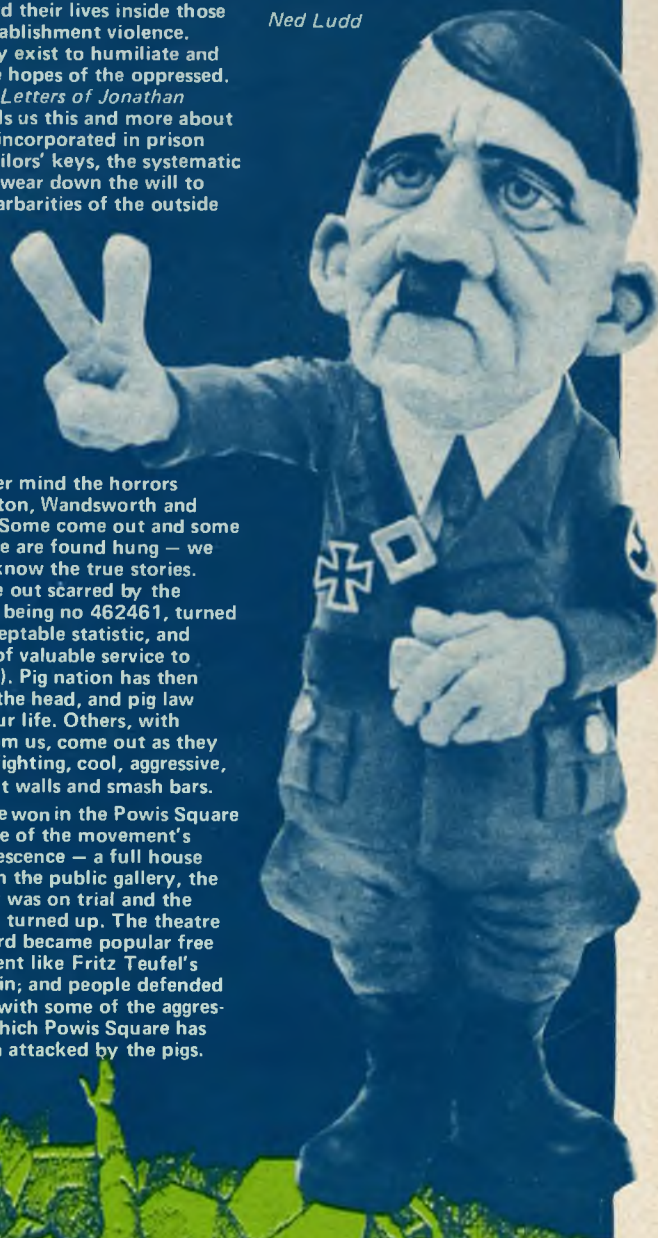
who hunts murderers. Pigs are more likely to attack people than property, more likely to rape than make love, more likely to assault than steal. And nobody suspects Mr Big because the chief of homicide squad is above suspicion.

They can do whatever they want to against Jonathan Jackson and his Soledad brothers until we guard our brothers and sisters lives in the courtroom with the same vigilance as the screws guard their lives inside those walls of establishment violence. Prisons only exist to humiliate and degrade the hopes of the oppressed. *The Prison Letters of Jonathan Jackson* tells us this and more about the hatred incorporated in prison bars, and jailors' keys, the systematic attempt to wear down the will to resist the barbarities of the outside

Freaks, deviants, delinquents, criminal elements, even lawyers got it together to wipe Edgware Road with the red-faced arses of humiliated pigs, who were incredibly glad to get out of the witness box. OZ at the Old Bailey has to cause Detective Inspector Bluff the same diarrhoea. And we have to be there to make sure people's justice triumphs and the judge goes home weeping for the last copy of the latest OZ.

Ned Ludd

world, never mind the horrors inside Brixton, Wandsworth and Parkhurst. Some come out and some don't. Some are found hung — we will never know the true stories. Some come out scarred by the violence of being no 462461, turned into an acceptable statistic, and thereafter of valuable service to society (sic). Pig nation has then infiltrated the head, and pig law governs your life. Others, with support from us, come out as they went in — fighting, cool, aggressive, ready to eat walls and smash bars. The defence won in the Powis Square trial because of the movement's physical presence — a full house every day in the public gallery, the community was on trial and the community turned up. The theatre of the absurd became popular free entertainment like Fritz Teufel's trial in Berlin; and people defended themselves with some of the aggression with which Powis Square has always been attacked by the pigs.



SPIKE



No Room At The Inns
Thursday, 14 June, 4 days
before the OZ trial.

Any profession which closes ranks to sanctify an acknowledged sadist, must be corrupt to the core; and the judiciary's fulsome tributes to that mad hangman, the (fortunately) late Lord Goddard is an indication of the morality prevailing at the Inns. The defenders of Goddard rest their case on the expansiveness of his demeanour at the Club fire-side. None of these illustrious eulogists expressed concern for the very thing the law is supposed to be about — people — the people who had suffered at His Lordship's merciless hands.

But of course members of the profession eachew professional contact with all but their own kind — one reason why training for the Bar in this country has for years been an international scandal. Few barristers have ever moved in even the protected Society of a university. Instead, they are confined to the Inns of Court, where attention is paid mainly to rote recall of dusty precedents and after dinner etiquette.

Unlike lawyers in the U.S.,

there is no compulsory nurturing in other disciplines and no incentive for a barrister to mix with any but his own class. For British lawyers, 'the people' are nothing more than indexes in text books. Barristers and Q.C.'s are sealed hermetically from their clients by antique rigmarole and can relate to them only through solicitors (of whom of this breed there are only about half a dozen in London qualified to handle druggie/politico cases).

Some at the Bar joke about this antediluvian absurdity, but are too career obsessed to initiate changes. (At least a trickle of students, appalled by this complacency, have fired the first shots with an irregular newspaper, Ass)

The above remarks, which are not particularly original, are vividly confirmed by the experiences of myself, Jim Anderson and Felix Dennis in attempting to obtain appropriate representation for next week's OZ trial. The date of the case has been fixed at the Old Bailey since April. Tom Williams Q.C. accepted a brief on our behalf over two months ago. We have had with him three ponderous but pleasant conferences. One week before the case he becomes unexpectedly involved in another matter. The brief is returned. ("This has never occurred before in all our experience", say our solicitors.)

Basil Wigoder Q.C. is hastily contacted, noted for his spirited defence of Rudi Dutschke, Jonathan Aitkin and the Cambridge demo students. He accepts the brief. This afternoon a frank and productive conference occurs in his Chambers and another one is set for Sunday night. One hour later, Wigoder phones and withdraws the brief, with no convincing explanation. Twice jilted. Maybe it's our bad breath.

In relation to the OZ trials these are not the only instances of panic at the Bar. Both the legal advisors of Time Out and IT have suppressed previews of the case with a thoroughness

beyond the technicalities of subjudice. What's going on? In a few days the three of us will be required to present a case at the Old Bailey in which it would have been much easier to have obtained legal representation, if we had been crazed psychopaths.

Richard Neville

The lush 1971 edition of Fire, England's answer to Avant Garde and veteran UPS member, is now available (7/6 at your local book shop). The article on Paranoia is almost as interesting as that on Dialect Theory and the Sema which appeared in Fire No. 1 and which is reprinted in part with an introduction by Jean Lewis (in Page 4 of this OZ).



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Thanks also to everyone who has helped with benefits and various preparations for the OZ Old Bailey Case.

Artists, photographers, cartoonists and illustrators should submit contributions to Jim Anderson, c/o OZ at Wormwood Scrubs.

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Clap Your Hands If You Believe In Fairies



This photograph of Frances and the Leaping Fairy was taken in August 1920 at Cottingley, near Bradford. S.J. Saunders, who sent it in, notes that the negative was subjected to searching tests and pronounced genuine. So there.

Correspondence With A Pie Factory

From Private Eye

Dear Lord Gnome,

A few years ago when I was a student I worked for six weeks at Walls Hayes pie factory making the Steak & Kidney variety, in company with a dozen Irish students and about 200 Pakistanis.

I spent many an edifying hour grinding up pigs lungs for the Steak & Kidney pies, and I believe that their weight equalled that of the beef part. The beef was of the lowest grade, and about 50% fat. The pie's filling was lovingly assembled from half a dozen assorted bags of carefully weighed chemicals, the meat and lungs were finely ground, and added as was the kidney (of which a content of 2% was mentioned by a Quality Control (?) man. The key of course lies in the fine grinding of the meat, and the selection of medical consultants and flammings. The final touch is added when all the damaged pies from yesterday's production which are too bad to sell as catering pies are finely ground and added to

the filling as meat. In theory therefore there must be one or two micro-grammes of pie which have been going round for years. The above mix was used for the little 1s pies as they were then, and for the Drings family pie (made in the same place). The Walls Family pie had more recognisable chunks of meat, and was sold at a higher price.

When the little pies were made by a machine which is now superseded the pastry trimmings were dropped onto a conveyor, whence they dropped into a tin, to be rerolled out. Unfortunately the tin was too small, and I was given the job of lifting the trimmings into the compressing machine. At the end of ten minutes I was standing on a carpet of pastry, which the charge-hand told me to shovel up, and return to the mix.

Richard Bristow

Dear Sir,

As a regular consumer of Walls pies I was horrified to read in the current issue of Private Eye, (this letter is a copy of which I enclose) detailing

what goes on in a Walls pie factory.

The letter has made me feel physically ill and at the moment I am unable to even consider buying or eating a Walls steak and Kidney pie again. I am writing to have your assurance that there is no truth whatsoever in the allegations made in this letter. To set my mind (and stomach) at rest, I would be grateful if you could detail for me just what the ingredients of a Walls steak and kidney pie are, and what steps you take to ensure that pigs lungs, stale food and such items as pastry trimmings do not get re-circulated as pie filling.

Yours sincerely,
J. Anderson.

Dear Mr Anderson,

Thank you for your letter of 30th 4th, and the extract from 'Private Eye'.

I was astonished and greatly concerned at the long list of inaccurate statements that have been made, and can rightly understand your reaction.

I hope you will appreciate that it is contrary to company policy to supply details of our recipes and

processes, because of competitive security, but may I reassure you about the quality and freshness of this pie and, indeed, of Walls products.

You may not be aware that there are precise regulations covering meat pies, which determine quality, quantity and types of meat to be used. Such regulations ensure that good quality wholesome and fresh products are produced and, quite naturally, we observe these regulations, and, in many cases, operate on higher standards.

Much attention is given throughout the whole of production to ensure the freshness of ingredients and constant checks are made by highly qualified Quality Control and Laboratory staff at each factory.

I hope this letter will reassure you about the quality of our pies and, for that matter, any of Walls products and that we shall continue to enjoy your custom.

Yours sincerely,
L.G. Lelliot
Marketing Director,
T. Wall and Sons (Meat and Handy Foods Ltd.)

It's like talking to a brick Walls



For those of you who thought that the White Panthers were no more than Mick Farren and the IT crew, you should have a look at Chapter, a magazine produced by the Abbey Wood Chapter White Panthers. 10p for everything from Frank Brothers to gutsy community news and information. 18 Openshaw Road, Abbey Wood, London SE2.

STYNG, Yorkshire's Alternative Newspaper is being considered by the DPP for obscenity (it upsets local heavies. Meanwhile Styng No 2 with another shattering adventure from Wonder War Hog, the super pig, is on sale and stirring Barnsley and the North from its long sleep. If you want to get in touch with one of the best Underground papers to appear for a long time, write to Styng, 12 Regent Street South, Barnsley, Yorkshire.

Anyone interested in a festival of the streets, August 1st to 7th, contact The Axis Experimental Poetry Theatre, 6a Hunters Lane, Rochdale, Lancashire. The Axis Alternative Festival is being organised to coincide with Rochdale Town Council's official fuddy duddy boring arts festival.

The OZ mail order department received a visit from a young man in anorak and slacks, short back and sides a few days ago. He bought two Rupert Bear T-shirts (large size) and paid for them by cheque. On the back he gave his name and address - J. Hogg, Bow Street Police Station,

Community Head Service

We offer advice, love, coffee, food, some crash pads, a Release Service, bands to roadies, cheap removals and suitcases, cheap suits and leather goods, most alternative press publications, help and promotions, labour forces and maybe a bit of bread.

Our purpose is to help create an alternative society in Portsmouth. We are trying to set up a free press, community centres, cheap food, and clothes shops, shops for real cheap cheap goodies, transport at real cheap prices, cheap cafes and food halls, community information centres, legal aid, medical aid, cheap rounds and concerts, and much much more.

We really do need, love, ideas, help, workers, stans, coupons, bread, old clothes, materials, junk, but mainly we need a revolution.

Write, come round or phone (installed when we have some bread) or just send us your thoughts.

Love, peace, and our kindest thoughts,
Mark, Mick, Mac, Bob, Kev, Wayne, Christain, Jill, and our many friends and helpers to whom we are indebted.
Head Community Service and Promotions, 18 Derby Road, North End, Portsmouth, Hants.

WHYER SAY TWITS GONE ALL ALISSOFT IN CRJ/KALY

I know you
yer lay lie that whit yer leg open
an yer finger in yer mouth watching my hair
fly around the place
and then when yer feet are going faster
yer grind yer hips and let out a few moans
and then at the very last
you scream
just to fuck me up
before you talked about what you dug
and when I pushed you head down to my thighs
you shuddered and told me that yer middle class
upbringing would not allow you
to commit fellatio

Barry Fitton

Digger Action Movement

It's almost a year now (29th June) since we set up the Tribe on the Island of Dorinish in Clue Bay, co. Mayo, Eire, loaned us by John Lennon. The fact that we are still there is amazing as we set off at the end of last summer with almost no money and tents as our only means of shelter. Everyone said we could not last the winter and at times we doubted our own sanity. Constant rain, high winds up to 100 mph, had us so fucking scared stiff that we spent most of the time praying.

From the start it was clear that freedom does not work if you get a piece of land and put people on it, but after getting a tradition of working and working out of problems, you find that there is no need for rules and that tradition is a much nicer way of doing things.

We believed from the start that our land is free to all who want to live our way of life, and out hope is always to get more land before we become overcrowded. Islands are wonderful places to live, peaceful and free from most official pressure. Because it is difficult to get to, people have to be really interested to make the effort.

In our first year we have built a store building (not yet completed), dug six wells, planted five fields and got our crops growing, built our own type of tom that can withstand high winds and got the harbour half done.

In order to carry on and become self-supporting which could take one or two more years, we are making our second appeal for bread - the first was to help us set up a year ago. We need money for stronger accommodation, a more seaworthy boat, supplies for next winter (our own vegetables won't be enough), and animals.

Anyone interested in the future of communes please send us money or other things of use. If our Tribe fails it will make it so much harder for you yourselves or other groups to get support. Our success will add strength to all.

Love, peace and goodwill,
Tribe of the Sun, Sid Rawle

Donations: cheques and P.O.s crossed, and made out to Mrs Richardson, c/o Digger Action Movement, 66 Spring Grove Cres., Hounslow, Middlesex.

A draft charter of children's rights

The following are taken from "A Draft Charter Of Children's rights" the full text of which can be obtained free from ACE, 32 Trumpington Street, Cambridge.

All children have the special right of shelter or protection from logical or social exploitation by adults, or those in authority, during their vulnerable years of transition from infancy to maturity. They shall be protected from the danger of harming themselves through ignorance or lack of experience and foresight.

All succeeding paragraphs must be read in the light of this principle.

(i) all children have the right to protection from, and compensation for, the consequences of any inadequacies in their homes and backgrounds.

(ii) children have the right to protection from any excessive discipline or punishment on them by their parents or others in authority over them. No one shall have the power to infringe a child's rights.

(iii) children have the right to freedom from religious or political indoctrination.

(iv) no child shall be discriminated against by any person or authority on whatever grounds, including race, sex, religion, ability or any other physical or mental characteristic over which the child has no control.



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(v) all children are entitled to freedom of association both within school and outside.

(vi) children have a right to freedom of expression, both written and verbal. They have the right to publish their opinions on any matter whatsoever.

(vii) children shall have freedom of access to suitably trained and appointed people to whom they can take complaints and grievances. They shall have the freedom to make complaints about teachers, parents and others, without fear of reprisal.

(viii) children have a right to exercise choice in the school curriculum. Such choice should grow as the child matures.

(ix) a child's personal appearance is his own and his family's concern. No child shall be deprived of any right or benefit as a consequence of his mode of dress, style of hair, make-up or any other aspect of dress or appearance.

(x) children shall have freedom of movement.

(xi) every child shall have the freedom to play a full part in his choice of school.

(xii) children shall have freedom from physical assault, whether under the guise of punishment or in any other form. No person shall have the right to subject a child to such punishment as is intended to mentally or physically humiliate the child, or to reduce his self-respect.

(xiii) children have the right to privacy of person and thought.

(xiv) children have the right to engage in paid employment appropriate to their years. But no person shall have the right to compel a child to enter employment against his will.

(xv) children have the right, at the appropriate age, to such knowledge as is necessary to understand the society in which they live. This shall include knowledge of sex, contraception, religion, drugs including alcohol and tobacco, and other problems which openly confront every growing child.



Earlier this year two Americans, Izak Haber and girlfriend Lynn Borman arrived at the OZ office bearing a gift from Abbie Hoffman — the manuscript of *Steal This Book* a sequel to *Woodstock Nation*. As tall as his girlfriend is tiny, Izak, with frizzed hair and speedy conversation style, is a walking parody of Hoffman. His name was familiar from a feature in *Time* magazine on Movement literature which credited him with co-writing *Steal This Book*.

After some months in Europe and India, Izak returned to London and delivered to us the manuscript of another book on which he had been working, and which he claimed contained the full true story of his partnership with Hoffman. At this time *Steal*

This Book was being extracted in *Ramparts* magazine (attributed solely to Abbie) and being extensively advertised and marketed in the underground press. On the title page of *Steal This Book* appears a discreet acknowledgement of Izak as "co-conspirator", with his name mis-spelt. What follows is a brutally condensed account of how that book came to be written.

It is not pleasant to be publishing a meaty attack on Abbie Hoffman when in this country his detractors are more vocal than supporters and, more specifically, as he has been a good friend to this magazine. However, the iconoclasm of the underground press must not be confined to establishment targets. A decision not to have

revealed Izak Haber's story would have been quite rightly construed as corruption. What follows should not blind readers to Hoffman's dazzling achievements. That dedicated collective of bomb-throwers, Frenzd, recently exclaimed that Hoffman was not a revolutionary. "He is unimportant. Unlike the Weathermen . . ." Forgetting, typically, that the Weathermen, like the Panthers, have pulled in their horns; their major achievement being not winning community support, but alienating it.

Since his Academy Award of Protest for his role in the Chicago Festival of Life, Hoff-

man has continued spearheading confrontation politics, recently being caged in a Washington police camp with a broken nose. Undeterred by the mounting indictments, Hoffman has currently slid into the shoes of Tokyo Rose and is collaborating with the 'enemy' by organising radio tapes to be broadcast from Hanoi, beamed at US servicemen

Despite his sceptical reception by English typewriter rhetoricians, Hoffman worked round the clock on his brief visit here, extended support and encouragement to many groups and attempting (unsuccessfully) to co-ordinate international co-operation for Mayday assaults on world capitals. This version of a partnership which failed in no way invalidates the considerable impact of YIPPIE Abbie Hoffman on a nation's consciousness.

HOW ABBIE HOFFMAN STOLE 'STEAL THIS BOOK'

In this feature, each separate extract is indicated by a colour change. Read copy accordingly.



**steal
this
book**



Extracts from *Steak This Book*
 "by Abbie Hoffman", published
 by Pirate Editors, 640 Broad-
 way, New York, NY 10012.
 "Dedicated to Jerry Letcourt -
 lawyer and brother."

Monkey Warfare

If you like Halloween, you'll love monkey warfare. It's ideal for people uptight about guns, bombs and other children's toys, and allows for imaginative forms of protesting, many of which will become myth, hence duplicated and enlarged upon. A syringe (minus the needle) or a cooking baster can be filled with a dilute solution of epoxy glue. Get the two tubes in a hardware store and squeeze into a small bottle of rubbing alcohol. Shake real good and pour into the baster or syringe. You have about thirty minutes before the mixture gets too hard to use. Go after locks, parking meters, and telephones. You can fuck up the companies that use IBM cards by buying a cheap punch or using an Exacto knife and cutting an extra hole in the card before you return it with your payment. By the way, when you return payments always pay a few cents under or over. The company has to send you a credit or another bill and it screws up their bookkeeping system. Remember, always bend, fold, staple or otherwise mutilate the card. By the way, if you ever find yourself in a computer room during a strike, you might want to fuck up the school records. You can do this by passing a large magnet or portable electro-magnet rapidly back and forth across the reels of tape, thus erasing them. And don't miss the tour of the IBM plant, either.



Another good bit is to rent a safe deposit box (only about \$7.00 a year) in a bank using a phony name. They usually only need a signature and don't ask for identification. When you get a box, deposit a good size dead fish inside the deposit box, close it up and return it to its proper niche. From then on forget about it. Now think about it in a few months there is going to be a hell-of-a-smell from your small investment. It's going to be almost impossible to trace and besides, they can never open the box without your permission. Since you don't exist, they'll have no alternative but to move away. Invest in the Stank of Amerika savings program. Just check out Lake Erie and you'll see saving fish isn't such a dumb idea. If you get caught, tell them you inherited the fish from your grandmother and it has sentimental value.

Government Publications

One of the best ways to receive records and books free is to invest twenty dollars and print up some stationery with an artistic logo for some non-existent publication. Write to all the public relations departments of record companies, publishing houses, and movie studios. Say you are a newspaper with a large youth readership and have regular reviews of books, or records, or movies, and would like to be placed on their mailing list. Say that you would be glad to send them any reviews of their records that appear in the paper. That adds a note of authenticity to the letter. After a month or so you'll be receiving more records and books than you can use. If you really want a book badly enough, follow the title of this one - Dig!

People's Chemistry Stink Bomb

You can purchase buteric acid at any chemical supply store for "laboratory experiments." It can be thrown or poured directly in an area you think already stinks. A small bottle can be left uncapped behind a door that opens into the target room. When a person enters they will knock over the bottle, spilling the liquid. Called a "Froines," by those in the know, an ounce of buteric acid can go a long way. Be careful not to get any on your clothing. A home-made stink bomb can be made by mixing a batch of egg whites, Drano, (sodium hydroxide) and water. Let the mixture sit for a few days in a capped bottle before using.

"Hey, man, Abbie Hoffman is coming to town to speak tomorrow." I looked up and was handed a leaflet by some young dude who was wearing Yippie buttons all over his army fatigue jacket. "He's going to speak tomorrow at Provo Park at noon. Be there. Abbie's far fucking out!" I continued walking up Telegraph Avenue, slowly reading the leaflet. I read of Abbie coming to Berkeley, December 16, 1969.

I quickly went home and showed my girlfriend, Lynn, the leaflet. I also started calling up all my friends to tell them to definitely be there. None of my friends dug Abbie too tough. They were reading Marcuse and swore by him. They thought Abbie's politics were inconsistent and sloppy. It wasn't so much they thought Abbie's politics were bad as much as they thought Marcuse was the reincarnation of Karl Marx, and well you know, who's Abbie next to Karl Marx. I would argue vehemently in defense of street people, hippies, Yippies, beatniks, youth culture, and became known, in small Berkeley political circles, as a Yippie.

On Sunday, Lynn and I got up early. I always attend all political gatherings early so as to get a flowing attitude towards it. I would wander through the crowd looking and listening to the people. I saw faces which attended every leftist gathering. I would play games with myself picking out the P.L.Pers (Progressive Labor Party), Maoist, bleeding liberals, Yippies, and on-lookers among the crowd. Strolling among the people and picking up the latest leaflets announcing new demonstrations, solidarity marches, lectures, and the latest analysis on Womens Liberation. At noon, Abbie still hadn't come. The crowd swelled to a thousand. Lynn and I positioned ourselves next to the speaker's platform which stood behind a dead fountain in the northwest corner of the Park.



PAUL BRILEY

At 12.45, Abbie arrived. He jumped on stage and quickly grabbed the microphone. The crowd pushed forward to get a better look. Abbie screamed into the microphone "Yippie!", and then proceeded to scold the Berkeleyites. "What's the fuck wrong with you. All of Berkeley should be burned down. I attended this School of Advanced Toilet Training. I had a friend who was a physics major and one day he walked to the Golden Gate Bridge and set his movie camera on a tripod and put it on automatic. He then wrote out a note describing his alienation and jumped off the bridge. When they dragged him out he had on this grin. They call it a Shit Eating Grin, and all people who commit suicide have this grin. It baffles science." The crowd tittered and crowed like hysterical Moroccan women. He had control of the crowd and threw his punchlines in like a master boxer. He spoke for an hour mostly about his trial and his favourite comedian, Judge Hoffman. I felt like I was in a nightclub. People all around having a good time; gaily laughing at a good comic.

Abbie wore Windsor boots, brown corduroy pants, and a red pattern over gray flannel shirt with a brown suede fringed jacket. As he spoke, he danced. He would rotate around the microphone, artfully doing side steps. He would smile and laugh along with the crowd. His head covered with black wispy hair glowed crimson. It was a bright sunny day and Abbie felt good. He made the crowd feel good. I suspect that he was on acid. He would generate spurts of energy, and shout into the microphone about how Berkeley, the vanguard center of revolution in America, hadn't done shit in years. He would hesitate and explain how we must become serious revolutionaries as this was a fascist country that wouldn't hesitate to kill its own children. He then went into an imitation of an elderly, Seven Day Adventist woman: "Son, if you don't like it here, why don't you leave?" He stepped closer to the microphone, grabbed some breath and shouted, "I told her I already left, I'm an Orphan of America." It was over. The Right On and Power to the People approvals were shouted by the crowd.

I immediately jumped on the stage and grabbed Abbie, - "Abbie, I read your latest book, *Woodstock Nation*, and you tell of knowing how to go around the world for \$88.00. How?" He lifted his head up, cocked it to one side and coughed up, "You should know that." "I know, but I don't." "Don't I know you from somewhere?" "We've met a few times on the streets of the Lower East Side." "Look, my head is really buzzing. Go ask Linda Morse, she knows."

I said thanks and went looking for Linda. "Linda, Linda, Abbie says you know how to get around the world for \$88.00." "Yes well I used to know but can't remember all the details. Look, write me in care of the Conspiracy in Chicago and if I find out all the details, I'll write you back." "O.K. Thanks."

THE LETTERS



Six days later, after taking a shit, I got an idea. I thought about how the Movement was still an intellectual one. I thought the most important thing people, at this time, could do in terms of revolution was to learn skills; Legal, medical, shoplifting, firearms, mechanical and electrical skills. I thought people should prepare to make the revolution. Get their bodies in shape. Learn the usage of explosives. But most people thought in terms of, "Man, when the revolution starts, I'll learn that shit". I thought of writing a book on how to hitch, freight, shoplift, make bombs, underground newspapers, living for free in America. I was 20 at the time and never worked a day in my life. I was a Living Free Expert. I figured it would be easy. I would just write down how I've been living free for six years. I knew I was the greatest Living Free Expert in the world. I envisioned the book as a Yippie Survival Manual. I thought of how Jerry Rubin's book, *Do It*, was a great advertisement for the revolution. Kids would read it and say, "Yeah, man, my parents suck, school sucks, this town sucks, I just got to get the fuck out of here". But, that's as far as they would go, knowing the next question was — HOW? Well, I was going to tell them HOW. How to hitch, freight, hop planes, buses, eat free, LIVE FREE! Not only that, I was going to tell them how to live free and live better than their parents. I envisioned thousands of kids vanishing at night with a copy of the Yippie Survival Manual sticking out of the backpocket of their dungarees.

I ran out of the bath room and grabbed some paper and a pen and started writing feverishly to Dear Abbie. I explained my vision of the book. I told him we could write to all the underground papers asking kids to send us information about any ways they know of on how to live for free, and also if they know about any free things in their city. I told him I felt that we could both do the book because we were both Living Free Experts, and his name would insure the book being published with great advertising and distribution. I told him I would travel throughout all the large American cities and write how to live for free in each city. I explained to him that I was the guy who asked him about flying around the world for \$88.00 when he spoke in Berkeley. I told him that I would still appreciate it if he would write and tell me how because Linda Chorse didn't know. I also told him how I got on American planes for free and how I rode the Greyhounds for free. I then stuffed the letter in some ragged envelope and walked down to the mailbox and mailed it. I didn't think he would write back, but I waited and hoped.

* * *

WHEN I FIRST MET ABBIE



(After several unsuccessful attempts, Izak and Abbie finally meet at the office of the Movement Speakers Bureau.)

He immediately grabbed the phone on entering and made a few long distance calls while I sat on a bed in the middle of the one room apartment. Abbie soon finished, sat down next to me and said, "Show me what you've done". I quickly opened up my briefcase, that I bought at a second hand store for \$3.00 and brought out all my papers "You see Abbie, the book is divided into two parts. The first part is the general part and contains survival information that applies to any part of the country". He was looking through the papers reading a few words, then quickly turning the pages and reading a few more words. I bent towards Abbie, pointing at corresponding sections of the book and excitedly talking about it. "Here Abbie, you see Free Medicine, Free Food, Free Clothes, Furniture and Telephone. The second section is Fuck the Cities. I only have four cities; San Francisco, Berkeley, Oakland and Los Angeles. It is about specific places

On January 12th, I received a letter from Abbie. The letter was to change my life. He opened by telling me that he enjoyed my letter and then went on to explain how to go around the world for \$88.00. In the second paragraph, he told me the book was a great idea. He explained that he was busy with the Trial and that whenever I get fifty written pages together, to come to New York and see him. He told me I should write up some appeal asking the people to send information and mail it to Liberation News Service who would put it in their newsletter which all the underground papers subscribe to. In the last sentence, he said he a title for the book, *Steal This Book*.

To each of these papers, I sent them page ten of L.N.S. with a letter asking for their help and to be so kind to print the appeal. I would sign all the letters "love Abbie Hoffman". Even when I made telephone calls, and I made hundreds of long distance calls with the use of phony credit cards, I told them I was calling for Abbie Hoffman or pretend I was Abbie himself.

I collected pages and pages of information. I asked Lynn if she would type for me as I didn't know how and thought it would take too long to learn. She agreed to help. We would sit down together with me pointing out bits of information and telling her where to type it. We spent hours every day trying to get all the information we had into some coherent form. Lynn would type, and retype every page. I did three months of work on the book before I ever saw Abbie. Mailed out hundreds of letters. Made hundreds of phone calls. Travelled over all of California. The book began to take shape. It was divided into two sections: The general section which consisted of Free Food, Clothing Medical, Hitching and other useful information for survival that applied to anywhere in the country. The second section was information on free living in actual cities. While in California, I did four cities; Berkeley, Oakland, San Francisco and Los Angeles. Lynn did the "Fuck Los Angeles" research. She flew down to Los Angeles and got together lots of good shit. She spent three days running around LA. I was elated with the book. Proud of our work. I began to fall in love with the book and felt a deep emotional involvement with its development.

When I first started working on the book, I thought I could complete my part of it in three months, but I worked on the book four months before I ever saw Abbie. I worked feverishly over it because I thought it was the best book ever written. The most functional book, a true people's revolutionary book. I wanted to finish as soon as possible so that the book could be gotten into the hands of the people. The book became a part of me. I became uptight as the book was always on my mind. I felt pressured and my neck and cranium would ache with overflowing mental energy clogging up and forming knots of jangled nerves. My head would literally buzz and I would have to stop working and calm myself. But I felt good anyway. For the first time, I felt that I was doing something useful. It was something that I would wake up each morning and look forward to doing. Through the book, I began to understand what alienation of labor meant. What work, would be like in a socialist state. How all work would be converted into play. How everybody would become artists and all the land would be turned into parks.

So in early May, after working close to four months and having about two hundred and thirty typewritten pages completed, I left for New York to meet Abbie.

where you can get and do free things. Each Fuck City is like the Fuck the System booklet that you did about New York." (Author's note: In 1968, a friend of mine, Freddie Bannon, who is an old brilliant hustling genius, told me that he wrote most of the Fuck the System booklet. I didn't believe him at the time because he was one of those guys who, when he said anything, you wouldn't know whether to believe him or not. He did do almost everything, and then again, he was a junkie, speed freed, freaked out motherfucker. I believe now that Abbie did have something to do with the Fuck the System booklet, but other people also played an important part in it. But, Abbie never gave them any credit. One of these people was Freddie Bannon.)

Abbie leaped up. He was excited. "How old are you?"

"Twenty"

"Goddamn, twenty? You're a real Yippie! I'm making you Minister of Finance of the Youth International Party. This is terrific. I can't believe it. You must have done a lot of work."

"Yes I did. I've been working on it everyday for four months."

Then suddenly his mood changed. He was excited at first, and while talking to me, he hopped around the room, his eyes, ablaze with joy. But then he quietly sat down next to me and bore his eyes dead ahead towards mine like I see FBI men questioning murder suspects on television.

"What do you want out of it?"

I quickly understood that he was checking me out to see if underneath somewhere lurked a dreaded hip capitalist. I resented it, but figured that he was right in doing so. "I don't want anything out of it except a Volkswagon Bus. I travel a lot, Abbie, and sure would like a Volkswagon Bus."

* * *

I trusted and loved Abbie, and he and his lawyer Jerry Lefcourt were going to take care of the legalities, the negotiations, contracts business formalities. I didn't even want a part of that world. I just wanted to

write the book — and that I did. I worked on it day and night, Wrote, rewrote and rewrote. Lynn typed, retyped and retyped page after page. Tedious work. Telephone numbers, tracking people down places, addresses, books. Writing letters and letters. Waiting and waiting for information. I was constantly reading underground papers, newspapers, magazines, books, and letters to give me ideas and stimulate my imagination. The book was coming along fine, but was taking much longer than I first expected. It was already five months since I started on it and there was still much to do. One day I came up to Abbie's exhausted. Lynn and I were sleeping all over the place. We didn't have the money to rent an apartment as rents are so high in New York and finding an apartment alone is quite a fucking trip. Abbie was sitting on the sofa and said, "Izak, do you have a place to stay?" Not really. "Well, you can stay here." "Thanks, Abbie." And we moved into his place June 20th, 1970.



ANITA AND HER LOVE NEST

Keep on Fuckin'...



We woke up early and headed for Abbie's place. I pictured Abbie's house as having lots of freaks crashing, revolutionary posters hanging from every wall, books scattered throughout the house, and the place looking just like any other place would look with about seven revolutionary freaks smoking and fucking into the wee hours of the morn. Lynn and I walked up the twelve flights as the elevator was 'out of order'. Lynn felt excited and we were laughing as I knocked on Abbie's great steel plated door.

"Who is it?"
"Izak."

We were let in. Blood rushed to my brain and my lower jaw fell agape. I looked towards Lynn and caught expressions of the unknown. There was Anita not walking around nude, but in a long expensive night gown, Abbie was sitting on a big red sofa with a pop Art painting above him. The house, the pad, was so clean. Cleaner than the commercials that Mr. Clean appears in. The wooden floor was polished so I could see my face in it. It was a perfect reflection even from the height of 6'2". I turned to my right and saw a cupboard featuring, in even rows, expensive glassware. In front of Abbie was a five foot long rectangular brown wooden coffee table that Abbie, as he was to tell me later, made out of a door. In the far right hand corner sat a round oak table with early Amerikan styled wooden chairs. And flower pots, plants of all varieties covered the kitchen. Not a loose piece of paper anywhere. Not a dirty dish or utensil in the sink. A smell of pine refreshner caught my nose. The walls in the combination kitchen-dining room were painted white which gave a brightness to the room. To my left and dead ahead from where Abbie sat, was the sink, stove and refrigerator, the latest in modern appliances. I scrutinized the sink for a stain, the walls for a dirt mark, the ceiling for chipped paint, but there was none to be found. If you've ever seen modern houses for modern couples, then you can get the

feeling. In fact, Anita, at that moment, was cleaning up the place!

Abbie and I took a little walk later on that afternoon and, in a childish tone, he whispered, "You're probably wondering why the house is so clean." I guess he saw the disbelief in my eyes and needed to apologize. "Anita is a neatnik". A half hearted smile and laugh dripped from his lips. "I've been married to Anita three years now. When I was living along on 11th Street, my pad was a mess. When I met Anita, she was living in a \$400 a month apartment on Park Avenue. She has a lot of bourgeois tendencies, but I love her. So we got this place on 13th street. It was a compromise, but I like it because I can work in peace."

His library contained about ten copies of both *Revolution for the Hell of It* and *Woodstock Nation*. He kept a supply of these books around for a purpose. Whenever he went to meet someone that he never met before and they were famous, important or a VIP, he would autograph a copy of each book and present them as a present. The funny part is that Abbie never reads. In *Revolution for the Hell of It*, he states that he has read everything: Marx, Marcuse, Mao, Lenin, Fanon, etc. But, it's not true. He hasn't read anything. The whole time I knew him he never read a book. He never listened to the radio or stereo set. He occasionally read the newspaper, and the only media he liked was the television and motion pictures. Even then he hardly ever watched his portable color TV set, which was located in the right hand corner of the living room. He would watch the six and eleven o'clock news and any program that had a political orientation, whether left or right. But, did he watch TV. He would conduct conversations with the thing. He had a better rapport and communicated with a TV better than he did with human beings. He would laugh at it, point to the tube, then run up to it and start jabbing at the screen, all the time giving expert political media research and evaluations.

Most of the time I was with Abbie, I kept quiet and listened. This was partly due to my being aware of being in the presence of genius. Oh yes, Abbie is a fucked up cat, but, at one time, I think he was a down home freak. He lived with the people, trusted them but thought that he could outsmart the capitalist in their own game without getting scratched. In fact, they destroyed him and Rubin too. Also his marriage to Anita and her fascism rubbed off on him. I kept quiet because Abbie hardly ever paid any attention to anyone.

Abbie and Anita loved their place. He thought it was the best pad in the city, and may be he was right. The patio had about twenty different plants scattered around, as well as three trees. Anita loved her plants and faithfully watered them every other day. The watering of all her plants, both outside and inside, took three hours. Abbie's last words to Anita, after he was sentenced by Judge Hoffman for contempt of court, were "Don't forget to water the plants, Anita."

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One day I was lounging around the house when Jerry Rubin rang. "Abbie?" "No, it's Izak. Abbie's not home. He went to see his lawyer, so he might be over the Law Commune." "Do you think it will be alright if I stay there tonight? I was buying a paper at Gems Spa, and this pig came over to me and winked. I'm paranoid. The whole precinct knows where I live!" . . . "I think Graham might of paid those pigs off to raid my house and kick the shit out of me. I think I

better lay low and stay out of the heart of the Lower East Side. (A reference to Bill Graham with whom Rubin nearly came to blows the day before — Ed.) "Sure, you can stay here, Jerry. You can sleep on the sofa in the kitchen. I don't think Anita and Abbie will mind because they're splitting tomorrow anyway to spend a week on Fire Island." . . . Later that night, I went into the bathroom to pee. While peeing, I heard Anita's voice. She was screaming, "No, Jerry, I don't want you to stay here. You upset me, Jerry." I hurried back to the living room. Jerry was sitting next to the TV set, looking like someone on a bad acid trip. Anita said, "Why did you ask, Jerry?"

I quickly said, "It's my fault, Anita. Jerry called me this afternoon and I told him that I didn't think you would mind letting him stay, plus you and Abbie are splitting tomorrow." Anita wasn't listening to what I was saying. She was hysterical. Abbie had drifted into the kitchen. He wanted no part of this brutal scene. Abbie and Anita didn't speak to Jerry during the Trial and were on very bad terms. But those past few weeks after the Trial, they were being sort of friendly again to each other and were on speaking terms. Nancy hated Anita and never spoke to her. Jerry stood up. He finally composed himself. He was feeling like he lost his best friend. "I'm never going to speak to you two", Jerry was looking at me to back him up, but I just kept quiet. Anita then spoke, "Babes, oh Babes, (babes is the affectionate term Abbie and Anita call each other), tell him he can't stay. Oh, Babes, I'm so upset. Jerry upsets me." Abbie was mum. Jerry stomped into the kitchen, "Don't worry, Anita, I'll never upset

you again because I'll never set foot in your place again." Jerry, after mumbling a few more curses, split, slamming the door behind him. Anita went on, "Oh, Babes, I hate Jerry. Why does he always do things like that? We never ask him for anything. He's always asking us to do him favours. I hate him. Oh, Babes." Abbie sat down on the sofa. Anita says, "Izak, you know why I don't want him to stay? Because he's so sloppy. He can't do nothing without Nancy. Nancy cares for him like a baby. She cooks for him, washes his clothes. He can't do nothing by himself." Anita kind of felt that she acted wrong but she wanted some sympathy from us. None was given. I said, "Look, Anita, Jerry has no place to go and you'll be splitting tomorrow. So, you won't even be here, and I'll make sure the place stays clean." "I know, but we don't know exactly what day we'll be coming back and I don't want him to be here when I get back. I don't want to see him." "Well look Anita, the day before you are coming back, call me, and I'll tell Jerry to split." "No. I just don't want him to stay here." She was in one of her most irrational moods.

* * *

The next day, Jerry called and Lynn answered the phone. Jerry stayed at a friend of Mike's (one of the Oakland Seven), Iris, on Lexington Avenue. It was funny because Jerry didn't have a friend in the world to put him up. I think that was one of the things that shook him up when Anita told him he couldn't stay at her place. He felt terribly alone. Not a friend in the world to turn to in a time of need. I thought it was ironic. The great Yippie, Jerry, in New York without a friend. It was wierd too. Jerry and Abbie had no power. It was sad to me. The New Left had no power of any sort. It was defenceless.

* * *

"I want to ask you a few questions, Jerry. How did Anita and Abbie ever get married?" "Look, Izak, Abbie and I come from different generations than you. We grew up in the Fifties and felt a great need of security. Before Abbie met Anita, he was extremely lonely, and every girl he met he asked them to marry him. Then he met Anita and they soon married." Jerry's eyes soon were aflame. My presence often made his blood boil. He then fired a question at me. "Why didn't you write the book yourself, Izak? I think you're using Abbie." Jerry thought I was using Abbie because Jerry just thought that way. He did things like that and interpreted his own reality to my situation. "I ain't using no one fuckface. I wrote Abbie from Berkeley for a number of reasons. One, I don't think I'm capable of writing the book myself. I'm not a good enough writer and think Abbie is. I also thought Abbie could help with the content as he's also quite knowledgeable about free living. Plus, I thought two of us working together can create a better book. I love that book, Jerry, and it's a great book." "Oh, I'm sure it's a great book, Izak, but you're using Abbie's name." "I could have written the book myself, but I don't think it would have been as good. Abbie's name on the book will insure it great distribution and advertising. But, that's one of the reasons I wanted to work with Abbie, because I felt that the book is a great one. A true socialist book. A book that greatly benefits the youth masses, and if I would have written it myself, it would have been doubtful that I would have gotten it published." Then Jerry said, "Before this is over, Izak, Abbie is going to fuck over you." I was furious and was screaming full voice now, "You're a fucking liar, Jerry. Since I met you, you've been trying to destroy Abbie's and my friendship. Why? I don't know. But fuck you, Jerry, I like Abbie very much, trust him and feel Abbie likes me too." Lynn and I then split. Jerry was later to be proven right.

FINISHING THE BOOK

BE CAREFUL!
THROW FAST!



Abbie then picked up the whole manuscript and, holding it in his hand, started flipping the pages back and forth like he was playing with a telephone book. "I'm going to have to do a lot of rewriting. In fact, rewrite the whole thing and do much more work than I thought." "I kept telling you, Abbie, that you were going to have to do plenty." "I see", says Abbie. Abbie then fell silent and in a slow voice like he was drunk, started to say, "I'm going to have to do a lot of work. I think we should split fifty-fifty Izak." (Earlier, Abbie had insisted on the split being 70:30 in favour of Izak - Ed.) "Sure, Abbie. I totally agree. I wanted it that way from the start. Fifty-fifty is beautiful." Abbie's face brightened up and smiled, a gentle one crossed his pretty lips. "I also think, Abbie, that we should give some bread to Lynn whenever we get an advance. She did a lot of work typing and I guess will have to do a lot more with all this rewriting to be done." "Oh sure, Lynn will get paid nicely. But she doesn't have to do any more typing. When I rewrite things, Carol will type it up."

While living at Abbie's, I continued working on the book. The book was nearly seven hundred and fifty pages long, jammed packed with all kinds of information. Then one day I finished. I came home and saw Abbie milling through some papers in the living room. "Abbie, I finished. There's not anything more I can do." Abbie hadn't looked at what I had done in a few weeks.

"Out-a-site. Let's see what we got."

We went into the bedroom and Abbie layed on the bed with his feet hanging over the edge. I sat at the foot of the bed facing Abbie and pulled out the manuscript.

"Gee, Izak, it's long."

Abbie was ashamed to have a woman secretary. He told no one and instructed Carol, if she was ever asked if she was Abbie's secretary, to say no and to say that she was a friend of his doing him a favor.

Abbie rewrote the book in longhand from about July 1st to August 12th, and that was it. On his vacation, he would rewrite a couple of chapters and mail it special delivery to Carol at the Law Commune. Carol would type out three copies using carbon paper. She would keep one copy for herself, one for me and one for Abbie. It went this way for the whole month of July. When I received my copy I would go over it to see if any changes were necessary. But Abbie did well. He knew how to say things in a much clearer, simpler, and shorter way than I did. What he did was excellent and I made hardly any changes. Though my part was generally over, I continued working on the book. Doing more research, making sure everything was up to date, correcting errors. What Abbie rewrote was the final copy.



THE RIP-OFF BEGINS



(The first real intimation Izak had that Abbie was going to 'double-cross' him was at a meeting with Abbie and his lawyer Lescourt — Abbie pushed the line that his name was the only reason any publisher would accept the book. He was therefore entitled to more than 50:50, previously agreed on. In addition he would have to do all the advertising and promotional work seeing Izak planned to go to Europe. After arguing, a compromise was reached whereby Abbie and Izak would each get 5000 dollars apiece and the rest given to revolutionary organisations. This plan proved unsatisfactory to both and they agreed to shelve it — Ed)

I quickly changed the subject to take the pressure off the scene. "What kind of shift is Random House trying to pull?" "I don't know what they're doing. I'm going to meet with Chris (Cerf) tonight and I'm going to put some pressure on his neck. I'm going to tell him if they don't publish my book they're never going to publish anything by me", said Abbie. Abbie was really mad and soon everything about the book made him mad. He said, "I'm going to offer them a million dollar guarantee." "Do you think they are going to take it?" I asked. "They better. If they don't, I'll expose them for the fraud they are," said Abbie.

But, I could see doubts in Abbie's eyes. He was just stunned about all the publishers turning down the book. Abbie, like me, loved and thought the book was the greatest book written. He felt that the book would change his whole image. From a revolutionary Yippie Prankster comedian to a dedicated serious revolutionary Yippie. He wanted more people, among the revolution, to take him seriously. His image, he felt, needed changing. The new more militant revolutionary times called for a change in his image. With the Weathermen running around, Abbie knew that Yippie pranks, in the 70's, would be out of date. So he felt that the book would totally change his image. His first two books were Yippie talk books. But, "Steal This Book" was a guerrilla manual. It had chapters on Street Fighting, Bombs, Weapons, How to Live Underground, and, obviously, everybody would think that Abbie knew about what he had helped write. That's where his new image was coming from. Everybody would read the book and say, "Shit, Abbie is a deep dude". What a joke. Abbie doesn't know the first thing about what he was writing. He just rewrote what I wrote. He hardly ever hitchhiked. Never freighted. Didn't know anything about guerrilla radio, bombs, guns, military formations, and half the shit in the book.

A few days later I saw Abbie again. I had completed the entire other Books Worth Stealing section, and Abbie came down to Fifth Street to have a look. Abbie said, "It's great, Izak. I'm going to leave it just the way it is." That was it. The book was totally complete. All that was needed was the introduction which Abbie was going to write. I thought Abbie was going to write the introduction whenever we received a publisher. So, I was surprised when he told me he had begun to write it. He handed me two typewritten pieces of paper which are printed below.

This is part of the original introduction

During the marathon Conspiracy Trial in Chicago, I got a ton of Dear Abbie mail, most of it friendly good luck sort of stuff, an occasional hate letter like my two favourites that said "Wait till Jesus gets his hands on you, you little bastard", and one that said "I can't wait until the next program begins to cook your ass." I used to make paper airplanes out of them and sail them at the judge, whose name escapes me at the moment.

One day I got a letter from a dude in Berkeley. He said he was the first cat thrown out of high school (1964) for wearing his hair long and refusing to submit to a haircut. For the past six years, he explained how he hitched around the world, trained himself in the art of guerrilla warfare and street survival and at the ripe age of 20, fell like doing a book with me that would combine everything we both knew about living free and fighting in Amerika.

We corresponded for six months, roamed the country seeking hints for the book, consulting with experts on each section, did library research, advertised in the underground press for tips and compiled and wrote thousands of pages in an attempt to write a sort of guerrilla manual, the kind of which has never been seen before and is particularly suited for the struggle here in the heart of the beast.

Oh God, to write a book that will bring on the Apocalypse! Such a task required years in the planning. More thought went into Steal This Book than into the Ten Commandments (the movie, not the book). Complicated political decisions had to be made about what was put in and left out.

It's wierd. Reading the introduction which was written four days before he turned into a traitor, you can tell he still thought in terms of both him and I did the book, that friendship between us existed, that I was to receive equal shares of everything with him. It must have been between the time he wrote the introduction to the time he stabbed me in the back, which was only a period of three or four days, that he totally decided to do me in.

Abbie told me he was through with his copy and I told him I wanted to go over mine once more. He then said that he wanted me to take all the photographs, cartoons and diagrams and write down exactly where they go in the book. He had brought over all the photographs, cartoons and diagrams. He also brought over the cover. He wanted me to keep them with me. I told him sure I'll do that tonight. He soon split, after that, all day I worked on the book. I made up detailed lists of exactly where each cartoon, photograph should go. I also reread the book once more and made a few more changes. And that was that. Complete. There was nothing more I could do. I felt so happy and immediately called Abbie to give him the news. He also sounded happy and we made a date to meet at his place the next day at eleven am. After I finished talking to him, I just sat on my bed looking at the book. It was beautiful, magnificent, classic of a book. I picked it up and hugged it and danced round the room with it. It was just paper but I loved it. I actually created something. The book was a part of me and I felt it was basically my biography. I lived that book. For seven years, since I was fourteen, I did everything in that book. Everything about how I survived in Amerika went into it. It was a manual but it was also my biography.

I also loved Abbie. He gave me the chance to do it. Together we did it, I felt. It was too fucking much. I was dreaming of sending copies to Fidel, Mao, Cleaver, and all the great revolutionaries. I thought about how everybody would love the book I thought about the Volkswagon Bus which is a hippie's dream. Oh, I was so happy. My brain took a great beating during those eight months and I needed a rest. After dancing around for what seemed like hours, I dizzily layed down on the bed. A half hour later, Abbie called. He said, "I've been thinking, Izak, we should put Anita's and Lynn's names on the book. They both did a lot of work on the book and should be included as authors".

I could hear his voice clearly. It sounded like the voice of someone who was being forced to call and betray a friend to the Nazis. It sounded choked as though he was first beaten and threatened with death, to him and his entire family before he called. I didn't know what was going on but when he said he wanted Anita's name as an author, I freaked. In a controlled voice filled with rage which I'm sure Abbie felt through the hot wires, I said, "What did Anita ever do?" He said, "I'm going to let her write the introduction and she helped me a lot when I was writing the book on my vacation, as well she appears in the photographs." I knew he was lying and knew Anita never even read a page of the book. She never read anything. She never even read Abbie's books. She wasn't concerned with anything that wasn't concerned with her. "You're lying, Abbie. I could consider putting two women's names on the book but those women should be Lynn and Carol", said I. "Carol", said Abbie. "That's right, Carol. She did a whole fucking lot. But I feel this discussion is silly because the only authors are you and I", said I. Abbie kept still for a few seconds. Thoughts were flying through my head. I remembered Anita's fit when she freaked and screamed about how she was being used. And I felt that she coerced him into this insane idea. She knew this book was going to be great and she wanted her name on the book to become famous. Also I knew Abbie wanted Anita to become famous and somewhat felt that if she became more famous, she would become more involved. I thought this is what this whole phone scene was about. I knew the only reason he mentioned Lynn as an author was because he knew he couldn't possibly ask for Anita's name on the book without Lynn's.

The next day I walked over to his place and buzzed on the intercom. Soon, he came down and we started walking down Thirteenth Street towards Third Avenue. "I'm not going to publish the book", said Abbie.

"Why", I asked.

"I got to answer for that book, Izak, not you."

Abbie's voice was quivering and half pleading. It was pitiful. The next half hour I saw the complete wreck of what once was a fine down revolutionary freak. Right before my eyes, he turned into a double-think fascist. Fascist in terms that he was able to live and reconcile in his mind complete contradictions.

"Women's Liberation will attack me if I come out with a male chauvinist book", said Abbie.

We both turned on Third Avenue and started walking towards Saint Marks Place.

"Don't bullshit me, Abbie. I'm no fucking fool. That book is not a male chauvinist book. It's a manual. The greatest revolutionary book ever written. Don't tell me you're not going to publish it", I said.

My face was turning red and my whole cool started falling apart at the seams. My voice was losing control and with each reply it got louder and louder. So did Abbie's voice. By the time we hit Eleventh Street, we were shouting.

I understood then that Abbie was just bullshitting around and couldn't get up the courage to say what he really wanted. I had to tell him what he wanted to say. I quickly understood with my street sense that Abbie didn't want my name on the book.

I said, "Come on Abbie, tell me what you want. You don't want my name on the book. Isn't that right?"

Then, in a voice that almost deafened me, Abbie screamed as though someone stuck a knife in his gut. "That's right. I don't want my name associated with yours."

The sound that issued from his lips was more like a squeal. It came from his bowels and it stank. I was screaming and almost crying. Abbie was the same. His face was etched with fear as though he was somewhat aware of the maddening beast he had become. His own viciousness scared him. I wanted to kill him and Abbie wanted to kill me. But, for different reasons, Abbie wished to kill me because I was a nightmare to him.

I screamed, "I'm one of the authors of that book. I worked on that book everyday for eight months." My mouth was spitting water. Adrenalin was streaming through my veins. My muscles tensed to kill. I wanted to strangle him with my bare hands and everything he said just got me more angry.

"I wrote that book. Every word that's in that book is mine", screeched Abbie. His arms started flying around as he spoke. His eyes turned a fiery red and seemed to sink back into his skull.

Abbie was screaming his balls out. His mouth moved so fast and covered his whole face that it seemed like his whole face was just one big mouth. "The work that you did any high school student could have done", screamed Abbie.

We were standing in front of Gems Spa which is a famous candy store where lots of freaks hang out on Second Avenue and Saint Marks Place. A crowd had gathered but we kept on as though nobody was there.

"Don't you think it's a little too late to start talking about new relationships on the day the book is totally completed", I screamed.

"I don't think so", screamed Abbie. Abbie then realised a crowd had formed and kept still. I didn't care, but Abbie, I could see was embarrassed and wanted to get away from the scene, he said, "I'm going to buy a paper." He turned and walked into Gems Spa and bought a famous Gem Spa Egg cream. On finishing, he came back out and bought a New York Post, and, with it tucked under his arm came back to join me. I could see he had used the recess to gain some control over himself. He said, "I don't want my name associated with yours. If the book comes out with our names on it, you'll become part of the Yippie Central Committee and everything you do and say will reflect on me. Our politics are very different."

* * *

TOTAL RIP-OFF



Abbie said, 'It's because of me the book is going to be published. Not you. You go up town and talk to Random House. They won't even let you in the door.'

'I don't care what those capitalist pigs think', I said.

'I'm going to come on straight with you. I want to buy you

out. I'll give you a large sum of money if you disappear', said Abbie.

I thought of Jerry's words to me: "Abbie's going to fuck you." How Jerry knew, I don't know. I do not think Abbie ever said anything to him but I feel Jerry understood him better and knew how he operated from past experiences. But it is strange that the second I handed him over my completed copy, he tried to buy me out. Also, from the first time I came to New York with what I had done, Abbie knew I was the only one in Amerika who could have done the book. Abbie realized that he could not possibly do the book on his own. All my friends thought Abbie hustled me from the start. And maybe it's true. I do not know.

I know this; that I put all my savings into that book. Spent eight months working on it. Taught Abbie innumerable things and was his bodyguard. Worked for him and gave him a number of ideas for television. (He later did a television show about living free which was entirely based on my ideas), and movies. And, I have never, to this day, 13th January, 1971, received anything. A complete, total rip off of my money, time, energy and ideas.

NEGOTIATIONS



(Abbie told Izak to get his things out of his apartment at once, including the guns. Abbie also took all the photographs, Izak's original manuscript and all the papers that mentioned their names together. "The only thing that was left to me was a half finished copy. I just looked at the mutilated thing that I loved so much and started crying." Izak's friends advised him to hire Jerry Gutman, a movement lawyer. Brief extracts follow from the lengthy and tedious legal diplomacy. — Ed.)

Mr. Gutman had long hair. It came down to his shoulders and it was combed straight back. It was grayish with black streaks running through it. I figured he was in his forties. But the vibrations he gave off were of a young man. You could tell that he was energetic and full of life.

Gutman said, "Start from the beginning, Izak."

I quickly ran down the story from my first letter I wrote to Abbie until the day Abbie told me he wanted to buy me out. I showed him the uncompleted copy of the book and the note that Abbie left me.

"Did he ever mention how much money?", said Gutman.

"No, he never did".

"Did you ever sign any legal papers?"

"No, I never signed a thing. I trusted him completely."

"Do any of you have a copyright on it?" said Gutman.

"No, none of us copyrighted it."

"Okay. I'll call Lefcourt now and see what he has to say", said Gutman.

He called but the Law Commune's receptionist told him that Lefcourt was not there and to call back about six o'clock.

Gutman said, "Call me tomorrow, Izak, and also get all the papers you have together showing any connections you had with Abbie and the book."

"Okay. I'll call you tomorrow. Bye."

The next day I called. "Bad news, Izak. I spoke to Lefcourt and he said Abbie wanted all the rights and offered five thousand dollars."

"Five thousand?", I said. I couldn't believe it. What a fucking jerk. I didn't think that fucker had a spark of goodness in him. I understood right then that Abbie wanted everything, including the dough. "Well, look, Jerry, I'm not selling."

* * *

The next day, promptly at four o'clock I was sitting in Mr Gutman's office. "Did you mention anything about my name appearing on the cover?" "Yes, I told him that was non-negotiable." I then showed Gutman the pictures, letters I received throughout the country addressed to Abbie and me, the Liberation News Service appeal, and other shit showing me connected to Abbie, and the book. "Good", said Gutman, looking at the pictures. "Do you think he will try and just go ahead and publish the book as his own", I asked. "If he does, we'll immediately put an injunction on the book and sue. We have enough evidence for a case. But don't think they will try that. A publisher doesn't know they couldn't get away with it", said Gutman. "So, I can't publish the book without him and he can't publish it without me", said I. "That's right." "Do you think we'll reach an agreement" I asked. "Sure. It's too valuable a property to let go," said Gutman.

I then left after telling Jerry I was going to Woodstock for the weekend and I would call him on Monday.

The next day, I woke up early and started walking over to Abbie's place to get my shit. I was headed down St. Marks Place towards Third Avenue when I ran into Abbie next to the Electric Circus. Feelings of love rose in me. I had no real hatred for him. There was just no way I could really hate him. I once liked him and these feelings still hung around my heart. Looking at his face I saw he thought the same. He opened the conversation, "Hi, Izak. Where you going?" "I was just going over to your place to get my shit." "I guess you know I got a lawyer?" said I. "Yes that's good." Abbie avoided looking me in the eye. He kept gazing down at his feet. "I'll see you later, Abbie." "Wait. Do you have a phone number and an address where I could reach you if I wanted to speak to you?", Abbie asked. "Yes", I said, and gave him a place where he could reach me.

After returning from Woodstock, I called Gutman. He told me that they offered seven thousand and my name as an author as well as Anita's and Lynn's.

The negotiations bogged down. Abbie wanted to buy us out, and we kept telling them they had to come up with a more reasonable offer than seven thousand. This went on for about two weeks.

September 9th Lefcourt called and told Gutman ten per cent. Gutman said that I wanted fifty per cent and nothing else. Ten per cent was ridiculous. I was furious. I wanted to leave the country and bum around and rest my fucking head. And here I was still hassling over the fucking book. I was still greatly upset about the whole mess and the negotiations, and sitting in New York waiting until everything was done, was a stone drag. Also I was broke. I had to apply for Welfare in New York. I had to go to the welfare office everyday at eight o'clock and sit there until four or five o'clock. Eight days straight before I got on.

A week later we got a new offer of twenty per cent.

Gutman then spoke to Lefcourt and told him that I was willing, for the sake of ending the negotiations, to accept a compromise of thirty three and a half per cent. I thought surely that Lefcourt and Abbie would agree. But they didn't.

I told Gutman I was going to Vermont to rest and think the whole thing over. This was late September. We had been negotiating for close to one and a half months and still no agreement. I lived in a constant state of torture. I didn't know what the fuck to do. It was a nightmare. While in Vermont, I meditated on what I should do. I wanted to leave New York and rest my head. The vents of the past two months were blowing my mind and my friends were telling me that I should just grab what I could get and split for Europe. I also felt bad about Gutman. The negotiations were taking much longer than we both expected and he was handling my case with no insurance that he was getting anything financial out of it as well as I figured he had more important things to do than get himself involved in my fuckups. I also wanted the book to come out and reach the masses. In the final analysis, it would be the masses of people who would suffer the greatest loss if the book didn't get published. I think in the end, even if I was to receive nothing, I would have stepped aside and allowed Abbie to take everything and publish the book himself. I felt I could only suffer an individual loss while, if the book wasn't published, it would have been a mass loss.

'Izak, we got a deal. Lefcourt gets ten percent, you get twenty two and a half percent, and Abbie gets the rest. Lefcourt also said that Abbie spent sixty three hundred on the book and he gets that straight off the advance before we start dividing up the rest according to percentage.' 'Sixty three hundred dollars?! He's lying. What did he claim he spent that much on?

'I wrote it down here. Wait a second. I've got it. Two thousand for the swimming team. What's the swimming team?', asked Gutman. "That means the Weathermen. He's lying about that, Jerry. Abbie was to give the Weathermen two thousand as a gift to show support. It had nothing to do with the book. Abbie asked them to write a chapter on Living Underground which they did, but was no good and Abbie didn't include it in the book. That two grand has no relation with the book. What a fucking liar. What else?" 'Fifteen hundred for Carol Ramer as salary,' said Gutman. I blew my top. Abbie is a super pig. 'Jerry, that's also a lie. Abbie pays her salary no matter what. Even if we didn't do a book together, he would have to pay her a weekly salary. Carol is his secretary. He's trying to get us to pay her salary. What else?', I asked.

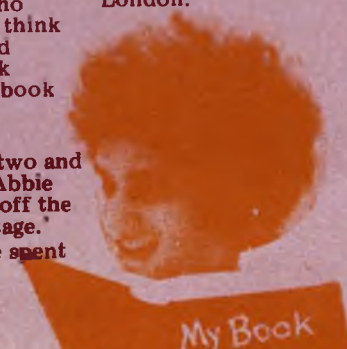
Gutman said he would call them and try to get the figure reduced. "Also, Jerry, I spent money on that book myself. About three grand, and if Abbie gets expenses back, then we should also." I said. Gutman agreed and told me to write down exactly what I spent on what, and when I returned to New York to call him. I returned the next day and called. Gutman said that he spoke to Lefcourt and they agreed to pay me expenses towards the book. But as for Abbie's sixty three hundred that was non-negotiable. Later that day I went to Gutman's office and gave him my list of expenses. Gutman said he would type it up and send it to them. My expenses, as I figured them, came to thirty three hundred. I exaggerated a little myself, but, in reality I figured I really spent from twenty hundred to twenty five hundred dollars. I figured that they would look at it, see it was pretty accurate, say alright, and then we could get down to drawing up the contracts. But those fuckers called up Gutman and said that I was a stone liar and had spent only five hundred dollars and that was all they were going to give me. That's how insane those fuckers were.

Abbie had left for Europe October 5th and gave power of attorney to Lefcourt. For the first week of October, Lefcourt refused to offer more than five hundred dollars. Gutman was saying that that was insane as well as Abbie's figure of sixty three hundred. The second week Lefcourt offered a thousand but refused to budge on Abbie's sixty three hundred. I called Gutman and told him to end it. I didn't care anymore. Gray hairs were falling off my head and I was losing sleep. Finally around the middle of October, Lefcourt and Gutman reached an agreement which I agreed to. One thousand two hundred and fifty for me and five thousand two hundred and fifty for Abbie. It was robbery, but these fuckers had more tricks up their sleeves. Finally we drew up the first contract and sent it to Lefcourt. I was amazed that we were going to sign away all the radio rights, television rights and everything else listed. I spoke to Jerry and asked him why he agreed to that. He said it didn't matter. He said that the book couldn't possible become a movie and he thought that the book could only become a book or nothing, so in reality we were giving away nothing. I didn't totally agree, but, at this point, I wasn't going to argue, so I accepted his reasoning.

On Thursday November 12, I went to Gutman's office and signed over power of attorney to him, and he wished me a good trip. Friday was the last day I was to be in New York and I called Gutman to see if he had received the final contracts. He said yes that they had come in the mail and asked if Lynn and I could come up and sign it. Lynn and I grabbed a taxi and were soon in his office. First I signed, then

Lynn, to make sure, signed power of attorney over to Gutman. "Well, Gutman, that's that." "Where are you going, Izak?" asked Gutman. "I don't know. Europe and then kind of slowly going to head east toward India." "I'll do that. And I hope the book finds a publisher." Gutman and I shook hands and the next day Lynn and I split for London.

Rec'd + forwarded
4/15/77
Dear Izak:
Sorry that the name is misspelled + it should be a little larger will correct if there is a second printing which we hope. In a while it probably would be OK for us to talk if you want and perhaps even work together. The fuck up was in not getting something clear up front. Things could be different in a future arrangement. Drop me a note if interested through the lawyer.
Abbie





In sixty eight before going to Wandsworth County Court to destroy communism in the British Courts, I finished my painting of "The Ten Commandments Descending". The national press was on strike, a pity, but I had a front page headline in the South London Press — "PAINTER OVERSPREADS HIMSELF". Chains and sequences of events all over the world are now very traumatic for the whole of mankind.

Early in sixty nine when everything else had failed to stop me, I was forcibly incarcerated in a bloody mental hospital; that was difficult, escaped three times, caused so much trouble then finally regained my freedom. One of these pseudo doctors stated, "If this man is let out I am not sure that he will not continue with his anti-communist activities" but once out the tribunal stated I was let out because I was "not a danger to himself or to the community".

Anyhow the American Forces promptly went into Cambodia. The bastard communists in the Government of America passed a bill preventing them from sweeping right into Laos as well, destroying all the communists completely and totally. A setback for me, but then I wrote to the President of South Vietnam, to warn him of the dangers to the people. Now it is marvellous as my tactics are being put into practice. I am not interested in what the bastard Government of America does as I can nullify its actions completely.

The communists are allowed to

continue to destroy the Towns the Villages and the Cities in Laos and yet all that the American Government now has to do is to bomb Hanoi non-stop for twenty four hours to raze it to the ground. Then land troops in north Vietnam and the people will rise against the evil government. A holocaust and another evil is destroyed completely. Now I see that you have complained that the troops in South Vietnam are drug addicts and you blame the Laotians and South Vietnamese for this, well an eye for an eye a tooth for a tooth.

Now another point. The communists want the Suez Canal opened so that warships can get through spreading death and destruction where they like. Well, I am not having that at all. Therefore the Boundaries of the Holy Land which were forged in a War to destroy the Holy Land are inviolate and permanent for all time and on any country who tries to destroy those Boundaries I will call down the wrath of the Lord God almighty and there will be plagues, pestilence, floods, droughts, earthquakes and so on.

Now I have to deal with the persecution of the Jewish people in the communist countries and I want them out of Russia. I give you exactly one week in which to demand their release and the exodus of all of them or I will ask the Lord God almighty to bring a huge disaster to

America every day until you do.

Thus the Son of Man, the Son of God, the King of Kings, the Prince of Peace has spoken. Any how I now have sets of transparencies of myself and of the Buffet circulating in many countries.

Meanwhile as it is time that I had my own home I have written to the British Government, Parliament and people and told them each week somewhere in the world there will be a disaster, such as an Earthquake and so on, and that this is their fault. As soon as the thirty thousand pounds for my own home is deposited and I am acknowledged for who I am the better, but I do not care how long it takes. The point is what about the rest of the people in the World.

This letter went to Peter Walker last week and I have just received a letter stating that the Government has no intention of complying with my wishes at all.

I remain sincere,
Roy Bush.
22 Thicket Road,
Anerley,
S.E. 20.

Copies to: Mr Robin Steel.
Republican House of
Representatives.
Mr Morgan Murphy
Lady Wartmouth.
The New York
Times. Der
Spiegel. Lord
Shinwell. The
Jewish
Chronicle.

Dear Sir,

In early sixty five I climbed very slowly and carefully up to the Whispering Gallery in St. Paul's Cathedral and took a vow to destroy communism completely and irrevocably. Photographs were taken. I began to write letters which tore this bastard country in which I was born to pieces for the evil that had gone out into the World in the shape of Lenin, Marx, Engels, Jung, Freud.

Thus came into existence my now famous two thousand word letter, and it went to all countries with specific reforms and proposals for everyone.

Twice in the Holy Bible it states "He will prepare a table before thine enemies," so in sixty seven I went to the Isle of Sheppey to do a Buffet, took some of my paintings with me, put them on the Buffet, took photographs and began to send them out with the letters.



Dear OZ,

"It's time we asked ourselves whether we're talking about life or death," says Mr Jigsaw, OZ 34. We won't know what's hit us when a total decomposition of social forms takes place. There's no dinner, the heating's off, the tubes have stopped and there are no papers.

That's what social decomposition means, he tells us, and a lot besides. Like when people are freaking in the streets because everyone they look at is getting ill — yellow with hypertension.

There are an awful lot of people trucking about. Have you noticed? Like Ladbroke Grove at 5 o'clock on a hot day? And in ten years' time they say there's going to be a housing estate of multi multi storey buildings stretching from Maida Vale to Shepherds Bush and three-storey roundabouts and stuff. There'll need to be, to keep all those people apart and boxed up watching telly instead of rioting or freaking or spreading an epidemic.

But why all da fuss? Who's gonna riot 'n freak? Well, noone is if the world goes bang. But if London goes in a nuclear war, and a few other big places, all those who rely on the system will freak. But then there's not going to be a nuclear war. It wouldn't happen even though it could. A power lasts cut that long

time is much more likely. No tubes, no electric light or lifts or heating. In winter, when it's more likely to happen, a lot of people will be cold. And because they won't be watching telly they'll be thinking of doing something about it, and about food. They'll be thinking what the hell to do about it all, and there'll be wooden fences pulled down and burnt in little fires to cook by, and a few cars to burn for warmth in the streets.

Use a little imagination as to what the scene would be like if all this was coupled with an epidemic of infectious hepatitis. Know anyone who's looked little yellow lately? Like on Thursday 5th May before that

big storm? Vibes were pretty heavy that day. A lot of people felt ill. There was a lot of hypertension in the Portobello Road area, if you noticed it. Cows and dogs in the country freaked a little and a lot of people got drunk in London. The same air had hung over London all week as there wasn't much wind. It was hot and there were a lot of cars, what with all the tourists and things, and no green leaves to remove the carbon atoms from the air.

Noone fully knows what governs hypertension or stress on a large scale. But there are a lot of people around who would be in trouble if they ran out of Valium, especially with no telly or newspapers. More noise, more people, faster traffic, more to see, still more people. Put rats in

see a perpetual festival of freedom and sanity that need never end: a mediaeval fair where people survive on their wits and abilities and not on their drudgery and compromise.

Mr Freedom speaks for a feeling and a need. But hot pants and green bread won't shield you from noxious gases and an angry mother's starving cry for food and warmth.

You may feel that the country is not safe either. The ecology is fucked already and you're just waiting for the sea level to rise or the blinding light to unite all matter and mind with the parent life force. That's your own trip, but remember, if there are survivors of a global catastrophe they will be the fittest — those who obey the signs and don't just absorb and ignore it all until the papers speak of ultimatums and the sky goes red.

Perhaps if you gave a thought to the alternative way of living, to self-sufficiency, and if eventually you put it into practice and it worked, and it worked for a lot of other people, the disaster might never happen.

Perhaps we could just phase out progress and reduce the population slowly by having fewer children, and the demands of society would diminish until all industry except essential food and clothing businesses would go bankrupt. Then perhaps we'd all laugh at our ancestors for killing each other in motor cars and poisoning the air, because we'd all be grooving on our runner beans and playing incredible sax at the moon.

But that's all summer dreaming, because man won't give up that easy. He needs money and electric light, fast transport and colour TV. Craving — the cause of suffering and the result of ignorance of the true nature of existence.

Is this really man, though? If so, he's going to die in the cities he's built as monuments to his cravings. If not, then he may not hear of the collapse of the short-lived experimental civilisation till he comes back from fishing up some mountain stream in the Andes and finds they all died in their armchairs from an overdose of progress. See y'all out there,

Crispin and Friends.



these conditions and their adrenals enlarge from overwork and they die. We're not so very different. We have overstepped our optimum population mark and must therefore be prepared to face the crash.

The country is a big open place. Got some bread? Then buy some land. If not, then find some unused land (there are vast tracts of unused land in Great Britain — far greater than all the urban conflagrations combined — and the food's free if you can pick or catch it and light a fire to cook).

But you don't want to leave the city. There are a lot of people to get into, a lot of music, all the good dope and stuff — but I hope some of you were tripping in town on 'heavy Thursday'. This summer will show more than a few heads that it can be done country-style at the festivals. Perhaps next summer will

AND THEN ALONG CAME JONES



A LETTER FROM JOHN SINCLAIR

John Sinclair was jailed for 10 years in July 1969 for giving two joints to an undercover narcotics agent. This victory for the forces of law and order in Ann Arbor Michigan was the end result of years of political harassment for Sinclair, one of America's most vocal radicals, Minister of Information for the White Panther Party, one of the founders of the Trans-Love Commune and manager of the MC5 rock group. Since his imprisonment he has written a constant stream of letters and articles which have been published extensively in the Underground press. The absurdity of his sentence inspires nothing but contempt for the American judicial system. Help all political prisoners! Contributions can be sent to the International Committee to Free John Sinclair, PO Box 444, Planetarium Station, New York, NY 10024.



THIS IS MY MESSAGE
I'M NOT TO SELL
COP TO THE POLICE
I'M NOT TO SELL
THE POLICE

When I was still on the streets, up to July of 1969, Jones (heroin) hadn't gotten very far into the bloodstream of our community — there was a lot of speed around, and a lot of obnoxious speedfreaks running around ripping people off and babbling hours on end, but then it wasn't really "a lot" in terms of everybody else who was on the scene. I mean it was more or less of a minor thing that I didn't worry about very much, because it just didn't seem to me that it could spread very far. And as far as smack was concerned, there was as much as there'd always been, but that was never very much at all, and the people who were shooting it were almost universally despised as creeps and fools who were to be avoided at all costs.

After I got locked up I started hearing about the plague which seemed to be spreading all across the youth colony, and particularly in Ann Arbor where my letters came from. People said it was like an epidemic, a raging sickness which was affecting more and more every day, and they were desperate to do something about it, but they didn't know

Then I started putting this thing together with a lot of other things I'd been thinking about, and it all started to make a lot more sense. The fact is that the epidemic of heroin addiction has spread in direct proportion to the increased oppression of young people here in Babylon, that heroin has been used as a weapon of imperialism here in the youth colony just as it has been used in the black colony and among colonized peoples throughout the history of western imperialism (check out the Opium Wars in China in the 19th Century — the British and to a lesser extent the Amerikan imperialists imported opium into China and used it to enslave and exploit the masses of the Chinese people for years; the Opium Wars were incipient national liberation struggles fought in support of the demand that opium be outlawed from China).

The rising addiction rate in the youth colony paralleled the increasing political and cultural repression of young people — it went along with the gradual de-energizing of rock and roll music, the increasing monopolization of our culture by the rock and roll imperialists of the mother-

police hadn't shut them down) or even to a pop festival, because the pigs were everywhere and they were getting more and more vicious by the day. Besides that, the alternatives they had been promised for so long by people like me weren't to be had, and instead of things getting better everything was just getting worse, with no relief in sight. The "political" freaks who were supposed to get things going and create alternatives like People's Ballrooms and Defense Committees and everything else we talked about were still just running around babbling about "revolution" and "off the pig" and all kinds of useless talk like that, so the people on the streets who we had expected to join us got turned off to everything we were saying and got so they didn't even wanna hear it any more. And I don't blame them one bit

Even when we *did* try to "do something about the plague," we did the wrong thing, issuing statements saying that dope addicts were enemies of the people and threatening to turn them in to the police, which was just stupid to begin with



was a whole lot of righteous weed and even more righteous acid floating around the youth colony working its magic on thousands of virgin minds, opening them up to new vistas of post-western possibility and giving them a whole new direction in life. Acid cut through the plastic conditioning within which kids' mental/spiritual/physical energy had been imprisoned and broke that energy free to search out new ways of living with other people in the universe here on earth. LSD was the irreplaceable catalyst in the post-western experiment: it was the spiritual equivalent of the atomic bomb, and it blasted a hole in industrial consciousness big enough for millions of young mutants to run through into the future, laughing and dancing and flashing on visions of a whole new world which would be big enough for *everybody* to live together without exploitation and greed and fear.

Well, it was bad enough when a few crazies were taking the stuff in their filthy communes and enclaves, but by the spring of 1967 rock and roll bands were singing about it on the radio and the suburbs and high schools were full of maniacs

how to deal with it because they couldn't really understand people getting into such a bogus trip.

So I thought about it for a long time, and then I got sent back down here to Jackson where I talked with a lot of brothers who had been smack freaks on the street, and finally I was shipped down to the Wayne County Jail where I spent 3½ months on a ward in which almost every prisoner had been using Jones before they got locked up. I don't know how together my ideas on it might be because I can't be out there to check things out for myself, but let me try to run a few things in the next couple of weeks and you tell me if I'm right or wrong, ok?

I haven't ever had any trouble understanding *why* they start using scag, even though I've never used myself (and I've been knowing junkies since 1961 who were always trying to turn me on to it, but I never wanted to get into it at all and *still* don't) — I've watched enough people squeeze that garbage into their veins to know what effect it has, and I don't really blame people for wanting to get that way, especially as bogus as things get out there sometimes. What got me was why so *many* people were doing it, and particularly the kind of people who wouldn't ever have used it a year or two before, people who were smoking weed and dropping acid and really getting turned on to what was happening all around them. Jones had always been an escape for people who were hopelessly oppressed, who didn't have anything to *do* and no hope of ever being able to get anything together for themselves — that's why it was so weird to hear about *kids* shooting dope, because there was so much happening and so many things to do that it just didn't make any sense for scag to be so popular, right?

country music industry, the disappearance of the dance/concert and the local rock and roll clubs in favor of big sit-down concerts and mammoth so-called "pop festivals", the steady rise of marijuana persecution, campus repression, and general police harassment and terrorism directed against freaks and all kinds of young people.

The grimmer things got on the street, the more kids started shooting scag and running up big dope habits. Instead of there being all kinds of things for freaks to do, it got so that people were afraid to go out on the streets or to a dance (if there *were* any) or to the park (if the

But we were desperate and couldn't think of anything else, having forgotten that the only solution to problems like this is to create positive alternatives and work with the people to put them into practice. We weren't capable of doing that so we turned on the most oppressed people in our community and called them names, which was a really dumb thing to do.

In the earlier part of 1967 there

tripping around the halls and barely waiting to get out of school for the summer so they could go to San Francisco and see what this new life was all about. And by the time the first wave of psychedelic pilgrims hit the Haight the vampires in New York and Washington were already plotting their evil programs and setting up the apparatus which would eventually put a stop to this madness — or so they promised one another, sweat pouring off their immaculate brows, as they mapped out their final solution to the problem of freedom: OPERATION JONES, or crystallized death in a dropper.

Meanwhile, in the black colony of Babylon the suppressed spirit of liberation which had barely been contained since Watts had exploded against the sky two summers before was rising high in the blood of the black masses, and by the time San Francisco was reaping its first harvest of wandering flower children the Black Spirit had burst into life in Newark, then Detroit, Cleveland, city after city feeling the spontaneous destructive power of centuries of repressed feeling blasted free at last into the streets of capitalism, screaming to be heard and felt for all time. The very foundations of imperialism were shaken by this blast, and its whole edifice shuddered and trembled. Its armed forces, sent in to put out the raging flames of black liberation, ripped away into the mask of colonialism once and for all, and the vampire strategists were hard-pressed to manufacture a new plan for keeping the black masses in their place. Naked military suppression was just too blatant and too destructive of the necessary conditions for commerce, but nothing else seemed to work and things were looking exceedingly grim.

OPERATION JONES! someone screamed, that'll do it! We've already experimented with it among those savages, and it's the best thing since television for keeping people down. All we



have to do is increase the dosage, make the stuff stronger and easier to get, and we'll have those niggers eating out of our hand. Shoot enough schmeck into them and they won't even think of burning and looting — instead of ripping off our stores and businesses they'll rip off each other, and if they get any stores it'll be the little ones where we can pick them off one at a time. What a solution. It'll deaden their spirit and keep them turned against each other at the same time, and it'll start a wave of crime in the streets that we can use to build up our police forces so we can have all those militants under control if they ever try to stir people up like that again. Brilliant!

The next step was to slide a few tons of amphetamine crystal onto the set, and to get people shooting it so they could get a real flash. Kids who had been dropping a lot of ADULterated acid could really dig this new trip — pure speed — because it was like the "acid" without all the scary side-effects. Crystal got to be real popular, and more and more people started shooting it to get the flash all the real hip suckers were talking about. Once they started running speed it was just a hot minute until smack crept on the scene, and it got to be popular at first as an antidote for the jangley after-effects of speed runs — you could shoot the scag with the same works you used for speed, and it would really cool you out. And besides, everybody thought they could use it without it using them — "yeah only fools get addicted. . . me, I'll just run some of this jones once in a while and won't get strung out like them junkies." Sure. Only it didn't seem to work that way.

Then the government surfaced its "Operation Intercept" program, which was actually just a minor phase of the secret campaign that'd been carried out since 1967. "Operation Intercept" was meant to cut off the marijuana supply from Mexico and drive the price of weed up so high that kids just couldn't afford it — at least that's what the propaganda put out by the Just-us Department said. What really happened was that as weed got scarce the smack supply got bigger and bigger — it was hard to cop some grass but jones was everywhere, and "everybody's



Casper Walter Rauh

doing it, man" led a whole lot of kids into Nod-Out Corners.

Bogus rock and roll stars added to the mystique about smack — it wasn't enough that they were shooting dope themselves, but their example allowed them to be used by the vampires to get thousands of kids string out on death drugs so they could be more easily controlled. Pretty soon smack was the biggest thing around, and "hip" began to mean what it had meant back in 1945 — super-cool as ice, and twice as deadly.

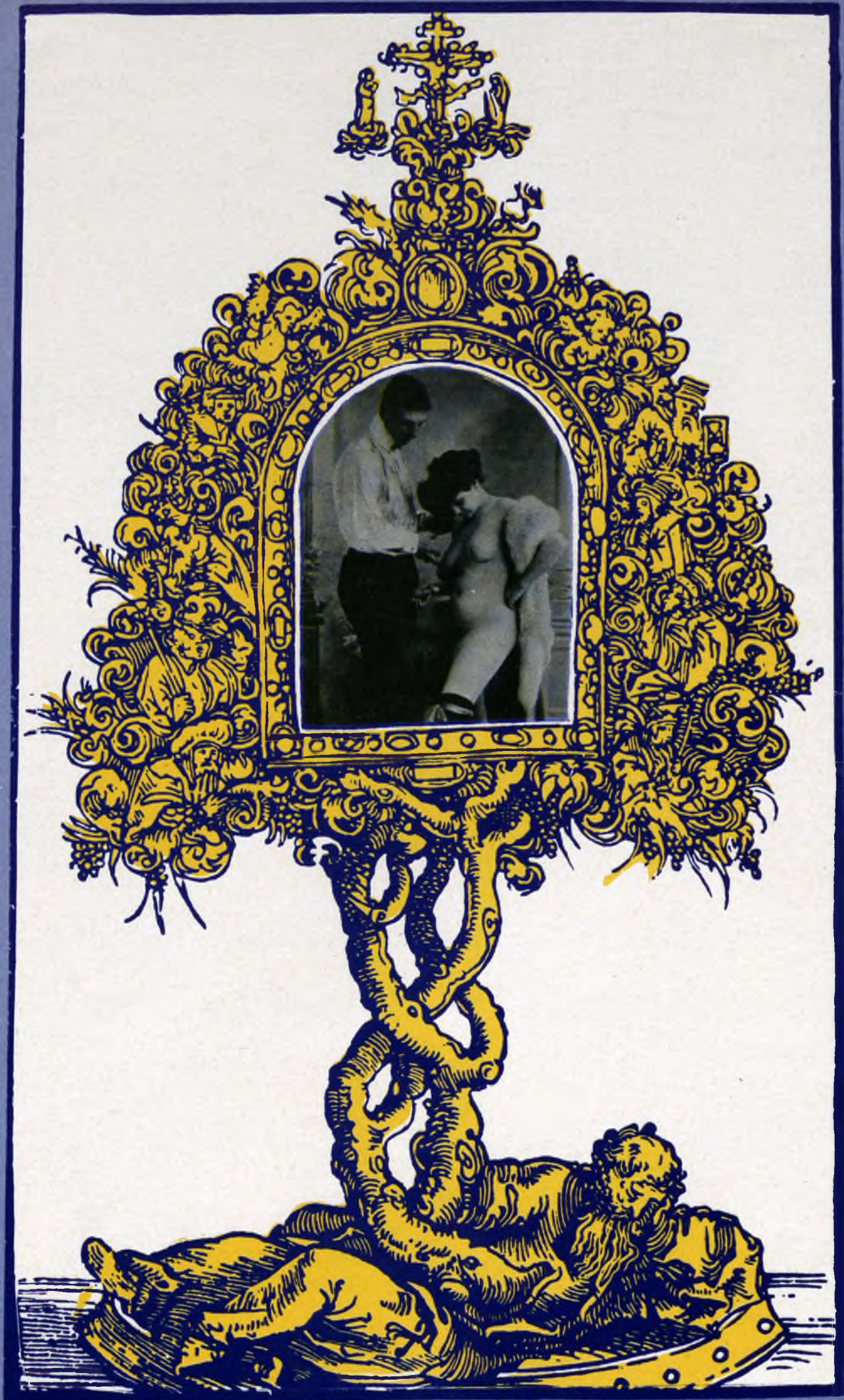
So the program was started — each situation required slightly different tactics, but the strategy was the same: get 'em hooked on heroin. and we'll have 'em where we want 'em. The black colony was flooded with a new, much stronger grade of junk called "P" (for "pure" heroin) and tons of reds and yellows to take care of the ones who didn't use a needle yet. In the youth colony where needles were almost unheard of they used a different tactic: the ADULteration of LSD under the 3-year plan, easing speed onto the scene and then replacing it with smack and elephant tranquilizers

in order to deaden everybody out.

You think this is far out? Just check it out for a minute: before the Summer of Love there was hardly any speed around at all, and the kids who were just starting to smoke weed and drop acid had never even heard of it for the most part. The acid was truly dynamite, and it was all over the place, so the first step was to start cutting the LSD with amphetamine and market it as some kind of powerful new trip: STP! Wow, man, STP! You trip for 3 whole days! Far out!" And within a couple of weeks STP was the hottest thing on the psychedelic market — it debuted in San Francisco and spread back across the country like white lightning, which was the next phase after STP. All these were acid or synthetic mescaline mixed with methamphetamine, and the speed gradually replaced the acid almost entirely.

Isn't it perfect the way heroin works to destroy people and their sense of community? Isn't it even more perfect than television or school or factories or prisons in separating people from each other and keeping them licked up in their own little egos? William Burroughs described heroin as a "shot of cooked-down image", and that goes right back to the root of the word heroin, which comes from "hero", you dig? It gives everybody the chance to feel like a "hero" or a star, to feel as real as Paul McCartney or James Taylor without having to do anything more than shoot some powder into your arm, like buying a ticket to a pop concert and even the price is the same. Burroughs also said that junk is the "perfect commodity," and there's no better way to put it than that. It's even better than television, because it puts you out and keeps you out, and you can't even change the channel or shut off the set without going through a whole lot of real physical agony.

That's what it's all about, keeping people strung out on commodities. Keeping their minds on getting the next do — whether it's a shot of dope or a newer and bigger car — and never on anything more than that. Cars and things are ok, but heroin is the ultimate commodity of all time, and the ironic thing is that the kids who called themselves getting away from the slavery their parents were trapped in have been turned into even bigger slaves, with even less to show for it than the most brain-washed honky. Jones has simply perverted everything we started out to do, and if we're ever going to get back to where we were going to have to eliminate this poison from our community. Scag ain't dope it's death!



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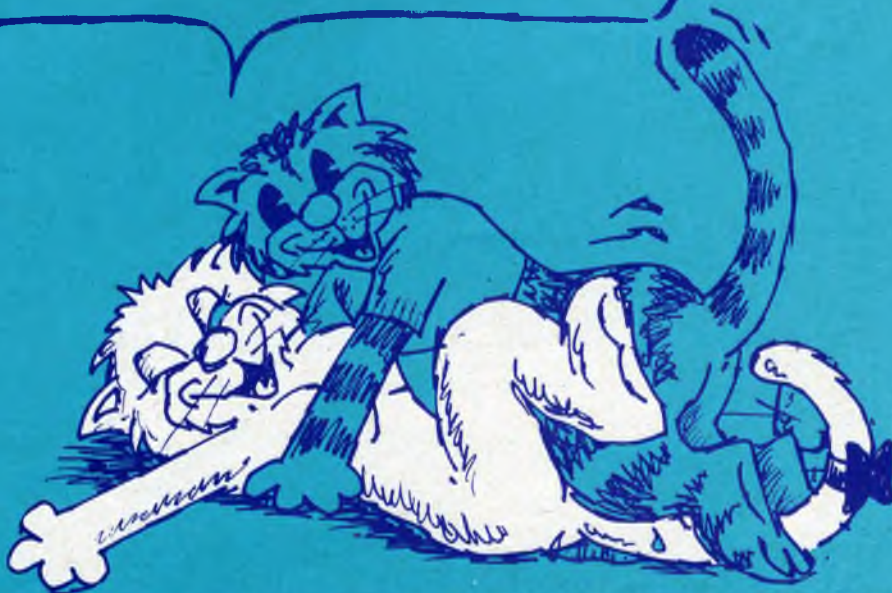
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HI THERE READERS! IF THIS
 OZ DIDNT SATISFY YOUR
 PURIENT INTEREST GET AN
 I.T. THE FORTNIGHTLY TENPENNY
 MIND FUCK. OH YAS OH YAS!



**NASTY
 TALES!**

ISSUE TWO

OUT JULY
 (IT'S REALLY NASTY)

comment on
Norman Mailer's
Prisoner of Sex.

David Widgery

"We've had a load of scrubbers answering our ads for dishy nude model dollies. Surely there are some really pretty girls with nice faces as well as figures who will bare their boobs for £20 a day? Please don't ring if you're horrible." A small ad from Time Out's 'Special Women's Liberation Issue'.

We left Mailer driving his landrover through the mud and tide of Provincetown Bay, mourning his marriage and the moon, now both gone. Prose exhausted, weary in every

women are goddesses or sloppy beasts

comma and colon with inventing metaphysics for the sex-stripped mysteries of the moonmen and their machines. Wellknown for his well-knownness, celebrated for his fame, Aquarius was running out of eponyms. The Mailer who had uncannily foreseen the Black uprising, guided us through the livid heat of Beat, comprehended and fought the advancing order of brutality of Vietnam seemed emptied. In 'Cannibals and Christians' he had promised 'this country is entering the most desperate nightmarish time of its history. Unless everyone in America gets a good deal braver, everything is going to get a lot worse.' and in 'The Armies of the Night', he recognized the future as a 20 year battle for the soul of America. But now he seemed to have caught weightlessness, the ideas he had been juggling for 15 years were floating out of his reach, his moralism had turned sanctimonious, his paradoxes anaesthetic, his toying with a pop-Marxism and a mock-Existentialism simply a whim. His break with James Baldwin was the first clear sign. Mailer was prepared to offer the blacks an abstract right to liberate themselves. Baldwin understood that one of the first things it was necessary to be liberated from was people like Mailer projecting their own unrealised desire for animality onto them. Mailer loved the Revolution as long as it remained an enigma, Baldwin could no longer afford to make a mystery of politics, 'If they take you in the morning, they will

be coming for us that night' he writes to Angela Davis. Now Mailer, who has always led with his prick, was finding women, too, less grateful for being sexually exploited to fit his fantasies.

The publication of 'The Prisoner of Sex', his frontal attack on Women's Lib (as they cosily and diminutively call it, those ad-men and novelists who thought it would be all over in a year) marks the end of any kind of sympathy for the revolutionary movement in America. His picture of women is not flattering, so clearly designed to shock, so sad. He says women are goddesses or sloppy beasts, they should live in temples or in cages and he is showing off, desperately. It's a classic 'masculine' double-bind, common both in the saloon

who rises at dawn while he sleeps, to make him tea and clean his boots, "Divine childbearer! Potential Mother of the Race! Why should you clean my boots or bring up my tea?" No, No Norman; 'He would love a woman and she might sprain her back before 100 sinks of dishes in a month, yet he would not be happy to help her if his own work would suffer, no, not unless her work was as valuable as his own' . . . and you can guess who decides that. Woman's work becomes miraculously no work at all, Mailer leans across a nation of invisible women on all fours to treasure 'femininity' and 'love', so obviously the projections of his own distorted masculinity. For from the Women's Liberation view, the traits of women rolled out by Mailer, the passivity, the innerdirectness, the proximity to eternity are not timeless mysteries but



bar and around the hookah, a 'real man' hates piety and so denies himself the possibility of many of his feelings. Mailer likes to prime his thoughts with viciousness, but the pain explodes in his own face. Or conversely he lays a mawkish mysticism onto women in a way that obliges them to become tangled in false versions of themselves, if only in escaping his. He glories in a picture of woman stripped of cities and corruption where she can do little else but act out the Christian symbolism of flesh, animality and fertility.

It's nothing new. Olive Shreiner, the 19th century feminist, knew such 'lefty theorists before the drawingroom fire in spotless shirt front and perfectly fitting clothes' who talked so passionately of the wonders of childbirth. Does, she asks, the same man say 'to the elderly house drudge

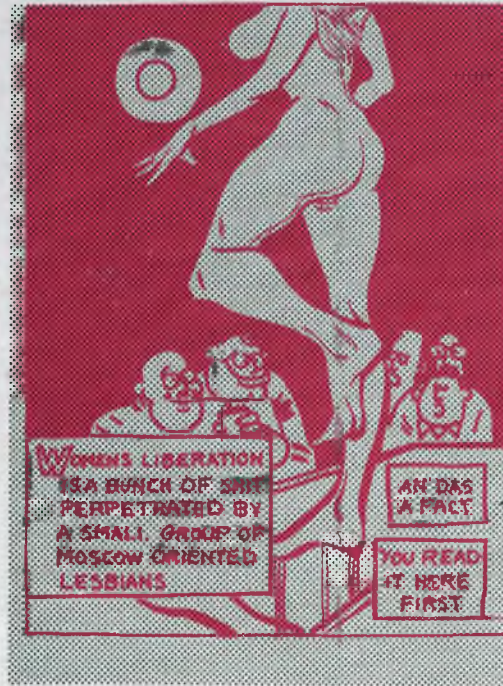
historically determined, no more mysterious than the grinning nigger. Stepen Fetchit became Stokely Carmichael, so die 'woman' die.

His old megalomania is now reinforced by a new condescension toward women, 'obviously no journalist could have done the job — it was work which called for a novelist'. The job is selecting a kind of Debrett of women's writing which he congratulates on being penned 'in no way women had ever written before' (has he read Mary Wollstonecraft, Flora Tristan, Emma Goldman, Eleanor Marx, Sylvia Pankhurst . . . a whole submerged and passionate feminist literature) He builds up a parody picture of the woman woman's movement, all bras, Solanas and Scissor women, designed to be easy to beat. Greer's 'liberal heart' and Atkinson's extra-uterine plans are neither central to Women's Liberation (except in the media's eyes) or dangerous to Mailer's Right Conservatism.

He grudgingly quotes a pamphlet which argues that 'women will not respond to an appeal to live the kind of lives they see men living and if they tried to do so in large numbers, they would cause a crisis in society'. Mailer is stunned by this 'echo of Bolshevism' (the Bolsheviks apparently being an all male organisation) and concludes that it is probably true that men and women will not get anything fundamental without changing the economic system. He immediately drops the point. He's bored with statistics anyhow.

Never serious about Marxism, Mailer did have a period of thinking of himself as a 'Marxist existentialist'. Now his existentialism is just a poetic conceit, everything has consciousness, even his snot, and the Marxism is just a belief that technology, not the men that control it, is anti-human. The ideas he borrows, unacknowledged, from Reich, are those of cancer being caused by a failure of the psyche, the obsession with molecular forms of energy, the fear of homosexuality and the insulting tones of his last persecuted days. What gets left out, as so often, is Reich's personal and practical commitment to working class struggle and socialism as the only route out of the Wiemar sexual hypocrisy. Reich's intransigent advocacy of Marxism in the Freudian front-parlours, the work of SexPol, his scientific use of the psycho-analytic method began the study, of how it is the values of capitalism and imperialism take root inside people's heads. Marxist thinkers like him and Fanon, Satre De Beauvoir and Laing may be inaccessible and exceptions to the general conversion of Marxism into the doctrine of the Russian ruling class, but their work has been crucial to the black and women's movement. All that lies behind Mailer's heaps of adjectives is theology. Underneath the talk of 'science', a dreary catalogue of the biology of illiteracy from thoughts on the emotional life of the sperm to Eysenck on psychoanalysis.

Kate Millet has clearly wounded the old prize fighter, he can't stand a serious woman and so he sneers at her precision and brandishes his hornyness. He has not the beginning of understanding of how great is the effort of breaking through the silence, to what extent the ideas which make up the intellectual world are all seen through men's eyes, ('We must learn to see the world through women's eyes' wrote Trotsky). Millet's book is an attempt to begin the reinterpretation of sociology, anthropology and literary criticism's inadequacies from a feminist viewpoint. For in every bourgeois science and a good deal of Marxism, women are made into invisible objects. We are only beginning to understand the process of the social education into femininity, the learning of how to 'please' men. It is beginning to be possible to see how men's notion of their own masculinity (derived, in my case, not from Lawrence and Miller but Blonde on Blonde and Belmondo) act to sexually divide women, to prevent their solidarity, to force them to police themselves in our 'interest'. Even in orgasm, Mailer is reasserting the domination of women which exists in the outside world, 'a man can become more male and a woman more female in the full rigours of the fuck'. It's a soap opera, even in the come. Perhaps we should assert the reverse, that women's liberation allows the possibility of man discovering his own femininity, anality and the memories of sex before puberty, almost before birth.



As David Cooper puts it, and it's an acid discovery, 'Orgasm is the total experience of trans sexuality. The Fucker is fucked in the course of his or her fucking. One becomes not only both sexes and all generations, but the act for Mailer sex stays defined at the anatomy of the genitals; a woman's passivity from her 'damned sponge' of a womb and her narcissism from her ova, man's ambition from his penis and his wealth from his semen. Whereas the kind of sexuality which might be hoped once man and woman have finally laid down their last false demand on each other would be truly as William Blake, our Norman.O. Brown, cubed, longed:

*"Embraces are cominglings
from the head
even to the feet
And not a pompous High Priest
entering by
a secret place."*

It has been argued, more cynically by Peter Sedgwick, that 'the vista of Communist society in which genital sexuality is dethroned and diffused into body tone, work and the outdoor life is not too far from the ideology of sublimation festered by some public schools (and is liable to be no less unrealistic in practice)'. But it's clear that the linaments of gratified desire are quite contradictory to Mailer's rigid semen economy which sees disaster in every wasted sperm, whether it be in a gay rectum, a schoolboy's hanky or a woman wearing a diaphragm. Mailer refuses to see that contraceptives increase woman's control over her body. Like Orwell he hates rubberwear (Orwell ends a poem by accusing the cash nexus of being responsible for 'the sleek estranging shield/Between a lover and his bride, in that fantasia of studhood 'American Dream', Mailer-Ro jack brings the nightclub hostess Cherig to her first orgasm ever only after removing his Durex). The definition of a successful fuck is that it produces offspring. He hates the fact that abortion is at last being made available early enough to make it an operation no more serious than a big dental job. He actually hankers after the era when puerperal fever made child-birth always pass close to fatal risk; 'sometimes the Prisoner thought it likely that women had begun to withdraw respect from men about the time pregnancy lost its dangers', a remark of such off hand sadism that there is little indignation left to recall that Simmelweiss's discovery of the cause of puerperal fever was prevented from saving women's lives for years because of all-male doctor's refusal to introduce elementary hygiene. The extreme violence of man on woman could not be put more beautifully, Mailer still wants his sperm to have the possibility of causing the death of





its recipient, it will have 'respect' that way. And if his victim dies, the streptococcus will kill other women simply because doctors are too proud to wash their hands. Just as syphilis of the prostitute was the reality of the Victorian saloon's waistcoats and crinolines, so what underlies Mailer's sexual delicacies is the power to kill, the mentality of My Lai. The religious respect for mystic womanhood becomes the reality of sexual punishment of the actual woman who must fall short of male fantasy; the anal rapes of Mailer's novels, the phallic murders of Cleaver's writing, the use of female genitals as ash trays, urinal and punchbag in Henry Miller, Mailer's 'Old Master'. The hatred and the hypocrisy for women who won't accept their own subordination. When the Paris Commune was finally destroyed 100 years ago, the women, accused by the victorious aristocracy of free love, were treated with especial sadism. As middleaged women were marching to prison a young aristocratic huzzar, how Mailer would have admired him, bent over from his horse and shouted at one 'When we get you to prison, you red bitch, we will fuck you with a hot iron'.

But in a way the extremism of Mailer and, it must be added, his epigones in England, Christopher Ricks and Clive James, who crawled out of the Senior Common Room wood work to waggle their manhood once Mailer gave the go-ahead, makes it too easy on the rest of us. Most men on the Left and the Underground are more like the male Communards who visited the women's clubs of the Paris Commune and whose rowdy interventions caused

their closure. We oscillate between smugness and fear, it is to men much like us that a female commuard said, with dignity and perhaps more patience than we deserve, 'We don't want to act as playthings or entertainment for anyone. . . behind your catcalls despotism is strengthened. You know very well that we don't want to lower you in any way but you are afraid to see us rise'. Men in movements against capitalism often find their own definition at the expense of women. (That their own definition of 'Revolutionary manhood' is also against their interest is shown most terribly in the Friendz Belfast fiasco.) At one level the Underground's sexual fantasy is a threat to the kind of pornography which actually caters for self-hatred. And it's clear that Lord Longford's miniature McCarthysim will do nothing about the 'pornography' in existence precisely because of the sexual hypocrites so well represented on his panel. Instead he will attack the subversive use of sexuality. But the Underground just can't go on seeing every nipple and grunt as an attack on capitalism. INK shows how little is really left when OZ is shorn of the porn. It's simply not enough to publish a perfunctory 'Woman's Issue' and still be saying, like that lovable piglet Tony Elliot, 'an extra 5,000 copies if we put boobs on the cover'. The Underground can no longer go on evading the issue, with the aid of token woman and the whole reactionary super-groupy sludge any more than the Left can think the promise of a socialist revolution then is a reason to stop Women's Liberation now.

'It is a curious fact that with every great revolutionary movement, the question of 'free love' comes to the foreground'
Frederick Engels



Belmer



ACID IN WONDERLAND ACID IN WONDERLAND

*Madness ain't the kind of thing you want about the house
frightens all the cheese
eats up a tiny mouse
madness ain't the kinda way you want to lead your life
it dulls your pocket knife
It makes you kinda lonely somehow*

*Madness ain't the kinda trip you want to take the kids
living underneath
your closed eyelids
madness ain't the kinda thing you want around the house
It makes you kinda lonely somehow*

*Madness ain't the kinda air your lungs deserve to breathe
not the kinda womb
you prematurely leave
madness ain't the kinda hole in which you stick it out
you're technically knocked out
It makes you kinda lonely somehow*

*Madness ain't the kinda beast you bet your money on
in a tight race
between right and wrong
madness ain't the kinda thing you want around the house
It makes you kinda lonely somehow*

*Madness ain't the kind wish you'd wish upon your friends
for any fiendly ends
after all you're supposed to be friends
madness ain't the kinda drink you take to every night
not every single night
It makes you kinda lonely somehow*

*Madness ain't the kinda seed you plant between the sheets
not the part of valor
the neighbors find discreet
madness ain't the kinda thing you want about the house
It damages your brain
and it drives you near insane
and it makes you lovely somehow*

Neil Tucker

This song, 'Madness', is one of eighteen songs on Neil Tucker's first LP called *The Indefinite You* which is issued by Island in September.

The illustrations, which appear with the lyrics on the sleeve, are by Peter Till.

HEADS HANDS AND FEET
Heads Hands and Feet
(Island Records)

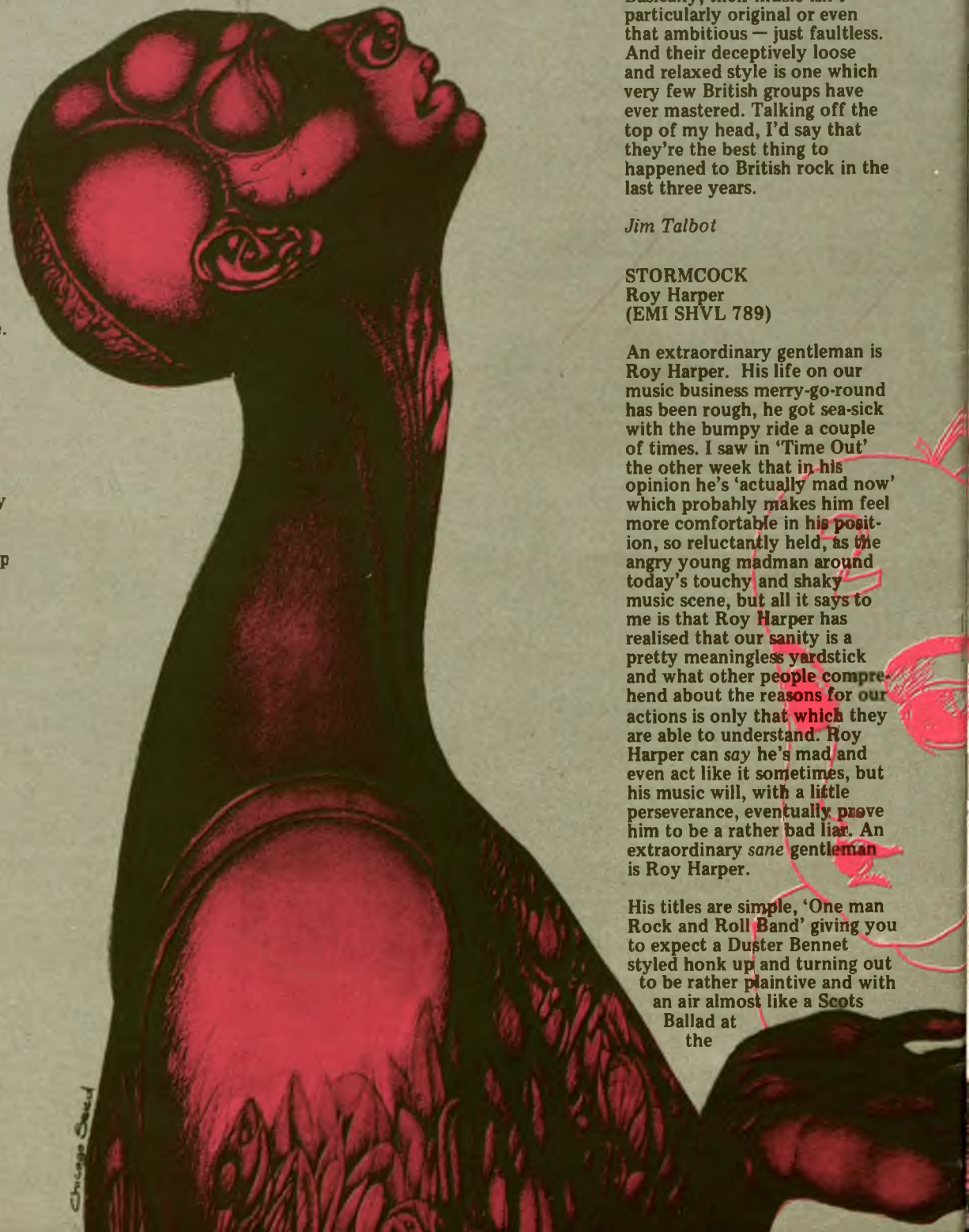
Heads Hands and Feet are yet another group of session musicians who've chosen to exchange the comfortable anonymity of the recording studio for the instant 'supergroup' tag, but on the strength of this debut album they've got a lot more going for them than most outfits. Their individual histories stretch way back to early sixties bands like the Springfields, Bluesology, Mike Berry and the Outlaws, Georgie Fame's Blue Flames and Nero and the Gladiators. Recent years have seen Pete Gavin drumming for Jody Grind, pianist Mike O'Neill writing for Georgie Fame, Chas Hodges on bass with Cliff Bennett and the Rebel Rousers and vocalist Tony Coulton co-operating with guitarist Ray Smith on film and TV scores. The band's star turn is Albert Lee, who's been rated one of the finest country guitarists around since he played the Albert Hall with Chet Atkins back in 1969. Together as HH&F they've produced one of the slickest records I've heard in a long, long time.

Their music is Nashville-inspired country-rock, but, as you'd expect from their background, there are quite a few frills thrown in for good measure.

They're happiest on more straightforward numbers with an open, country feel about them. On songs like 'Hang Me Dang Me' and 'Trying to Put Me On' you'd think they'd been together for ten years instead of barely twelve months — carefully tailored guitar runs paly around simple melody lines, while Pete Gavin and Chas Hodges keep things neat and together. But HH&F are just as capable of turning in a model performance of the tongue-in-cheek Roger Miller style 'Everybody's Hustlin' the slower, more blues-influenced 'Devils Elbow' or of 'Country Boy', really a showcase for Albert Lee's exuberant blue-grass guitar and far and away the best track on the album.

HH&F are so fine a band, in fact, that they manage to get away with a mediocre song like 'Send Me A Wire'. And even on the more complex tracks no one ever puts a foot wrong. But the best moments of all come from Albert Lee's guitar. He's been around for quite a while now, playing with Joe Cocker and Chris Farlow on record and backing C&W singers like Skeeter Davis and Bobby Bare on tour. Now he's found a band to match his talent which is staggering, as you begin to realise when he opens out on 'Country Boy'. His presence dominates a lot

STORMCOCKS IN A FOUR WAY STREET



of the album, swapping guitar licks with Ray Smith, doubling on vibes, dobro and the inevitable moog as well and even singing on three tracks. He also takes a very nice solo on 'Devil's Elbow', clipped, chunky phrases but with a slowed down, slightly echoed effect — I'm told he gets the sound by using a Lesley, an amp that's more commonly associated with a Hammond organ.

But unlike a lot of the careful compromises between rival musical egos which are usually the hallmark of 'supergroup' amalgamations, HH&F come over as a band who like to keep soloing to a minimum. And although they dig jamming together, they're never sloppy since they demand incredibly high standards from each other. Basically, their music isn't particularly original or even that ambitious — just faultless. And their deceptively loose and relaxed style is one which very few British groups have ever mastered. Talking off the top of my head, I'd say that they're the best thing to happened to British rock in the last three years.

Jim Talbot

STORMCOCK
Roy Harper
(EMI SHVL 789)

An extraordinary gentleman is Roy Harper. His life on our music business merry-go-round has been rough, he got sea-sick with the bumpy ride a couple of times. I saw in 'Time Out' the other week that in his opinion he's 'actually mad now' which probably makes him feel more comfortable in his position, so reluctantly held, as the angry young madman around today's touchy and shaky music scene, but all it says to me is that Roy Harper has realised that our sanity is a pretty meaningless yardstick and what other people comprehend about the reasons for our actions is only that which they are able to understand. Roy Harper can say he's mad and even act like it sometimes, but his music will, with a little perseverance, eventually prove him to be a rather bad liar. An extraordinary sane gentleman is Roy Harper.

His titles are simple, 'One man Rock and Roll Band' giving you to expect a Duster Bennet styled honk up and turning out to be rather plaintive and with an air almost like a Scots Ballad at the

beginning, and then rolling into one of Harper's impeccable guitar riffs with yelped, anguished chorus, very moving . . . 'You don't need your gun, man, we're already dead' . . . and in the end it is just a tale about a one man rock and roll band, complete with exploding piano and rippling withdrawal to the last note. There are strings on 'Me and My Woman' arranged by David Bedford, 'in association with Roy Harper v. Haunted Fox the optimist, whose copy of the Observer's Book of Birds, 3rd Reprint, page 80, is' whatever that means in Mr Harper's sane world. Another track with rare surprises and flashes of Roy's electric delicacy on acoustic guitar.

Another shadowy figure from the world of guitar expertise is featured on 'The Same Old Rock', an incredibly fluid and sensitive guitar with the unfortunate tag S. Flavius Mercurius, who flows and trips his way around the rhythm with almost impossible speed, even finding time to bend some nicely elastic notes in the midst of the break-neck tempo. This track alone is ample justification for buying the album and also a clear insight into Roy's genius for constructing something fresh and totally alive with ingredients hardly noted for their originality.

It's been at least eight weeks since any album has turned up that I've played more than a couple of times, with the chaos in our home records need a very strange and special quality if they are to survive as Wallpaper music that is tuned in only when the room's noise level subsides slightly; for what it's worth *Stormcock* has turned everyone on, from visitors to inmates.

Roy Harper is an awkward sod by many people's standards and his stage appearances are often marred by his fiery spirit, but the value of his music has nothing to do with what we think of his personality; he's probably the most impressive and coherent solo performing artist in London today, his honesty is priceless. I met him briefly last year in Friends' office and remember that he rolls the longest, thinnest, most immaculate joints I ever saw in my life. Now there's a function for a sane man in a mad world.

John Coleman

FOUR WAY STREET
Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young
(Atlantic double album)

CSNY are pretty lucky. They have a following who will not only buy anything that David,

Steve (sorry STEPHEN), Willy and Neil choose to lay on them, but they'll enjoy it as well. Inevitably, *Four Way Street* will sell an astounding number of copies, even though its little more than a sprawling, messy sampler. Half acoustic and half electric, it was pieced together from about a dozen gigs in LA, Chicago and good ol' Fillmore East, New York City.

Considering the status of the band, the integrity of the label, and the number of alternative takes they must have had for each and every number, it's an amazingly bad album. After seeing Stills bang away at an untuned guitar in "Woodstock" simultaneously reproach the sound engineer for not enough "bottom end on the guitar", perhaps it was a silly to retain any illusions, but they seem very anxious to show the world how sloppily they play live.

According to their biggest fan, David Crosby, CSNY are "a magic band. Magic means doin' it so well you get it up beyond mechanical levels." Well, here they just ain't doin' it that well. It's on a very mechanical level, where they can get it up at all. They carefully mangle most of their best-loved songs, including my alltime CSNY favourite "Long Time Gone", with the assistance of ex-Turtles drummer Johnny Barbata (now that two ex-Turtles are in the Mothers, someone might rediscover them) and their latest spade bass player, Calvin Samuels.

Crosby is full of lavish praise for his colleagues. He says that Stills "plays rings round everybody, plays everything better than anybody. A stoned goddam genius." Stoned he certainly is, but on acoustic guitar, Martin Carthy, John Martyn, Wizz Jones, Michael Chapman, or any of the Transatlantic mob could quite comfortably piss on Stills from a great height. As a piano player, he's no more impressive. He comes on like some demented cross between Aretha and Elton for the album's most hideous performance, a medley of "49 Bye-byes" and "America's children" a reworded "For What It's Worth" shot through with a long political rap. "Jesus Christ was the first long haired revolutionary — dig it — dig it — right on — dig it," etc.

If Crosby admires Stills, he ADORES Nash. "Graham Nash is one of the most highly evolved people on this planet. He is my teacher and he is certainly the finest cat I know. If I was a chick, I'd marry the cat." While it is possible for lovable Willy to have mutated to such a high level of consciousness, it's a pity that his music has remained so regrettably earthbound. "Right Between The Eyes" is pretty folk club

music with rather basic guitar work, while "Chicago" is downright offensive with its singalong radical chic, simplistic lyrics and clonk-BOP, clonk-BOP piano.

"Anything Neil Young steps into is different," says Crosby. "I don't care if it's a bathroom." Or a dog turd. While I'm basically out of sympathy with Young's hey-look-at-me-being-sensitive-and-observant approach, I must admit that he is the most efficient performer of the four.

Crosby himself is very under-represented with three songs against five or six for all the others. His contributions to the acoustic album are both superb, "The Lee Shore" being a lovely piece for guitar and voices, and "Triad" being the shattering song about a 3-way love affair that got him thrown out of the Byrds. It would have been nice if another of his songs, "Almost Cut My Hair" for instance, could have been included, but then they would have had to omit some applause, and that's what live albums are all about, right?

Overall, a bummer. An opulent, expensively packaged, sycophantic bummer. It's sad that a band with only two group albums behind them should have to resort to a mushy, flabby collection of their Greatest Hits.

Charles Shaar Shuckin' Out Murray

SMASH YOUR HEAD AGAINST AGAINST THE WALL
John Entwistle
(Track 2406 005)

Who the hell is John Entwistle anyway?

Who is that quiet, almost shy-looking pop face, the first cautious rolls of middle-age spread starting to fatten out his waistband and what seems like dyed black hair combed neatly into a 1967 style Beatle coiffure, sitting in a dark corner of the Speakeasy flashing just an occasional smile as he recognises a passing friend?

Who is the guy who stands amidst that embroglio of cataclysmic, ear-splitting audacity that is The Who onstage? Sure, he plays a cool bass guitar, he sings some and now and again he blows a little French Horn but it's almost as if all that was an incongruous afterthought and he's really there as some slightly sinister chaperone merely to observe all that drum-kicking guitar thrashing, microphone-flinging wildness with a benign, but nevertheless definitely black tolerance.

And what business has this Entwistle geezer got making a solo record? I mean he's hardly

got the pedigree! Yet here he is smashing his way through nine of his distinctively weird original toons and expecting us to listen. Smashing? Yeah, his arrangements, though carefully structured, are welded with all the gentile grace of an acid-crazed lumberjack. Weird? Most certainly: With a title taken from the lyric of the albums opener, 'My Size' and various other nasty ditties about funerals, re-incarnation and heaven and hell, this album is recommended as Music While You Embalm for perverted undertakers.

A marked indifference to the tastes of a public satiated with a musical diet of ponderous social overstatement and contrived whimsy displays itself on this album, and it's a development which defies comprehension. Example: A tweely titled number which preaches sweetly the joys and benefits of social tolerance, namely 'I Believe In Everything', suddenly lurches off into a bloozy chorus of 'Rudolph the Red Nose Reindeer' complete with lunatic screeches, for no apparent reason whatsoever. Has John finally blown his brain out after so many years of putting up with the rest of the band's insanity?

And what an odd choice of back-up musicians he's chosen; not a Bobby Keyes or Duane Allman in sight. Instead there's that young whippersnapper of a drummer, Humble Pie's Jerry Shirley and Cyrano, lead guitarist with the T-Bones all those years ago and now churning out some very tight n' tasty stuff indeed. Oh yeah, and K. Moon, V. Stanshall and N. Innes bash about on assorted percussion on one track, 'No 29'. Talking of Neil Innes, there are moments on this album that one can't help but compare to the music of his Liberty recorded band "The World" — a nifty and underrated little combo if ever there was one — same chunk-chunka-chunka solidness and unexpected counter-point. But other than that, John Entwistle's material sounds like nothing else and yet there's no key to the man behind it, save for the sinister implications already mentioned. Yet Entwistle has obviously gone to a lot of trouble writing all the songs and producing himself on bass, keyboards, various horns and quivering tonsils and clearly he wants us to accept him as an individual as well as a corporate artist. But despite the high quality of the playing and the impressive originality of the compositions on this record, I'm left shuddering nervously at the psychological implications of it all and wondering, "Who the hell is John Entwistle anyway?"

Mark Williams

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