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Editor

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OZ 35

Description

This issue appears with the help of Jim Anderson, Pat Bell, Stanislav Demidjuk, Felix Dennis, Simon Kentish, Debbie Knight, Stephen Litster, Brian McCracken, Mike Murphy, Richard Neville, John O'Neil, Chris Rowley, George Snow, David Wills. Thanks for artwork, photographs and valuable help to Eddie Belchamber, Andy Dudzinski, Rod Beddatl, Rip-Off Press, David Nutter, Mike Weller, Dan Pearce, Colin Thomas, Charles Shaar Murray, Sue Miles and those innumerable people who write us letters, which we are unable to print and sometimes forget to reply to.

Contents: Special Pig issue cover by Ed Belchamber. Stop Press: OZ Obscenity Trial June 22nd Old Bailey. 'The Contortions of Modern Cricket' A commentary on the current state of the game – Suck, sexuality and politics by Jim Haynes + graphics. 'The Continuing Story of Lee Heater' by Jim Anderson + graphics. How Howie Made it in the Real World 3p cartoon by Gore. Full page Keef Hartley Band ad. 'The Bob Sleigh Case' by Stanislav Demidjuk – freak injustice. 'Act Like a Lady' – gay advice from Gay Dealer + graphics by Rod Beddall. Chart: 'The Medical Effects of Mind-Altering Substances' – based on charts by Sidney Cohen MD and Joel Fort MD. Drug Chart Extra. 'Acid Through the Looking Glass' and The YageDitran Conjecture – Peter Stafford author of LSD—*The Problem Solving Drug* and the forthcoming *Psychedelic Baby Reaches Puberty* on psychedelics. Full page trippy Alice and white rabbit graphic. Drugs Fight Dirty – Hit Back Hard text & graphic. Full page Dan Pearce graphic. Pink Fairies & Roy Harper ads. Ozjets D'art at Clytie Jessop's Gallery in Kings Road – thanks for the exhibition + graphics including Hockney's portraits of the editors. Mail order OZ including Luff, Honeybunch, pregnant elephant and Three Virgins (girls from the centrespread of OZ 27) T-shirts & badges. Ad for Jill Neville's *The Love Germ*. Edward cartoon ad for *Nasty Tales & IT*. Centrespread Hans Bellmer graphic. Mike Murphy cartoon. Edgar Broughton Band & Brian Auger ads. 'Desolation Dribble' – David Reitman plays basketball with Dylan + Dan Pearce graphic. 'His Duty to Serve – Hers to Inspire' – Lee Harris on Gandhi. Gnidrolog by Charles Shaar Murray + full page 3rd eye photo. Spike: the *Little Red Schoolbook* and repression. *Ink*. Richard Brautigan poem 'Flowers for Those You Love'. St Cecelia ad. 'Terror on the Tubes' – Stanislav Demidjuk on Theatrespiel performance. S. Clay Wilson Spider Joy cartoon. 'See Me Feel Me Touch Me Heal Me' Esalen and Encounter Group Therapy – Jerome Liss talks to Don Braisy + graphics and groups list. Gypsy and B.B. Blunder ads. Fan mail + Lynn Barnes graphic. Thin Lizzy & early Hendrix on Saga Records ads & Friends of the Earth books by Ballantine ad. LP reviews: Brian Auger, Third World War, John Cale & Terry Riley, Keef Hartley Band, Loudon Wainwright IIIrd. 2p M.J. Weller cartoon The Firm. Back cover ad for United Artists Records featuring boy reading OZ 33.

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Comments

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

40p

OZ 35

SPECIAL
PIG
ISSUE



OINK !

STOP PRESS: OZ OBSCENITY TRIAL JUNE 22 OLD BAILEY

The contortions of modern cricket



A commentary on the current state of the game



n apple a day
keeps the doctor
away."

Well, I say "An
orgasm a

day keeps the psychiatrist away." How are you doing out there with your own sexual revolution? Rufus Collins, Living Theatre Black Freak Beautiful makes the observation : "It's a constant battle to free myself from my own sexual mores but each time I overcome in that particular battle I am opened up further. When one finally realizes that everything is sexual and most of the frustrations in the world are sexual frustrations then it becomes absolutely necessary to hammer on the door of the sexual revolution." Yes, yes, Brother Rufus, you are so right! And for all of you who do not know, there is the newspaper *Suck* hammering away.

Suck was the sponsor of the *Wet Dream Film Festival*, the worlds first so-called pronographic film festival, which took place in Amsterdam last November. I understand that *Suck* plans to sponsor another *Wet Dream Film Festival* in Amsterdam, the 20th to 24th of October. All film makers interested in participating should contact *Suck*.

Attention all you sexual atheletes. Next year in Munchen during the same period of the Olympic Games, reliable rumour has it that the first *Sexual Olympics* will also take place. The people organizing the *Sexual Olympics* have asked me to help them in various ways, so if you have ideas or if you think that you are a record-breaker, please write to me c/o OZ.

For me, sex is the root of most human pleasure and/or anxiety. Among earthly pleasures, it ranks supreme, just above food and hot showers. I feel that most of the world's problems could be solved if we all could develop a tender concern for each other. Wilhelm Reich believes that the determining factor of the mental health of a population is the condition of its natural love life. There is a society in Amsterdam called *Sexual Eglitarian and Liberation Fraternity* who also believe with Reich that the sexual revolution is the political revolution. They have issued a statement which I feel is so important that I would like to pass it on to you.

Tenderness, mutual respect, freedom and tolerance — these are all words we should associate with sex and love. The act of making love can be a statement of profound tenderness and concern for another human being. In this world of different languages, religions, races, cultures, and classes, sex is an incommunality — something common to all of us. When we are unafraid and free from possessive

ness it will make little difference what kind of social organization we choose to live under, because we will be open, kind, and generous. It is sexual frustration, sexual envy sexual fear which permeates all our human relationships and which perverts them. The sexually liberated, the sexually tolerant and the sexually generous individuals are open, tolerant, and generous in all their activities. Therefore S.E.L.F. wishes to encourage sexual freedom, sexual tolerance, and sexual generosity.

How is this for a beautiful mad idea? Would it not be fun if in every part of the world a bell could be sounded every day at a different time, and when you heard the bell, you stopped cooking, eating, walking, talking, etc and made love with the person (or persons) nearest you, no matter their age or sex!

How many of you know that in October 1967 the American Congress created the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, and that after two years and two million dollars of study and research, the Commission in its 900 page report urged that obscenity laws should be repealed. And in fact that pure pornography (whatever that means) might have socially redeeming value. But needless to say, in October 1970 President Nixon totally rejected the Commission's findings without even bothering to read any of the Report. I understand that the Report will be published soon in France and in Germany. (It is in Germany, by the way, where we might find another censorship free zone. Starting from little Denmark, the right to read and see any material has spread to Sweden and to Holland. Should one dare to ask when these same rights will be available in England?) In G. Legman's classic study of censorship *Love and Death*, he writes: "Murder is a crime, describing murder is not. Sex is not a crime. Describing sex is. Why?"

For a look at the evolution of the sexual revolution as seen thru the eyes of an innocent Frenchman, you might look at the book *The Danish Sexfaire* by Jean-Claude Lauret, published by Jasmine Press. And if you would like to see a woman's point of view, I highly recommend the Betty Dodson interview in the February issue of *Evergreen Review*. Betty Dodson has some beautiful ideas and expresses them forthrightly: "There is a lot of conflict between men and women over sex and sex roles. If all erotic material is degrading to women, that really means that sex is degrading to women. If a woman has had nothing but sex-negative experiences then looking at pictures about sex will understandably make her feel degraded. The answer lies not in

trying to do away with erotic art or sex, but in trying to get some joy out of both. How we relate to sex is how we relate to the world. A sex-positive person is going to have a more positive attitude towards the world."

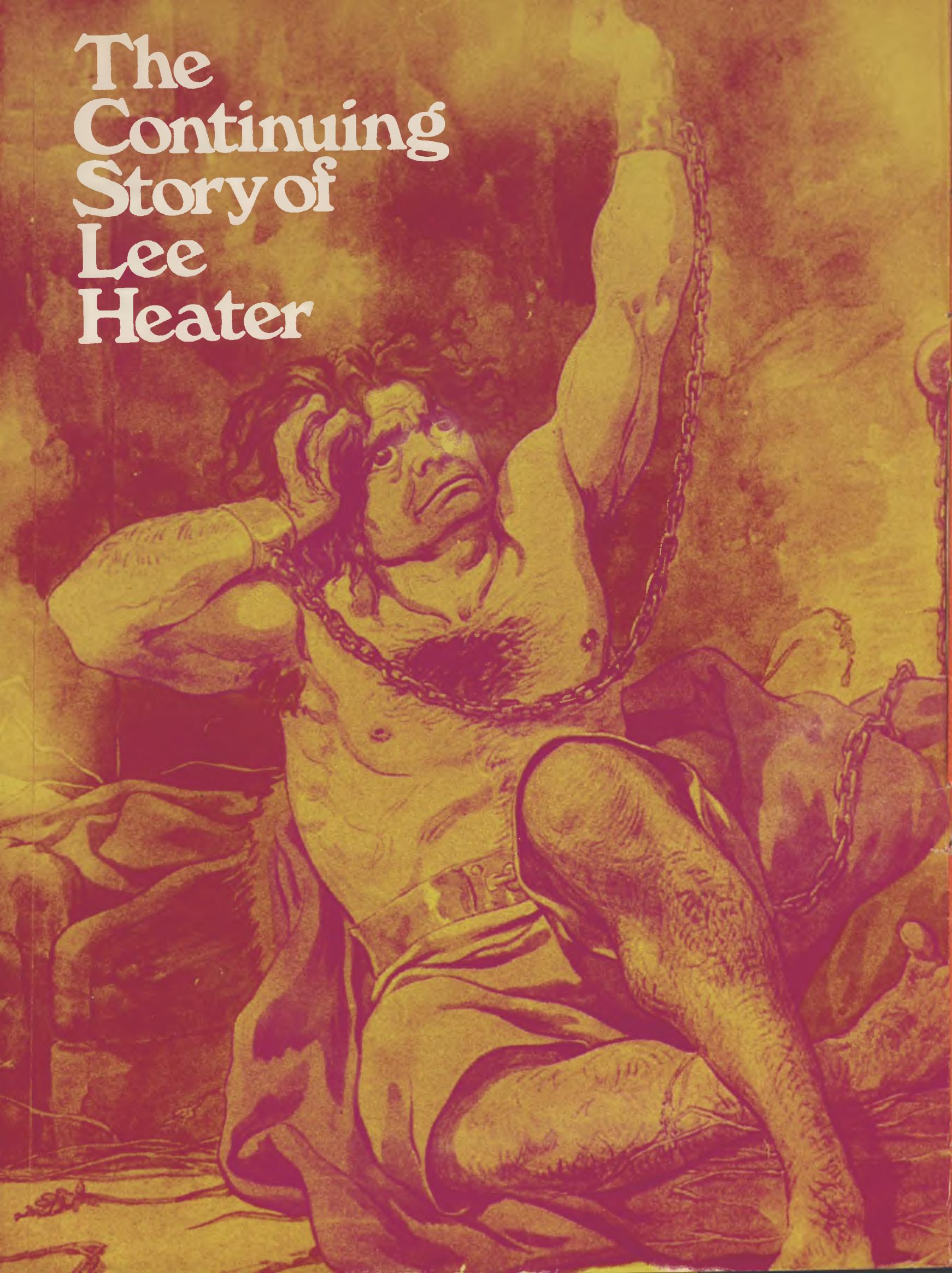
A small Buckminster Fuller quote worth pondering: "We should do away with the absolutely specious notion that everybody has to earn a living. It is a fact today that one in ten thousand of us can make a technological breakthrough capable of supporting all the rest. The youth of today are absolutely right in recognizing this nonsense of earning a living. We keep inventing jobs because of this false idea that everybody has to be employed at some kind of drudgery because, according to Malthusian Darwinian theory he must justify his right to exist. So we have inspectors to inspect inspectors. The true business of people should be to go back to school and think about whatever it was they were thinking about before somebody came along and told them they had to earn a living." It is about time we think about establishing a minimum income for everyone — man, woman, and child; and we all return to living a full creative life style. For me, the definition of work is doing something you do not like doing. And therefore one should "work" (in that sense) as little as possible. In fact in this special sense, I have almost never worked in my life. I have spent energy teaching, writing, book-selling, publishing, producing theatre, running a cinema, etc etc, but it was all fun. I did not do any of these things for the money reward; the "work" itself was its own reward. When I go to my Metro stop and I see this young lovely girl punching tickets I want to cry out in pain. This is a crime. What is the meaning of *their* life? Public transportation should be free, and this young girl should be traveling around the world, exploring, growing, laughing, spreading joy and happiness, and not punching stupid tickets in an airless box.

How many of you out there are happy? How many of you are lonely? How many would like to meet someone? How many would like to communicate to another? I would like to have your autobiographies. Please, those who are interested, write me your life story. Make it as short or as long as you wish. If you can, please use a typewriter. Also please add your address, so that we can contact you. Address your letter to Jim Haynes, Global Village News, OZ. Needless to say, we will not print a word of it without contacting you first.

Jim Haynes.



The Continuing Story of Lee Heater



Lee Heater left Los Angeles for Asia in 1967. Four years later he is back there, facing charges of rape and child molesting which could conceivably bring him life imprisonment, castration or both. He is classified in Orange County (whatever you do, don't get busted in redneck Orange County) as MDSO (mentally defective sexual offender) and as the date fixed for his trial approaches, he becomes increasingly more resigned to a future behind bars. Since his golden days in Katmandu, Marrakech and London (see Oz 24 'Lee in the Sky with Diamonds' and 'A Hippie Odyssey' in Playpower) he has become tired, heavy and much older, given to melancholy and self pity, surrounded by a deep slow sadness as he waits for the State of California to stamp his future. He is out on bail, a 33,000 dollar cash bond, put up by Kathy Hayes, his wealthy ex-wife who has been his guardian angel for many years, paying for collect telephone calls from the ends of the earth, sending thousands of dollars to remote goals, embassies and communes to save Lee from the toils which his endless search for peace of mind lands him in. Lee's life is a struggle for those simple things which most of us can take for granted — a place to sleep, something to eat, dope perhaps, and some form of social acceptance.

Lee follows the Book of Tao. While on bail in England on a possession of cannabis charge, Lee took a reading of the I Ching which said 'split'. He went to Belfast, then to Dublin.

Eire

"All the time I was moving around in Ireland I would put my hair up on my head in a net, and wear this big hat. I even had a hair net from one ear round my chin to the other ear to keep my beard tight and not looking so messy and straggly. But they would still point their finger at me, laughing and hee-hawing, and calling me dirty hippie, dirty freak, cut your hair, things like that, but they didn't molest me or bother me in any way."

"I went on a train to somewhere in the south where they were freaked out to have a hippie in town. There were other heads around but they didn't even realise they lived there until I came down to visit them. They lived about 2½ miles out and I arrived in a taxi with a whole armload of comic books, a big box of groceries, my record player, a whole case of albums and well, I guess I came on their scene a little strong. One guy there was a real artist with a big red beard who did really fantastic paintings. And a young Jewish girl who had been tripping out in Israel. All the kids there were living rough off the land, with no electricity and baking their own bread. They didn't want candy, they didn't want music. They had a different scene going and I interrupted it. They took a little time to get used to me, especially since that first evening they were all on acid. I just couldn't cope with the vibrations, but one of the girls asked me with a mischievous look in her face if I wanted to trip with them. She handed me two caps of acid and I downed them. Outside the wind blew, I could hear the roar of the sea, the house was completely surrounded by woods. I didn't know my way around, the fire slowly went out, they all went to bed and I started to freak out. Man, I really met the little people of Ireland that night."

"One day in the village I could see the children at recess at the back of the school. I asked the teller at the bank where I changed my money to give me one pounds worth of pennies, which was four rolls of pennies. On my way back to the farm, I went behind the school wall, opened up the rolls and threw the pennies over. They hit the concrete making a lot of noise. All the children were at the windows looking out, so I was unable to throw the last roll, because I was afraid they would see me. I snuck away and it was a big mystery for them. They had no idea where the pennies came from. It was beautiful, what a trip."

"I had a groovy time in the train, playing the flute and showing the ticket collector the picture of me in Oz magazine. He sat in the cabin with me while I rolled a joint and talked to him. When I got off the train, he did too, and it turned out he was the conductor of the bus as well, helping people off and on and all that. He really was a nice gentleman and didn't think anything about me smoking but he wouldn't let me do it on the bus. He said it wouldn't be polite to smoke hashish on the bus, so I cooled it."

"When I got back to Dublin, I didn't know where to go. I wore out 15 taxis that night. They would be unable to find me a room then get tired of me. One took me back to the railway station and said that I could spend the night in the waiting room. But the waiting room closed up, they made me leave and I wound up in an all night coffee bar, the only one in town. I had all this baggage and luggage and eventually one taxi driver found me a hotel and I was OK for a couple of days. I wore my hair net all the time, but after breakfast

one morning the little girl at the hotel showed me another room downstairs way at the back and said that I would have to stay there. They were pushing me off into a corner cubby hole so the other guests would not be able to see me. I said I was an American visitor to their country and I wouldn't live in a room like that.

"After a few days the landlady got uptight and threatened to call the police. I gave this guy nearly £30 and he rented a room for me in some outsite neighbourhood. It was the low class district of town, on a deadend street and the house was full of — of well, whatever. They were pretty nice people. The main thing was I had a roof over my head and a place to go out of the cold. Being in the eye of the public for days without knowing the hippie scene or anything in Dublin was pretty freaky. I went down to Trinity College and met this couple who decided to move in with me. They needed a place and it was OK by me. They were using those needles man, they were shooting up. I told them not to shoot up in the room, not to keep anything there as I didn't want to lose my house. There was a groovy scene that night down at the Trinity College. Some stage festival and Underground movies. Met a lot of kids and they kinda latched on to me. We had a few joints upstairs and decided to see a movie outside. We saw The Producers, even smoked some hash in the theatre and it was really neat. Afterwards I invited them all back to my place to smoke some more dope. We were by some record store with lots of kids inside looking at records. I was just skipping around outside, skipping up and skipping down when narcotics officer Mullens with Sergeant Frighty in his little automobile happened to be passing by and yelled out "There's our No. 1 CIA or FBI or whatever man". They 'May we talk to you alone?' and shook me down up against



Photos: David Nuttall

they had a warrant for my arrest from England and took me away in the car. I yelled, "Hey, man, someone help me". They all wanted to help and one of them, a fantastic kid named Larry jumped in the car with us. I had taken my keys with me and the address was right on the key ring so they went straight to my house and caught those two kids, with their needles and everything."

Next day, Lee appeared in court and the charges against him, including those in England, were read out. "I didn't want to hear any of it man. I didn't want to hear and I closed my ears." He was remanded in custody for seven days and taken to Mountjoy Prison.

He made a couple of nerve racking court appearances at the end of one of which he threw a cake tin at the judge. "I was listening to the judge and from his attitude I thought he was going to say "Remanded back to Mountjoy" so when he said "Remand —" I shouted "You dirty motherfucker, you can't send me back to the hate farm", and threw the cake tin in the air. I didn't intend to hit him, but it went in his direction. I was so tensed up, wanting to get out of prison so bad. Later I found out what he was going to say was "Remanded in your own custody." I had to spend an extra seven days in gaol for that."

Lee was given a two month sentence which he appealed. Out on bail, his friends at Trinity College who had helped him with food, magazines and lawyers throughout his stay in prison, found him somewhere to stay. "This one guy Hawkey got me an apartment in a beautiful place called Donnebrook. He was a real turned on cat, a beautiful guy and we soon had a real hippie scene going. Lots of kids moved in and took care of the house. We did lots of meditating, smoking and listening to music. It was pretty good there for about ten days. Riding on the buses, going down to Trinity College, scenes in the park and it was wow, really groovy. There was a very nice family downstairs with a little boy about 9 years old and he smoked marijuana with us in the room. It was like having your own kid. He'd come up and see me every day, go to the store for me. He was a real Irish kid, could sing and play the guitar and was really good with the chillum and the joints. He thought those fat English joints were too much. Then he found out it was illegal and he wouldn't smoke with me no more."

"I don't know why Mullens picked on me again. He just came busting in one night. I said "Mullens, get out you are interrupting a religious ceremony. This is my house. Don't I have any privacy whatsoever?" Everyone had been stoned all day and no one had got together a fire, so they found thirty five roaches. There were eleven of us busted, the twelfth was the one who had snatched on us. The night before while I was asleep he had gone off with £30 I had in my pocket. All the kids got off but me. I got six months. The judge said he was going to make an example of me. They didn't want my kind of person in the community and blah blah blah etc. I appealed it but they wouldn't grant me bail this time."

"When I was in gaol they cut my hair, and that really was a downer. For four or five days I couldn't eat or sleep. I couldn't do nothing. Mr Burns the Superintendent had promised that my hair wouldn't be cut. At Mountjoy they feed you right in your cell. At noon, I had my dinner and took a crap in the shit-jack. There's no toilet, just a little pot. I don't like those pots and everyone tries to get a guard up to unlock your cell to let you out. Sometimes it takes a long time to get a guard up and during the rest period they don't want to fool with you. I had to go real bad so I just went ahead and used the shit-jack. Then I laid back down on the bunk, rolled up a cigarette getting real comfortable and was about to doze off when they opened up my cell door and 6 or 8 guards came in on me. They said they had direct orders from the governor to cut my hair. They brought in this convict Bobby who stood there ready to do it. I told him to do his thing, man, but he looked all around and said, "No, man, I can't cut it. It's too religious," and he walked out. As he was walking out, something in my head told me to do something. I reached out into that piss pot. One of the guys said, "Stay where you are." I said, "I ain't moving," grabbed a big hunk of that shit, threw it up into my hair and said "OK now start cutting," and with that, they all ran out of the cell and shut the door. Suddenly there I was, no water in the cell and this crap running down all over me and on to my face. It was just thick in my hair and dripping all over the cell. I couldn't wash it out or get out of the cell so I put a paper bag over my head, trying to keep the smell down and stop the dripping. The stink was really terrible. I started banging on the door and shouting for them to let me go to the bathroom. I heard lots of movement outside. I didn't know what they were doing, but they got everyone out of their cells and made them go to the recreation yard. Then about twelve of them came to get me with clubs and surgical masks over their faces. Wow, I wondered what they were gonna do. I said "At least let me go wash my head." They said to go ahead. I went downstairs, got the lice soap and started scrubbing. I washed and rinsed it four times. I kept doing it because I knew as soon as I stopped they were going to cut it off. I just wanted to keep it a few minutes more, man. I didn't want it to go. Then they ran me across into a padded cell and made me sit down on the floor. They brought in this wino, this drunk and he clipped my hair. They paid him twenty cigarettes to do it."

Lee settled down to serve his sentence, very stoned every day, until they discovered that he was getting hash smuggled in through the lead of coloured pencils. They stopped the next batch, substituted nutmeg, let Lee fuck himself about a little smoking the nutmeg, then sentenced him to 40 days solitary confinement. "It wasn't too much of a punishment except that I was alone. Prisoners and guards alike kept me supplied with comic books and magazines to read. The guards remembered that while I was out on bail at Easter I had stopped by the prison with a whole lot of fruit which they let me pass out. So they were pretty nice to me. I loved everyone of the guards while I was in the hold and played little games with them. I took them on the trip that I was going to buy Mountjoy Prison from the Irish Government and turn it into a hippie commune. After fifteen days were done, the Big Chief came in and said he had orders to release me. The Minister of Justice signed the papers for my deportation back to the States. They brought in all my stuff, loaded me on a plane and a few hours later I was in New York. I thought the FBI would be on the plane to bust me the minute I arrived for flight to avoid prosecution, but when I got off they weren't there."



Upon arriving in New York, Lee telephoned Kathy to let her know he was back. They decided the safest thing to do was to settle in Canada. There is no country in the world where Lee Heater can live at liberty — Morocco, unsurprisingly, accommodated him the longest. Canada, also unsurprisingly, put up with him the least. Despite its pacifist politics and rampant liberalism at government level, Canada is not, I suspect, a good place for the uncompromising gypsy acid freak. All he did in Canada, says Lee, was stay in his room and smoke dope, while he waited 60 days to close the deal on a farm Kathy bought him. He intended to start up a commune on his own property for a change, instead of somebody else's. They busted him at Lindsay, Ontario, on a trumped up charge of possession of marijuana seeds (not even marijuana, says Lee, just some local plant) put him in gaol, bail refused, then transferred him to a mental hospital at Whitby for Christmas. He was discharged from there after 17 days, classified A1 condition, and returned to gaol. ("That really freaked the cunt of a governor at the gaol. He was sure I was crazy.") Eventually he was sentenced to 1 day in gaol 250 dollars fine after spending three months behind bars. Disaster followed disaster — Kathy, the most innocent and sweetest looking lil ole lady you could ever want to meet, was completely stripped and shaken down at the Canadian border by some ferocious female official, and Lee, deported from Canada as an undesirable alien, was arrested on arrival in the States for flight to avoid prosecution. He spent several weeks in the 'ding-a-ling tank' in Orange County Gaol before Kathy put up the bail and promised to look after him at home.

"The ding-a-ling tank was reserved for child molesters and police informers. The other prisoners would snigger and call me 'baby raper' or 'snitcher', threaten to put poison in my food. I didn't mind them calling me a dirty old man. I know where their heads are at. I know what that scene is going to be like for a few thousands of generations before they open up the door and let me out again. Those places are just hate farms. All they're doing is spreading hate, and if you give them hate back in return, you're playing their game. If you love them, it makes it uncomfortable for them and they have to keep saying "Well I'm sorry man, I gotta do this to you but it's my job". Well, the soldier who nailed him to the cross was only doing his job too. I'd carry on conversations like that with the guards. I think they were glad to get rid of me."

So Lee now lives at home in suburban Fountain Valley with Kathy while he awaits trial. He moves around the spotless house like some shaggy bear, used to vast wildernesses and mountain crags to expand into. Kathy is neat. Lee eats what is left of his roaches but wherever he is he creates his own special chaos. "Oh Lee, don't do that." "Lee, turn that music down," says Kathy in her little girl voice. There is gentle conflict all day long between two opposing life styles, thrown together in one household. Lee moves from colour TV, stereo headphones chillums and comic books to refrigerator stocked with every kind of processed food under the sun — the streamlined wealth of the American supermarket is at his disposal. He is getting fat — huge cartons of milk, foot long bananas, butterscotch pudding, quarts of ice cream, Lee is indulging himself — the lean noble savage of the international pot trail has become an ash dropping loveable, eccentric old tramp. Kathy's friends no longer call now that Lee is in residence.

She attaches no blame to them. She doesn't drink or smoke or take drugs of any kind, and sees no conflict between what she stands for and what Lee stands for. Thinks Ronald Reagan is a wonderful man ("He is right, after all, isn't he.") but believes at the same time that everyone must have freedom to be themselves. She is one of these shrewd innocents that get through their life like a perpetual boo-boobe-doop girl. She is a warm tireless conversationalist, with a total recall memory and I listened to her for hours on such topics as her nine month trip to Washington to sue (successfully) the Government for misappropriation of her land in Beverley Hills, and her marriage to Lee ("You wouldn't think it now, but years ago, he was the sexiest thing on two legs.") I don't think there is anyone in the world better able to understand Lee and cope with his problems. "Now you see why I always come back to my little Kitty?" says Lee. I felt a little worried about her. In ten years she has moved to smaller and smaller houses in the Los Angeles area, always in a less select, less expensive quarter. Is Lee getting through her money? All those trans-atlantic calls collect from Marrakech, Paris, London, Dublin. Those whims of his she indulges. My plane fare. The farm. The trips to Mexico. Lee's cars. Her Cadillac is four years old. Can't she afford a new one? The 25,000 dollar retainer fee for Gladys Root, the legal profession's answer to Gloria Swanson, whom Kathy and Lee have hired to defend him at his trial. She lives off Wilshire Boulevard in a grand mansion in a grand grand manner like some ageing Hollywood movie queen. Whenever I met her she was on the verge of collapse from overwork — falling asleep, eyes hooded with the barbiturates injected by her doctor to allow her to rest. Gin soaked voice, razor sharp mind, asking difficult questions: "What is acid?" "What do you mean, alternative culture?" "Timothy Leary? Tell me about him." Snowy hair pulled tightly back, she is glamour with a capital G. Amerikan money aristocracy. The telephone rang constantly. Once she spoke for an hour to Rome concluding some incredible deal in oil or gold or antiques or something. Another time it was an interminable call to Miami. Lots of my time in LA was spent waiting for Gladys to arrive wake up or get off the phone. Her entrances were always spectacular. A huge ball of a hat in candy colour artificial fur, a tent coat of enormous proportions — wide fur pants, stiletto heeled, silver studded shoes, glasses with diamonds and a chain. A house of mirrored walls, black and red leather resting places, enormous reception rooms like a swank club, kidney shaped swimming pool, electric moving painting occupying pride of place on one dark wall. I'm sure that whatever sentence Lee gets, Gladys, (who rarely loses a case) will make sure it is the minimum. She knows nothing about Lee's new life style, but she understands and likes him and by the time of the trial she will know enough, to sweep in and mesmerise the jury. She will look right, sound right and it doesn't really matter very much what she says. A criminal trial is a very special form of Grand Guignol and Gladys is a star performer.

There was the usual atmosphere of restlessness about Lee as he took me here and there on a sentimental journey to his favourite haunt before being perhaps castrated and put away forever as he resignedly kept saying, shaking his head and sighing. Laguna Beach — the only pretty place between LA and San Diego. Pigs and paranoia everywhere. In the canyon away from the beach, a large colony of heads living in little shacks and houses, tall trees, warm air, lots of music, dope, kids, friendship, the new America. Outside on the endless freeways, the majority Amerika. Americans are traffic. We were not troubled by the police at any stage, but Lee's hatred of them made them a constant threat. An endless search for dope, day in day out. It's a bad day for Lee if he isn't totally zonked. Newport Beach Pier. In his straight days before the love-ins of 1967 Lee used to have a boat and earned his living as a fisherman. Lee played about on the pier like a little kid. He is a thirteen stone, forty year old little boy. Like a boy he can look after himself, but he needs a lot of guidance, because adventurous little boys can get in to an awful amount of trouble. Hard bitten, leathery, beer drinking fisher friends, still there, kidding him about his dope habit.

Lee loved giving the V sign to anyone who even looked remotely like a head and across the border in Mexico, he gave it to everyone. He was always picking up hitch-hikers, turning them on with his story. Staying with him while I was there was an ex GI dope freak, just kicked a heroin habit zombie, that Lee had met on the road. A giggling and farting shell. Spaced out. Groovy, hey man, lets go get some chickies. Not going anywhere, been nowhere, shoving into himself indiscriminately any drug that came along, drifting with the wind, rootless, shiftless. I can't even remember his name.

The Los Angeles ugliness was very familiar — Southern California has been well documented. The smog, the endless suburbia, the plastic, the city without a heart or centre — it was all sort of true. A city for cars, nobody walking. Big Sur, on the other hand was one of the most beautiful places I have seen. Mountains coming down to the sea are pretty spectacular. In mid-afternoon as we were climbing out of some long glorious canyon filled with redwoods and sunlight, we saw approaching several men, in broadbrimmed cowboy hats, guns at their side, riding the most glossy dappled grey horses. They came closer. I said good afternoon with a big grin. They stared back, then passed on. "Hi" said Lee. "Hi", one of them replied, "you furry freak, and your spaced out long haired friends, why don't you fuck off." And on



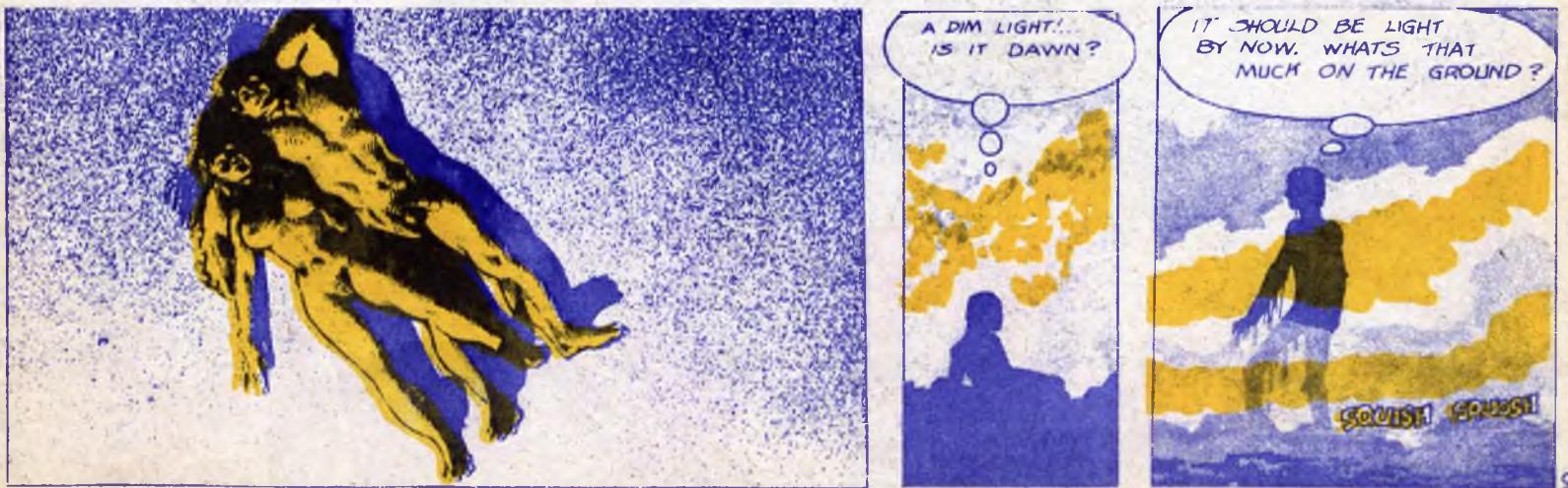
they trotted. "Outasite outasite", yelled Lee after them. "Howdy neighbour. Too much", and was about to launch into a tirade. They reined in their horses, looked round. I imagined them considering us, reaching for their guns. . . . We bundled Lee back into the car and drove off, round a corner, back into the paradise. It wasn't much, but it was enough to send waves of paranoia crashing through me. Enemies. There are serpents in the Big Sur garden of Eden.

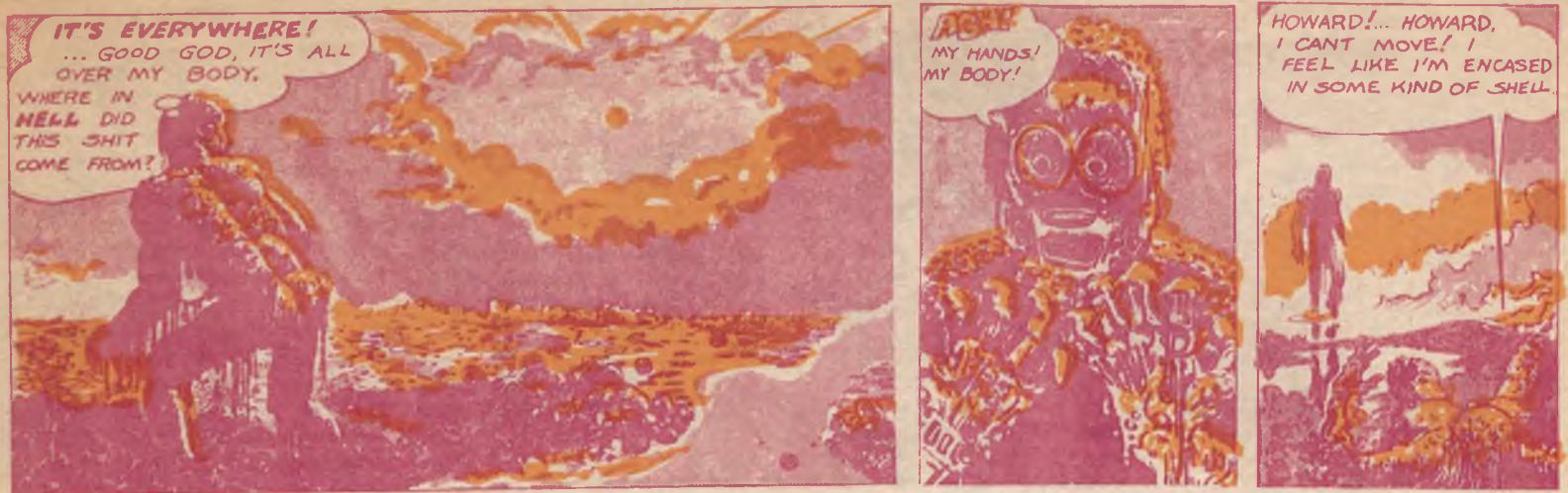
Its hills and valleys are full of hippies, and freaks, camping along the river beds, walking the trails, growing into the landscape as any good country acid taker eventually does. Lots of big dealers there. Hard bitten heads, living in little wooden houses over-looking private beaches, sitting on some of the most expensive real estate on the whole West Coast. Watching the sun go down each day in mindblowing Pacific glory. Everyone talked of how bad the summer would be, how thick Big Sur would be with tripping freaks. No byway or stream would be untouched, the canyons and trails would be full of tribes of new primitive men, hunting, surviving, living a new nomadic life. The new hunters, the acid gypsies. The big boys talked of going down to Columbia. That's where everyone was going this summer. The NOW place. The next transient hippie nation. San Francisco, Formentera, Marrakech, Katmandu, Costa Rica, Goa, they come, stay, get kicked out, leave their indelible mark.

Lee is an original. The ex-Korean war veteran, former police informer, straight, hustling competitive American, who got freaked out. He is the marriage of the psychedelic culture at its most extreme, with American silent majority life style at its midwestern worst. "Lee has always been the same," says Kathy. "He's got long hair now and doesn't wash and wears Indian clothes, old clothes, but he was just the same when he had short hair and wore tuxedos." He is the big brash loud talking American tourist loaded down with cameras and binoculars so familiar in London, but in beads and bells, and looking for dope.

Lee sits and sighs, quotes from the Book of Tao: "Tao is at the source of everything, treasure for the good, refuge for the bad . . . the sinner shall find Tao and be forgiven . . . thus the weak can overcome the strong, the flexible can overcome the rigid . . . the truly wise say whoever bears the shame of the nation is fit to lead the nation . . . true words can create a paradox . . ." At six o'clock on the morning I left Los Angeles, Lee was shouting desperately, endlessly into the tape recorder, "Love, love, love, love, love . . ." Jim Anderson







ALBUM

4

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STEREO

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THE THREE HARRY BAND



THE THREE HARRY BAND

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The Bob Sleigh Case

Stanislav Demidjuk

A liberal would describe the Bob Sleigh case as an example of gross injustice. The Observer, Sunday Times and Guardian refused to inform the public of the case because "it was prejudicial against the police". The Law Courts, on three subsequent occasions, cleared the victim entirely of all charges held against him, yet in the end, now, Bob Sleigh is the loser, while the guilty, the police, prison authorities and the Home Office, get away with the destruction of a man's life just as easily as they caused it.

Bob Sleigh, a quiet, easy-looking freak, was 18 when he was arrested in July, '69, for possession of 2.4 grams of cannabis. He was busted during a raid on a flat in Powis Square and swears that he was planted, as opposed to the arresting officer's statement which claimed "an attempt to swallow the substance upon his entry". For this, his first offence, he was remanded in custody at Ashford Remand Centre, both bail and legal aid being refused, and spent 5 weeks there before being released on a £50 surty to await trial. This case finally came before the court in January '70 but no evidence was offered against Bob because the arresting officer had long since been dismissed from the force. He was acquitted of the charge which eventually cost him a total 3 months imprisonment plus immeasurable mental agony and deterioration.

During the five months before his first trial, Bob was working for the Student Advisory Service as a leafleter. In October, while distributing leaflets at Oxford Circus, he was stopped and searched by two plain-clothes detectives. They found nothing except a bottle of Librium tablets, prescribed by his doctor for a nervous disorder which had developed during his detention in Ashford. Upon suspicion that the tablets were something other than what was written on the bottle, they took him to Marylebone Lane Police Station, searched him again, confirmed the prescription with his doctor over the telephone and were then informed that he was on bail for the cannabis charge. Within half an hour of receiving this information and with all Bob's belongings spread on a table in a room next to the interrogation room he was in, the police presented him with a large bar of chocolate which they claimed was found amongst his possessions. They also claimed that a quantity of cocaine and a hypodermic syringe were concealed inside the package, whereupon the chocolate bar was unwrapped to reveal exactly that. Bob denied ownership of both the bar and its contents but was charged despite the following points. Tony Mellor, distribution manager for Student Magazine, was an eye-witness to the first search in Oxford Circus. He saw no chocolate bar produced during the street search. Richard Branson, editor of Student, upon arriving at the station, asked in which pocket the





ACT LIKE A LADY

from Gay Dealer

chocolate bar had been found. He was told the right-hand pocket of Bob's PVC rainsuit. Branson asked to see the coat, examined it and pointed-out that the coat had no pockets; whatsoever. In addition, the complete absence of needlemarks on his body, a rejection by his doctor that he fixed and more than a dozen statements from friends clearing him of any association with either fixing or dealing cocaine, made it evident that the police had planted Bob Steigh.

Once again, he was remanded in custody at Ashford; this time he served four weeks before being released on bail. (Four weeks or four days in Ashford is like one year in a pigsty, to coin an appropriate phrase. You eat shit, get treated like shit and feel like it when you finally get out.)

The cocaine charge was eventually tried by a jury at Central London Sessions in November '70. After evidence from both sides, the jury found Bob not guilty.

Meanwhile, on November 4th '69, no more than one week after he was released on bail for the second charge, Bob was arrested for the third time. He was walking home that evening along Westbourne Grove, Nottinghill Gate, after working late. Two policemen appeared, stopped him, took him into a telephone box, and, according to two witnesses who saw the incident from across the street, "began to beat him up". A police van arrived within a few minutes of the initial assault and took him to the station. While travelling in the van, his head was smashed against the floor several times, and after being charged at the station for assaulting a police officer, he was taken into a cell and beaten again. "They made me take my shoes and socks off and stamped on my feet, then they punched me in the stomach until I fell over. When I went to court the next day, I had a patch of hair missing from the back of my head." The witnesses to the street-beating were not allowed to see Bob when they arrived at the station that evening but did notice a black eye and swollen abrasions around his mouth when they appeared in court the following morning.

He was sent back to Ashford and served an additional three weeks on remand until the assault charge came up for trial. One of these 3 weeks was spent in solitary confinement for allegedly insulting the prison warden. At the trial Bob was unstable on his feet and almost incoherent. His nervous condition had worsened while at Ashford and his doctor urgently requested that he be transferred to the hospital wing, but this never eventuated. After the arresting officer gave what seemed to be almost completely incredible evidence concerning the assault, the magistrate took less than two minutes to find Bob not guilty. This time his innocence cost him not only 3 weeks imprisonment, but straight after his release, four months at Horton Psychiatric Hospital, a prison in itself.

After three arrests, three months in prison and three acquittals, Bob is the only one to pay for the crimes committed against him. Since the last case, most of his time has been spent un-employed almost destitute, his spirit broken, his future dismal, his past socially unacceptable. His solicitor is in the process of suing the police, but even if it ever comes to court, the most he can hope for is money, not justice — small, inadequate compensation for the past two years, but in this society, the best you can get. Police inquiries into his case, particularly the cocaine incident, are apparently being conducted, but if they are successfully sued, investigations, and whatever they disclose, will be dropped, and that will be that. The only public attention his case has had, was an article in IT last year which went largely unnoticed, and brief news on 24 Hours last August which may have caused some public compensation, but nothing else.

In the end, the Bob Steigh case will be just another atrocity committed by the authorities.



Bend down to pick up an object from the floor. Each time you bend remember to bend your knees so that your rear end doesn't stick up, and place one hand on your shirt front to hold in your chest. This exercise simulates the experience of a woman in a short, low-necked dress bending over.

Run a short distance, keeping your knees together. You'll find you have to take short, high steps if you run this way. Women have been taught it is unfeminine to run like a man with long, free strides. See how far you get running this way for 30 seconds.

Walk down a city street. Pay a lot of attention to your clothing; make sure your pants are zipped, shirt tucked in, buttons done. Look straight ahead. Everytime a man walks past you, avert your eyes and make your face expressionless. Most women learn to go through this act each time we leave our houses. It's a way to avoid at least some of the encounters we've all had with strange men who decided we look available.



Rod Beddall
Sit down in a straight chair. Cross your leg at the ankles and keep your knees pressed together. Try to do this while you're having a conversation with someone, but pay attention at all times to keeping your knees pressed tightly together.

Walk around with your stomach pulled in tight, your shoulders thrown back and your chest thrust out. Pay attention to keeping this posture at all times. Notice how it changes your breathing. Try to speak loudly and aggressively in this posture.

Sit comfortably on the floor. Imagine that you are wearing a dress and that everyone in the room wants to see your underwear. Arrange your legs so that no one can see. Sit like this for a long time without changing your position.

The Medical Effects of Mind-Altering Substances

Drugs	Classification	Method of Taking	Legitimate Medical Uses.	Reasons why drug is sought.	Usual Short Term Effects.	Usual Long Term Effects.
Alcohol.	Sedative — hypnotic	Swallowing	Rare, sometimes used as a sedative for tension.	To relax, escape from tensions, problems, inhibitions. To get 'high'. Seeking manhood or rebellion (particularly those under 21). Social custom and conformity. Massive advertising and promotion. Ready availability.	CNS depressant. Relaxation, sedation, sometimes euphoria, drowsiness, impaired judgment coordination and emotional control. Frequent aggressive behaviour and driving accidents.	Diversion of energy and money from more creative and productive pursuits. Habituation, possible obesity with excessive use. Irreversible damage to brain and liver. Addiction with severe withdrawal illness (dts).
Nicotine, Tobacco, (and coal tar).	Stimulant (mild)	Smoked, chewed.	None — used as an insecticide.	For 'a pick-up' or stimulation. 'Taking a break'. Social custom. Low cost. Advertising. Ready availability.	CNS stimulant. Relaxation (or distraction) from the process of smoking.	Lung (and other) cancer, heart and blood vessel disease, cough. Habituation. Air pollution.
Librium, thorazine, reserpine, valium, miltown, equanil, sinequan, serenid-D, serenace, largactil, fentazin, moditen, neulactil, sparine, stelazine, stemetil.	Tranquillizers	Swallowing pills or capsules.	Treatment of anxiety, tension, alcoholism, neurosis, psychosis, psychosomatic disorders, vomiting, muscle relaxant.	Medical (including psychiatric) treatment of anxiety or tension states, alcoholism, psychosis and other disorders.	Selective CNS depressants. Relaxation, relief of anxiety tensions. Suspension of hallucinations or delusions, improved functioning.	Drowsiness, dryness of mouth, blurring of vision, skin rash, tremor. Occasionally jaundice, agranulocytosis. Can react with amphetamines and potentiate effect.
Marihuana, Hashish, THC.	Hallucinogen — mild	Smoking (Inhalation) Swallowing	Treatment of depression, tension, loss of appetite, sexual maladjustment, and narcotic addiction.	To get 'high', euphoria, as an escape. To relax, socialize. To conform to various subcultures which sanction its use. For rebellion, deviance. Availability.	Relaxation, euphoria, increased appetite, visual and time changes. Possible impairment of judgment and coordination. Rare panic and paranoid states.	Usually none. Possible diversion of energy and money. Rare flashbacks.
LSD, STP, Mescaline, peyote.	Hallucinogen	Swallowing, Injecting, chewing (peyote)	Infantile autism (?), psychotherapy. Experimental study of mind and brain function. Enhancement of creativity and problem solving. Treatment of alcoholism, mental illness, and the dying person. (Chemical warfare)	Curiosity created by recent widespread publicity. Seeking meaning and consciousness expansion. Rebellion, deviance. Availability.	Production of visual imagery, increased sensory awareness, anxiety, nausea, impaired co-ordination, sometimes consciousness expansion. Loosening of emotions, synesthesia, illusions, delusions, paranoia.	Usually none. Sometimes precipitates or intensifies an already existing psychosis; can produce a panic reaction when person is improperly prepared. Flashbacks, paranoia.
Amphetamines: benzedrine, dexadrine, methadrine, and so called 'psychic energisers', filon preludin, ritalin.	Stimulant	Swallowing pills or capsules. Injecting into vein.	Treatment of obesity, narcolepsy, fatigue, depression. Hyperkinetic children.	For stimulation and relief from fatigue. To get 'high', euphoria. General climate encouraging taking pills for everything.	CNS stimulant. Increased alertness, reduction of fatigue, loss of appetite, insomnia, often euphoria, paranoia, hyperstimulation, delusions, hallucinations, dilated pupils.	Restlessness, extreme irritability, weight loss, toxic psychosis (paranoid). Diversion of energy and money. Habituation. Withdrawal: depression, lethargy, and abdominal pain, convulsive fits.
Cocaine.	Stimulant	Sniffing, injecting.	Anesthesia of throat and eye. Local anesthetic.	As above	As above	As above
Barbiturates: phenobarbitone, nembutal, seconal, sodium amytal, soneril, tulinal. Non-barbiturates: Doridan, mandrax, melsed, quaalude, dormidina, hemiernia, oblivion, carbromal, mogadon, welldorm.	Sedative — hypnotic	Swallowing pills or capsules. Injecting capsules.	Treatment of insomnia and tension. Introduction as anesthetic.	To relax, sleep. To get high. Widely prescribed for both specific and non-specific complaints. General climate encouraging taking pills for everything.	CNS depressant. Sleep induction. Relaxation, sometimes euphoria. Drowsiness, impaired judgment, coordination.	Irritability, weight loss, addiction with severe withdrawal illness (like dts). Diversion of energy and money. Habituation. Convulsions, delirium. Can potentiate with alcohol.
Heroin, morphine, opium, codeine, pethidine, physostigmine (methadone)	Narcotic	Smoking, swallowing (opium). Injecting in muscle or vein.	Treatment of severe pain and diarrhoea, cough.	To get 'high', euphoria. As an escape. To avoid withdrawal symptoms. As a substitute for aggressive and sexual drives which cause anxiety.	CNS depressant. Sedation, euphoria, relief of pain. Impaired intellectual functioning and coordination.	Constipation, loss of appetite and weight. Temporary impotence or sterility. Habituation, addiction with unpleasant and painful withdrawal illness.
Less addictive 'analgesics': fortal, naphen, galium, ponstan, cough syrups (dimagrill, romilar and others).						

Based on charts compiled by Sidney Cohen MD and Joel Fort MD.

Potential for Physical Dependence.	Physical Complications.	Potential for Psychological Dependence.	Potential for Tolerance (leading to Increased dosage)	Overall potential for abuse.	Mode of death	Antidote
Yes	Gastritis, cirrhosis of liver, pancreatitis, neuritis, brain damage, bleeding tendencies.	High	Yes	High	Overdose, accident, suicide, homicide, respiratory depression.	Support vital functions (heart rate, blood pressure, respiration).
No	Emphysema, bronchitis.	High	Yes	Moderate	None	None
No	None	Minimal	No	Minimal	Overdose, accident, suicide, homicide, respiratory depression.	Support vital functions (heart rate, blood pressure, respiration).
No	Bronchitis	Moderate	None on low doses.	Moderate	Rare	Reassurance
No	Seizures — rare	Minimal	Tolerance present but effect not attainable through increased dosage.	Moderate	Accident and suicide — rare	Reassurance, tranquilizers, sleeping pills.
Yes	Malnutrition, hepatitis, brain damage.	High	Yes	High	Accident, homicide, suicide, infection, overdose.	Sedatives or hypnotics.
Yes	Malnutrition, hepatitis, perforated nasal septum from sniffing.	High	Yes	High	As above	As above
Yes	Ataxia, porphyria, allergic reaction.	High	Yes	High	Overdose, accident, suicide, homicide, respiratory depression.	Support vital functions (heart rate, blood pressure, respiration).
Yes	Malnutrition, hepatitis, blood stream infections.	High	Yes	High	Overdose, infection, accident, suicide.	Nalorphine
Moderate		Moderate				

Drug Chart Extra

The Oz Drug Chart is only a selective list.

45 antidepressants, 43 hypnotics, 86 sedatives and tranquilizers. Although these groupings are more directed at product-marketing than at people's situations, and though there is a great deal of overlap between the groups, the greatest boom is seen in the sedation and tranquilizing market.

LOMOTIL cure for Heroin: cuts out all physical withdrawal symptoms, therefore no aches, no gut pain, very little discomfort. Can get off a good-going (3-6 grain) habit in 3 days.

Effor: hot fluid extracts of marihuana intravenously have produced serious physical collapse and shock.

When: amounts of THC are given daily, tolerance develops and larger amounts are needed to produce the original effect. Street THC is never THC.

usually Sandoz.

Large amounts of THC or hashish used over many weeks will produce mild withdrawal effects (irritability and restlessness) on sudden discontinuation.

The material sold as mescaline on the street is usually LSD, sometimes other hallucinogens, never mescaline. LSD sold on the streets is often cut with speed,

strychnine etc.

ANTI-DEPRESSANTS such as MAO inhibitors, (marplan, mianserin, nardil, niamid, parnate) and avantyne, concordin, tryptizol, surmontyl, tofranil used to treat depression, and the reason sought by users, are not included in the chart. The MAO inhibitors can produce severe drug reactions with other drugs (such as the other anti-depressants) and with certain foods eg. Marmite, Bovril, Oxo, cheese, yoghurt, broad beans — which can kill through hypertensive crises.

GLUE, if you are foolish enough to sniff it, can cause cardiac arrest.

LEGAL POSITION: Everyone knows that the only dangerous thing about cannabis is that it is illegal. Acid is not dangerous if used sensibly but it too is illegal with similar penalties. Alcohol and tobacco are readily available of course, with minimal regulations relating to sale and advertising. Tranquillizers, barbiturates, amphetamines are available on medical prescription, although there is a lot of illicit traffic. Narcotics are illegal with heavy penalties for use and trafficking; Heroin is available under tight regulatory conditions to registered addicts.

ACID THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS



At the impossibly titled Acid Symposium at the Conway Hall, a number of questions were raised about psychedelics and violence and about where all this psychedelic thing might be leading. Little came from the "symposium", better described as an evening of aimable chaos but what follows are some comments on these issues that I've written for the forthcoming book *Psychedelic Baby Reaches Puberty* — a kind of sequel on the social implications to LSD — *The Problem-Solving Psychedelic* (Tandem Books).

In general the critics of psychedelics have taken their stand on very dubious ground when it comes to the question of psychedelic violence and that in this regard they've been about as irresponsible in presenting genuine information as they were with their now discredited chromosome scare (just the other day, incidentally, a report from Philadelphia indicated that genetic damage can be caused by alcoholism). The only disquieting instance I've heard of indicating the possibility of freaky violent complications has to do with the Manson trial — Patricia Krenwinkel in the penalty phase disputed the State's theory that Manson had ordered the killings and that "bloodthirsty robots" carried out his commands, by saying that the slayings on both nights took place while they were "high on acid" (*N.Y. Times*, 20/2/71). It's difficult to pay too much attention to her testimony, but I don't think there's any doubt that the group were heavily into acid. How connected the use of acid and the killings were, it is impossible at this stage, to say.

What seems surprising about the record on psychedelics so far is that given the immense psychological changes that are produced there's been so little record of violent

behaviour. These drugs are highly attractive to many of the most disturbed among us and are used, no doubt, as a challenge, by the reckless, as an outlet for suicidal tendencies by the suicidal and an escape from boredom by the bored. A recent poll of six hundred college psychiatrists revealed that about 15% of the students in their institutions seek psychiatric help while in their opinion 30% ought to, not to mention the large number of people walking about in our cities who are almost definitely certifiable. The ready availability of acid makes the absence of acid disasters even more remarkable.

As I write, the headlines this morning are about a father of fourteen children who first tried to run over his ex-wife as she got out of her car, then shot her to death and finally turned the gun on himself while three of his children watched. Probably it's fortunate that neither this man nor Mr Leo Held, the lab technician father-of-four who ran berserk a while ago killing six and wounding six, nor Lee Harvey Oswald nor Richard Stark nor the Eagle Scout who got up on that tower in Texas, etc ever could be linked with LSD. If any of them had, I suppose we would be hearing from Dr Sidney Cohen and his friends about these other "LSD murderers".

It is well known that alcohol and amphetamines commonly increase their user's sense of belligerence and courage, and the opiates may be said to be a considerable cause of violence in the sense that a third of the crime in New York City is committed to enable junkies to support their habit. More subtly the amphetamines are also a menace in the manner they sometimes encourage their users to

think that they are engaging in some sort of dialogue when in fact they may actually be carrying on a monologue. Eugene Burdick, one of the authors of *Fall-Safe*, records being told by "a hollow-eyed and very brilliant and influential scientist who advocates immediate deterrent warfare" that most of the top defense officials in Washington are a threat because they are taking stimulating drugs. "As he spoke," commented Burdick, this man "unashamedly swallowed a dexamethasone pill and explained that he had been working for 28 unbroken hours on a 'missile-intercept problem'. I believed him. I also knew I was staring at a mad man. To give another example, on May 25th, 1965, Jack Ruby, in his first such revelation, declared that after getting up the day he killed Lee Harvey Oswald he took 30 pills — antibiotics and some other pills that 'stimulate you and make you want to do positive things'.

In this context it seems to me that the psychedelics come off fairly well and that examples brought up, in general, of alleged menace are in fact counter-examples. It's true, yes, that the Hells Angels have used acid — and so has Herman Kahn. But in the first case it seems they beat up on each other less nowadays and that's an advance, I suppose, of sorts. As for Kahn, even if he does think about bombing patterns over China during his trips (as has been said) I don't imagine the insights involved there can be all that helpful . . . and if he keeps his hand in there's always the chance he may get hit by compassion.

At the very least I think we can say that the psychedelics have dissipated or reduced that energy that becomes belligerent and that for many people they seem to satisfy the need for the

intensity of living that war supplies. Our philosophy, science and religion are intensifiers of a sort and could be a substitute for war — just as could sports car racing and mountain-climbing which have sometimes been suggested since they also involve a sense of challenge, much risk and a feeling of accomplishment. These things haven't really worked out that way, however, and one reason they haven't may be because by their nature art, science, religion, philosophy and sport — unlike war, which has a role for everybody — are essentially elitist. Psychedelics as intensifiers don't have this elitist quality about them, and thus over a period of time their influence as an anti-war force is much more hopeful.

In warfare you can tell yourself that you're taking the risks involved in the name of an ideology, in the name of a flag or in the name of certain concrete people that you're protecting, and thus you can be totally convinced and play the war game without feeling it's a farce or that it's being done for its own sake. There's simply no ideology that compares to this to justify substituting mountain climbing or sports car racing as a general outlet for external energy. But with the psychedelics people who enjoy them are being kind of tricked into discovering their better natures. If this is so, there's much to be said for them. Certainly better than the sorts of realities pin-pointed in this letter in *Village Voice*:

A personal note: I am enduring a certain amount of pain of remorse these days recalling my attitude over 20 years ago when, at the age of 19, I went to Canada to join the RCAF. And my only fear was that the war would end before I got "into it". It couldn't get big enough or hot enough for me,



that war. *Mea culpa*. Why did I go? A boring little job as a clerk in Macy's advertising department. The usual unhappy situation at home. And the marvellous excuse of fighting the Nazis. The Jerries. I had a ball, I cannot lie. Those were — so far, anyhow — "the best years of my life". How embarrassing. I cannot count the air raids I endured. Or the hours of cold and discomfort. Or the hours of fright. Or the hours of excitement and joy. I saw the wretched and dispossessed around me. I saw the wounded. And the fires raging. And the sunken ships in the Mersey. I was at mass once when the bombs dropped near by and the old white-haired priest carried on with the consecration with slow reverence and not one member of the congregation budged. Pretty heady wine. Another personal note: My grandmother — now dead — made more of a fuss about my going off the join a monastery than she did about my going off to war. She loved to see me in uniform. And her earliest memory was of being hungry during the Siege of Paris. And she had one son gassed in the First Show, and he preceded her to the grave. And she was a sweet, gently, generous, little old white-haired lady dressed in black. Now you can psychoanalyze me and my grandmother in any direction you like. But we were normal. That is to say, we were in the large majority. I think. It's monstrous. But it's true. So many have so much to be angry about. And they are a menace.

The YageDitran Conjecture

Suppose there were a pill that arrived on the blackmarket before long which allowed you, when taken at bedtime, to remember your dreams the following morning not just in the way you usually remember them but as something you have really experienced in the fullest sense. What this drug would do, in other words, is to plug your dreaming process into your memory banks so that you could have adventures in fantasy that would be absolutely real.

If such a pill were invented it undoubtedly would be of widespread interest — though some might take the attitude that with their dreams, who needs it? — and because of our past experience with certain dreams it would be safe to predict that this development could have fair potential for greatly influencing the rest of history. To give three quite different instances from the past that might suggest what would be at stake, consider the influence just of a) the dream that convinced Mary and Joseph to take Jesus out of Egypt, b) the dream of a snake eating its own tail that catalyzed the breakthrough to a structural picture of the benzene ring and thereby helped launch organic chemistry, and c) those strange sequential dreams that sometimes came to Robert Louis Stevenson, (when he was broke usually), which he managed to turn into literature. (In the last instance these dreams are said to have had the remarkable quality of continuing just about the length Stevenson could write down the following day — the opening scene of "Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde" is an example — and of being picked up again though he had no idea where they were leading, the next night. I raise this concept of a "dream pill" since all of us are in some sense in touch with our dreams, no matter how much we think we repress them, and hence we can perhaps relate to this possibility fairly concretely —

it would provide an image which would reverberate in our conscious state and remind us that there are other types of worlds around that exist with their own logic and coherence. Such is the tyranny of normal consciousness that I, at least, find it very difficult to realize that other states of mind exist at all. I think this is the explanation for the common experience, when taking acid after a lapse of some time of being surprised by the amount of psychedelic memories that flow back and by how much the alterations involved have been denigrated by normal consciousness.

The "dream pill" also, of course, might serve fairly literally as a representation of the transformations induced by a LSD-type drug — with

chemists are gradually getting some idea as to how molecules affect consciousness and before long they should be coming up with some really interesting products. The point is driven home, perhaps, by what might be called the Yage-Ditran conjecture.

Yage (pronounced Ya-Hay) is a mind-changer coming from the Amazon that I once took out on the desert near Las Vegas — a report of that trip can be found in Aaronson and Osmond's book *The Psychedelics* — and Ditran (or JB-239, as it's called in the lab) is something I've heard about from a number of friends. These two, much more than LSD-25, might make the case for our stumbling upon, before long, a periodical table of consciousness.

will give us some basic notion on how mental states interrelate. The trouble with focussing on LSD from this standpoint, however, is that experienced as we may be with this grandaddy of psychedelics, the effects projected by acid are so amorphous and complex that trying to analyze or categorize what's going on is somewhat like trying to pin a backbone upon an amoeba.

With Yage and Ditran the effects seem much more specific — for about half of those in the Yage literature report the same jungle imagery and tiger visions and especially snakes, and nearly everyone I have heard about who's used Ditran has at some point hallucinated full-blown manifestations of "other people" about them in the room which haven't been evident to friends and colleagues actually present. In one study this latter phenomenon occurred 11 out of 12 times when Ditran was given to unprompted subjects (in one instance the "hallucinating" was so vivid that the only way the user was able to distinguish between those present with him physically and those present incoporeally was by trying to pass his hands through what he saw — so that if his hands encountered resistance, then he could deduce that the form before him was there in the flesh.

The realities involved here may turn out to be somewhat other than as I've presented them — since this conjecture is based on what is yet a pretty limited sampling — but I think the concepts are sound enough to suggest some interesting lines of inquiry. As regards various consciousness states, acid may be just terribly misleading since it's so pervasive and prominent — as air and water were when work originally commenced on the periodical table of matter. Yage, to my mind, may be a much purer example to start from — particularly with its prominent snake imagery, which crops up, of course, in a great many other areas related to the unconscious.

Maybe that's all a bit far-out yet, though I doubt it will be so by 1984 (which is just 13 years away). After all, most of the fundamental discoveries in these areas have been more or less stumbled upon and the possibilities we know, are far from exhausted. Mescaline, for example, was once something hidden in one undistinguished cactus out of thousands that grew only in the Rio Grande valley and yet like corn and potatoes and tobacco, other products coming only from the New World, it eventually developed into something of a significant staple. To date the molecules that have turned out to be relatively psychedelic belong, however complex they may appear, to only half a dozen basic groups. Who knows what lies ahead?

The search, at any rate, continues to be fairly promising. Those contributing to *The Ethnopharmacologic Search for Psychoactive Drugs* for example, are discussing at length a molecule suspected, from its structure, to be much more powerful than LSD (to their knowledge no one by the time of this conference had tried it) and the U.S. printing house has already published a book focussing on 690 separate molecules known to be of special psychoactive interest. That latter was a scorecard, of sorts, as to how the psychedelic situation had progressed by 1968 — when it was assembled — and ought to be considered, at best, very much an embryonic report.

Peter Stafford



the difference that instead of keeping you asleep all night, as the "dream pill" would, the acid enables you to perceive the physical environment around you and to interact with it while experiencing the sorts of associations and logic familiar to us from the dream world. The resemblance is close enough for psychiatrists to have often used what emerges in psychedelic therapy exactly as though it had come via dreams. (It's interesting in this regard that recent reports by Dr George Agamanian and Dr Daniel Freedman suggest that LSD may exert subtle chemical and/or electrical effects on the very area of the midbrain which is believed responsible for phase 1 R.E.M. sleep.)

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DESOLATION DRIBBLE



It must have been about this time last year that a friend mentioned that he had seen Bob Dylan walking around the west village near N.Y.U. Shortly after, I read in the *Village Voice* that Dylan was living on Macdougal Street, and could in fact be found, from time to time, playing basketball with the neighborhood kids. Thus began an incredible eight month journey through space and time that ended one hazy New York October afternoon in one of the most amazing basketball games ever played.

Starting late last spring, I would haunt the West village basketball courts whenever I could with my four year old Spaulding ball which had cost me \$16 new, but was now showing the signs of wear. A great ball to play on asphalt with, it was particularly well balanced.

I played at the courts on Houston, near 6th Avenue, the courts a few blocks up on 6th (not too many whites there, Dylan probably wouldn't go against such stiff competition anyway), the schoolyard on Greenwich, all within easy striking distance of Dylan.

This was not an obsession, mind you. I just did it every week or every other week, going from court to court, occasionally getting into a game.

As spring dragged into summer, I began losing interest in meeting Dylan and gaining interest in playing basketball. I started playing outside the area — in Riverside Park Brooklyn, wherever

I happened to be.
I had all but forgotten my project when

some musicians I had been playing with invited me to come along with them to play basketball at the

court on Houston one Sunday afternoon in early October. We played for two hours and they left, leaving me there to shoot alone. I have this peculiar habit of playing for 4 or 5 hours at a time, staying behind when others have left from exhaustion. It was late in the afternoon, and I was shooting alone at one of the baskets — there were half court games at all the others when I suddenly was aware of a person behind me, a few inches shorter than me, with a scruffy beard and sunglasses, carrying a white windbreaker neatly folded over one arm and a basket-ball cradled in the other. It was Bob Dylan!!

"Mind if I shoot here?" he asked me.

"Sure, go ahead," I answered. We both began shooting, but I was watching him out of the corner of my eye.

"Well, he can shoot alright," I thought, "but he probably can't drive because of his bad back (the famous bad back from the famous motorcycle accident)."

He seemed to favor shooting from the right side of the basket. He was wearing \$20 Adidas sneakers — a useless bourgeois extravagance. I was wearing \mathbb{S} Cons.

He seemed to be afraid of hurting himself because he did not engage in any violent movements and rested frequently, breathing heavily. He seemed more interested in getting some exercise than in playing a game of basketball. After about half an hour I noticed he was getting restless and would probably leave soon so I decided to chance it.

"Wanna play a game?" I asked with a great deal of nonchalance. He paused for a minute before answering, "I don't think I better, I — uh I'm just getting over a back injury."

He smiled weakly but in that pause, as I studied his face, silhouetted in the late afternoon sun, he told me wordlessly that he was interested. I had pretended not to recognize him, and he was intrigued by someone who would relate to him not because he was Bob Dylan, but because he had a basket ball.

Five minutes later he left with a simple "so long", and a tired smile.

Next weekend I was back there waiting for him. I played for six hours on Saturday and received nothing for my efforts except a sunburn, a blister, two hectic half court games and a game of HORSE with an amazingly good 16 year old. (In HORSE you get a letter every time you fail to duplicate your opponent's shot until someone gets H-O-R-S-E.)

But I was back there Sunday early afternoon and about 3 o'clock he materialized, as unobtrusively as before.

"Hello there," I greeted him.

"Howdy," he replied. "Mind if I shoot here?"

"OK with me," I said.

There was also a third kid there but he left after a few minutes to join a game.

"Your back feeling any better?" I asked as I put up a foul shot.

"Yes it is," he replied with surprise. He didn't think I would remember. My head was swimming and I felt like passing out, but somehow I got it out.

"Wanna play a game, one on one?"

"All right, just one. 10 points. Then I have to go," he said as he canned a 15 foot jumper. He was definitely up for the game.

"Winner's out," I added, "you can have the ball first."

He took the ball and dribbled to the right. I didn't guard him too closely and he got an easy 10 footer. 0 — 1.

He dribbled right again and took a 12 footer and sank it. Damn, I better start guarding. 0 — 2.

He starts to the right once again and starts to shoot. I lunge, but it was only a fake. He gets the shot off but it is short and I am in position for the rebound. I take the ball to the top of the key and

fake a drive and take a jumper. Yes. 1 — 2.

I fake to the left and drive right. He is flustered and I get an easy layup. 2 — 2.

I fake right and drive left, but he is ready for me this time and I am forced to retreat to the left corner where I miss a jumper. I am obviously the better ballplayer, but he is better than I expected. He gets the rebound. Because of my superior height, I should have no trouble getting most of the rebounds.

He goes to the top of the key and shoots before I can get back. 2 — 3. He fakes the same shot and much to my surprise drives around me to the right. 2 — 4. His back didn't seem to be bothering him on that one. He decides to try the left and tries to back his way in but when he shoots, I get a slight piece of the ball and it falls short where I grab it and practically stuff it. 3 — 4.

I miss an 8 foot turn around jumper from the left but I tip in the rebound on the second attempt. 4 — 4.

We both take turns missing long shots before I drive on him down the lane. 5 — 4.

I am definitely in command as I take the opening pass from him and put it right up from 18 feet. The net hardly moves. "Nice shot," he says. 6 — 4. I try it again but I miss. He tries a short one and misses. I miss a short jumper, but grab the rebound, fake once and lay it in. 7 — 4.

I try one from the corner and miss. He then tries to back in from the right. I sense he is napping and plant my feet. He backs into me.

"Charging". I announce emphatically. He stops and gives me a dirty look and is about to protest, when he realizes that I am right and I take the ball out of bounds. I drive across the lane and sink an amazing running one-hander. 8 — 4.



The game then hit a dry spell as neither of us could buy a basket. We must have missed at least 5 shots apiece. Then it happened.

Dylan got a rebound from one of his own shots and put it in. I had the last six baskets and was overconfident and wasn't trying particularly hard, so when he got a rebound that I should have had, he became determined. 8 — 5.

He got a 10 footer from the right side. 8 — 6.

I became concerned about his new confidence. I lunged at the ball and fouled him. He took the ball out of the bounds and faked to the centre before stopping and popping another 10 footer. 8 — 7, and I had a real battle on my hands. The next point was crucial.

Then my break came. He started to the right side. Anticipating this, my hand shot out and knocked the ball away. I won the race and Dylan overran me. The layup was uncontested. 9 — 7.

But he wasn't about to give up yet. I tried to end the game with a long jumper from the top of the key, but his hand in my face threw me off just a little and he got the rebound. Then he missed a layup he should have had and I got the rebound. I faked right and drove left, but I kicked the ball out of bounds clumsily with my left foot.

He then pulled the surprise of the game by driving behind the basket from right to left and hooking it off the backboard. "Nice shot," I admit, sweat pouring from my face. 9 — 8.

But he was clearly desperate and he took a shot from the middle that was a bit out of his range, because I didn't guard him out there. The ball nicked the front of the rim and bounced out of bounds, where I took it out. My best shot has always been my long jumper, so I decided to give it one more try. I took it way out and he didn't guard me. I set. I shot from about 20 feet. Swish. I won, 10 — 8.

"Nice game," he said as he got his basketball and white windbreaker, and started to leave.

"Sure you don't want to play another game?" I asked.

"Sure. I have to go now," he answered.

"By the way my name is David. What's yours?"

"Bob," he answered and smiled as though he had put something over on me. "So long, see you later."

I acknowledged him with a grunt-like "Yeah" and went back to shooting baskets. I continued to play for another 15 minutes and then went home. I never returned to that court.

But on the first warm Sunday of this year, when the temperature climbed into the mid-40's, the basketball freaks were out there playing. I was passing that playground in a taxi when I noticed, in a heavy ski sweater and sunglasses and \$20 Adidas, Bob Dylan, shooting baskets, alone.

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David Reitman

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of spiritual enlightenment, followed the pot trail in search of exotic stoned pleasures. Some of us are deceived by enterprising Swamis who leave for the lucrative West spinning multi-coloured versions of Nirvana. Hare Krishna Hare Rama has become the chant of our spiritual bliss and our music has been enriched by the rhythms of the sitar and tabla. In custom and dress we have taken on an Indian appearance, and sense of time. Some of us discard our attachment to possessions as her holy ones counsel. Others are cast out from our society like her pariahs or Untouchables. Above all, in our struggle to be free men in a just society, we have been greatly influenced by the teachings of one of her most illustrious sons, the Mahatma Gandhi.

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In Return to the Source (Rider, paperback £1.50) a journal of great poetic and spiritual beauty. Lanza Del Vasto journeyed to India to become a disciple of Gandhi and to make pilgrimage to the source of the Ganges. It is some thirty years since he spent over a year living the austere life of an ascetic tramp through India with its many faceted gods, its rigid castes and languid poverty. An India in the yoke of British imperialism unable to expiate the immemorial sin of attachment to ignorance.

Del Vasto, renamed Shantidas (Servant of Peace) by Gandhi, returned to form his own order, The Community of the Ark in France based on the Gandhian philosophy. He has undertaken fasts with Danilo Dolci and in protest against cases of torture in Algeria. The French edition of his book has already sold over a million copies.

Although he spent only three

months with Gandhi, it was through the Mahatma's living example that he abandoned his Western garb for a self-spun loin cloth and scarf, and wandered, often barefoot, among the thronging mists of people, bathing in the Ganges, worshipping in the holy shrines. He studied yoga and many other disciplines with the mystics, marvelling at the physical grandeur of the land, weathering its seasons of change.

Through Gandhi he learnt simple truths, like the work of the hands is the apprenticeship of honesty. Honesty is a certain equality one establishes between what one takes and what one gives. Even the man who devotes himself to the superior activities of the mind is not dispensed from hard work unless he gives up everything that costs labour in this world. Honesty requires that every problem shall be solved in its own sphere. Money in the hands of someone who has never worked with his hands is a meaningless token. One must first earn the right to give. Desires should be reduced to needs, then man will find himself free. Beware of being sublime without depth, great without foundation and perfect in the air. Touch and feel through action the truth that your intelligence has seen. Let every man be self-sufficient. Provided he is content with what he produces himself. That is the principle of Swadeshi (self-reliance).

Gandhi believed that the problem is not how to sweeten the lot of the proletarian so as to make it acceptable to him, but how to get rid of the proletariat, just as we got rid of slavery. The worker enslaved in serial production fritters himself away in work which has no purpose for him, no end, no taste, no sense. The time he spends there is time lost, time sold. He is selling what a free man does not sell: his life. He is a slave. The machine enslaves, the hand sets free.

Man has become a machine; he functions and no longer lives. His movements have been mechanized and so have his desires, his fears, his loves and his hates. His tastes and his opinions, the education of his children, his productive activity, his sport and entertainment, the application of law, the police, the army and the government all tend towards the inhuman perfection of the machine. When you have turned the state into a machine, you yourself will have to be its fuel. But although techniques are continuing their progress, the Religion of Progress is receding in the West.

The policy of Gandhi is incomprehensible if one does not know that its aim is not political but spiritual victory. Ahimsa, the doctrine and practise of non-violence is commonly called "passive resistance".

"But it is actually a conscious and deliberate restraint of the desire for revenge, which is born of fear. One can be sure of non-violent victory when one has conquered fear in oneself. It is not the enemy you have to fight, Gandhi teaches, but the enemy's error; the error your neighbour commits when he happens to think of himself as your enemy. Make yourself an ally of his, against his mistake.

Injustice is something that demands that one should oppose it wherever it appears. The non-violent person does not always wait to be attacked with weapons. It is often he who takes the first step and goes forward to meet violence. Not only does he bear blows, he provokes them. To flee is not refusing violence, but giving in to it. It is withdrawing from victory without withdrawing from the fight. "If the choice were only between violence and cowardice," said Gandhi, "I should not hesitate to recommend violence."

Nobody was less pendent than this great teacher of a great doctrine, nobody more wary of abstract statements or claims that cannot be verified. No one was more devoid of dogmatic obstinacy or blind fanaticism than the Mahatma.

When some foreign visitor launched an attack on his English oppressors, he answered them by saying:

"Their system is bad. They are the first to suffer from it. Doubly so because they do not know that it is bad and that they are suffering from it. As for them, they are men, like ourselves, a mixture of good and bad with more good than bad.

I know only too well how inclined we are by our nature to see only evil in our enemies and to stuff evil into them at any cost. The evil we see in them, more often than not, depends on the mean and hasty way we have of seeing others.

The evil or the good that shows in them always depends on which side of ourselves we turn towards

His duty to serve - Hers to inspire -

Lee Harris



them: if it is the best in ourselves that we present to them, the best in them will be brought out in spite of themselves, for like attracts like.
But whatever our enemies may be I cannot be judge and party in the same lawsuit.
The certainty of achieving our aim depends entirely on the purity of our ways."

Therein lies the whole secret.

“....the name
is just a name....”

Gnidrolog



Gdrloign Gnadirlog Glodnoig Gdnigoolr Golordng...

If you've never heard of Gnidrolog, it's not really your fault. In an age where new bands are introduced to the public via international stunts like the Brinsley Schwarz fiasco or else with 100,000 billboards over Times Square (like the abominable Grand Funk Railroad), Gnidrolog have been slogging round the clubs, playing as support group and invariably being rebooked as the main band. The total cost of all the promotion they've bought in a year is still under £20.

Gnidrolog, who all live together in a Snaresbrook mansion, are a tight commune of four musicians, a manager, a roadie and a colossal dog. The musicians are Stewart Goldring (vocal, lead guitar, violin), Colin Goldring (lead vocals, guitar, recorders, saxhorn, mouth harp), Peter Mars Cowling (bass) and Nigel Pegrum (drums, oboe and flute), the manager is Will Sproule and the dog is Solly. I never found out what the roadie's name was.

The music is too difficult to describe. Let's say that it combines the structured quality of the Soft Machine or King Crimson with a folk-orientated approach to the vocals and guitars that would conjure up the Byrds or the Everly Brothers even CNSY if it wasn't so English. Overlay that with influences from Hebrew folk music and a classical use of woodwinds and you might have a vague idea of what to expect. That may sound confusing but it is all perfectly logical, even inevitable when you hear it.

Perhaps Gnidrolog's finest hour was at the OZ Police Ball two months ago. They came on last, at six in the morning, when the people were tired, shattered by Arthur Brown, exhausted and about ready to go home. Out of more than thirteen hundred people, maybe ten had heard them and another ten had heard of them. Moreover, the band themselves were thoroughly shagged out after a hard set at the Wake Arms, Epping. But, nevertheless, the

audience cheered every number – by a band they'd never heard of, and who were well below their best that night. After Arthur Brown, the Pink Fairies, Bonzo Freaks and Egg, Gnidrolog were still able, under the worst possible circumstances, to steal the show right out from under everything else that had been on that night. It is strong indictment of this country's "straight" music press that all the coverage the Gnidrolog have had from them is a paragraph from John Peel (after the Police Ball), and two one-line jokes about their name in MM. That this incredible music can have been ignored for so long is proof that MM is six months behind its readers.

I went out to Snaresbrook on Sunday and spoke to them. Why Gnidrolog? "Oh Gawd. The important thing to remember is that the name is just a name for a band. There's nothing deep or psychological behind it. We thought let's not have something terribly simple that everybody can understand. It's just a sound, a word that we want everybody to associate w/ us, because what does Gnidrolog mean? Nothing at all except us. We're trying to create moods in our music, and Gnidrolog is a sound rather than a meaning, and when it comes down to it, that is what it's all about. If people are inarticulate enough not to be able to pronounce Gnidrolog then they're not articulate enough to listen to the music, and it doesn't really worry us. But people who want to learn the name will want to listen to the music. We thought of things like Flying Turds and Tea-time 5 and Living Basement and that sort of crap but it means less than Gnidrolog does. We decided to leave it as open as possible . . ." Waffle, but if you look at the name, you'll see it's almost an anagram of 'Goldring'.

Gnidrolog live are engrossing. The music is intensely human. Stewart and Colin use their guitars more intelligently than any other two-guitar band – not in the flash jamming-belly-to-belly sense of Johnny Winter And – but in a musically complementary sense that is far removed from the conventional lead/rhythm set-up. The music is constantly changing its texture, its rhythm – to play in a band

like this you gotta pay lotsa dues on yer axe man. Peter, who plays intelligent sympathetic bass, has paid all his and two years advance. Nigel is one of the most musically drummers I've ever seen, with violence or delicacy to suit the occasion. He also does woodwinds. One minute he's blowing heavy, split-second precision drums, the next he's playing gentle counterpoint on flute or oboe, and he's better than many rock flautists who use it as a main instrument.

Where did their music spring from? "Colin and I were out-and-out folk musicians. We were doing Roy Harper sort of things, contemporary folk music, and we thought it needed an electric thing behind it and originally this was the basis. But when Nigel and Pete came into the band . . . in a way you've got a fusion of two different things, you've got the emotional thing from us, and their musical training driving. The two things have come together to produce the final sound. But we were doing Hebrew folk music – there's a lot of emotional Jewish thing in this band. It all came together because we wanted to do something that hadn't been tried before. We don't know many other bands where you've got two guys from a folk thing and two guys from a much heavier thing. We tried to draw from each other's experience. It's four people. Everybody has ideas – and that's why there are so many bruises – and it's the only way to do it. We've got something we all believe in, and we all work together to produce the best thing possible. It's hard, very hard and there are personality conflicts, but the music comes above it . . ."

They hadn't been on at the Ball for five minutes before you knew there was something different happening. Colin's mumbled joke about little Jewish dwarves led into "Introduction", which must have taken untold hours of general getting-together with its choppy precision. Finally the heaviness of the piece exploded as Colin did a lunatic Scottish pipe and Gaelic mouth music bit. The audience cheered.

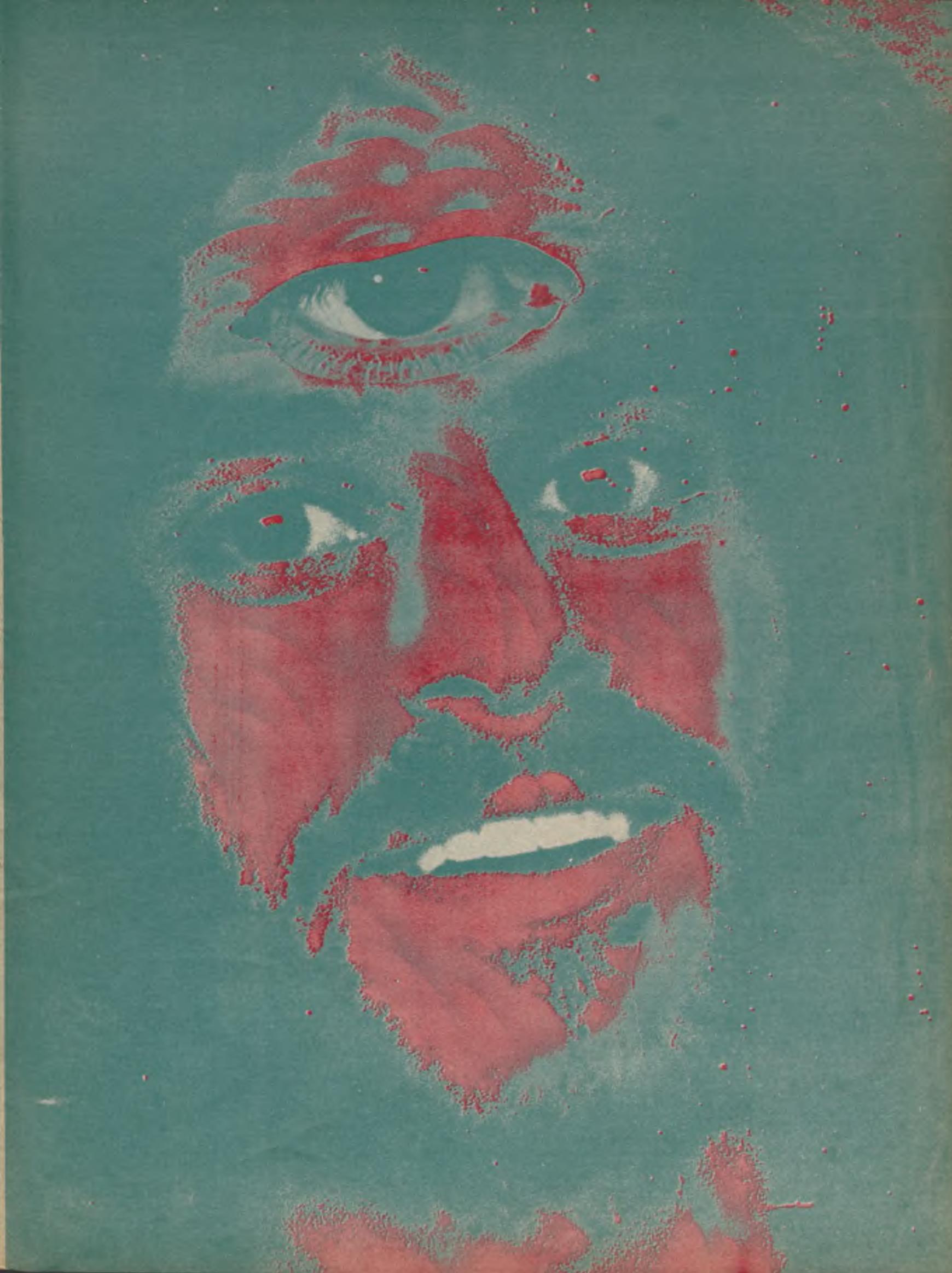
I asked them the stock questions about revolution, dope and fucking in the streets. Their views on the

former are more than those of the "I'm basically against anything that fucks me up" school of thought of those who believe that an act of rock revolution is to kick in somebody else's strobe light. Ultimately, says Stewart, violence is a reactionary weapon. Both he and Colin have a long record of involvement in the Committee of 100, and mention of heavy militant ideas provokes angry cries of "That's bullshit, man, absolute bullshit!" On dope, they all admit to liking an occasional smoke, and say "Some people are happy being smashed, others are smashed being happy." They are all very much in favour of fucking, but prefer beds to streets. Stewart complains that there's not enough love around, but you're unlikely to find him picketing against nasty ads in the Tube. The band say that their views are fully expressed in Stewart's song "Any Use In Living".

It's far too easy to toss superlatives around about Gnidrolog, and far too easy to forget that people tend to ignore over-extravagant praise. Let's just say that they play good music, which could very well be great music. Some things I don't like. Occasionally the Bolanish tone of Colin's voice gets a bit wearing and the keening, astringent vocal harmonies take a lot of getting used to. "Mr Smith and Mr Smythe" despite its musical excellence, is social satire of a very well-worn kind. Admittedly, this is a composition going back several years. They may very well end up being called either "a load of pretentious crap", or else idolised by the kind of people who applaud themselves for being hip enough and clever enough to dig such an "advanced" band. Either way, they'll be okay if they keep putting the music first.

Within a few months, hopefully, there'll be a Gnidrolog album. It's hard to say much about an album that hasn't even been recorded, but it'll probably be a mindfucker. I hope it is. Gnidrolog are not just another band. They are the best hope for British music in three years.

Charles Shaar Murray



Spike



The current controversies of *The Little Red Schoolbook*, Dr Martin Cole's *Growing Up* and the posturings of Lord Longford, represent only the most obvious signs of the present repression. Despite the publicity, such dramas actively involve few people. Millions, however, are absorbed nightly by television. Apart from the number of hours whiled away by families in front of the box, this country's most popular indoor sport can manipulate important domestic decisions. Who to votfor, what products to buy . . . it can even force workers to skip overtime to catch Coronation Street.

It is on television that our cultural landscape can be seen to be bleaker than ever.

Although other media, such as the press, has disenfranchised a vast enlightened readership who don't happen to believe that Whitehall, work and alcohol are the best ways of organising our environment, at least there is an underground alternative.

But there is no alternative to television. Until a tired consumer can tune into Channel 7, all night rock, Channel 6 orgy olympics, Channel 5 underground chaos . . . just as print freaks can now stock up with mindfucks from their local non W.H. Smiths, then TV remains a dictatorship.

Sensing, perhaps, the alienation of headculture from its context, TV retaliates almost nightly with racist caricatures of hippiedom. The longhair is the new nigger. Absolutely standard fare was a recent Comedy Playhouse by Kingsley Amis, *The Importance of Being Hairy*. The play was premised on one joke, endlessly rehashed — all student revolutionaries are longhaired, dirty, ignorant, ill mannered and over encouraged by university authorities. While the reverse point of view would not even be worth postulating (on the grounds of simplistic literary fascism) it is worth noting that these days it could not possibly gain hearing on British television.

So if the Great Unwashed are today's villains, who are the heroes? Easy. More than ever it's cops, soccer stars, and mysterious Government experts (Doomwatch). But the most revealing indication of this country's moral mood is the star of a new series, Hine, already shooting up the ratings chart. Hine is your friendly local arms dealer. This is the man who millions are asked to indentify with each week. He sells tanks to Arab sheiks to quell guerrillas, and napalm to Nepalese to scorch invading Mao-men. The series does not cast Hine as a sensitive, soul searching misfit in order to examine the moral complexities of his situation. He is the admakers hero resplendent; epitomising the new qualities of the 70's . . . ruthless, rich, exploitative, married-but-separated, reeking of Karate aftershave and capitalist to the core. Hine is the weekly voice of the Monday Club, rampantly neo-colonialist, war mongering, racist and bent on a Mr Success trip. His values, like most of those regularly enshrined on television, represent everything opposed to the radical, anti-war, drug-sex movement.

The counterview is never presented as an idea, always as a dismal misrepresentation of a style. Occasionally a few freaks are allowed to frolic on a panel, but never has a momentum been built up on television for the profecion of an alternative set of beliefs or values. There are now hundreds of thousands of people in this country who smoke dope, fuck freely, reject consumer junkysim, detest the attitude of the City to the Third World, etc etc yakety yak, but who in terms of a visiting Martian judging a nation by its television, do not exist. The Frost Show invasion was the first timid assault on a denied medium, John Hopkins of TV tries to open minds from other angles; but a regular freak show should be the urgent summer demand of those bored by Underground print and with surplus energy. Address your letters to Christopher Chataway, Minister of Posts and Telecommunications, Whitehall, W1.

R.N.

INK hit the streets on May day and was as disappointing to us, as OZ No 1 was no doubt to those of you who remember. The second INK was already almost as good as Time Out, so you should still subscribe at the special £2 for six months offer and be in time for the amazing INK 4. Send name and address to INK, 73 Princetown Road, W11.

The Belfast Four (See Friends) still languishing in gaol despite the determined efforts of underground agents. Joseph Stevens, Felix de Mendelsohn, James McCann and Peter McCartan need whatever help you can manage c/- Belfast Defence Fund, Friends, 307 Portobello Road, London, W10.

The last OZ outlined the charges against three of the editors and quoted extracts from the statements of two teachers appearing for the prosecution. Any teachers familiar with Schoolkids OZ and not of the view that it would debauch and corrupt young people are asked to contact our solicitor, David Offenbach, 629 1191 or 493 4687.



Under pressure of the general interest in the OZ trial, we understand that Stan Demidjuk and Sue Miles are opening an OZ Obscenity Centre at 39A Pottery Lane, W11. The operation is not part of OZ magazine but an autonomous base to provide information and co-ordination for participants at the forthcoming OZ Obscenity Festival, Old Bailey, June 22nd.

In OZ 33 we invited readers and particularly those hard core fans wishing to buy badges and back issues from our Rip-Off Department, to vent their feelings about the magazine in a few succinct words on the coupon. Here are a few of the replies from people with occupations such as swinger, travelling salesman, caravan cleaner, freak, fuck-all, subscriber, Byzantine time traveller, narc, schoolboy (8 yrs), human being, lecturer, and living, isn't that enough. 'Too expensive'. 'A great successor to the News of the World'. 'The genuine and original mindfucker'. 'Increasing the gap between the freaks and the straights'. 'Nice for the pictures, but dig Friends for everything else'. 'An astral gorilla'. 'Contains the information I dream about'. 'A bat in hamsters clothing'. 'Varies from brilliance to pigshit. Nevertheless the artwork never fails to fuck me in the brain'. 'Next to Private Eye, the worst in the world'. 'A wanker's paradise'. 'Shit. If I say it's fab do I get a free one?'. 'boring'. 'Approximately 12'. 'by 8'. 'An excess of adolescent sex'. 'All right for now, but after the revolution will there still be a place for you?'. 'I don't need a magazine to tell me what to think.' 'Cancel my subscription. I have just realised that OZ is in favour of fornication outside holy matrimony.' (Archbishop of Canterbury) 'Too floppy to make roaches out of.' 'Printed on posh paper, but still into freak scene and not kill the pigs.'

The Way It Isn't:

The last great mystery in showbusiness still needs unravelling. The two hour Presley commercial may have told us a bit about his Las Vegas performances but as murky a smokescreen as ever was thrown up around Elvis himself. When is Colonel Parker going to loosen up and let him do the equivalent of say the John Lennon interview in Rolling Stone? Pity someone didn't have the guts to make such a movie in 1956 when Presley was almost a revolutionary hero instead of the red neck moneyed idol he is today. Who are all those adoring gay looking guys who surround him constantly? Maybe GLF should demonstrate outside his Tennessee mansion. Is Presley homosexual, asexual, or what? Who tailors his pants, cleverly cut to conceal whatever cock he has or doesn't he have one? Whatever happened to that piece of hosepipe?



A serious attempt is being made in London to set up a co-operative of Underground craftsmen. The aim is to set up a studio centre which will act as a professional wholesale outlet for those designers etc who find the marketing and whole commercial side of what they do very boring and therefore difficult to cope with. It would arrange various prices — the usual rip-off for straight wholesalers, moderate prices for genuine head shops, and cheapest of all for inter-trade between members of the co-op. The studio intends to function by taking a percentage of sales to straight outlets, which would subsidise the others. Profits, if any, would be put into community ventures. One aim is to ensure that the craftsmen themselves don't get ripped-off. To set up the studio initially everyone interested could contribute a small sum, so the more people interested, the cheaper it will be. Basically, the organisers are interested in contacting people who are producing on a cottage industry scale. Contact Dave Collins at 43 King Street, WC2. Tel: 836 0550.

A provincial reader reports that when he attempted to buy INK at his local branch of W.H. Smiths, he was directed to the stationery counter.



OHM, a radical organisation to be run along the lines of Release, has commenced operations in Cornwall. Their list of aims is ambitious. They hope to be more than just a drug/bust organisation, giving in addition psychological and cultural aid. They are also currently compiling a crash-pad and campsite guide. Communicate with Nigel Outten and Dave Griffiths c/- BOOKS AND THINGS, 6 Penryn Street, Redruth, Cornwall. Phone Devoran 863043. 863043.

Two new small magazines currently impinging on our consciousness are ALBION (7½p from David Kay, 10 Northbridge Road, Blackley, Manchester 9) and THE ALTERNATIVE (10p from Schizoid Productions, 3 Lower Common South, Putney, London SW 15). ALBION, I am told, is the product of two nervous breakdowns, but it looks very together, with a fine editorial on the need for a new consciousness and the building of cells in industry commerce and all walks of life. "We hope that greater awareness of the nature forces and the desire to live in harmony with them will cause people to seek a better solution to material needs than a callous and indifferent Capitalism." ALTERNATIVE has got more aggressive with each issue (this one is the third) with a nice use of colour which they should develop even further. Good poetry, good graphics and a lot of political and community energy.

SUDDEN Comics (10p from Martin Dutton, Flat 5, 1 Birch Avenue, Old Trafford) is also worth a look at, with, for England, surprisingly good strip sense. Bold uncluttered frames and simple cosmic storylines. SAD TRAFFIC from Leeds is another newish publication which you may have noticed around, 20p from brave newsagents. It even has glossy covers, swank paper, ads, a proper distribution set up and a professional air about it which is amazing when you consider the easy going poverty stricken freaks who run it. Sad Traffic is "good for late night neurosis, pimples, bad breath and armpits — the bedtime brain seizure," says their publicity.



Flowers for Those You Love

Butcher, baker, candlestick maker, anybody can get VD, including those you love.

Please see a doctor if you think you've got it.

You'll feel better afterwards and so will those you love.

Richard Brautigan



Staunch fan, R.G. Baggott of Tilehurst Reading noticed that British Rail are running Schoolkid Specials. The engine has since been taken out of service pending investigation by Scotland Yard's Obscenity Squad.



With not only briefer knickers on the previous page, but bare tit as well, why did The Mirror bother to censor the ad? Who is the uptight old auntie in charge of the advertising department?

THE SUN

ST. CECILIA

"LEAP UP AND DOWN
WAVE YOUR KNICKERS
IN THE AIR"

AVAILABLE AT YOUR RECORD SHOP

THE DAILY MIRROR

ST. CECILIA

"LEAP UP AND DOWN
WAVE YOUR KNICKERS
IN THE AIR"

AVAILABLE AT YOUR RECORD SHOP

If you want a guerrilla theatre group, rock band, revolutionary opera ritual or a social game situation event entertainment (try saying that with a mouthful of love goldfish), then obviously you're in need of PUNY SMASH THE STATE c/- Jonathon Zeilin, 14 Grange Grange Road, Kingston upon Thames, Surrey. If you're interested in guerrilla or street theatre have a look at Terror on the Tubes in this issue. If you live in the Haringay area, there's a theatre workshop there who are into similar things as well as music movement etc. Contact David Norwood, 6 Marquis Road, Wood Green, London N22.

'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers, for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? And what communion hath light with darkness? Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the lord, and touch not the unclean thing.'

Their lesson was later invoked, after the collection and a lengthy appeal for no interest loans for the building fund, to illustrate the necessity to disassociate completely from the Catholics. Paisley evidently fancies himself another Cromwell. The walls of his church are lined with tributes to Reformation martyrs. He calls Rome The Scarlet Whore of Babylon. Protestant communion is to the Mass as Heaven is to Hell, as Truth to Falsehood, Good to Evil, Christ to Satan. He dislikes the World Council of the Churches' desire to explore unity with the Roman Church, and he inveighs angrily against local ministers who are meeting with Irish priests.

Much of Paisley's sermon is political. The audience rises to sing a hymn, and is kept standing to hear a lecture about recent rioting in the Shankill Road, a Protestant slum district. Paisley claims the fighting was provoked by Catholic taunts and police bias in favour of Catholics, allowing them to hand out "seditious and illegal" literature. He castigates the government for discriminating against Protestants. The parishioners are asked to come to the Northern Ireland parliament on Wednesday night to lend support to an attack he plans to make against the government for being soft on Catholic dissidence. Paisley provides voice for the outraged Protestant bigot, and in doing this he catches the Unionist Party government between hammer and anvil: the hammer of Catholic demands which must be met for civil rights, housing and employment and the anvil of Protestant resistance which it has forged itself to stay in office.

The service closes with soft organ music and Reverend Paisley beseeching new members of his congregation to come to Christ. 'Raise your hand for Christ,' he says softly, warmly. 'He is waiting to receive you.' I was lonely that evening and could feel his drawing power. 'Come, come join us in our perfect faith. There are two thousand of us here; we appear angry at times, but that is the anger of our righteousness; open yourself up to our healing saviour.'

I expect that when a man or woman or child does raise his hand, several did, that the mere act of sharing his need fills him with a sense of belonging and relief. He probably feels as if Jesus himself blesses him. Suppose a man finds relief here from his inner struggles. He will have to return again, and again, as the first rush of enthusiasm wears off. Soon he will turn to Paisley to bring him back to the happiness he momentarily knew. Paisley will offer him his political philosophy, his 'perfect hate', and here our imaginary man will find reassurance. He will know who causes his troubles, the Catholics; and he will know who can lead him to victory over them, Paisley. 'All men in Ulster, whether they know the reason or not, are born with an inbred hatred of Popery.'

The service ends. Members of the congregation pause to purchase Paisley's literature in the lobby, and to gather on the wide plaza before the church to share for a moment more the fraternity of the righteous.

Matthew Hoffman

There's not much happening in theatre these days. A notable exception is Theatrespiel. They are the most exciting, crazy, revolutionary theatrical experience to emerge in this country for a long time. At a time when traditional theatre is obsolete, decaying in the West End, supported by coach parties from the Midlands and tourists, Theatrespiel have tripped into a new infinity, creating real theatre anywhere, at anytime with anybody.

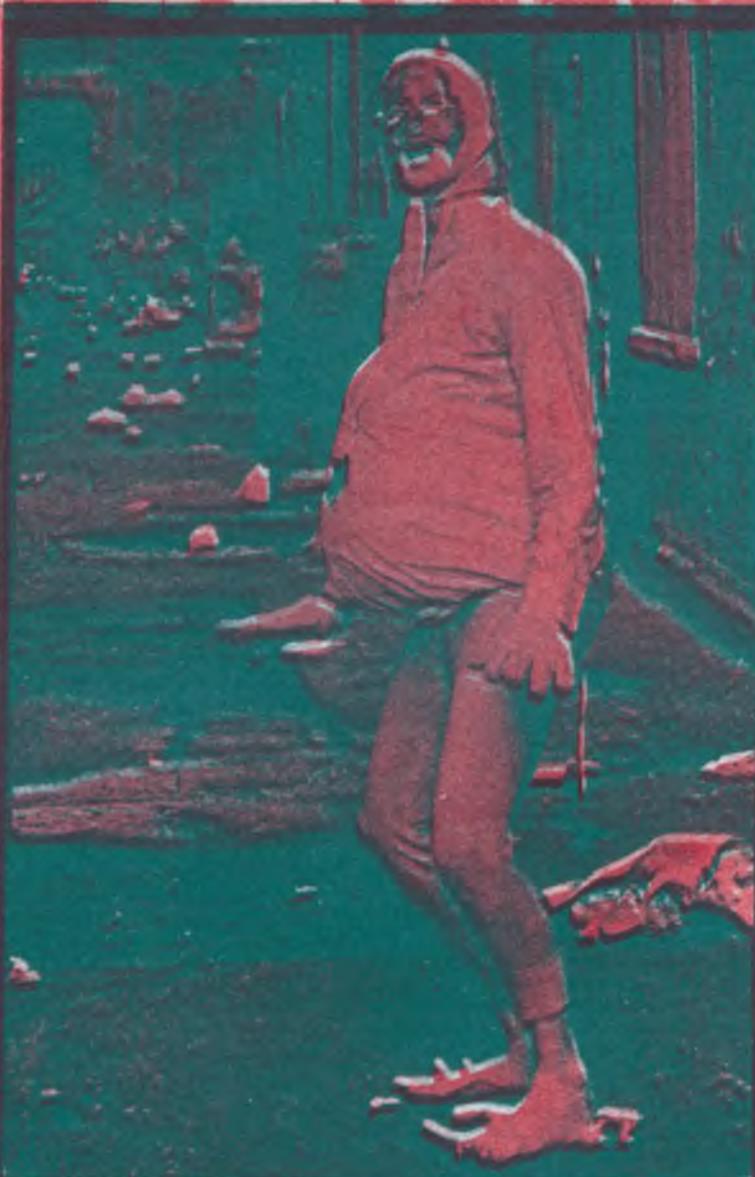
Spiel means play in German and shit in Jewish and the department of computerized war strategy at the Pentagon has Theatrespiel as its operational name. Theatrespiel are appropriately theatrespiel any way you look at it. At the moment they are comprised of ten regular members, all of whom work by day and theatrespiel at night, weekends and any other free time they can afford. They're all young, like fifteen, eighteen, twenty odd most of them, with diverse social backgrounds and a common frustration at not presently being able to drop their shackles and be full-time.

The theory and practise of the group was conceived by Peter James and Jan Flavell who are its anti-directors. Peter arrived at the idea via happenings indulged in while a fine arts student and afterwards as a member of TOC, Interractions experimental company. His concern is that theatre should be a community activity, engaging the community to entertain the community. Hence the process and framework and material.

Theatrespiel's stage is the Tube, tenement blocks, transport cafes, streets, factories or, in short, anywhere where there can be direct contact/inter-play with people. They see their work in a political context, the breaking down of barriers extending into providing areas for any personality to express itself freely without the phobia that still exists with say, a set dialogue or movement (which was the co-ordination of Handke's play "Offending the Audience", supposedly a free participation exercise.) They use images instead of words — bodily movements, spontaneous gesticulations, simple props, masks, costumes, make-up — whatever each individual member feels is his best method of communication. They react in the situation they're in, and since it's never the same situation, or place, or time, or audience, the reactions from both the players and playees are usually entertaining and constructive. Because they are out in the open as it were, there are no confinements or restrictions for both parties — anything is possible.

Since they came together in January, this principal line has been Tube theatre. Unexpecting commuters, usually on the Victoria Line, are gradually

TERROR ON THE TUBES



becoming aware that something less boring than newspapers or advertisements is possible. Over the months, the group has developed a series of sketches

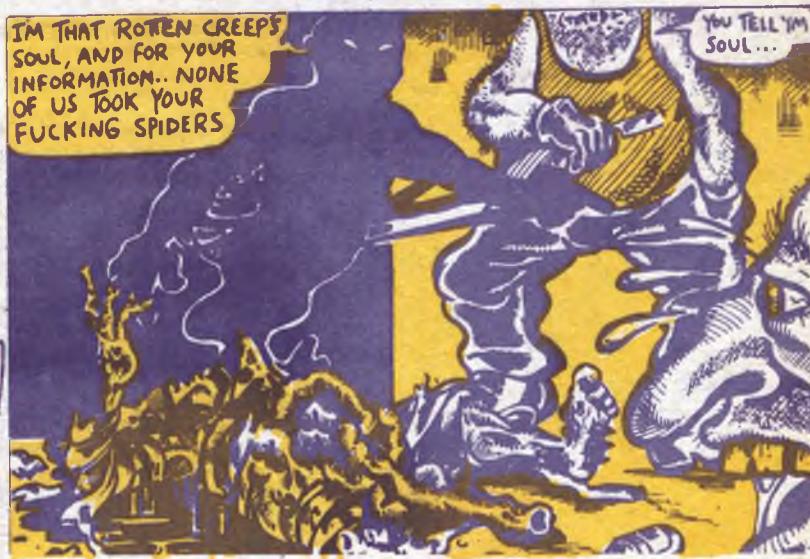
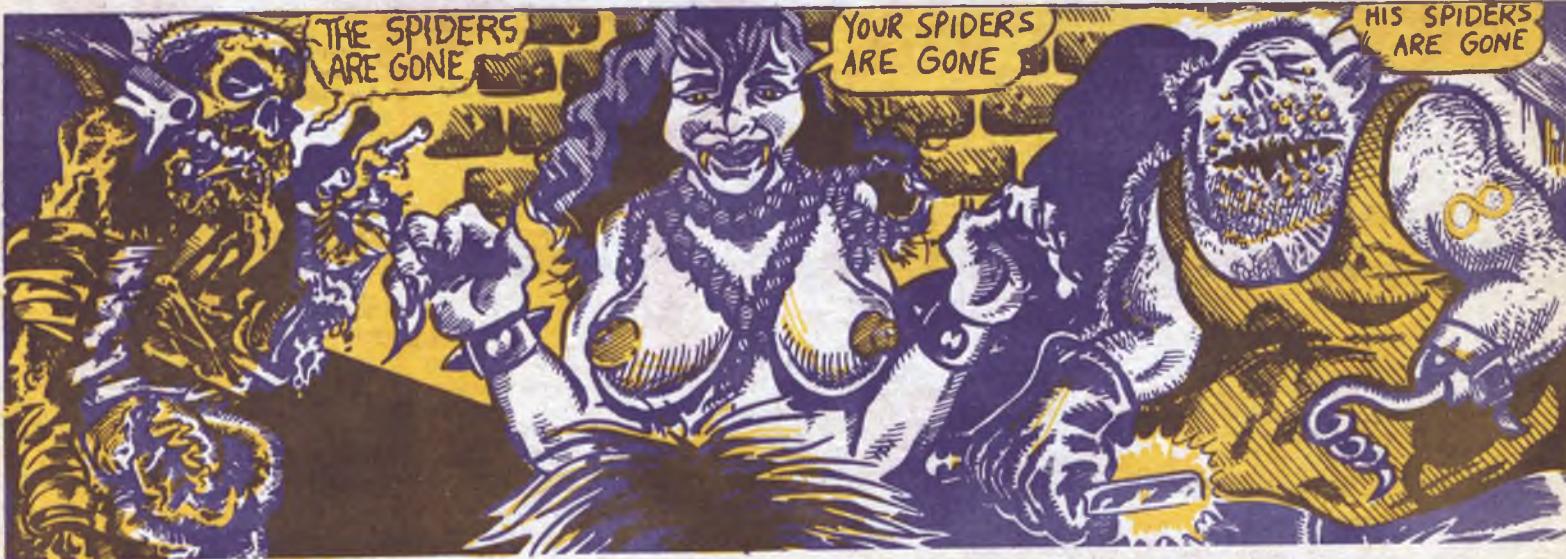
which provide a framework within which they and the commuters can participate. They last for two or three stops and then the group gets out and changes to

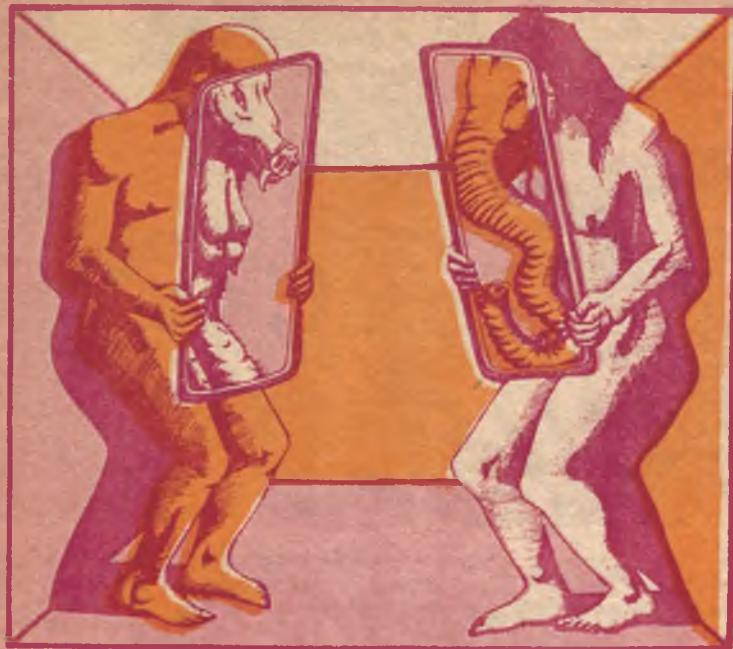
another train, leaving the passengers in states of hysterical laughter, fear, or indignation.

The sketches vary. In the Parachute piece — half a dozen freaks in British Army uniforms lined-up at attention by the carriage doors are directed by a staff sergeant to jump out, one at a time at each stop, while a sexy vamp in mink and braless, tries to seduce the sergeant. The newspaper piece — five guys sitting together read newspapers in silence until one by one they interrupt each other, climbing over each other, tearing pages out of the others' paper and ending up in a chaotic football scrum with tattered newspapers all over the carriage. The Opera piece starts off with a man standing up, removing his trousers to reveal ballet tights, from which he starts to pirouette up and down the carriage, to be joined at the next stop by a ballerina who gets on and also starts to dance, to be joined at the next stop by two prima donnas who begin to Wagner up and down the carriage and so on until a fully-cast opera with musicians is being staged. The Gorilla piece ends up with apeing freaks hanging from the support rods. A few seconds before, they were ordinary passengers who got on with the rest blending in perfectly with the blandness. The main object of each piece is to urge participation from the passengers without being heavy and keeping them uncertain as to what is going on until the last moment.

Theatrespiel has two other similar activities that it is currently developing. *Lecturespiel*, which is designed to activate groups, like students in art colleges who have the means and situations, into community action projects like their own. And *PHAB* — physically handicapped and able-bodied-group therapy projects designed to work with the physically handicapped. Everything Theatrespiel do is designed to be taken up by the people they do it with, be it a commuter, a cripple or a worker who starts off uptight with their antics inevitably, if he gives himself the chance, ends up laughing and participating.

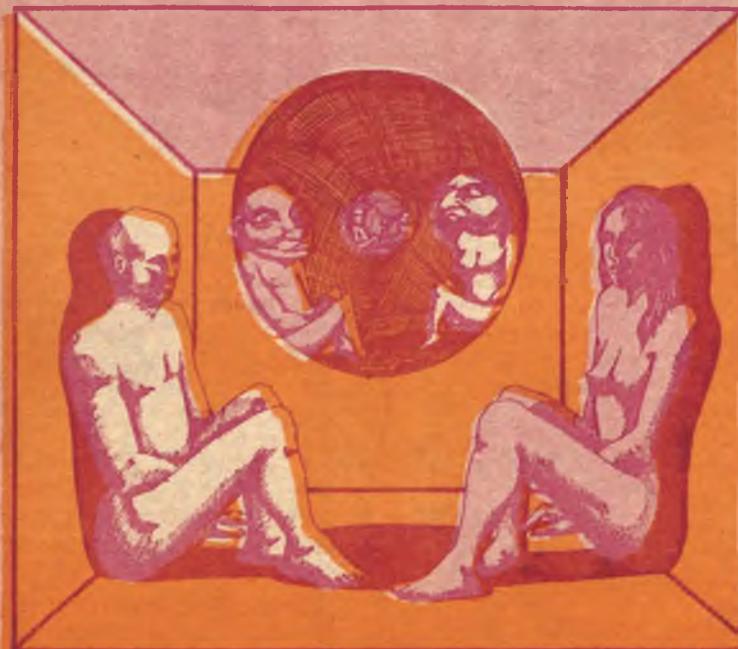
London Transport is aware of their activities but as yet, is undecided as to what attitude to adopt — if they're smart, they'll hire them. Occasionally a soldier, or a policeman gets in the way and spoils everybody's fun and it's only a matter of time before some of them are busted or assaulted, but, by and large, the people, the community, enjoy them. They are a most important and significant theatrical experiment and should be given every encouragement to realise their full potential. They use the Oval House, Kennington as their base, and welcome anyone who wants to join or enquire. Telephone 735 2786. For the love of the people and fun, do it.



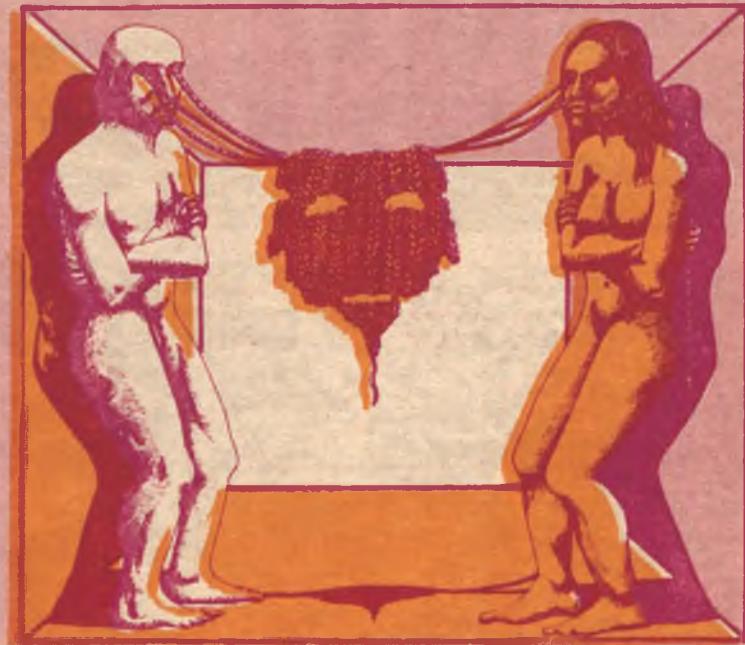


See me Feel me Touch me Heal me

Esalen and Encounter Group 'Therapy

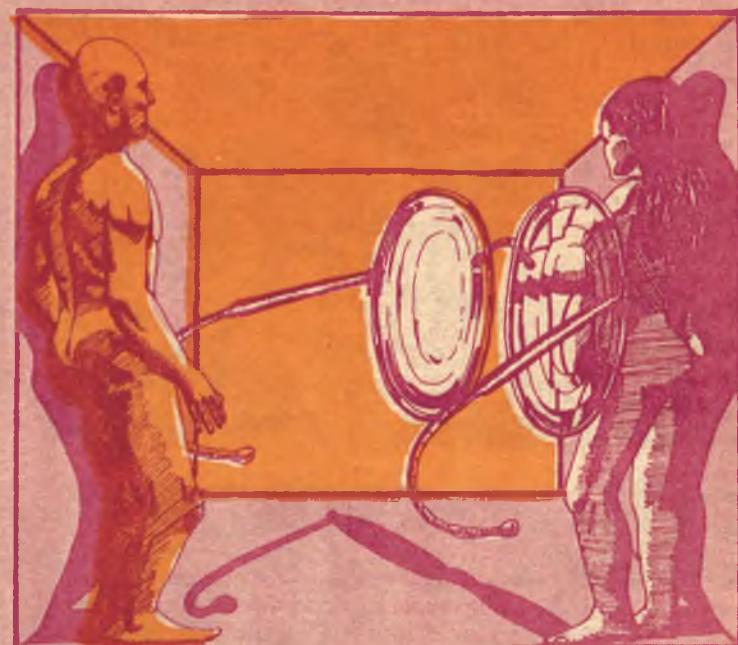


The easiest and most gentle way of reminding someone that he's an entire organism is by awakening all his senses. Formal education plays down all the senses other than sight; although we're born whole, we're immediately conditioned to specialize. We are led to believe that smell and touch are bad, and through ignorance of our other senses, we become tense and insensitive. It's small wonder we feel anxious, alienated and out of touch with our whole body. Both here and in the States group sensitivity experiences are the best known off all methods in the human potential repertoire. They are used as relaxation, harmony events in their own right, and as a threshold to deeper, more delicate levels of



feeling. Sensory awareness experiments, games, exercises attempt to loosen the grip of the rigid rules, feelings, thoughts thrust on us by society; they quiet the overdominant verbal preoccupation of the mind (almost all sensitivity exercises are non-verbal), release excessive muscular tension, and focus consciousness on the direct sensory experience of here and now.

Roger Housden



Jerome Liss talks to Don Braisy

Some people have described Encounter groups as ways of turning on without drugs and we have talked a little bit about the possibility of building up encounter groups within society. But what is the real value of it? What is their potential in human growth?

Jerome Liss: I think the best way is to take examples of what varying kinds of encounter groups do and then suggest some of the results they achieve.

In Sensitivity Training Groups people will get together without words and instead use touch, looks, vocalization and sound exercises to make contact with one another. This immediately cuts through the usual word rituals and allows contact on a much more physical level. There is the great emphasis on body experience and methods of breathing to increase awareness and sensations from your body. This changes one's basic orientation to oneself and toward other people.

I find the most important exercises involve people shouting. They could just shout sounds or else one can suggest that they use particular words — "Leave me alone", "Get out of my way", "Please stay with me". People can be instructed to shout these phrases at one another, looking very closely and touching hands at the same time so that it stimulates very strong kinds of emotions in them. It breaks down the usual muffled way we have of being with other.

Especially the voice when used at shouting level, which seems to provoke much more feeling and sense of presence than any other mode of expression. It is shouting that people were prevented from doing when they were kids — "Be quiet, you are making too much noise". The use of the voice has been inhibited throughout development. People shouting at one another involves tremendous turn-on.

Another example is an exercise when people are asked to make a deep sound and one's partner presses one's chest deeply during exhalation so that you get a very deep throat sound, like a very strong gasp and people are asked to look in the mirror and to open their eyes as wide as possible to stare at themselves. People who did this had the sensation of pouring out of their eyes into their vision and into the image of them-

haven't that kind of skill and freedom with language are on the side-lines and are just receptive spectators. To bring everybody in and to 'play', there is another kind of encounter group where people play favourite monsters and go round trying to scare the daylights out of each other, yet at the same time they are laughing and pulling frightening grimaces. In this you are asked to explore the plasticity and expressiveness of your face and your partner is asked to mirror it. You can also make funny or awkward sounds. There is also a 'game' in which one is asked to say affectionate things like "I love you" in an angry tone of voice. Then you are asked to switch and say angry things in an affectionate tone, like "I'm going to get you" or "Get off my back" said very lovingly. There are other 'games' in which one just makes up stories and other people enact the themes or symbols.

There are no longer sharp differences between the varying types of groups: the separate methods and orientations are more and more being used together. The sensitivity group techniques of touching, falling, singing and the love encounters, the 'games' and the Synanon confrontation encounters in which people are helped to face what they want to run away from. Even the oldest of these techniques — psycho-drama is used at times to try and re-learn to see people as real and alive.

Some encounter groups include psycho-drama methods. For instance someone will talk about his family life and then be asked to take the part of his wife or mother and someone else will take his part. Role switching techniques are used to heighten self awareness, to help one to see one as others see us. This is a form of play too but also one of



selves in the mirror and they also said afterwards they felt more out of their minds and into their vision — like being what one sees.

I think this comes about by a particular technique — breathing, vocalisation and wide-eyed staring. I think there are lots of different exercises that can be developed to open up the functions of experience and expression. There is another one using the voice in which people lie in a circle with their heads towards the centre and begin to make continuous sounds and they get louder and louder and they are encouraged to explore different types of sounds — animal sounds, emotional sounds like sighing, roaring and pleading.

After these sounds develop a momentum of their own, people are encouraged to move around at the same time and with a group making a huge roar together, people can experience a tremendous freedom and release. I think it is akin to a religious ritual where people develop a unified group spirit unified group expression and this way find a release from their personal selves to some larger field. This is the basis of the appeal for a lot of people. Most institutional religions have ways of getting people together to pray to God. A group spirit can be very powerful and can be liberating a group together on a kind of 'communitarian' or anarchistic basis. There is no particular ideology except experience and expression and yet you can get the same kind of 'religious' liberation.

One of the things we are stopped from doing when children is to play, free-wheel kind of doing-what-you-like playing. People in small groups often have very boring kinds of conversations. If it is imaginative it is usually carried on by just one or two people and other people who

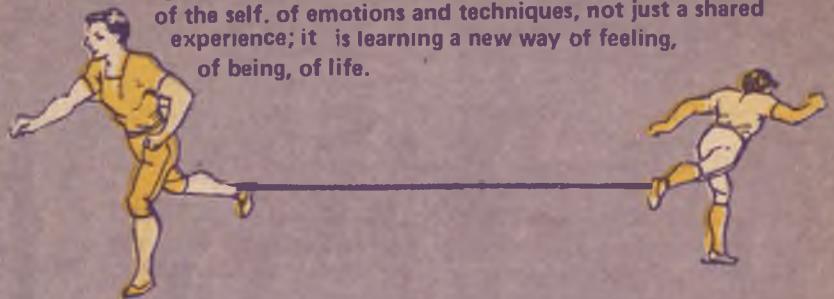
the best forms of social learning. You learn the words for a particular situation and because of the 'play' atmosphere people will try out more expressive ways, try to be more forceful or more direct at times and in that way explore their creative ability.

The Gestalt methods of exploring a problem are also extremely useful — their methods of taking a dream and kind of "acting it out". You begin to speak as one of the characters in the dream who is not yourself and say what they might be saying to someone else. One person taking on two parts of the dialogue opens up fantasies which are just budding within yourself and allows a kind of creative 'make believe' spirit to come into it. To my mind it is one of the best syntheses of play and creative learning.

The Gestalt method may also involve taking the part of an object. Let's say you dream of a train. You could be asked to play the train with your body, move around and make the sounds and then even speak and say what the train might be saying. If you dreamed of giving somebody a ring, you could be asked to be the ring and say what the ring is feeling. Through this making a part into a whole people open up symbols in their own minds and see the many meanings they may have. It is a tremendous way of opening up one's guarded psychic fantasies. Or you may start with 'key' actions — say you are asked to imagine you are walking up a ladder or through a door and you are asked what you see next and you begin to have something like a dream while awake. These aren't just ways of finding out more about yourself, such methods exercise functions of the mind which are usually relatively unused. They ask for much phantasy on the part of the person, demand immediate



directly — both verbally and physically — by reaching out and holding and comforting so that a level of acceptance of one's real self is reached which brings immense comfort and strength. This is not just exploration of the self, of emotions and techniques, not just a shared experience; it is learning a new way of feeling, of being, of life.



Association for Humanistic Psychology: 17 Hanover Square, W.1. Information forum for human potential movement. Conducts meetings and workshops, and encourages research. About to start a regular bulletin.

Quaesitor: 22 Avenue Road, NW.8. The largest and most established of the centres in London. Phone for programme; it includes monthly on-going Gestalt Encounter Groups (£8), four week Tai Chi and Massage Group (£8), Weekend Encounter Workshop (£10), Bioenergetic Weekend (£12), and an eight hour encounter group for women (£4) dealing with the problem of woman defining her role in today's society.

Centre 48: 937-6574. Similar in size and variety of courses to Quaesitor, but they have to leave their premises soon, so they're closing temporarily. Phone for future plans.

Upurge: Colin Hamer, 14 Queensbury Place, SW.7. 584-9224. Colin Hamer, a highly qualified psychotherapist, is just getting this group off the ground. Introductory encounter evenings, Tuesdays, 8.15 p.m. £1. On-going encounter group, Wednesday, 7.30, 7 weeks for £5.

City Literary Institute: Colin Hamer will start a course of encounter/ sensitivity sessions at the City Lit. In June. Ring nearer date for details. A 12 week course, 1½ hours per week, will cost the normal City Lit. fee of £1-30/-.

Kaleidoscope: 37 Wood Lane, N.6. (mailing address) 937-8680. Bill Grossman and Gerda Boyesen, both of whom were previously part of the Centre 48 staff, are at present looking for premises to start this new group. They will run encounter sessions, bioenergetic workshops, and music therapy groups. Fees similar to Quaesitor.

Exploring Human Contact: Ann Elphick, Flat 20, Frobisher Court, Sydenham Rise, SE.23, 899-9554. The only centre providing residential, week-end sessions — in a country house near Hazelwood. A three day residential session costs 11gns. There are three on-going weekly groups (Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,) at £6.5/- for 5 weeks. A fortnight residential session is planned for the summer, £25 per week.

Samanya: Contacts: Richard Perkins 485-7896, Sarah Fright 435-3593, Helen and Neville Davis 436-9200. Samanya is a large and very varied group of people who meet to discuss alternatives to the established living pattern. Positive results from the talks include a commune, an open home system, whereby a different house is available every day of the year for whoever is in the need of comfort/ company/help; and the start of co-operative buying. Samanya also runs a sensitivity group for its members, at a nominal charge of 3/- to cover coffee, etc. Meetings are held on Tuesdays at different homes.

PNP (People not Psychiatry): Contacts: Pete 485-9370, Peter 935-4016, David 328-5859, Jenny (for encounter) 603-4042. PNP is a network of people helping each other. All society offers people in trouble are pills, straight psychiatrists, and mental hospitals. PNP offer contact with people who have/have had similar problems, so removing the we-they structure. The network isn't limited to any specific kind of people — they welcome anyone at all who has a problem that they can't cope with themselves. Anybody in the network (only room for 4 numbers above) is available on an individual basis, and they also have general Friday night meetings at which anyone is welcome. They are just starting mini-trust groups too — small frameworks of 7/8 people who regularly come together with the aim of building up a sense of trust/reliability. PNP is the group who will help you start your own encounter sessions/or free — ring Jenny (see above).

List compiled by Roger Housden



GYPSY

You know those groups you always liked best, those playing that kind of rock that always seemed to mean most to you. It's true to say there's not so much produced these days, especially here in England, where, over the last few years, musicians' styles have become watered down, and somewhat freakier, and where songs and strong vocals appear to have been neglected. Sure, there are drastic limitations on just how original and unique one can be, playing within such a restricted and defined idiom in which so much has already been attempted in the seventeen odd years since rock was born; but overall, British styles have been getting less direct and further and further away from that basic involving 'folk' essence, by which one was always able to distinguish the best rock.

Not Gypsy however. Gypsy have come up with four new



songwriters, all composing numbers with that elusive, involving 'classic' feel about them; that quality that can turn certain songs into standards; and the group know just how to interpret them too. Four individually featured, and complementary, vocalists, coupled with a refreshingly colourful instrumental line-up (drums, bass, two guitars and electric 12-string guitarist doubling on piano), enable Gypsy to perform with equal effect in all veins, through blatantly heavy and dramatically soulful to subtly relaxed and soft. Gypsy succeed in extending an already well explored idiom, by contributing to it that new life, vital for rock's continued effect in this country; and that takes a lot. Listen to their album, and hear for yourselves — it's an album that'll make all the difference, by meaning the most to you.



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"A MONSTER RECORD. THIS IS CONTEMPORARY ROCK AT IT'S MOST SUBTLE AND EFFECTIVE. IT'S WITHOUT DOUBT THE MOST TERRIFYING THING I'VE HEARD IN YEARS — THE WHOLE TEENAGE PHENOMENON SHOULD BE STOPPED NOW!"

Mrs. Mary Wighton.

Fan mail

Brothers and Sisters at Oz,

Although I left school almost 9 years ago, I can still remember the crushing boredom of the place: the stuffing of useless 'facts' into the unwilling minds, the lack of humour of the teaching staff, the hypocrisy and near sadism of the headmaster, the petty stupid rules. I wore a peaked cap with a badge on it and a navy blue blazer, but that didn't stop me from being a thoroughly nasty little yob. Christ, I hated the bloody place and I hated the headmaster more than I've hated anyone since. From time to time I run into one of the guys whom I knew at school and not one has yet had a good word to say for the place. So what? Just that I was a depraved and corrupt schoolkid and it didn't take Oz to do the job. The system was the corrupter because its rigidity and lack of humanity was guaranteed to make one turn against it. Then and now, I read in the local paper not long ago that girls at a local school have been forbidden to wear tights as the headmistress considers them unhygienic.

As a schoolkid I used to regularly purchase two-and-sixpenny tit books from a newsagents shop in Leyton. Kids these days buy Oz. A guy I know who went to Sherbourne used to buy Playboy. Who is the corrupter? Oz, or the wank-fodder fantasy mag? Does Oz inspire kids to unnatural sex acts? Assuming that a blowjob is an unnatural sex act, it took no Oz to inspire me to participate in such an act; all it took was a schoolgirl's willing mouth. Are schoolgirls obscene? We would have

smoked dope too, had dope been available. Our particular high was booze, which is more ruinous in the long run. We used words like 'fuck' and 'cunt' with fair regularity (monotonously, in fact), and such words couldn't be printed in those days.

Headmasters and the whole lousy 'educational' system in this beknighted land of hope and misplaced glory are the ones who deprave and corrupt children. No wonder kids turn away from their redundant values: such sterile, pompous corpses inspire no confidence.

Thank you Oz for being such a damned fine magazine. As Abbie Hoffman says, you blend art and politics in a new way; and you have kept your sense and discrimination too. At a time when most underground papers have become carried away with

violent rhetoric, thank Christ that you have the courage to admit that you — like I — cannot pull the trigger. From Hoffman's letter maybe he too is sussing that certain of the more extreme elements of the movement are slowly turning fascist. "All cops are pigs" — substitute Jews for cops?"I'm gonna liberate you whether you want it or not" — democracy anyone? Yeah, let's build a few bombs and throw a few rocks at the pigs and alienate the entire older generation and we've got ourselves a revolution. Once we've seized power we'll just make them all drop acid, and everything will be groovy, and we'll all live happily ever after. Jesus, how fucking naive.

If Det. Inspector Luff or a colleague reads this, don't bother calling on me, baby, I don't smoke none of that acid , or spread no margarinejuana on me bread, or even ram that (things go better with) Cocaine Cola up my arse. So just piss off and raid a few strip joints, why don't you.

Good Luck, Oz, from a dirty little baby-raping, depraved corrupt commie anarchist weirdo pinko hippie freak dope-fiend punk.

Love and all that crap,
Dave Gent,

62 Cavendish Road,
Highgate Park, E 4

Dear Oz,

Your magazine is getting fucking worse, filling it with bullshit about the wogs and niggers abroad rather than the fuck-ups in this country. You would think it was our fault that the fucking GI's were fighting. If you feel so sympathetic with the V Cong why don't you fight with the Mother Fuckers. In Bradford the scene is so far under that they warm their hands off the core of the earth, so why can't you come up here and do your fucking Preaching and leave the Wogs and niggers alone. Perhaps that will help the scene.

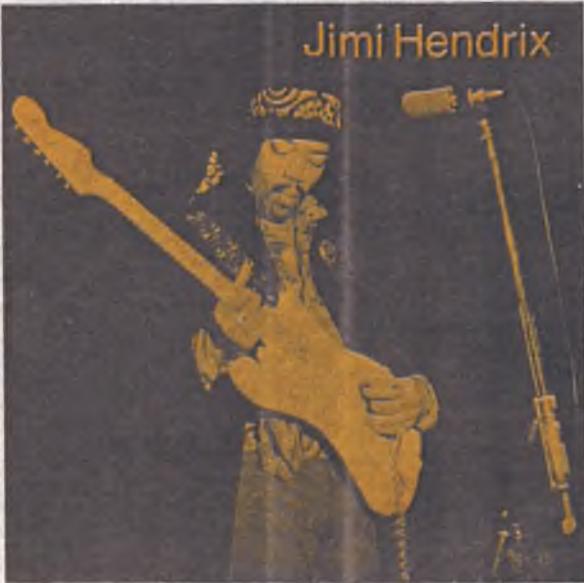
Yours,

Satan Slave,
Jack the Ripper,
Bradford



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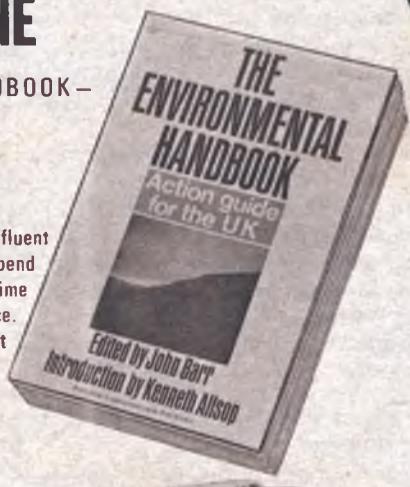
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BRIAN AUGER'S OBLIVION EXPRESS

Brian Auger
(RCA)

Brian Auger's days of superstardom are long gone. "Lovely band, but he couldn't draw a wank," said one promoter I asked to book him. It's a shame.

An intense admiration for Brian Auger's keyboard talents was one by-product of my adolescent lust for Julie Driscoll, and both sentiments survive to this day. Oblivion Express is an infinitely better band than the Trinity, whose musical bankruptcy was exposed on Auger's last album, "Befour". The new music has a dark, menacing grandeur, and Auger tears several different kinds of hell out of his Hammond. But there is one glaring fault which, unfortunately, is directly attributable to Auger himself..

While Auger's voice was fine for a filler every so often to take the weight off Jools, his very meagre gifts as singer and lyricist are a sad let-down to the magnificent noises produced by the Express.

Still, there is hope. This album was recorded after the full band had been together for only a week, and now after six hard months on the road, they should certainly be a force to be reckoned with. Treat this as an indication of what is to come, freak over the genuinely nightmarish cover, bully your local psychedelic dungeon into booking Oblivion Express. If Auger can solve his vocal problems and write rather less dreary lyrics, his next album could be good enough to stack next to "Streetnoise."

Charles Shaar Murray

RICK SINGS NELSON

Rick Nelson
(MCA)

I remember watching little Ricky from his earliest days as a member of the 'Ozzie and Harriet' TV show in America, where he portrayed himself like the rest of his family. Each week the viewer could see him grow from being a typically cute kid and later, his embarrassing puberty stage which gave birth to the Ricky Nelson we

all know and loved. After fifteen years on radio and television, he disappeared from public life with the rest of his clan. Rick, an ageing rock idol, began his search for personal identity and a new outlet for his musical energy.

For a short while he found a place in the C & W charts before appearing as a folkie around the coffee bar circuit of L.A. playing material from the pens of such notables as Dylan and Newman. He soon dropped this in preference of starting a band with friend Randy Meisner, who had just quit Poco. They put together an excellent five piece band which featured Tom Brumley, one of the best steel guitar players in the country. They gigged in and around the beer bars of L.A. developing their tight unit. Their first L.P. titled *Rick Nelson in Concert* was recorded just previous to the departure of Meisner, and received very favorable reviews. The Dylan song 'She Belongs To Me' was released as a single and became a reasonable sized hit in the States.

His latest work titled *Rick Sings Nelson* spotlights Rick writing and producing all his own material for the first time. His band is always there in the right place doing the right thing, never getting out of hand. The music is smooth and pretty with some exciting surprises, but on the whole remaining tame and soothing. It's good that Rick's band is content with making sweet Country music and doesn't resort to Rock and Roll mutiny which exists in the minds of many egotistical back-up musicians.

My favorites are 'California' and 'The Reason Why', but on some songs he tends to preach his subtle type of social commentary which doesn't really rub me right. 'The Dolphin' is the prime example of this fault, where he seems to be lagging behind with four year old phrases like "believe in your brother" and "love one another". I'm sure that Rick's intentions are genuine, but the fact remains that they're well worn expressions. Like I said before, the music is solid through-

out, and Rick is a very likeable person. It's a sure winner in the hearts of all Country Rock freaks. And if you like the album, you might want to pick up on Rick when he visits these shores in June.

Danny Holloway

THIRD WORLD WAR

Third World War

(Fly)

A thunderous inspiring record seems to have escaped everybody's notice. The misicians themselves (winsome Cockney duo, Terry Stamp and Jim Avery) were put through the rock machine a little (ref OZ 31), but their music . . . ah . . . the blind ear does not see.

The music is extraordinary simply because an arrogant, bitter cause is communicated in a manner that makes it accessible to a vast number of people: it's basically fierce, raucous rock, nothing too ethnic, and yet it's the politics of revolution, of Molotovs, of skinheads and 'queens' (sic), of truck unions and magazine clips. The revolution and from right under our noses, in Shepherds Bush. That's not the same Shepherds Bush that the Who once knew either (fucking, Friday nights and football), it's the place where they're, *Working on the plot and the prime Preaching violence*

Up from the slums and factory grime

Preaching violence

Running the streets biding our time

Preaching violence

The bog wall shines anti-

Government signs

Go let your Molotov off God loves you . . .

Musically it's tense, basic stuff, much of it like Lennon's solo album, with the occasional compelling guitar riff, but more noticeable for the work of sessionmen supreme, Bobby Keyes and Jim Price, and help from other friends like Tony Ashton and Speedy.

The betting shop was a real working class con

I trolled in no one had a shirt on

Run by this fat thug who just

came out of jug

He said here's another mug

But my horse got doped and won A tanner to win at nine-to-one I stung him for ajax

A tanner to win at nine-to-one I stung him for a ton

Well I looked him in his glass eye he came up real close

Pulled a gun and pushed it up my nose

Before he could shoot I hit him with my boot

I was picking up my loot

While on the floor he lay

His wife came down from upstairs and said

Son you've made my day

Oh

You Shepherds Bush Cowboy

Occasionally a band's live appearance or private life style attests to some revolutionary fervour, but in the home it's the albums that count. This one's no shitkicker, but a vicious, relentless polemic, and still edible rockpile. If this gets into the right/wrong hands it could do a great deal of damage/good.

Ulysses O Hanson

CHURCH OF ANTHRAX

John Cale and Terry Riley
(CBS)

To begin with, for those of you who haven't experienced it, *anthrax, n. Malignant boil; a disease of sheep and cattle*. Apart from that, this is a good album for all you J Cale/T Riley fans, and probably a turn-on for newcomers. These two gentlemen, neo-classical rock artists of new cult proportions, are both veterans of the New York Experience — sophisticated through the evocation of fear and despair. Riley, a seasoned composer in the avant garde bag, (don't run off) came to wide attention with his first album, *In C*, (1968) and doubled it with his second, *A Rainbow in Curved Air*, (1969). His philosophy, which has a lot to do with his music, goes like this unquote:

Music has to have danger, you have to be right on the precipice to really be interesting, not gliding along playing something you know. If you never get on the brink, you're never going to learn what excitement you can rise to. You can only rise to great heights by danger. No great man has ever been safe.



The Book of Common Prayer

John Cale, a Welshman, is ex-Velvet Underground, the Supra-Evil Funk in Hell group — his narration of 'The Gift' from his last V.U. album, *White Light, White Heat*, is legendary. He produced Nico's *Marble Index*, played on her *Desert Shore*, and co-produces this one, along with playing bass, harpsichord, organ, viola, piano and guitar to Riley's piano, organ and soprano sax.

There's nobody else on the album except Adam Miller, the vocalist on Cale's 'The Soul of Patrick Lee,' the only 'song' so this is the creation of two minds, combining two very specific styles, by themselves — a hard thing to do well. The dimensions produced are massive, yet their separate influences are felt, magnificent in their energy if not too perfectly constructed. That's not to say that the album isn't close to brilliance. The pulse is very high, even when when the track is a mellow one like 'The Hall of Mirrors in the Palace at Versailles.' A double soprano sax over-play on piano and organ, repetitive, simple, almost cold chord patterns — played at dawn, it's subliminally entralling.

This music is beautiful without being romantic. The title track, 'Church of Anthrax' introduces the tense, haunting atmosphere that prevails over the five compositions that complete the total like a jig-saw puzzle. 'The Soul of Patrick Lee' could have been the V Underground, with Riley pro-

ducing, whereas 'Ides of March,' a dual piano soliloquy is the opposite.

The last track, 'The Protege', is short and funky, a contrast again; Cale playing the bass line on piano with Riley's sharp, almost mechanical piano notes adding, but not filling the gaps, until a high frequency feedback scream cuts them dead. It felt as though they were playing in electric chairs, waiting for it.

If you like Soft Machine's *Fourth*, not that they are alike, you'll probably enjoy this more. Sound, above lyric, melody or rhythm, is becoming the main concern for both these groups of tone psychologists, and if you're into that, this album is very satisfying without being overtly demanding.

Stanislav Demidjuk

OVERDOG

Keef Hartley Band
(Deram)

Quite simply, the most satisfying musical endeavour that the working man's drummer has ever put his name to. With Mick (Wynder K Frogg) Weaver filling out the rhythm section and such famous MM names as Jon Hiseman and Johnny Almond participating, Keef has at last made the album that his last three led me to believe he would. Despite the fact that the album is made up of cuts recorded over a three-month period, some of them featuring assorted now-departed faces, *Overdog* has more coherence and unity than any of the band's work since *Half-breed*.

If you want to check the album out, listen to the suite that ends the first side, 'Theme Song/Enroute/Theme Song Reprise.' 'Theme Song' is a Miller Anderson picking-and-singing love ballad embellished only by Almond's caressing flute and Keef's rustling cymbals. It's two sections sandwich a steamy, stampeding jam. Hartley and Hiseman loop-out an exquisitely funky rhythm that itches your toes with sheer joy, while over the top, Weaver on electric piano and Almond on flute blow around each other until it all fades back to the

warm acoustic fireside.

The Hartley Band are playing honest, unpretentious, unhyped music. They're not selling attitudes, legends or lifestyles; you'll have to work those out for yourself. They do music. Their last album was entitled *The Time is Near*. With *Overdog*, the time is NOW. Buy new improved HARTLEY — the band you can trust.

Charles Shaar Murray

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III

Loudon Wainwright III
(Atlantic)

The Speakeasy is a bunch of shit. I'd rather wallow in a filth-caked converted railway shed in Chalk Farm or carry a pair of binoculars to Victoria's Royal monument than risk an evening's musical entertainment at Margaret Street.

Last year I watched a Speak audience destroy a Richie Havens performance with their indifferent, abominable, narcissistic behaviour. I ain't never been back. That's how come I have to admit to secondhand evidence of Loudon Wainwright actually performing and silencing those present in the Speakeasy a couple of weeks back. Accompanied only by his guitar, Wainwright succeeded where a list of artists that might resemble Lilian Roxon's 'Encyclopedia of Rock' have failed. A DJ friend of mine described how by the end of the second number people had discreetly ceased ordering drinks, how by the beginning of the fourth the normal monkeyhouse chatter had dropped to an occasional whisper, and how by the end of the fifth only the click of nervous cigarette lighters competed with Loudon's unearthly whining voice. I wish I'd been there.

To those readers weary of the new breed of performing lyricists now in the process of being forcibly elevated by recording companies and musical press to a star status exclusively reserved over the past decade for rock bands, Wainwright offers little consolation. Outwardly, at least, the would appear as yet another in that long line of burgeoning cult heroes that encompasses Neil Young, James Taylor, Joni Mitchell, Laura Nyro (even) et al., who

choose, in varying degrees, to perform alone onstage, supplementing only their recorded work with orchestration and/or horns. But there's more, much more, to Loudon Wainwright's equation than James multiplied by Joni squared.

This album is too new to me for any competent analysis of individual tracks, or even an honest focusing of perspective in relation to those artists previously mentioned. But I have that rare and instinctive urge to play this LP again and again, waiting for the emphasis on certain key words, the unusual twist of phrase and the slick, dramatic guitar work. Lyrically, his compositions are magnificent. The sickly sentimentality of many of James Taylor's and Joni Mitchell's late composition is acutely conspicuous by its absence, as is the self indulgent melancholic favoured far too often by Neil Young. Comparisons, in any case, are a lame critical technique, and Wainwright work barely warrants them.

More than a year ago Loudon Wainwright was poised amidst the clamour of eager recording companies, fat contracts and fatter managers on the brink of a spectacular 'a-star-is-born' hype. He opted out, split New York City, laughed at film offers, turned away journalists and cut his bushy hair short enough to comply with the requirements of the Green Berets. Eventually, he crossed the Atlantic to London. He left behind him, doubtless, a sea of bewildered, balding business men. Their product had picked itself up off the production line and walked right out of the factory.

Wainwright isn't the first American musician to leave his homeland and come to Europe, and especially this country, in an attempt to cool off those anxious to exploit an artist's 'ammunition' all in one enormous barrage. I hope the climate here proves right, just right, for his particular requirements in assembling future arsenals. In a weird way it kind of evens out the balance for those armaments Mr. Heath has tucked up his sleeve, crated and labelled South Africa Export.

Felix Dennis



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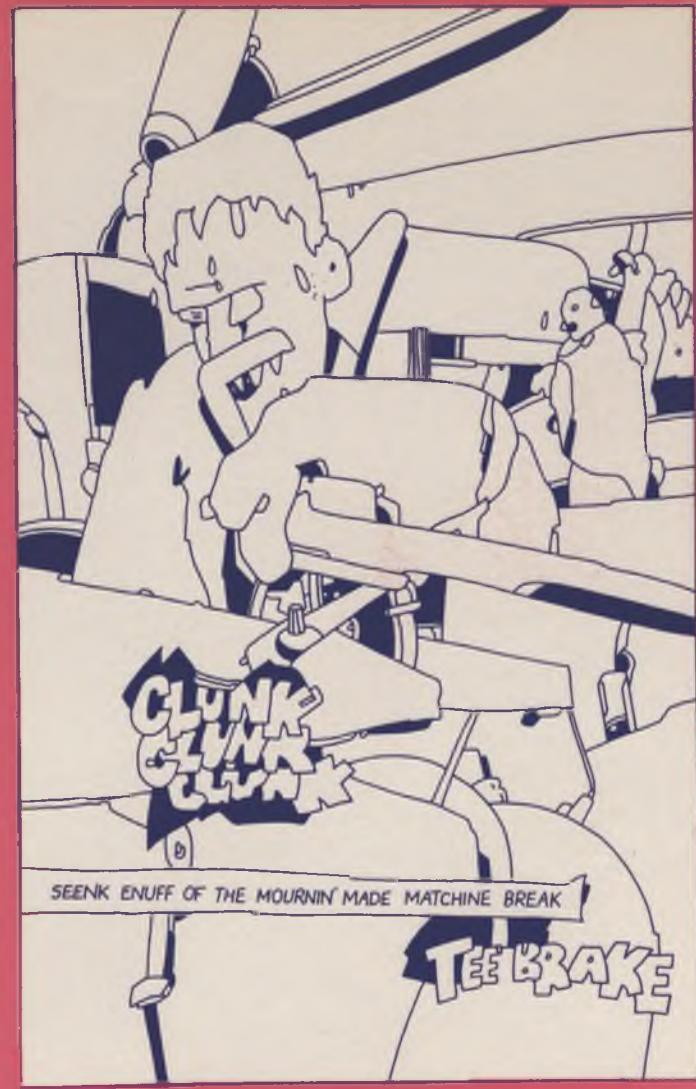
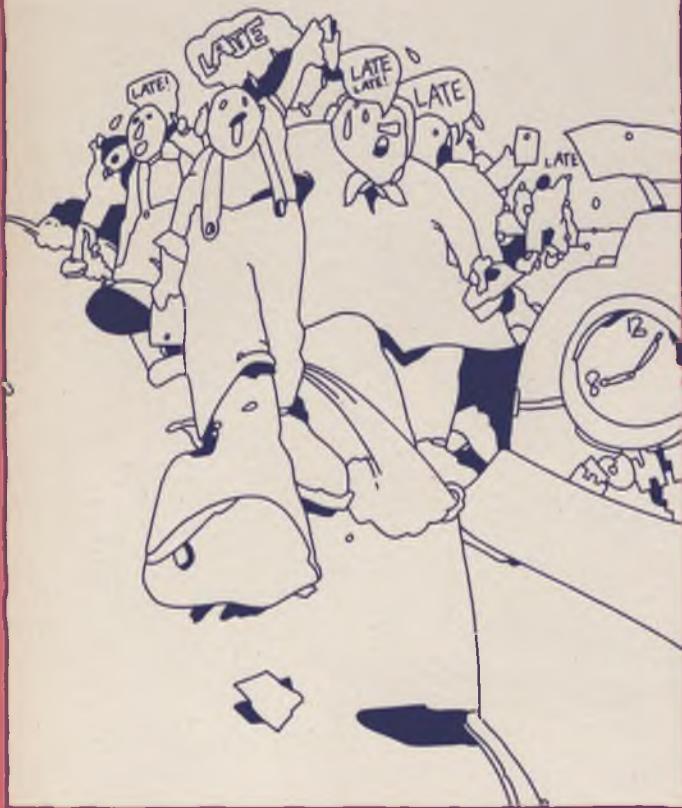


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