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## OZ 24

### **Description**

Contents: The Beautiful Freaks issue. Lee Heater cover (insert: Honeybunch Kaminski poster with anti-Oz articles from the *People* [7/9/69] and a rebuttal from the *Guardian* [10/9/69] on the reverse). 'Welcome to the OZ Freak Show' by Ian Channell. Danae on Rufus Collins & the Living Theatre. Marcia Herscovitz interviews herself. 'Urological Nurturement' by John Ivor Golding. Gilbert Shelton 'Freak Brothers' strip. Lee Heater. Anthony Haden-Guest on 'Bruce', a freak. 'I Agree with your Tactics But I Don't Know about Your Goals' - extracts from Jerry Rubin's *Do It!* 1p+ John & Yoko photomontage. Dr Hip Ocrates. 'Mr Orgone' - Interview with Ilse Reich about Wilhelm. Rolling Stones *Through the Past, Darkly* ad. 'The Navy Lark'. 'Mozic and the Revolution' by Germaine Greer. Harvest records ad. LP reviews: The Kinks, John Mayall and Steve Miller. 'The Beatles Come Together' - *Abbey Road*/John Lennon interview by Miles. Back cover ad (girl dancing in IOW festival crowd) for LP by Free.

### **Publisher**

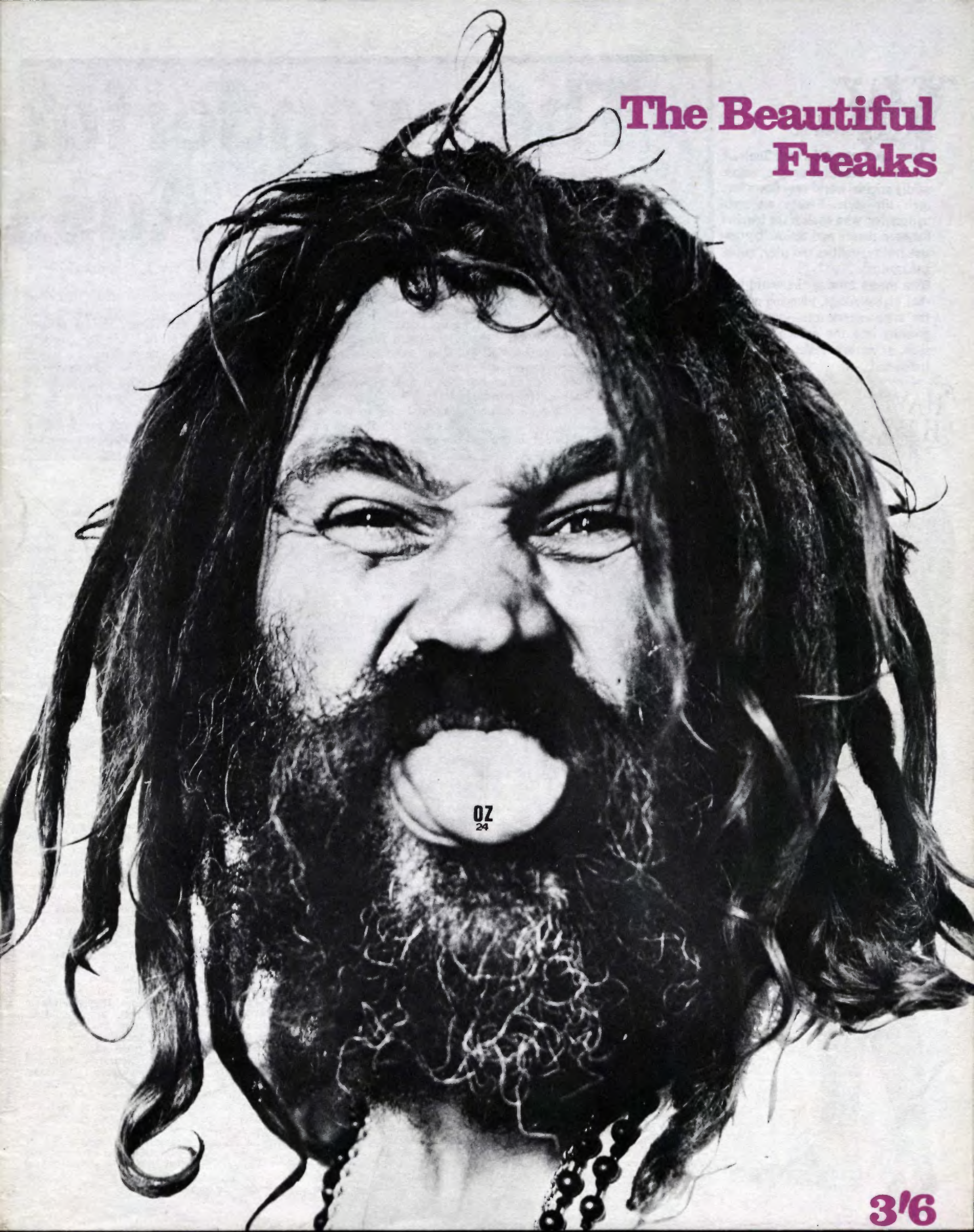
OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 36p

### **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.

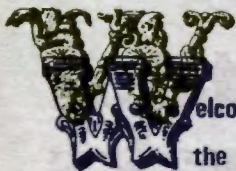


# The Beautiful Freaks



02  
24





Welcome to

the OZ Freak Show. A gallery of beautiful people, whose wildly original world-view flows into their life style. Freaks are anti-hypocrites; who abolish the barriers between theory and action, fantasy and reality, politics and play, sanity and madness...

With media turning the world into that global village, plugging us into the same experiences - we all risk growing into the same person. In such a world, freaks restore the Individual.

"HAW!  
HAW!"



THE  
FOOL  
ACTING

### ACTING

#### THE FOOL

If it is illegal to sleep in the open air, sit on the pavement, read certain books, to miss a day at school, to run away from home under the age of 16, to laugh and sing in the street, and punishable (by refusal of employment) to grow one's hair to a pre-1914 length, then it is obvious that the insanity of our civilisation requires very special handling.

Without face to lose, there is a great freedom of opportunity for a fundamental critique of all social relations and ethics. There is a great deal of license permitted a Fool provided he is seen as having nothing to gain by his activity. Just to do absurd things that harm no one, perhaps make a sly comment on a puritanical practice in a friendly way, let people have a laugh at your expense if nothing else. If you are generous and wealthy in this area of personality, then you have achieved something towards alleviating the tension and anxiety of life in this decaying culture. Who loses?

This leads me into an outline of the theory and practice of the fun revolution or politics of the absurd. The kingdom of heaven on earth in this eschatology is of course the Fool's Paradise - Cockayne or the Bum's Heaven that Burl Ives used to sing of.

# The wonderful wizard of Auss

THE only conventional thing about Ian Channell was the manner of his arrival at Heathrow Airport yesterday. He flew in from Australia by jet.

As resident wizard at the University of New South Wales, he might have been expected to arrive on a broomstick. But he explained: "I do not scatter powder and make spells. I am an illusion breaker."

He lives in a special house at

the university and is supported, he said, by the students and the Vice-chancellor's fund.

The exact purpose of his unusual post is not entirely clear. The wizard of Aussie said simply: "They need me for almost everything."

A strange figure in most curious clothes, he is on his way to a students' conference in Hamburg. He carries flowers and rolled umbrella, and wears whistles round

his neck and a plastic hammer in his belt.

"My house," he said, "is called the ALF house. It stands for Action for Love and Freedom. Members of ALF are for freedom without the use of drugs."

The whistles, he said, were to make everything go quiet while he explained to policemen that he is not dangerous.

Ian was tarred and feathered by students recently, but the experi-

### THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF POLITICS OF THE ABSURD

Some fragments to be filled in by others

Need for an Alf [Australian Liberation Front - ed] cadre of tough hobbit type detached expressive actors on the stage of life. Optimistic existentialists assuming as a base line the sort of model of the universal man that can be derived from many religious thinkers, artists, philosophers and humane lives.

The new tactics of guerrilla warfare of the mind can be seen as having a tradition - see Czech history especially, the British fun war against Hitler 1939-1942, the Danish response to the Nazi invasion and attempt to eliminate Danish Jews, the defence of Mafeking by the founder of the immortal Boy Scouts, the retreat from Gallipoli, the Emden, early days in the Vietcong guerrilla warfare against the Americans and South Vietnamese Government troops, in the subculture the heroes are Good Soldier Schweik, Brer Rabbit, Bugs Bunny, Tweetie Pie, The Road Runner, the simple alf peasant in Grimm's Household Tales, the universal figure of Jack pitted against the powerful aggressive greedy but simple-minded giants.

Chaplin, Laurel and Hardy and most of the silent clowns starting in the Mack Sennet stables. Ulysses is the hero rather than Agammon or Achilles; Jesus rather than the priestly and political bureaucrats he had to outwit. Was the crucifixion a Houdini-type hoax and did Jesus make his getaway to India with Thomas? Socrates played his game with the whole of Athens as his opponents and finally got them to kill him to save

himself from the sinful act of committing suicide so that he could go on with his search for the universal human essence in the world of the soul - why couldn't he wait until the usual time, the impatient old devil?

### IN THE FUN REVOLUTION EVERYONE WINS

In the fun revolution everyone wins or it is immoral and inhumane. Social relationships are transformed, individual organisms are not hurt, maimed or killed. Man is a role-player, not a one-dimensional White Anglo-Saxon Protestant Adult Male Bourgeois Business Executive with the rest of mankind as an inferior residual category. Man can be liberated from seriousness and self-hypnosis encouraged by over-dependence on print, education, nationalism, symbols of success, cleanliness, whiteness and achievement and Pythagorean overreliance on quantitative criteria of meaning. Man as free from oral dependency hangups, anal control and order hangups, castration anxiety and sexual inadequacy hangups. Man neither as free to hurt others nor as forced to love them. It's all in the mind and understanding can liberate us and all mankind.

Heads I win Tails you lose tactics to give the aggressive puritans enough rope to hang themselves and then to love them instead of hurting them is the basic tactic and ethic of the Alf fun revolution, e.g., placard in one of last year's fun Demos, "Let Professors use student toilets". The use of clickers as detonators of authoritarian; teacher figures disguised as individuals loving man and wishing to liberate him.

Love the Americans in Vietnam, help them to get home to their friends, etc., or

to desert safely if this is the only way out, Martyrs are manipulating pity to get their cause accepted not by reason but through Black Magic (emotional control). Going to gaol is no sign of being right, going into a mental institution is no sign of being wrong (see Laing and Goffman on this). Work it out free of social control by the "Lonely Crowd" around you.

### THE FUNCTION OF DEMONSTRATION

Postulate: Demonstrations have at least two functions:-

(i) Instrumental - to attempt to persuade other people that your point of view is right.

(ii) Affective - the emotional satisfaction of demonstrating itself.

How can this twin objective be best satisfied? THIS is the issue - not bourgeois considerations of respectability or puritan self-fulfilling prophecies that all men are basically aggressive and not to be trusted (including themselves, of course), nor traditional hanging on to outmoded ideal models of the good old time demos and revolutions that worked (did they? - if so why did things get worse) for our grandfathers?

Banners are only one sort of props that can be used in a demo and have as many disadvantages, if not more, as other props. They produce an aching in the arms, inhibition of freedom of movement during the march, procession, dance, ritual, etc., or in any rapid tactical withdrawal which may have to be made. Other gear for demos include:- Hats: Helmets (affective or decorative Roman, medieval, Goth, Vikings, etc., and/or instrumental-protective, e.g., modern Japanese, police or firemen's), bowlers and top hats (capitalist absurd), flying helmets (curse you, Red Baron), boy scout hats (be



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ence left him unruffled. "It helped them to release themselves," he explained.

He had to leave then, he said, because the time was already 3½d. and he really lives in the next generation. Wizards are like that. Very cryptic.

Picture by  
VICTOR CRAWSHAW



prepared), pith helmets (colonialist absurd), medieval headgear (women's hats in opportunity shops are often suitable).

**Clothing:** Academic gowns (educational absurd), military dress uniforms (militarist absurd), white lab coats (technocrat absurd), sporting attire (competitive sporting absurd), nightshirts (anti-puritan trousers demo), old-style male swimming costumes (ensuring male nipples are covered, puritan shame of the body absurd), cloaks, kimonos, inscribed T-shirts, long gowns, baggy trousers, ankle-length riding skirts with boots, mini-skirts still a powerful revolutionary weapon; suits of armour (plastic, metal or cardboard), (Quixote absurd).

**Hair:** Let it all hang out. The existentialist self expression of hair resisting the demon barber's symbolic castration. The male ("the birthright of his sex") can again reveal his essential nature as the display expert and show-off. The return of the pre-1914 colourful male as revolutionary in the grey flabby masculine world. Wigs may be used by the successful segmented role-players.

**Attention-getters and harmonisers:** Clickers, bells and various other portable instruments that are easy to play whilst on the move. Not pianos, those bourgeois symbols of success with their constipated size and thundering sound which displaced the beautiful harps. Other suggestions include drums, harmonicas, whistles, trumpets, trombones, sousaphones, tubas, swanee whistles, bird callers, auto harps, rattles, jew's harps, dustbins, violins, cymbals, triangles, etc. Also bubble-blowing apparatus, smoke machines, etc.

**Transport:** Walking, running, skipping, dancing, roller

skates, skate boards, pogo sticks, go-karts, scooters (pedal-type), old prams, tricycles, cardboard tanks, horses, camels and other absurd animals, etc.

**Improvisation centrepieces:** This is virtually an unlimited field, depending on the luck of finding and recognising certain objects (ready-mades) and deploying them in environments where their impact is maximal in detonating the false consciousness of the petty bourgeoisie.

A few items I have personally tried out in a variety of social contexts, both inside and outside the university, have provided excellent foci for living theatre experiments. These are a tailor's headless dummy, a wooden aspidistra stand, a long amplifier horn, a dustbin, a Roman standard (SPQR) and a beach umbrella. I am looking for a large clock face at present.

#### FUN DEMONSTRATIONS ARE AVANT-GARDE

In all the latest in the happening art scenes, John Lennon, John Cage, Pop Art, Ready-mades, Living Theatre, Retribalisation, Implosion, re-emergence of living in the mythical dimensions. The WASP's are in retreat. Art as puritan manipulation of materials in the mimetic, scientific experiment to capture a disenchanting, predictable, controlled environment has freaked out into icons, myths, action painting, ambiguity, and sheer play with materials. Paintings are being recognise; again as traces of the artist's life activity in doing his thing - and the painting of the first pin-up, the Mona Lisa, and its hoarding as an alienated object by Da Vinci as inhuman as the Roman collections of objets d'art.

Paintings are the excreta of the artist. It is the existential act of creation that is the

valuable thing, not the anal retentive behaviour of collecting others' paintings.

I could go on but where would it all end? Think for a moment of self-destructive sculpture. What is the artist doing? Why pop art? At least the idiot alfs on their pogo sticks and with their childish clickers are somewhere in the mid-twentieth century. There is something charming and quaint about the old-time radicals still haggling over Trotsky and trying to cope with Marx's Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts which I'm sure they wish had remained undiscovered or suppressed as in Russia. They are remarkably like traditional leaders in the Church and Education faced with the new theology and the student-power phenomenon.

#### THE "LUMPEN" DIALECTIC

The contradictions inherent in the one-dimensional communist-capitalist bourgeois, puritan, nation-states are revealed only when negated by the recognition of a true dialectical alternative.

This is now present - and to Marcuse's consternation turns out to be the hippies, yippies, dropouts, temporary workers, children and some women. These are the "Lumpen" or "uncontrollable ratbag" proletariat today. They are increasingly being revealed as having valid world views and ethics of interpersonal behaviour, they exemplify their philosophy rather than preach it and their message is the possibility of liberation through cutting down alienated work commitments and simple but transcending forms of leisure. Thus the phoney class struggle by competing bourgeois groups for the meaningless symbolic spoils of the overdeveloped welfare warfare states may end.

IAN CHANNELL





**R**ufus Collins Living Theatre Black Freak Beautiful

On the surface his skin shines ebony and his charm is as mannered as Noel Coward but he doesn't go to Savile Row drink champagne stay at the Savoy, does take drugs, and dig them, fuck whoever he pleases, spout the revolutionary dream in a

stream of express poetry that's impossible to stem, shout skinheads from the car window at any passing short hair, and support your local filth most particularly when there is a large car full of large dyed people. He does hold you in thrall with spittle and blazing eyes, and muscles that bulge estatically through shimmering robes... he does

believe in change... and has been charged often with psychic violence although his flag is non-violent anarchy and his heart pacifist.

"Say I am aggressive. Say I have my own particular kind of violence. I think it's not violence but energy. An attempt to change the smug attitude. When you react against something you have to take a step beyond the thing you are reacting against... the step further is the one that labels you freak - but that's the one that brings about the change. The only way is to become physically involved with what you're saying so that you let the grief and sweat and perspiration you feel when say, some-one has been killed,

come out - let it come out so that you can re-channel the energy instead of sucking it back, sitting back and sucking it in and keeping it under a calm cover until the pot boils over and you have another confrontation where you kill off fifteen million people".

When you pass him on the street he's so charged with energy it's like passing a pent up explosion and when you see him in Paradise Now he bursts like lava over the upturned faces of the psychodrama... using the theatre as an arena, to challenge the human state with the force of his convictions, dancing the red cape before your eyes so that you charge him with your answers and so find them out under the merciless glare of the fanatic revolutionary.

"We attempt to arouse people out of their lethargy because once they can stand up on their own feet and shout 'NO' loud and strong, then they can no longer talk about death in a calm and civilised way. You hear about Vietnamese children starving, you hear about African children starving, you hear about Mexican or South American children being fed poison, being gassed planes hunting them down in the jungle just because they are Indians, and you know if you kill off so many you'll be given a piece of property as a prize. It's the human animal hunt, and the hunters come back to talk perfectly calmly about - how many Indians did you kill today? I've killed 1,500 and that means 1,500 acres more land, we're reacting against this kind of calmness that's smothering the Universe. The calmest places you can go are the places where there's most killing. You get a conference between two heads of state, Nixon and the Queen of England, or Nixon meeting the Russians... and what they come to meet about is how many people are going to die. The calm way is the way of the killer".

He says "Yes I'm a freak" because people have labelled him that since he bled out of his mother's womb in freakdom 30 years ago in Harlem. "My father drank, my mother slaved and my brother and sister and I nearly starved, but my mother always taught us table manners, and which fork to lay where, even though there was no food to eat. I began to take dancing lessons and became a child star. That's very far out in Harlem. Even then the way I looked put people uptight. I'd walk into a store and the manager would say to the shop assistants - don't "speak to that nigger just get him outta here.

"Anyone is a freak who has not adjusted to society as created by the media - anyone who tries to look for his own freedom, anyone who

tries to follow the principles and precepts in fact set out by society is consistently put down, but it's society itself that's directly opposed to the freedom of the individual. If you protest against wars against polluted air against food which destroys your body - then you are a freak - theft is something the Government itself created, they being the thieves. Individual freedom is bullshit. I'm called a freak because with my life I demonstrate what I believe. Nowadays people get into the same jibbering rages over hippies as they did blacks. These people think everytime they see a black man he's screaming black power - well maybe every black man is saying black power in his own way, but it certainly has NOTHING to do with the horrible violence they associate with it, these people who believe in a strong class system of inequality, believe in money, war, and competition.

At thirteen he went to a monastery after meeting the only man he had ever seen who looked happy, a monk. He stayed there for seven years but exasperated with the isolation, and rigidity decided his evolution must take place outside the sheltering walls. The religious influence remains.

"I'm trying to bring up life so it's more beautiful, even the washing of dishes takes on a new significance so that nothing is trivia - drugs teach us that - there is no trivia in life. I'm saying: find a new ritual because the ritual you bathe yourself in now is the ritual of blood. Each action of man should take on the beauty of the elevated state so that instead of rituals like the Chicago massacre written in the blood of America, we can heighten perception and the very life we are living. You can wash dishes, and it's as holy and sanctified as meditation - Something everyday like shitting - you have to get away from these strained shits you've been brought up to when you HAVE to go to the bathroom every morning after breakfast, and be out in five minutes. You should totally relax and allow this thing to happen to you - allow the relief that the whole body feels with the bowel movement. Why do we always shut the door? Because it stinks? My dear we all shit, and it's not an alien smell. If people ate better food they wouldn't have such bad odours."

Yes - the quintessence of black sexuality that makes male and female quiver with expectancy, cast downward shivers at his extraordinary perfectly formed body. He sees them.

"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 of the world are sexual frustrations then it becomes absolutely necessary to hammer on the door of the sexual revolution. People see us walking around the streets being friendly, holding each others' hands, whether male or female, kissing, loving — and then they feel the freedom we have in the use of each others' bodies and touching each other — but it frightens them.

"Psychedelics are very important because they open you up — ram you into contact with the reality that you most of the time try to escape. Drugs are a quick way to the visions and if you don't come from a history of 2,000 years meditating to get to the visions — drugs help — o yes".  
Acid laughter bubbling up through the top of his wire head.

"The great revolution in America is because of marijuana... because more and more people are turning on and finding the vision of another life. They see that they were living their lives to die. What angers me most about society is that the moment a voice is raised against anything felt to be wrong it's violence — it's insanity..."

"The real violence of the world is the violence of death, the violence of killing, the violence of the underprivileged, the violence of starvation. We must use our energies to transform the world and make it more beautiful".

He's living the revolution. Dig it.

DANA E



**MARCIA HERDOVITZ INTERVIEWS HERSELF IN THE PRESENCE OF IAN STOCKS**

"A tragic-comic novel, poignant and unforgettable, a rich and bawdy masterpiece."

I'm alone now in her room, a tiny silver space in the Angel, a dream-factory with gold and silver mirrors. Cosmic draperies and fringes hang down over a satin bed strewn with foxes. The window looks down on the garden and on the opposite wall is painted a trompe l'oeil window: blue sky and white lace. There's artificial grass on the floor and real blue hydrangeas. Pictures and toys are strewn with precision to reflect in mirrors and dangle precariously. Sarah Bernhardt in her bedroom, Anna Pavlova with a deck of cards. A Forties mannikin casts her eyes downwards on a box of Black Magic chocolates whose partially open lid reveals its contents of black lace. Everywhere there are collages made from old photographs, pictures about daily rituals with a twinge of surrealist irony. And erased photographs of people with the light in their eyes, women sporting lemniscates, children manifesting out of thin air.

I.S.: How do you get these effects?

M.H.: By erasing with a pencil eraser.

I.S.: Who is Stan Stunning?

M.H.: Jay Landesman. Books are strewn all over the place. An original edition of "Magick in Theory and Practice" by Aleister Crowley, "The Equinox," Vol. 1., No. 1., by Aleister Crowley, "The Book of Lies" by Aleister Crowley, "777, a quabalistic guide to ceremonial magick" by the same. "The Selected Poems of Andre Breton" and "The Projection of the Astral Body."

I.S.: Did you really come to London to find the Great Beast?

M.H.: No, I came because Julian Beck bought me a ticket, but I decided to

stay and look up some old friends. The Atlantis Bookshop window and my house are the only two places where Aleister Crowley and Marilyn Monroe sit side by side.

I.S.: Are you a witch?

M.H.: No, but I believe in magic and the power of the will and I'm very interested in cults and secret societies. Especially the Golden Dawn which existed in London around 1910 and had as its members W. B. Yeats, Samuel Mathers, Florence Farr, Bram Stoker, Arthur Machen, Crowley: I wanted to know how this form of ritual secret society manifested itself today and I discovered it in the Rolling Stones. Kenneth Anger came to Paradise Now with Lucifer tattooed on his chest and his new film "Lucifer Rising" is about Brian Jones.

I.S.: What about magic spells, bewitchments, enchantments?

M.H.: I used to play with red candles and home made dolls as a child and recite invocations from the Key of Solomon. Now I'm into better and more subtle realities, or dreams. They put Artaud away for casting dispersions on the butchers' wives. Note to girl troubled by vampires: Remember, dearie, you made them and make something beautiful instead. There's a lot of amphetamine sorcery on the Lower East Side, whirling dervishes and take-off artists. Also secret readings on Sunday mornings of the Zohar and Kiehl's

Pharmacy where I used to buy manna. Splendor in the artificial grass.

I.S.: Let's not get carried away. Tell me about the Tarot cards.

M.H.: (fondling a bulky deck of 78 handpainted cards, closing her gold-lidded eyes and pulling out the Ace of Gypsies): I made these cards in 1965 in New York. I had been reading with the Marseille Deck but felt the need to make my own deck with new designs. Everyone has to make his own wheel. I used to be Michael McClure's reader-advisor. I always make the subject cross my palm with silver to prove I'm just a cheap gypsy hustler and don't bear responsibility for what the cards say. The Tarot never lies. It's a perfect system with the four elements and cycles represented in the four suits and the Hebrew alphabet on the Greater Arcana. A set of pictures, representing everything in life, that can be read by the literate and illiterate alike. Everyone wants to find the system of the universe. Tarot means rota wheel, which sounds pretty, right to me. Wheel, calendar, cycle, circle, earth, moon, stars, movie stars, beds, bodies, astral bodies...

I.S.: What are you doing?

M.H.: (sucking her thumb): I'm making a dream book called "Magic in Bed."

It's a series of images which tell a story with eyes closed. It started with an assignment from the Times

Sunday Magazine to do sixteen dream pictures and now it's growing into a book I'm dedicating to one of my benefactors, Max Ernst.

While I'm still on the camera I'd like to say hello to Kasoundra in New York and Mom and Dad in L.A. There used to be an afternoon television show in Los Angeles called "Queen for a Day". Six different women would get up and tell Jack Bailey why they were the neediest and the studio audience would vote by applause meter. The winner was Queen for a Day. They used to drape her in a red velvet cape, put 24 long-stemmed roses in her arms and show close-ups of the tears streaming down her cheeks. They gave her a washing machine, a bedroom ensemble, new clothes, a facial, luggage and a night on the Sunset Strip.

The Sibyl at Delphi was another chick on a big trip. Once a year the Church would dress her in a bride's dress and take her to a cavern underground where she sat on a tripod and inhaled the fumes of laurel leaves. As God's bride she would go into a trance and utter the prophesies for the year which all the priests would write down. Unfortunately she committed the sin of falling in love with a mortal man and was expelled from the town. She lived the rest of her life with the goats on the mountain.

"I imagine she's a pretty nice girl but she doesn't have much to say."



This girl's back is bent until it is uncomfortable, her lungs are crowded so that she can't breathe well. Her head is tilted so that blood does not flow easily to her brain and she can't think well.





SHARR

JOHN IVOR GOLDING



# UROLOGICAL NURTUREMENT

**JOHN IVOR GOLDING:** Welsh genius drop-out, lateral talking drifter. When in town resides at a men's hostel near Drury Lane. Lives off disability pension of less than £4 a week.

One time: Photographer for Picture Post. Gunner in Singapore. Dancer in BBC chorus line.

Recently discovered by prodigy Chelsea film maker. Mr. Golding ("call me J.G.") is renowned for his unscheduled guest appearances at such social high-spots as the Ritz — for the christening of Lord Harlech's grand-daughter — and George Harrison's home — where the new cool pop celebrities were not amused.

With all due respect to Christian Barnard and what he was trying to do with that dental surgeon, I have to say nature is a very sensitive thing. It's like its own species. I had quite a few years studying tropical medicine while I was overseas. I was, shall we say, a cheap labour RMO. You see, a lot of people have this monstrous idea about nature — oh, you've gone three years of age now, no more napkins to put on, no more Johnson's Baby Powder, now that's the weakness today.

I agree one must have a sense of porportion because of, shall we say, the Alsace Lorraine hetero principles, constitutional principles which a lot of people are conditioned by . . . another name for an Alsatian dog with a one track mind. Alsatian dogs are trained by the police, and only the person that disciplines that dog in feeding him, hygiene, in every way, he only obeys the instructions of his handler. The very same thing, you see is this. It's not a matter of the neighbours that you get. A lot of people, the Inner Outer Mongolian people and some parts of Tibet but let me tell you I only noticed in one or two parts of Australia but I did notice it in South America mainly especially in Uruguay — a lot of this: the urological nurturement of those that were married similar to the French. The point is this you see. It's not a matter of mollycoddling. I know the majority of people turn round. You see, as Richard Marsh says, he's glad that he left the Wilson cabinet. This earth is three thousand million years old. Now the nearest thing you can go to, apart from the ice age elephant, is your cyclovan which was caught in a place I know very well, Port Louise, Mauritius, and three hundred and fifty thousand years old they are, you see. But nature is a very fragile thing and just because people say ooh, there's a lovely motor car, Bluebird on the salt lake flats, Malcolm Campbell's son, or shall we say, going to the moon. We've actually got the computers now, but look at these pressurised suits that people have to wear. There is a limit you see, for which, in the crevices and the catacombs of the cortex that you can accept even an aberration for its hallucinations of its own inspirations even if you have to have e.c.i. to some, to the violent one by all means, but don't give it to the meek and mild. It's dangerous, my dear, don't give it to the meek and mild. Oh don't upset nature, I think that dentist that we had from Pretoria, you know the one I mean, Christian Barnard's friend, I think myself you see, it's a very delicate thing. He may have had bulbous disease of the heart, but at the same time, the thing is this, milk causes cancer in mice and . . .

I was fourteen at the time. Call it hijacked, if you like, but believe me, you had to be in bed at half past four in those days, and I suppose it takes quite a long time. I mean to say, for example: I was challenged a couple of months ago when we were doing a film. A friend of Robin Day's happened to be in the Chiswick Town Hall when I was in those House of Lords robes. You know, the Coronation Gown. And he said, "I think you'd be first class on the Panorama, with Harold James Wilson." And I said: "I remember him well. He was just like a boy scout." Yes, I remember him and Griffiths from Elanely. A yes man. His grandfather was a workhouse superintendent in Huddersfield. Alright I said, I think I can go a bit better with my current affairs than he can.

Lord Harlech asked me what I had in mind — I said automatically, it's there automatically. In other words, we're trying to get a pari passu with what we had on the old Sunday shows. In other words, for sixty minutes it was vibrating. Oh yes, it was vibrating. It really gives that adrenaline, that bromide effect, that metatone, that europosphate. You have to give a catatonic, shall I say a narcissistic religious scene, you see, because it's a Sunday show so you've got to throw all that in to please the geriatrics. In other words, the calvinists, the Methodists, them of all denominations you see; you've got something, believe me, that is why we had it as I mentioned to you in the Inner Region Formation and when we had the BBC Come Dancing, the doors used to clash open and the cameras, just like South Pacific, were going and then the chandeliers coming down la di la, and then of course you're all dressed up and you have this sort of scintillation with the music which gets everybody going. Of all ages, everybody in tails, all the girls are in crinoline dresses and the point is this, that it used to take me like the National Anthem. It can make one very agile. You understand, it really gives a better agility than the Spanish dancers that you see in the Spanish restaurants, or should I say what you see in Barcelona on the Costa Brava for tourists. I mean to say when you've actually been to these places, when you're actually with a compere like Allan Williams, and the main three taking on the South Constituency from Callaghan, very well known, and they've all been out to Australia by the way, J.G. Wynn Jones, Wilfred Wolner, the insurance broker, that's Lady Plymouth's last husband, and of course Cliff Morgan.

We used to have a mascot, she was sweet 16 Angelina, and was always dancing on the village green, when the boys come out you can hear them shout, poor little Angelina, but the point is this, that you then open out with the Romancy marches or something like that, and the main point is this, the leaders you can take to satisfy the Radio doctor, now chairman of BBC, Dr. Charles.





# LEE....

Once upon a time, Lee was drafted to Korea and like most soldiers, was killed in action. He was shipped back home to California where a kindly old buddy gave him a hallucinogenic kiss of life. He was re-born as one of Sgt. Pepper's Band, joining Lucy and a million others who, in that sparkling summer of 1967, overflowed into public parks, glossy magazines and each other's arms.

Towards the end of 1967, he left California for India, where the Brothers of Eternal Love had told him he would find his guru.

"In Hong Kong I bought some ginseng root, the purest thing in the world. It is very rare. Eaten over a period of 21 days it is like taking acid, only a body purifier as well. It glows in the night. The guy in the shop didn't think I had enough money for it. I went next door, which looked like it hadn't had no customers for about 20 years. They had it for 250 dollars. I went to the bank, and when I got back to the store, the whole family was waiting to see me buy the stuff. It was in a tin box. Inside the tin box was another old, wooden one, and inside that were about thirty long sticks. When I opened the box in Calcutta, everyone in the hotel wanted some. You know: "I got a sick mother," and all that. Next thing I knew I was down to one piece. When I got to Katmandu I had to camp outside the town. There was a Danish photographer there taking pictures, so I showed him my ginseng root and Indian statue I had. I left the box open when I went to show him around the camp and when I got back, the kids had broken the root up into little pieces and passed it round. It blew my mind. All gone, and I didn't get to eat a single piece."

In Katmandu, Lee spent his days in the Blue Tibetan restaurant, playing his records, stoned out of his mind on Government hashish, and paying his friends' bills. His attempt to start a commune ended when he was put on a bus and dumped at the Indian border.

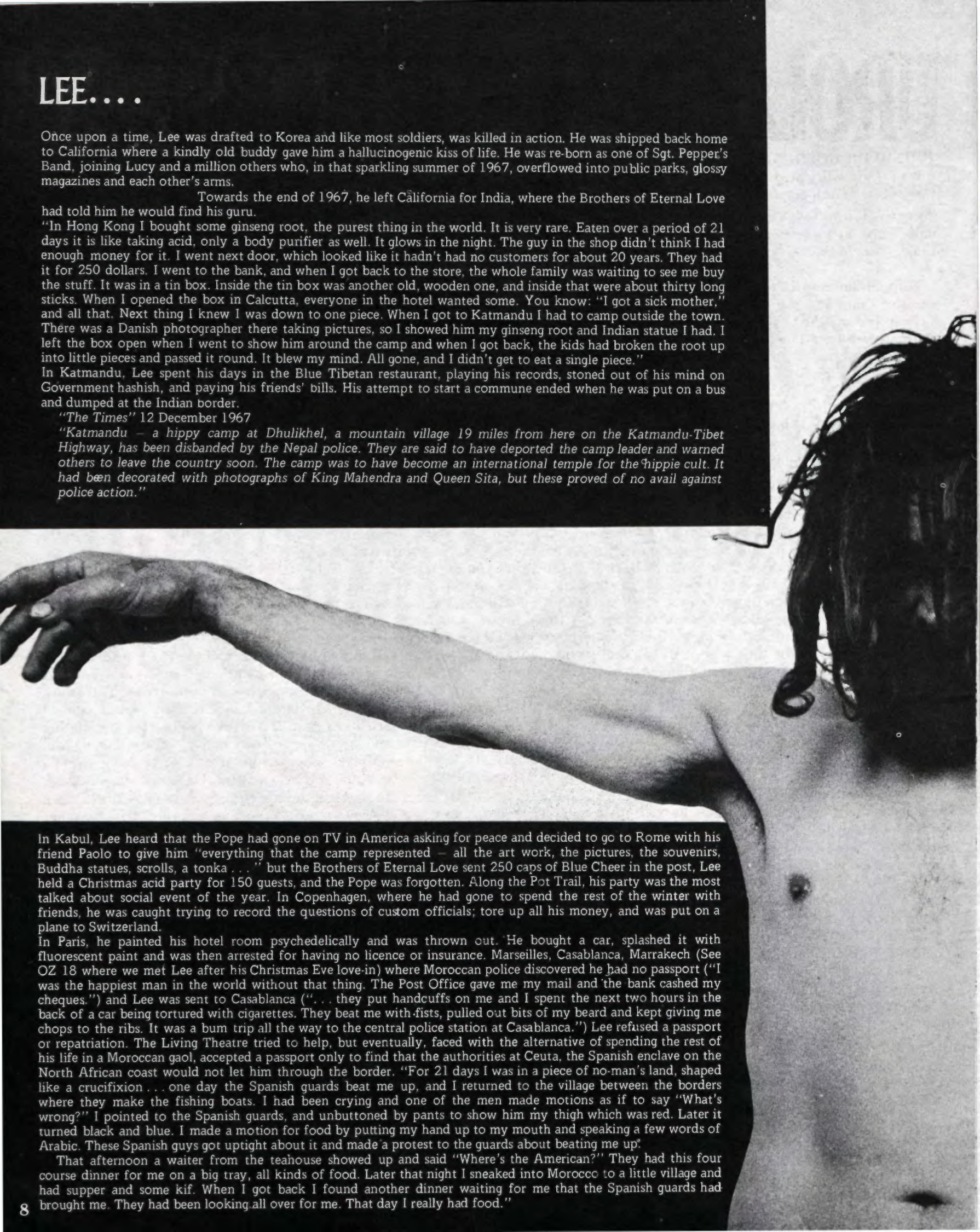
*"The Times" 12 December 1967*

*"Katmandu - a hippy camp at Dhulikhel, a mountain village 19 miles from here on the Katmandu-Tibet Highway, has been disbanded by the Nepal police. They are said to have deported the camp leader and warned others to leave the country soon. The camp was to have become an international temple for the hippie cult. It had been decorated with photographs of King Mahendra and Queen Sita, but these proved of no avail against police action."*

In Kabul, Lee heard that the Pope had gone on TV in America asking for peace and decided to go to Rome with his friend Paolo to give him "everything that the camp represented - all the art work, the pictures, the souvenirs, Buddha statues, scrolls, a tonka . . ." but the Brothers of Eternal Love sent 250 caps of Blue Cheer in the post, Lee held a Christmas acid party for 150 guests, and the Pope was forgotten. Along the Pot Trail, his party was the most talked about social event of the year. In Copenhagen, where he had gone to spend the rest of the winter with friends, he was caught trying to record the questions of custom officials; tore up all his money, and was put on a plane to Switzerland.

In Paris, he painted his hotel room psychedelically and was thrown out. He bought a car, splashed it with fluorescent paint and was then arrested for having no licence or insurance. Marseilles, Casablanca, Marrakech (See OZ 18 where we met Lee after his Christmas Eve love-in) where Moroccan police discovered he had no passport ("I was the happiest man in the world without that thing. The Post Office gave me my mail and the bank cashed my cheques.") and Lee was sent to Casablanca ("... they put handcuffs on me and I spent the next two hours in the back of a car being tortured with cigarettes. They beat me with fists, pulled out bits of my beard and kept giving me chops to the ribs. It was a bum trip all the way to the central police station at Casablanca.") Lee refused a passport or repatriation. The Living Theatre tried to help, but eventually, faced with the alternative of spending the rest of his life in a Moroccan gaol, accepted a passport only to find that the authorities at Ceuta, the Spanish enclave on the North African coast would not let him through the border. "For 21 days I was in a piece of no-man's land, shaped like a crucifixion . . . one day the Spanish guards beat me up, and I returned to the village between the borders where they make the fishing boats. I had been crying and one of the men made motions as if to say "What's wrong?" I pointed to the Spanish guards, and unbuttoned by pants to show him my thigh which was red. Later it turned black and blue. I made a motion for food by putting my hand up to my mouth and speaking a few words of Arabic. These Spanish guys got uptight about it and made a protest to the guards about beating me up."

That afternoon a waiter from the teahouse showed up and said "Where's the American?" They had this four course dinner for me on a big tray, all kinds of food. Later that night I sneaked into Morocco to a little village and had supper and some kif. When I got back I found another dinner waiting for me that the Spanish guards had brought me. They had been looking all over for me. That day I really had food."





# IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS

Back in Paris, he managed to get a room for one night by wrapping his head up in a towel and pretending to be ill, but otherwise found himself relegated to gutters and suburban churchyards. London, since his arrival three months ago, he has found more sympathetic. He was told not to play his record player in Hyde Park, was photographed at a window of the 144 Picadilly's squat-in as a 'defiant hippie, symbolising total rejection of society', and he found the vibrations at the Isle of Wight 'outasight'. "There's no way I can express my feeling for what I seen out there. It really is a message, a spiritual message."

But not everyone received it: October '69:

"A very good friend from the other side of the Grove came over with his sitar, and that was when we were just coming on acid. And that guy was really outasight on his Indian sitar. Anyway all day long it was just beautiful, just fantastic vibes and about three o'clock that morning, they came in. They had come over that afternoon, looking for a man for questioning about some deal or other. I let him in. He didn't look like no policeman. I thought he was an insurance salesman. He came in and after he got inside he said he was a policeman. I sat there talking for a minute to him. I asked him if he went to church on Sunday, I said looks like you eat good. He was getting fat, you know, that downhill drag they get from over-using their whatever. We were playing a game to get the house organised. We were thinking of games we could play in the room to keep the kids that come there open-minded. Like if they got something to trip on in the room with their music, like fish. A tank of fish. Kitty cats, Doggies. Real trips. Keeps them going in the right direction, towards nature. I found a fish tank upstairs and I'm going to move it down. I was talking to the girls about moving it down today. I've got it all ready. Soon as I get this motor going to keep the water warm and filtered. And we decided to put coloured glass in the windows. We already had the guy over. He looked at it. Gonna cut the glass and put it all in. Red glass, blue, green. But I think everyone is down on anything being done on this house. I ordered this money specially from the states just to do all these things. To make it a nice trip room.

Well, that morning, I went to the bathroom, the kids remained in my cubby hole next door to the bathroom. And while I was in the bathroom, I heard this voice saying as I was sitting there, all you people out! In that real old British accent, and I knew something was up. I looked out the door and I seen these three or four cops right inside the big room but still right at the doorway. I jumped inside my little closet, shut the door and locked it. Blew the

candles out and said the fuzz is here busting us. Then we heard all this rumble outside the door, somebody smashing something. Then voices and some moaning and groaning. In the panic and excitement, we opened the window, and there was the drainpipe. I slid down it, hit bottom and said, "Come on, Man, follow me, it's groovy." I cut out the front way. As I made it out through the bushes, and was just making my turn to split down the road, I heard this cop say, "There goes one down the road. Get him," and I put on extra speed, it was like putting myself in overdrive. Completely man. Like I was on the racetrack of the world. About three thousand yards later, I ducked inside of an alley way going in between two buildings. I lay down under some stairs there and lay panting like mad until I could catch my breath. As I got up from resting, I seen them put somebody in the paddy wagon. They had several police cars and I think two of those big vans, those ice cream wagons. Black ice cream wagons. What's that cat's name who makes all those busts. It was in a cartoon in that paper Black Dwarf. Well, he struck again last night. That motherfucker right there in that cartoon strikes again. What's his name. Attention all heads in this area. Whoever reads this magazine, be on the look-out for P.C. Frank and that motherfucking ice cream wagon with the red light on the top and the blue uniforms. Don't let them close your mind. Please don't let 'em close your mind. Keep an open mind. All things pass. Outasight, outasight, outasight. I can't win. I can't lose. I got nothing to lose. One to me is fame and shame. One to me is pleasure and pain. One to me is lose or gain. They're all the same says my brain. The Tao says that, or words to that effect."

The following night, Lee received 100 dollars from an American friend and Lee spent it all on an acid party. He mixed it with punch and turned on fellow squatters and forty guests. Bongos, flutes, drums, a sitar, plenty of food, and with everyone tripping beautifully, the arrival of twenty fuzz seemed a matter of little importance. Heads were lined up against walls, shaken down, hash was confiscated, roaches collected, but surprisingly no arrests were made. "We was all laughing. The music still going and no one was getting paranoid. Only them cops. Anyhow, I don't know how, but they just left those roaches and walked out. It was just outasight. The magic of acid and they just didn't know what to do. Fantastic." Lee was jubilant, but the following afternoon they got him. At the moment, he is in Brixton gaol, awaiting trial on two charges of resisting arrest, and possession. Bail was refused.

"I don't know. Why? A guy just wants to practice his religion, just wants to do his things, man. All I want to do is smoke, stay stoned, and just groove. Why is it so hard for a man to breathe . . . this damp air in England."



# A Very SPECIAL Freak

This is a very special Freak. It is the edited result of a series of taped interviews with a young man who works in a London travel office.

Surprisingly as it may seem, I am not completely opposed to the capers of today's young. I'm 26 years old in December and that means I collect on an insurance policy which my father took out for me when I was five. With the £1,000 I intend making some sort of business investment. Perhaps I'll buy some growth stock or put some money into a small business. You can't do much with a £1,000, as you know, so I need to treble it at least. I'm lucky in that my wife is completely behind me in this, she thinks the risk is worth it. While we're young, why not take a gamble - that's our attitude.

People are entitled to conduct their lives in whatever fashion they like. If they want to grow their hair long, or wear ridiculous clothes, let them. If they want to be unwashed and filthy and unhealthy, I'm not going to stand in their way. If they want to sleep together in deserted premises in sleeping bags, that's their problem. These are questions of personal taste and hygiene which each of us has to decide for personal taste and hygiene which each of us has to decide for ourselves.

And if we are brought up correctly we should act normally as most of us do.

But what irritates me is the fact that the small minority of young people who freak-out don't work. Instead, they prefer to live off the State; to sponge off people like me who work and pay taxes. This is extremely unjust and I wish the Government would do everything to stop hippies from bleeding the rest of us. I hope I'm not sounding like a Fascist or anything. I don't want everyone rounded up and put into work gangs. But if young drop-outs were encouraged into industry they would soon realise that there is another, worthwhile existence. It's nothing to be ashamed of to be a wage earner. In fact, it is ennobling to work during the day and return home at night to be a sort of father and protector in the home. This is

the principle on which our civilisation is founded

What would happen to my life if I suddenly decided to stop work. First of all my wife would almost certainly leave me. She wouldn't have any time for a man who wasn't prepared to pull his weight. (And I wouldn't blame her!) Secondly, my family would ostracise me, and I can hardly think of anything more devastating than losing the respect of my close relatives by becoming a sponger. Thirdly, I would feel decadent. I would ask myself why aren't I giving all my energy to helping Britain to grow strong? I would be swamped with guilt because I feel it is everyone's duty to help preserve Western civilisation. The alternative is handing over our civilisation to the communists.

And lastly, without working I would lose my dignity - the need to maintain a private and public standard of behaviour - which enables me to be respected by my relatives and friends and provides the firm foundation of my marriage. I would find it intolerable to throw off my dignity and allow my own petty individualism to run wild. If we all did that, our country would be in the hands of the anarchists.

I can't for the life of me see why these youngsters don't want to settle down and get a decent job like the rest of us. There would be far less tension in our society if they conformed and this is surely in the best interests of law and order. And I am concerned about those who have practically made a religion out of their dropout existence. You hear them worshipping Love and Peace as if we could all have it. For nothing. It's not as easy as that - you have to work for it.

I'm working for Love and Peace at my office every day of the week. I don't get in anybody's way and I don't break any rules or regulations. And my wife and I are in love like any other young married couples. We may not be as madly in love as we were when we first got married, of course, but we respect each other and that's what counts.

We live in Blackheath on a council estate and we

try to live in peace particularly with the neighbours. To this end, we try never to mix with them; I always think it's best to keep out the hair of your neighbours otherwise you're just asking for trouble. So we keep our own counsel and don't bother anybody around us. What more can you ask a man to do? I'm loving - I'm giving peace a chance!



Absence makes the Peter Fonda.



DON'T WORRY - BE HAPPY.

A VERY ABBREVIATED DIRECTORY OF INTERNATIONAL FREAKS - not all of them beautiful.

USA: Tuli Kupferberg, Emmett Grogan, Frank Zappa, Abbie Hoffman, Paul Krassner, John Wilcock, Valerie Solanas, Louis Abolafia, The Living Theatre, Little Richard, Ken Kesey, Reverend Jefferson Fuck Poland, Jerry Rubin, Playmate of the Month.

EUROPE: Simon Vinkenoog, Robert Jasper Grootveld, Jean-Jacques Lebel, Danny Cohn-Bendit, Fritz Teufel.

AUSTRALIA: Mad Mel, Bea Miles, Rosaleen Norton, Richard O'Sullivan, Francis James, Barry Humphries, Zara Holt.

UK: Michael Chapman, Jimmy Saville, Arthur Brown, Jack Henry Moore, Robin Farquarson, Mick Lesser, Simon Tugwell, Wendy Sharkey, Spike Milligan, Hoppy & Suzy Wild Child, Muzz Murray, Edward Heath.

excessive passion denies children parental companionship





## Anthony Haden-Guest

Bruce is a familiar figure around Chelsea, and has been for several years. He is thin, with a shortish beard, and a pre-occupied manner, and he holds his right arm rigidly above his head at almost all times. This is an 'Indian Thaumaturgical Exercise' which he learnt from a devotee of Gurdejief (mystical author of ALL AND EVERYTHING) and has practiced since the age of 22. He is now 36.

Bruce gets £7 a week unemployment benefit, which he supplements by begging small loans. His clothing is nondescript, though right now he is wearing a well-cut jacket, a present from his father, who is an established painter. Bruce also used to be a professional painter, and was doing well... a delicate realist, with a spidery line. Nothing surreal or bizarre in either imagery or treatment.

His writing too is delicate rather than surreal. He handed me this book rather diffidently. "It's all I've got to play with," he said. The book is a Lion Brand exercise book, with a Royal Blue cover, and ruled white pages, much thumbed. Bruce's handwriting is small, educated — he went to a public school — but nonetheless the book is difficult to read because it is written both in pencil, now smudged to near illegibility, and various colours of biro. Also a great deal is altered and crossed out, so that sentences and even words do not invariably finish.

Some extracts of the book follow. I have done very little to the text. Obviously I have selected what seems (to me) the best, and where there has been a great deal of rewriting, crossing-out, and re-crossing-out, a certain amount of editing has been necessary. Apart from that, all I can say is that I wouldn't mind having written it myself.

The title-page is very heavily scored with crossings-out. It did read 'Heaven' adding a Battersea address. This has been crossed out, and now large blue capitals say PARADISE.

I went into a tavern in Battersea, began To practice the piano when the Earth-Being had agreed. After approx three five six five minutes The E-B. asked me to leave He told me that he preferred television. I went out, of course, I never pick quarrels with E-Bs.

Signed on. No job. Collected my postal draft. My unemployment benefit? doesn't amount to enough for lunch every day Oh, dear. Charity I stopped to give a lady Suffering from cancer of the bones my remaining sixpence and my

film and music address

There are several little Scars on my r.h. (right hand) How on earth did they appear?

Heard about an Irish play on the wireless. I'll enquire.

Wrong Connections I told the Earth-Beings around me as I walked on Earth Streets "I don't own you. Nor do I own Your possessions. Also I don't wish to bother you. I never drink anything containing alcohol and I never smoke My health has been appalling.

I am wearing my dark brown or plain chocolate-coloured trousers, my brown socks, my brown shoes, my pale olive-green and white shirt and my Eagle jacket... I eat and drink regularly and I sleep well. I handle and play with my possessions,

all of which I keep just beyond my bed, mercifully and carefully

I avoid Romance completely My health has been appalling I must buy a laurel garland For my head.

I went to the V & A & A Museum where I bought a strawberry milkshake, consumed it? at my leisure, decided that it would be an excellent idea if Princess Margaret were to play one or two songs on an harpsichord (or a piano) and the Earl of Snowdon and to sing with Michelmore... and also if possible (Prince) Charles (with his guitar) would become members of my immense group, The Spiders

To be sung... Undesirable to the tune of Unforgettable

A jam sandwich and a plate of soup

"I do music every day. I do play the piano every day" explains Bruce "In the

## Bruce's Paradise

Western mode, I play anything, like Liberace" (laughs) "No, I never improvise. I think to improvise one must have quite a knowledge... Although I can play a Classical tune, I have to play a popular tune simply because I haven't got as much as one platonic girlfriend. The thing is that popular music appeals to girls" (Appealingly) "Doesn't it?" And Bruce breaks, with unexpected control and harmony, into popular song.

My I.T.E.

More Word-Jewels "Any money, no?" Denis asked me, "No" I replied "I'm completely "broke" (to use the slang word Linda Christian once used in a television film) I've been more or less broke for the last fifteen years because I've never aquired work which paid enough My last girl friend killed herself because I wasn't Cliff Richard I've had a difficult time

getting into pop show business at my age

Bought Denis's shopping, as usual. He nearly always gives me breakfast and supper. I am grateful. He works with Mr Parle. In the evenings he studies his pile of possible film scripts (Aldous Huxley, Graham Greene, Christopher Isherwood, Scott Fitzgerald and other writers). Unfortunately the film camera which Nell Dunn, Sir Philip Dunn's daughter, lent me was damaged. Because I haven't been able to sell my drawings of Harmless Machinery (including me using Harmless Machinery and Self Portraits) I haven't been able to buy another. Now Denis is looking out of his window.

(Denis, says Bruce, is Irish, and they share a room in a boarding house in Battersea. This boarding house is to be the subject of a documentary which, Bruce thinks, he will shortly be making with the Earl of Snowdon and Cliff Michelmore. "Yes... Yes" he says — there is an element of repetition in conversation, which is also very self-effacing, almost apologetic. "Yes... I suppose one idea I've got is... is to ask Princess Margaret who I saw playing the piano... playing the piano... I'd like her to play the piano in my documentary". Anyway, the reason that Bruce is on the streets so much is to leave some room for Denis... "Talking about painting, well, I can't paint there... Because it gets in Denis's way. He needs the chance to (A) study Aldous Huxley and (B) practice his singing. He'll probably sing the tunes I select for him. He doesn't have a platonic girl friend either. I want to suggest that this documentary should get him and me into Show Business. The fact is that I want to get into Show Business to film Aldous Huxley novels, with a view to doing a film this Summer. Yes, something like EYELESS IN GAZA... "Does Bruce think





there is something extra special about Huxley? "No. The fact is I do not. He seems as good a person as any. He does write novels..."

And what incidentally of Bruce's parents... "I think they are a little disappointed... I think that they are wondering how it is that I can't afford a FRAML... a, a frame for my drawings of Tame Machinery... I enjoy doing drawings of Tame Machinery... The sort of machinery that appears in SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. I used to buy one or two SCIENTIFIC AMERICANS but then I ran out of food and drink... I mean by tame, machinery that isn't war machinery. I wouldn't draw war machinery, not me... Personally I am a preacher of peace" (apologetically) "Personally I don't rate myself with his paintings" Who? "Leonardo da Vinci... I don't like his paintings of war machinery. I don't suppose he did." (Laughs) "It must be a joke... I saw Yoko Ono walk into Paul McCartney's office. At any rate" (appealingly) "It's better than Hiroshima..."

"Will you ever make it, do you think?" Denis asked me. If the Earl of Snowdon accepts this script that could be the "start of something big" for me in the film line. I may get film and recording offers.

(The Snowdons again. Curiously enough, Bruce is only one acquaintance who fantasises about the Snowdons. The Snowdons are in this not unlike the Kennedys. The brighter an image, the more intense (and sometimes macabre) the feedback).

My I.T.E. (My Earth life-aim) I'm holding my right arm up in The Air until in this or another ?re-incarnation

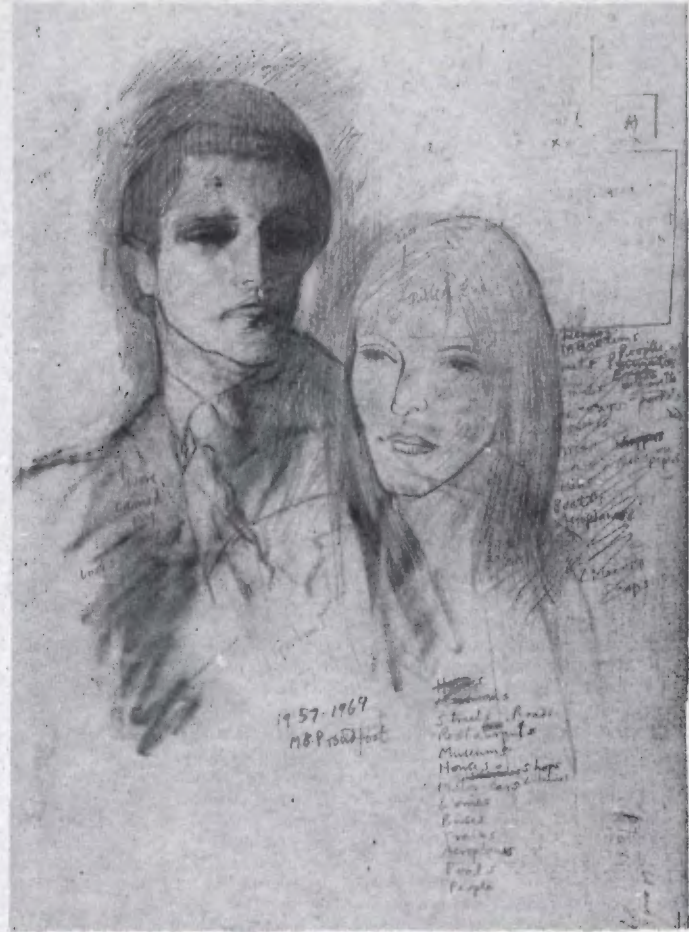


I am admired by nine hundred million young girls that is, of course an Earth-aim, but I keep it in mind, although apart from my main quest (Good Health)

Several of Bruce's preoccupations occur in this passage. The I.T.E. are Indian Thaumaturgical Exercises. Bruce holds his arm in the air. If he stands still, he may, instead, outstretch his foot... "It's supposed to keep up the vibrations" he explains. He has been doing these exercises since he was 23! "I was given it as an exercise by one of M. Gurdejieff's followers and friends... Madam Loubchansky... She suggested it as a remedy for Philosophic Confusion. In the police they call it a Skyhook. It does heat people. It has cured me of my stomach-ache" Is Bruce sicker than other people? Yes, he says, than asks, with alarm "I haven't said anything obscene, have I?"

I say No. "An Earth-Aim of mine" he says "Is to hold my arm up until I am admired by nine hundred million girls". Does he want to go to bed with them? "No. My health has been appalling. Nice of you to ask me". Bruce divides activity with the other sex rigorously enough, with Love, Romance, and Sex. Sex is Sex, Love is Platonic, and Romance is betwixt and between. Bruce does not have a Platonic girlfriend. We would be very happy if some girls, as many as possible (The magic number seems to be nine hundred million) could write platonic love-notes to Bruce c/o OZ.

I gave the match-man in Brompton Road what remained of the shilling Tim had given me. I passed a street violinist and a second match-man but I had no money left... I went to Luba's Bistrot in Yeoman's Row, just the road where Luba gave me a beautiful soup (soup of the day - beautiful soup) when I had finished my soup I went next door to Richard Temple's galleries where I spoke to one of his assistants "Would it be all right for the Earl of Snowdon to visit these galleries?" "Yes, if he is interested in it" "I suppose that one might install an harpsichord (temporarily)



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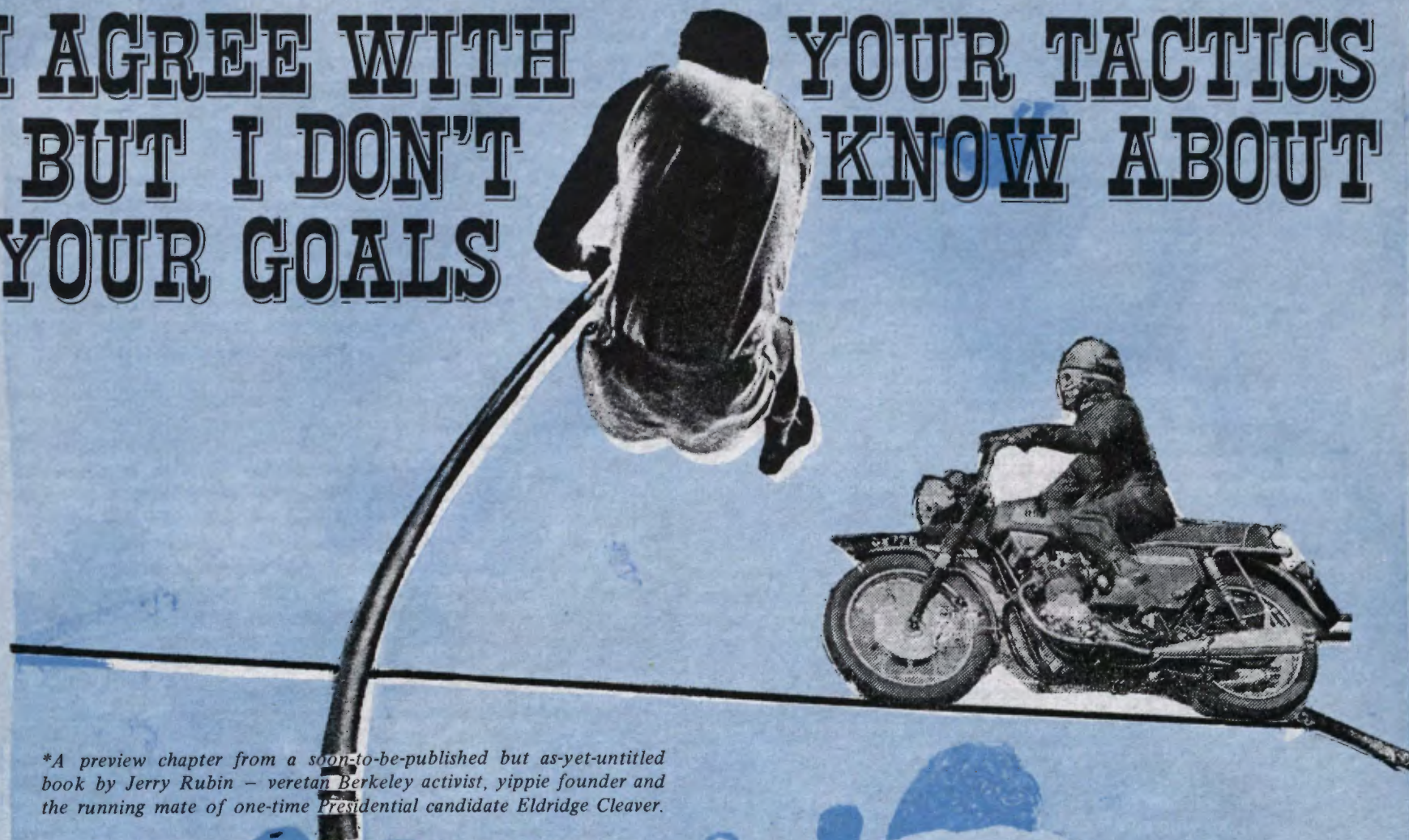


## TEL: 01:397:6294



# I AGREE WITH BUT I DON'T YOUR GOALS

# YOUR TACTICS KNOW ABOUT



*\*A preview chapter from a soon-to-be-published but as-yet-untitled book by Jerry Rubin — veteran Berkeley activist, yippie founder and the running mate of one-time Presidential candidate Eldridge Cleaver.*

People who say, "I agree with your goals. I don't like your tactics" are full of horseshit. The goals are always excuses — it's the tactics that are critical. The means of the revolution are the revolution. If we had to decide beforehand what our goals were, we'd be arguing about the future society for the next 1000 years, but we can all agree what to do. Do. Do. Do. The movement gets its greatest unity around tactics. We come to action with different experiences, and through collective action we grow together and become a movement.

I never knew what the issues were at demonstrations. They were all decided by leaders who went to boring meetings to debate each other for hours. What we wanted from those meetings were demands that the establishment could never satisfy. If they satisfied our demands, we lost. The purpose of demonstrations is confrontation, the demands are secondary. What makes the demands radical is the fact that the Establishment would not satisfy them. Just in case, we should always have a supplementary set of demands tacked on to the original. "Amnesty" is always good, because amnesty takes away the power of the power structure to punish. That's a hard one for them to swallow.

Remember those early civil rights demonstrations? The demands actually were jobs for black people in hotels and auto showrooms. The people picketing and sitting-in were not the people who wanted the jobs; in fact, we spent our lives avoiding such jobs. We were fighting for demands which we didn't even believe in. It was the means that were important: the picket line, the sit-in, the rally, the demonstration. If the power structure were smart, it would have satisfied all our demands without a fight. But that's what makes power structures power structures, they can't do that.

We liberate ourselves by fighting for what we believe in. The job of good leadership is to put forth demands which won't be satisfied, but which are reasonable enough to get a lot of people, especially the

liberals, on our side. We scream furiously when our demands are not met, as if we had expected them to be in the first place. We know we're actors and we must believe in our act.

Why do people go to long meetings debating for hours what the demands of a demonstration will be and what will be the specific words on a leaflet? None of those things are important. Nobody reads leaflets. What's important is the theatre. Scripts are for shit. Ours is a do-it-yourself revolution.

Revolution is not the satisfaction of a "program." Revolution is the arrival of new classes and generations on to the stage of history through struggle, the changing of people from spectators to actors. As Castro puts it, "The goal of the Cuban revolution is to turn every individual into a legislator." *Representative* democracy is the enemy. The goal is each-man-his-own-revolution. We do not want concessions from our leaders: we want to run our own lives. We achieve the revolution by *making* it.

We free ourselves by first realizing how unfree we are. You only find out how unfree you are when you start fighting for your freedom by breaking rules. We have as much freedom as we don't fight for. The dilemma is most people in America *think* they are *free* because they can't even imagine freedom. They think reading lines verbatim from a pre-written script is freedom. Stop reading the lines as they're written; you'll get fired and find out how free you are.

Vietnam has been the best thing that has happened to America in a long time. Vietnam has demonstrated emotionally to the American people how little control they have over their own government. In fighting to end the war the American people have begun to achieve their own liberation. The longer the war continues, the greater freedom we will achieve fighting to end it.



Truth emerges in crisis, and Vietnam is America's truth. We can understand America by looking at Vietnam where it all comes clear as a crisis. The goal of the revolution is to create crisis.

The only way to know if your tactics are successful is to see how many people you alienate. In America, it is normal daily life which is the enemy, and we've got to alienate people by shaking up their daily lives. If you don't alienate people, you're not reaching them. Ineffective protest is protest which gains no one's attention, makes no one unhappy, alienates nobody. Effective protest gets people upset — therefore it's usually illegal.

America puts people in prison through carefully defined roles. We are students and teachers, workers and managers, bureaucrats, lawyers, judges. Everybody is defined by his role and told how to act. The freest people in the country are the "not-students." We are known by what we are *not*! That should be everybody's goal, to be known by what he is *not*.

How do you know what a man's role is? By his clothes. Want to be a lawyer? Get yourself a blue suit, a couple of yellow legal pads, a brief case, a client and go to court next week and identify yourself as a lawyer. Nobody will ask for your diploma; print your own. All you need to do any job in America is the clothes. If you get the clothes, you're the job.

As a transitional stage towards communism, the yippies demand that everybody changes his job every year. Everybody should do what everybody else does in society so we can all understand and feel the experiences of other people.

Everybody should drive a cab, run an elevator, work on a newspaper, grow food. The world has gone full circle from non-specialization to industrialization and specialization, to computerization and back to non-specialization. Communism ushers in the universal, renaissance man. The expert and specialist will be a museum piece.

The yippies try to liberate people by getting them to change their clothes. We relate to other people through their clothes. A judge puts on black robes and all of a sudden everyone starts treating him like a god. He takes off his robes and he's just like any other schmuck on the street.

The suit and tie is the essence of the class society. Ties will be illegal in our communist society. The Marx Brothers are our leaders as they go into restaurants cutting people's ties. The be-in represents the goal of our revolution — the be-in is a costume ball. Everybody comes as ballplayers, queens, generals, pirates. We're trying out different lives and fantasies.

The purpose of the revolution is to create theatre-in-the-streets. You are the stage. You are the actor. Everything is for real. There is no audience. The goal is to turn on everybody who can be turned on and turn off everybody who cannot be turned on. Theatre has no rules, forms, structures, standards, traditions — it is pure, natural energy, impulse, anarchy. The revolutionary's best impulse is his first impulse. Do it! Worry about it, analyse it later.

The yippies declare war on Hollywood and Broadway. We are out to put them out of business. Theatre belongs on the streets. America tries to get people to feel artificial experiences, and purge their emotions through catharsis with television, movies and plays, so here is little emotion left for one in his daily life. We live our lives through John Wayne. The role of revolution is to break the stage, start a fire in the movie theatre and then start screaming, "Fire! Fire!" How can theatre compete with life in this era? How do you outdo Vietnam? The only way to match Vietnam is to bring Vietnam home. The theatrical producers of today are creating theatres of Vietnam on the college campuses of America.

When we first got the idea of Chicago, we went to hip theatre people to get them out of their auditoriums and into the streets. There was interest, but not enough. It was not the professional theatre people who created the Theatre of Chicago; it was the amateurs. The yippies feel knowledge can be dangerous, because knowledge forecloses possibilities. Experts are masters, and prisoners of previous forms. No real advances are made by experts. Our leaders are children and blind people. The revolution makes "expertise" a crime.

The Living Theatre came to Berkeley the same week the people had spent fighting the National Guard in the streets in a Theatre of Blood. Being pacifists, the Living Theatre thought this was the wrong way.

The Living Theatre liberates the audience and the auditorium as much as is physically possible within the medium of paying money to go to an auditorium with a regular starting and closing time. Actors merge themselves with the audience, eliminating the stage. "We're not allowed to smoke pot," one Living Theatre member screamed out, whereupon he was offered a joint from five different directions in the Berkeley audience. Another Living Theatre member shouted, "I can't take off my clothes!" All around him people started taking off their clothes. "I can't travel without a passport." That struck a lot of people in the room odd, because for some of us it's a crime to even cross a state line.

People were angry at the contradiction of revolution-in-the-auditorium — taking all our energy and putting it into a play in one place at one time for a price. The theatre medium is archaic. Shouting "freedom!" in a theatre is a contradiction in terms. The only role of theatre is to take people out of the theatre and into the streets. The role of the revolutionary theatre group is to make the revolution. The role of the revolutionary rock group is to make the revolution. The role of this book is to get you to make the revolution.

The newspaper editors of America in their annual conferences call on the "experts" to explain to them what their children are doing. They would never think of asking the criminals themselves to come to discuss their crimes. Although the panels are called "Conferences on Student Unrest", the editors call as participants people who spend their days in the library and their nights sleeping very soundly. Why don't they call those of us who are restless and can't sleep?

The College Editors can't get away with that because it would be too embarrassing for them to call on older people to explain what people their own age are doing. They usually have to invite a token yippie who brings all his friends. When you ask for one, you get 20.

We freaked out as soon as we arrived. The editors were carbon copies of each other. Is there a factory somewhere producing college editors? Their faces had the same tired, bureaucratic expressions. They talked as if they were talking to each other on the telephone. There they were, person to person in a fancy Washington D.C. Hotel, and they had talking-on-the-telephone personalities. They related to each other not as human beings, but as fellow professionals. They came from campuses that had been burning down all year, and the main question on their minds was: Should college newspapers editorialize on the Vietnam war or would it compromise journalistic integrity?

Just keeping our voices in a moderate tone in talking to these editors was a sell-out, I felt. It implied the discussion was "reasonable". Is the Vietnam war a difference between reasonable men? Do these editors think a dispute between a Southern redneck cop and a black slave is a disagreement between reasonable men?

Paul Krassner got so hysterical over their matter-of-factness that in the middle of one of their discussions he began to cry. "People are dying in Vietnam and you're talking like this", Paul kept sobbing. He was on acid at the time and the unconscious truth of the situation burst forth.

We woke up Saturday morning and dropped tabs of acid, ready for battle. What the editors did not know was how conspiratorial we yippies are. We had seized their conference completely and we were setting up a rigged debate for the afternoon: "Should the College Newspaper Editors Association Take a Stand on the War?" The editors had no idea that some people in suits, short hair and ties pretending to be college newspaper editors were members of the Washington Street Theatre group.

I went to the show myself not knowing who were the editors and who were the actors. I'd be able to figure it out, I thought.

But everybody sounded like an actor. I couldn't believe anybody was a real editor. It was the most insane discussion I'd ever heard: Should we take a stand standing up? Sitting down? On the toilet? For negotiations? For the war? Against the war? They were all playing at being editors. Who was real and who was unreal? I knew only 15 of the 150 people in the room were actors, but I couldn't tell who.



Finally the vote was ready to be taken. The lights suddenly went off. Flashed across the wall were scenes of burning Vietnamese babies, torture scenes, napalm. The room was full of hysterical screams. It was a torture chamber. Everybody started screaming. "Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!"

The film stopped and a voice came over a bullhorn: "This is Sgt. Haggerty of the District Washington Police. We arrested the man who put on this film and we have charged him with obscenity. Everyone in this hall is under arrest for conspiracy to watch obscene movies. Stay where you are. Please do not resist arrest."

The editors started fleeing the room. They thought so little of their country that they believed immediately that they were going to be arrested en masse for seeing a film. They believe they live in a Nazi country.

A crewcut husky guy in a suit-and-tie jumped on top of a chair, identified himself as editor from Notre Dame, and yelled at the top of his lungs: "I've just come back from Vietnam. I've seen my brothers dying. We've got to stop this killing. The men in the White House are sending us all to die for nothing. I'm a college editor and you're a college editor. We have power. Are we brave? Can we be brave?"

Is this guy real? Or part of the Washington theatre group? I didn't know. But finally it struck me — it made no difference. Everything was real and unreal.

The editors finally realized they had been the subjects of a huge dose of Reality Theatre. They were furious that their "democratic dialogue" had been disrupted. They were ready to expel the chairman of the afternoon session who had conspired with the yippies to put on the show. They went through a torturous meeting, screaming and yelling at each other. Through the meeting they realized they had learned something about themselves that day. People started talking to one another off the telephone. It was an emotional breakthrough.

Senator Eugene McCarthy was coming in two hours to a press conference for the editors. They were going to run a real "Meet the Press" show, the way their Big Daddies do it. They started going around to us, begging us not to disrupt it.

I thought to myself: Bullshit. The press conference is free theatre to be used by anybody who can make the best use of it. The purpose of a press conference is to make news. News is free. Why assume that the only person who can make news is the presidential candidates who answers questions? McCarthy is just an actor, and we're all actors. There is no stage.

Theatre uses whatever props it needs to most dramatically make its point. The most effective theatre breaks rules, throwing people into a new situation without guides to behaviour. It wouldn't be effective just asking McCarthy a question. McCarthy could co-opt any question. Anyway, what offends us most is not McCarthy's content, but his style. The most oppressive thing about it is the format of the press conference treating the candidate as an authority.

It was a few minutes before McCarthy was due to arrive and I had no props and no ideas. I was on acid and I stood to the side jogging like a boxer, working up enough confidence to act out of the roles that everybody else would be respecting. When you break a set theatre like a press conference or a classroom, you got to have a lot of confidence in yourself because everybody's going to be looking at you as if you're crazy. You got to be crazy.

Somebody was holding a newspaper and I saw the heading: JAIL-BREAK IN HUE, 2000 VIET CONG FREE. I was delirious! 2000 people who were in jail a few hours ago were now free! McCarthy says he's against the war, doesn't he? For what other reason could he be against the war except to see the Viet Cong free?

McCarthy came in just as I heard he was: distant, distinguished, reserved, unemotional. He had no Secret Service protection. Didn't the word reach him that the crazies had infiltrated the college editors' conference?

He finished his 15 minute speech and was getting ready to answer questions, when I started running towards him.

I jumped on the stage, put my arm around him, and started screaming, "People are free, Gene. Gene, people are free. Aren't you happy? Isn't that great!" The television cameras were buzzing away. My arm was around his shoulder. I'd intended to kiss him — really I did —

but it just didn't work out because he was so cold. I felt like an unrequited lover, my emotion unreturned. McCarthy actually tried to ignore me, continuing the press conference as if I weren't there.

Within ten seconds there were five more yippies and diggers on all fours around his feet, barking like little animals. The editors went out of their minds. The organizers of the conference tried to plead with us reasonably to move away, but it didn't work. We were delirious that human beings were free in Vietnam, and we wanted to celebrate, not have some boring press conference.

Gene was surrounded by the Marx Brothers. We tried to unnerve him psychologically, making faces at his every answer, booing and cheering things he said. But he went on — trying to be the master defuser of crisis.

We heard an Indian drum in the background. Dum-dum-dum. People were carrying a coffin towards us. As they got closer and closer, I saw McCarthy get edgier and edgier. "Don't worry, Gene," I said. But he was trying to act as if I didn't exist. The coffin-carriers reached McCarthy and emptied the coffin upside down. Hundreds of McCarthy buttons came flying out wrapped in an American flag. The coffin read: "Electoral Politics". At this point McCarthy just turned away, left the stage and cut the press conference short.

The college editors started moving towards me, hungry for blood. They were seething with an emotion that I'd never seen them express over the war in Vietnam. Their professional reputations had been spoiled. They went beserk. "What are you so angry about?" I screamed. "McCarthy paid us to do this. His campaign is dull, dull, dull. It's the best thing that's happened to his campaign. Finally he's going to make national television. Don't worry. McCarthy's not pissed at you. He's happy!"

"If this is your revolution, Rubin, you can have it," one editor said. I didn't know he was that interested in the revolution in the first place. "If this is your newspaper business, you can have it," I replied.

Being an ex-reporter I felt self-righteous: "We gave you a news story and you're angry. What kind of reporters are you? Fuck you. What is this shit, objective journalism? What are you trying to do, be reporters like your daddies? These press conference formats are dead!"

I was furious at these editors because I finally realized their game: they want to be popular. "Go home and watch television!" I screamed, "you're corpses. TV is putting you all out of business. Hah, hah. TV is making you useless!"

The editors just couldn't keep the niggers out of their conferences — or their newspapers — no matter how hard they tried.

Good theatre is the unexpected. Everybody always expects radicals to march in a circle, carrying picket signs and shouting slogans. Radicals have got to put away their picket signs and use their imagination.

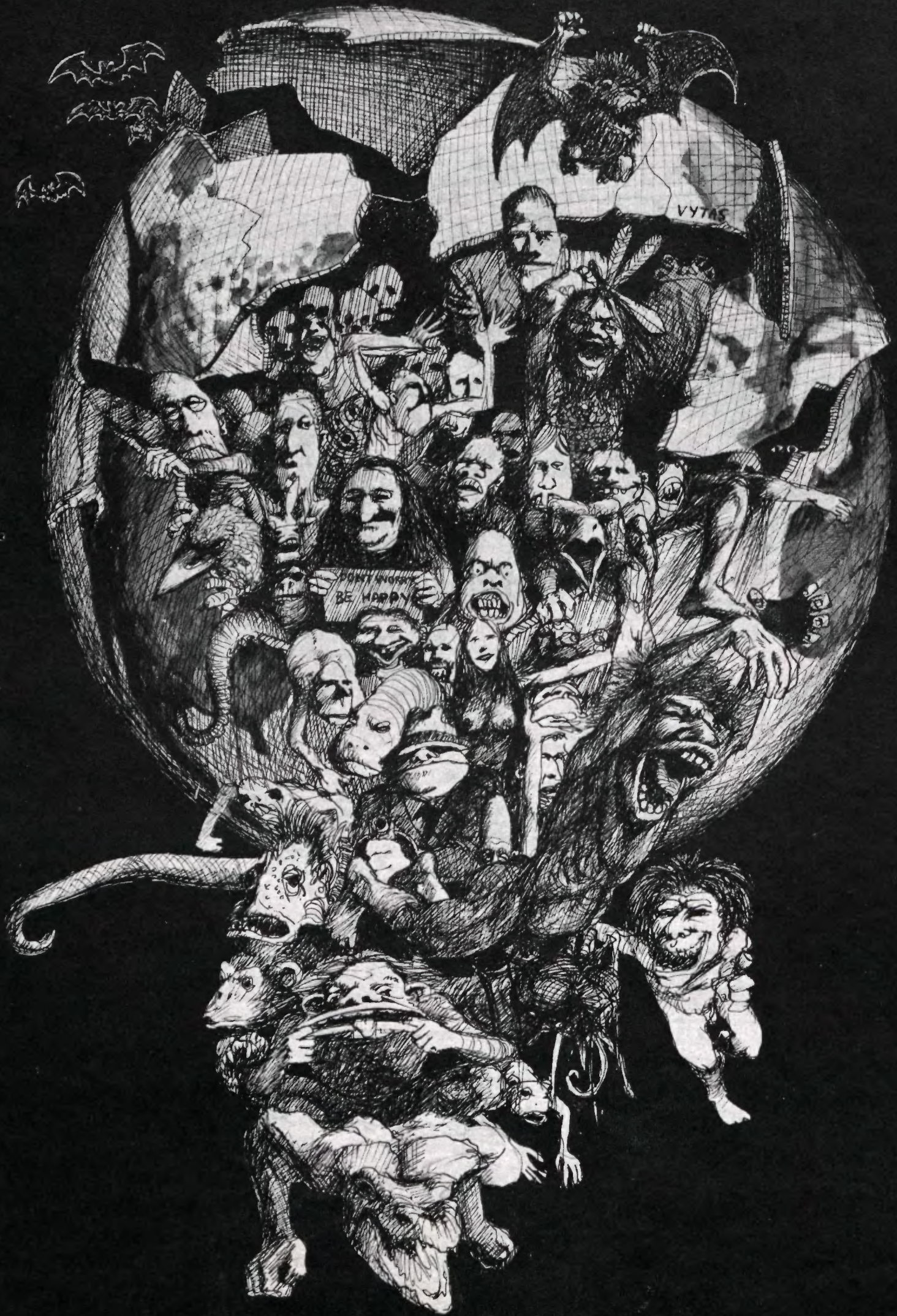
Bobby Kennedy was coming to San Francisco to speak at a \$500 a plate dinner for the Big Democrats. I can never understand those \$500 and \$1000 dinners. Are some people that hungry? What do these Democrats do? — starve themselves for weeks and then come in like hungry lions, devouring everything on their plate, and then putting it aside, and saying, "Now that was worth \$500"? I guess I look at them through my son-of-a-working man eyes. To them \$1000 is pocket money. They see it the way I see a quarter.

We got to Kennedy's dinner an hour early and set up a table with bread, bologna and mustard, and we made free sandwiches to give to all the necklaced, fancy-dressed, tail-coated men and women coming to eat Senator Kennedy's big dinner. It sounded like a rotten deal to us, paying \$500 for dinner inside, when you could get a free bologna sandwich outside. When people arrived, we shouted, "Have a free bologna sandwich. Why pay \$500 for bologna inside when you can get free bologna right here?"

I never saw so many "influential" people get so angry in my life. "You scum, you dirt, you filth!" they screamed at us. I yelled back, "I thought only Republicans talked like that!" The women were scandalized. They moved away from us as if we were a snake about ready to coil.

Kennedy attracts a lot of Jack Newfield-types, liberal-dupes who come on to revolutionaries real chummy-chum-chum. "We're really for







Castro, but we're working for Kennedy so that we can make things easier for revolutionaries, don't you know?" And then they added, "and we got free tickets." But this time the revolutionaries had a great tactic. The liberals had to prove their friendship to us by eating our bologna sandwiches. If they ate the bologna it would ruin their appetites for sure, and we could be certain they would be repulsed by Bobby Kennedy's dinner. You are what you eat.

What if one day 5000 sound trucks travelled throughout a city announcing, "The war in Vietnam is over. Turn on your radio for further information." The telephone wires would be buzzing. Within two minutes everybody would be calling his mother telling her "The war is over!" Nixon would have to come on television to reassure the American people that the war is still on, despite the vicious rumour-mongers.

The peace movement is not bureaucratically organized well enough to carry out such a project, and is also too locked into ideology to let its imagination go crazy. Phil Ochs went around from peace group to peace group in spring of 1967 trying to convince them that it was time for the peace movement to celebrate the end of the war. The rumour started going around that Phil Ochs had become an apolitical acid-head, which was not true. Phil just sees too many movies. "How can we deal with the absurdity of Vietnam except with our own absurdity?" asked Ochs. Finally Ochs gave up on the politicians and peace people, and started working with the freaks.

Posters of a sailor kissing his girl on V-D day, WW II vintage, were plastered all over New York City, announcing the celebration of the end of the Vietnam war. 2000 teenagers and assorted nuts showed up at Washington Square Park — for most of whom the war had never even begun. We didn't know what to do with ourselves, so we went around playing our noisemakers and telling each other that "The war is over!" We got in a huddle and started counting backwards: 100-99-98-97, and as we got into the 20s more joined us and when we hit 1, we screamed "The war is over!" and we started running up Fifth Avenue to share the good news with our fellow New Yorkers.

The cops were unprepared. They thought we were going to be nice boys and girls and celebrate the end of the war by playing in the Washington Square sandbox all afternoon. We ran through the streets screaming, "The war is over!" Cab drivers honked their horns. People stopped their cars and got out to ask, "What did you say?" Even pro-war types waved and said, "Is it really? How did you know?" Alan Ginsberg ran into automats, threw his hands to the sky in that special Ginsberg handspring, and screamed at the top of his lungs, "The war is over! The war is over!"

Everything became part of the celebration. New York cops on horses and with sirens blazing came after us to clear the streets. We thought the police were celebrating the end of the war, too, bringing their own noisemakers and props. Red lights, green lights, traffic jams and noises all became part of the celebration.

Nobody was unhappy the war was over. And what was even more amazing: Nobody asked: Who won? Nobody gave a damn.

We should have broken into Broadway plays and screamed, "The war is over!" People there would have turned to us and said, "Ssssh. You're interrupting the play. Ssssh." We'd respond, "We're part of the play."

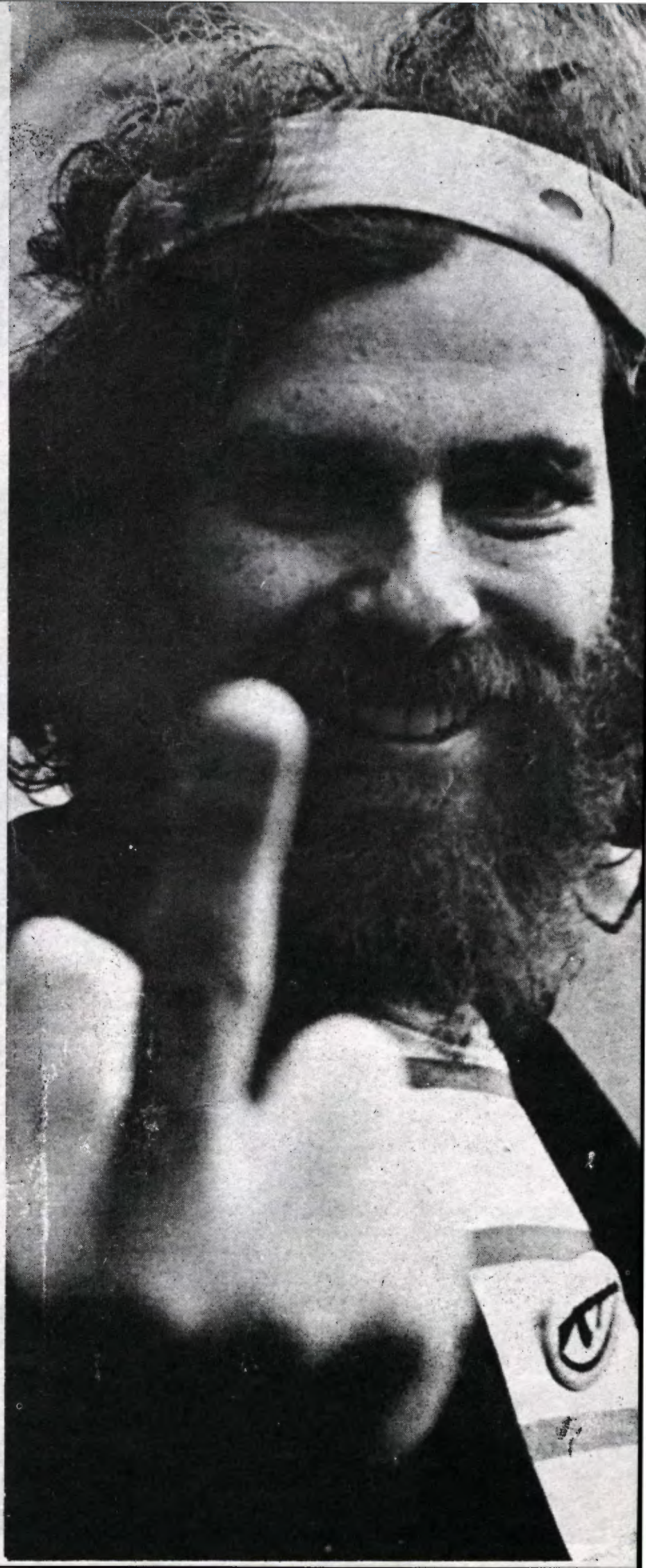
"Demonstrations should turn you on, not off," says Phil Ochs.

The demonstration broke people out of their expected roles. Pro-war people couldn't figure out how to react to this psychological assault on their minds. How much more effective than parading around with signs saying, "End the war."

The key to theatre is timing. Theatre grows out of the situation and the key to theatre is timing. In the summer of '67 it was appropriate to scream the war is over. But then LBJ pulled a theatrical trick on us. He said the war is over. The role of the peace movement during the time of negotiations is to show people that the war is still on. The yippie demonstration in Chicago was the reverse of the War is Over demonstration. We ran through the streets shouting, "The War is On!"

The power to define is the power to control. Over 99% of the violence that takes place in America is by the State through its cops and armies. But when a cop shoots a nigger, that's "law and order." When a

*continued page 19*











black man defends himself against a cop, that's "violence." Is the same moral act performed when a Jew kills a Nazi as when a Nazi kills a Jew? Why aren't there different words to describe the violence of the oppressor and the violence of the oppressed? The power structure creates the frame of reference which forces the people to see things from their point of view. The role of the revolutionary is to create actions which force a revolutionary frame of reference.

Huey P. Newton determined what millions of people would think and talk about for years when one October morning in 1967 in Oakland, California, he shot and killed an Oakland cop who had stopped his car and was bullying him, ready to kill.

Not a million books, articles or speeches could have defined the situation so clearly as Huey's action. Huey forced people throughout the world to ask themselves: What would I do if I were Huey Newton? What would I do if I were an Oakland black terrorized by Oakland police? Thousands of people identified not with the dead Oakland policeman but with Huey Newton. A massive response from black people, white liberals, white radicals, students, professors, doctors, housewives throughout California formed the Huey Newton Defense Committee and argued that black people should arm themselves and defend themselves from the violence of the white police.

The white power structure tried to react business-as-usual. One white life is worth 1000 black lives. They made plans to execute Huey P. Newton.

The Oakland courts were unable to execute Huey. Huey was convicted of voluntary manslaughter and sentenced to 2-to 15 years in jail — a compromise.

Huey Newton has become a symbol of the liberated, black revolutionary acting for his people. The battle to free Huey is the battle to free ourselves, because Huey did something that was right, but that we are as yet afraid to do, and he redefined the situation for all of us.

The Black Panthers have been able to take actions that have created legends throughout America. The Panther uniform — beret, black leather jacket, gun — gave the Panther myth incredible force. Three Panthers on the street became an army of thousands. When the jackasses of the California state legislature were meeting in Sacramento to deliberate a bill to leave guns in the hands of the cops but take them out of the hands of the victims of the cops, the blacks, the Panthers armed themselves, drove to Sacramento and invaded the Chamber to personally pay a visit on their Congressmen to discuss their grievances.

The idea of armed mad niggers invading their Sacramento sanctuary must be a nightmare of every congressman. But the Panthers were acting out of common sense. How else can a citizen talk to congressmen? By writing a letter which is answered mechanically by machine? Our legislators have cut themselves off from the experience of the people. They represent special interest groups and see the people only on guided tours. They don't experience the life of the people, so we have to bring our way of life to them.

Fear and paranoia is the luxury of the suburban leftists, the armchair intellectual, the graduate student, the uninvolved. The further away you are from the movement, the more scared you are. The Black Panthers aren't afraid. The yippies aren't afraid. The Viet Cong aren't afraid. In your living room, you're scared to death. In the middle of a riot, I've never found anybody who's scared. The way to eliminate fear is to do what you're afraid of. The goal of theater is to get as many people to overcome their fear, through action, as possible.

We create reality wherever we go by living our fantasies.

*(See Oz 18 for Jerry Rubin's Emergency Letter)*



# hip pocrates

**QUESTION:** Some time ago a doctor injected silicone into my nose just above the left nostril. The silicone started to come out.

I went back to the doctor and he removed an inch of hard white substance hanging out of a pore in my right nostril. But he couldn't remove the rest of it.

My nose is now both uncomfortable and unbecoming. What should I do?

**ANSWER:** Silicone injections are still experimental procedures in this country. Even the experimental work was stopped for a time while the Food and Drug Administration investigated possible dangers.

Permission was recently granted to resume the experiments in all parts of the body except the breasts. Breasts were excluded because the presence of silicone makes cancer diagnoses more difficult.

Silicone injections are thought to be useful in correcting certain cosmetic imperfections, but any experimental procedure may back-fire. Your physician has undoubtedly consulted with other researchers in this field regarding your case. Or he may wish to refer you to another plastic surgeon for a second opinion.

**QUESTION:** My girlfriend had a very unfortunate pregnancy before I met her. She had a Caesarian section and because of complications her uterus had to be removed. She does have her ovaries, however.

I would like to impregnate my girlfriend but obviously can't. Can you advise me on the pros and cons of her getting a uterine transplant or similar therapy?

**ANSWER:** I'm sorry to tell you that no operation for a uterine transplant yet exists. But adopting a child can be as fulfilling to a couple (and the child) as one born to them.

Adopted children even come to resemble their adoptive parents because of similar facial mannerisms and body movements.

**QUESTION:** Whenever I eat in a Chinese restaurant the upper part of my body feels numb, I feel weak all over and my heart seems to pound.

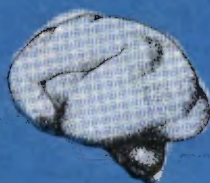
What could be wrong?



3 months



4 months



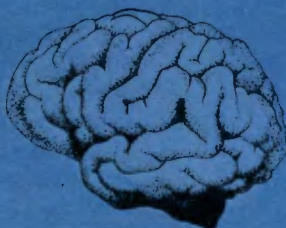
5 months



6 months



7 months



8 months



9 months

**ANSWER:** Chinese Restaurant Syndrome came to public attention last year with the publication of a letter in the "New England Journal of Medicine" from a Chinese physician. Dr. Robert Ho Man Kwok noted these symptoms when dining in Chinese restaurants but not when eating home-cooked Chinese food.

Even before Dr. Kwok's letter appeared, a Yale gastroenterologist had found a connection between Chinese food and headaches in some individuals. Dr. Martin Gordon and seven brave volunteers (all of whom had previously been victims of Chinese Restaurant Syndrome) ate in a Chinese restaurant in New Haven, Connecticut. You know they're brave.

Halfway through the meal they noticed headaches, numbness of the face, palpitation of the heart, sweating, clenched jaws and flushed faces.

The culprit seems to be monosodium glutamate which is generously used in such delicacies as won ton soup. Most people are not sensitive to this seasoning, but those who are sufferers from the dreaded Chinese Restaurant Syndrome.

Don't worry too much about it. One or two hours after the symptoms begin they disappear and you'll be hungry again.

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DEAR DR. HIP POCRATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press. \$5.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters. Write to him c/o OZ.

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**QUESTION:** I have a friend who smokes marijuana almost every day and has fallen behind in his school work.

What can I tell him to make him smoke less?

**ANSWER:** You can tell him any drug can be abused, including marijuana.

"Thinking About Using Pot" is a booklet containing scientific facts about marijuana prepared by Tod Mikuriya, M.D. and Kathleen Goss. Copies cost \$1 each and are available from the San Francisco Psychiatric Medical Clinic, 1840 Grove St, San Calif. 94117.



Does marijuana impair driving ability? Not in experienced users, according to a study published in the May 16th *SCIENCE* Members of the Division of Research of the Washington State Department of Motor Vehicles and Departments of Pharmacology and Psychiatry of the University of Washington School of Medicine gave tests simulating actual driving conditions to 36 marijuana fiends.

The group scored no more total errors on the simulated driving test when stoned than when they were straight. Alcohol, however, caused them to score significantly more driving errors.

The driver-training simulator consisted of a mockup of a car facing a 6 by 18 foot screen in a totally darkened room.

"The test film gave the subject a driver's eye view of the road as it led him through normal and emergency driving situations on freeways and urban and suburban streets."

Alfred Crancer, Jr., of the Washington Department of Motor Vehicles, had previously found in a five year study that a driving simulator test could predict future driving skills (an actual behind-the-wheel test could not). Factors tested during the 23 minute driving film were accelerator, brake, turn signals, steering and speedometer.

The average age of the 36 heads was 22.9 years: 7 were female and 29 male. Each subject had three "treatments." One treatment consisted of waiting in a comfortable lounge with no drug administered before taking the simulator test. The second consisted of drinking 2 Bloody Marys or 2 Screwdrivers of a concentration sufficient to cause a 0.10 per cent blood alcohol level nearly half of drivers fatally injured in auto accidents have been found to have a blood alcohol level of 0.05 per cent or more). The third seemed to be a treat as well as a treatment and consisted of smoking 2 joints of a batch of marijuana kindly provided by the

National Institute of Health.

More "speedometer errors" were made when stoned than when straight but in this test speedometer errors mean not speeding but amount of time looking at the speedometer. The authors of the study believe that drivers high on marijuana spend less time looking at the speedometer because their sense of time perception is altered by the drug.

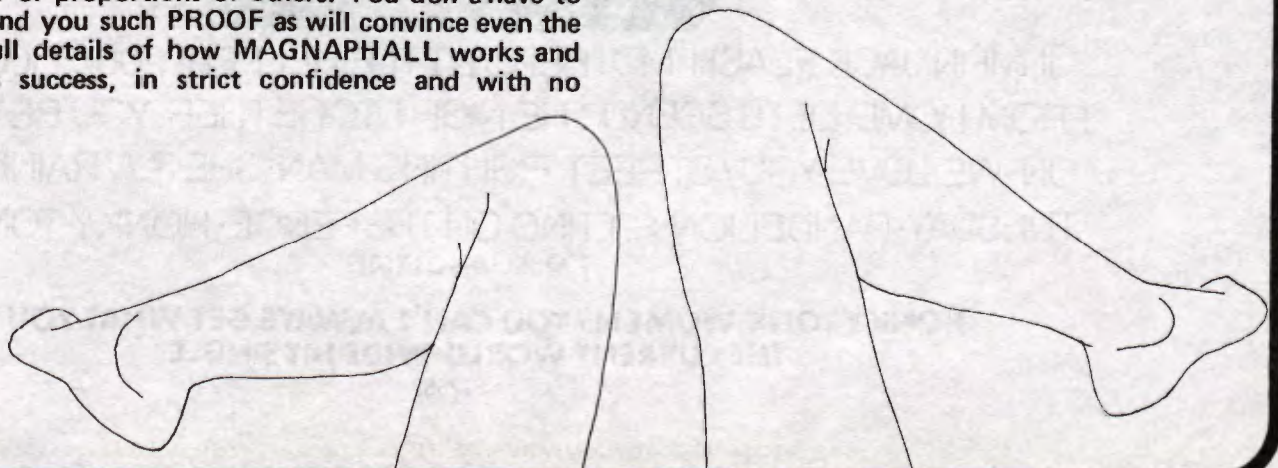
"They often report alteration of time and space perceptions, leading to a different sense of speed which generally results in driving more slowly."

The conclusions of this paper coincide with observations often reported by chronic marijuana users. Some individuals greatly fear driving under the influence of marijuana; others enjoy driving while stoned and believe they perform at least as well as when straight. Driving under the influence of any drug is best avoided but it seems as if another marijuana myth has been shattered.

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# THE ROLLING STONES

## THROUGH THE PAST, DARKLY

(Big Hits Vol. 2)



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INTERVIEW WITH: ILSE OLLENDORFF  
REICH BY HARVEY MATUSOW  
September 1969

Your book (*Wilhelm Reich: A Personal Biography* – Elek Books) is coming out this month

Today Reich is a sort of folk-hero for many thousands of young people both here and in America, and many of them don't even know why.

REICH: My guess would be his attitude towards sexual liberation, which, today of course, is a matter of fact. In Reich's early twenties, the Victorian influence was still very strong, and he was really the first one who tried to liberate youth from Victorian attitudes. He made it quite clear that he felt that sexual liberation was very closely allied to political liberation. Also his work, *Democracy Concepts*, directed against the professional politician. I don't know whether it's as much in Europe as in America... but youths are so fed up with the professional politicians whom they see as ruining everything; that there is, whether they know it or not, an appeal in Reich's book.

Then the attacks on Reich which were perpetrated by the press and by government agencies, not only in the United States, but in Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Austria and Germany were because he was breaking the bonds of Victorian morality?

REICH: Yes. I would think so. They were afraid – evidently rightly so – they were afraid once the liberation came about in the sexual field, that the political liberation would follow. They were afraid for their status quo. Reich was a great rebel, against everything they stood for, and that's where the attacks came from. Of course, their 'attacks' are one of Reich's concepts of the emotional plague, which was completely distorted, again by his disciples. The fact is that you attack someone where you feel yourself attacked – and they felt themselves attacked in their moral concepts, their sexual views, and rightly so. So they attacked Reich in that same field, and made him a sex maniac and what have you.

What was it that Reich was doing with, what the popular press called the Orgone Box, or Orgone Accumulator?

REICH: As I try to explain in my book, the Orgone Energy Accumulator, (its real name,) was an experimental device the function of which was to get the biological energy of the body, a sick body, strengthened. That was its only purpose, to strengthen the biological functioning of a body. Now, it worked out that if, for instance, someone was very anaemic, it would do something to strengthen the haemoglobin content of the blood. It would enhance the biological energy and help the body to fight any disease. It was never claimed by Reich to be a cure-all. He never claimed it could cure anything, and it most certainly wasn't ever mentioned by Reich in connexion with sexual energy or potency which is claimed again and again by the popular sex magazines. Even the United States Food and Drug Administration tried to make it look as if it were a sexual racket. All these allegations against Reich and his work started in an article which appeared in the *New Republic* in 1947.

Did Reich feel that his work with the Orgone Energy Accumulator was stopped

too soon for the kind of results that such experiments could get? That they were never fulfilled because of the Government's injunction which allowed the destruction of the boxes, and the burning of his books? That he really needed more time?

REICH: Again and again, Reich asked the Government to do large scale experimentation with the accumulators in a hospital. Nobody really took it seriously enough to help him and we really didn't have the means to do it on a large scale. Reich had done a lot of large scale experimentation with mice, and it seemed to warrant experimentation on human beings, but it never came to it. He asked again and again for help from large-scale organisations and foundations, but it never came to anything.

So to a great extent it would be true to say that the work on the O.E.A. was never fulfilled? Stilted as a result of ignorance and misconceptions partly derived from over emphasis on sex in a press that attracted certain types of people who had only sex on their mind?

REICH: I think you're very right. The number of people who were on the fringes. It was very distressing to Reich. He didn't want to have anything to do with them, and actually he said that it became such a burden, that in a way he was almost glad when the Government injunction came. To that extent he was freed of that burden, he was beyond that point, it had just been one experiment. He was already in outer space with his experiments at that time. The Accumulator, and human beings, to some extent irritated him. Do I make myself clear?

Yes! You mentioned just now, Reich's moving on to his experiments in outer space, and we know that the Russian Sputnik was launched just one month before he died – he at least lived to witness it. What of his experiments in space?

REICH: I don't actually know very much about it because all the experiments came after I left, or at the time I left. I just couldn't follow his work in outer space. With Reich, life, work, was all one – and if you were not fully with him, it was just impossible to continue living with him. It was beyond me. I just couldn't accept for instance, UFO's as reality. And these he definitely accepted as reality, I couldn't. They may be right, they may not. I don't know enough about it. But Reich claimed to have, not talked, but made contact via his cloud-buster space gun. He claimed to have been able to, not destroy them, but push them away, to chase them away. And he insisted that they came over Organon (Maine, USA) that he saw them hovering overhead, and I couldn't accept that. I am maybe too much of a realist.

Well in prison he used to stand in the yard and look up at the sun, partially shielding his eyes, and if you spoke to him he'd say, "Don't you see them? They're coming. Something has to be done. They're there, can't you see them?"

REICH: Yes. He was convinced that the earth was under attack from outer space. He was absolutely convinced about that and as I said, he thought the whole flight in space could only be done with orgone theory. He was convinced of that. He made big calculations. I didn't understand anything about it, and I couldn't follow it. I know

that he wrote that the Sputnik was a game, a toy, compared with what was going on. He was convinced also that the American Air Force and the Space Agencies were aware of this work. I don't know where he took that belief from, but to me these were illusions.

Today you hear talk that the Space Agencies are experimenting secretly with some of Reich's experiments.

REICH: Well, I haven't heard any of that. This is complete news to me. I haven't even heard the rumours!

What do you think his reaction would be to the fact that man has finally reached the moon?

REICH: I can't even speculate. Absolutely no way of telling.

Do you think, if Reich were alive today – or if Reich's spirit were here, looking at the world today, what do you think his reaction would be, seeing the youth in this new anti-political revolution – do you think he might be smiling somewhere as he looks on?

REICH: I think he would. That would be a very positive thing for him. This anti-political ideal.

About spiritualism, that is, when the body dies, does the spirit continue to live? What were his attitudes?

REICH: Well, he wouldn't talk about the spirit going on living. He would say that orgone energy that fills the body, I mean, what makes us alive, in his opinion, was the orgone energy. He said that you can move, that you are standing erect, that whatever makes life is the energy in you – that's orgone energy. When you are dead, you fall down – the energy leaves your body, and his idea was that this amount of orgone energy which is in the individual body merges with the general orgone ocean outside of us. That was as far as he went. I don't think he believed in the spiritual world. I would accept this idea, that what they call soul or spirit, or whatever leaves the body when it is dead. I have accepted the concept of orgone energy completely, in that sense. As for living matter, I can see that this merges with the general orgone energy ocean.

For instance, talking about total orgasm, which is a fusion really of the totality of the energy, moving outside of oneself, almost to create a new life form, which is to infuse the energy into another life form, and if you feel this, the totality is sort of what he was about – transferring the energy.

REICH: That is what he explained, I think in "Either God or Devil", and what is it there, the cosmic superimposition. This is what he had in mind – the identity of all living matter whether it's in space or in the human body. This is the same energy that moves.

I know that many people have told me who've taken LSD that they're able to go back in their minds to where they're only a dot – they sometimes can't explain what it is – but that it's a dot of energy, like a star – and in a sense they become totally immersed in the universe and they feel that this experience is very similar to what they've read in Reich.

REICH: I would think that this is so. I can't judge because I don't know anything about this experience with drugs, but I think that the experience would be the same. When people talk about it, and Reich wrote about the oceanic streamings and things like that, this is all part of the same idea, of the same energy concept.



# THE NAVY LARK

When I arrived in London on leave I made straight for the pubs in the West End with the intention of getting pissed and maybe finding a bird. I got pissed alright but someone in the bar suggested that the best place to pick up a chick in London wasn't the pubs but in Hyde Park on Saturday afternoon. So I slept off my hangover and toolled down Oxford Street just after lunch on Saturday and found the place crowded with people. Not my sort of people, mind you. You see after six years in the Navy (I joined when I was 15) you tend to think and react in very conservative, orthodox ways. What I mean is you get a sort of short-back-and-sides approach to life.

The people I found in the park were something new to me. I was wearing my wellpressed uniform and feeling very choked up in this unreal atmosphere. We had been at sea for 18 weeks - a long time without birds, music or someone sensible to talk to. I'm on submarines. There's none of this join the Navy and see the world crap. You're trapped in this cold, black prison and suspended under the sea doing jobs you're told nothing about. If you believe the lectures they give you at Portsmouth we're helping NATO - defending western civilisation and the British way of life I suppose. But it's all so ridiculous.

One night I got drinking with some old hands and they absolutely believe that if there's a war it will be over so quickly we won't have a chance to survive. So what's it all about?

Well, I'm in Hyde Park on this Saturday afternoon and there's a guy up front singing and he's asking the same thing - What's It All About? Whether it was drunken remorse or not I can't say but I was feeling pretty lonely and depressed. That's fairly typical with sailors. Have you ever thought why sailors have such a reputation for being drunks? They can't like the stuff - nobody really does. Have you ever thought why sailors have such bad relationships with women? Why do their girlfriends and wives

always run off with other blokes?

Their love affairs don't only break up because they are away so much. It's more than that. I've been on ships and watched the anxiety turn to jealousy and then hate. The Navy doesn't want anybody who can't hate. So when the average sailor comes ashore he's never looking for love or affection he just wants to get all the hate out of his system. Hence the fights, the boozing and the sickening nights in the brothels of Gosport. I was really trying to work all this out in my head when three people sat down near me to listen to the concert. I had the usual reaction - I thought they would stare at my uniform and end up making some smart comment. That's how the fights usually start. But this was altogether different. We somehow started to talk and then when the concert was over they asked me to join them for coffee.

I won't bore you with the Big Romantic Story but by Sunday morning I was in another world from the one that had held me captive for six years. We spent the day visiting people and smoking. At 11 o'clock on Sunday night I knew it was time to get ready to go back to my base. We all drove down to Charing Cross. It was midnight and the streets outside were all pretty deserted. On the platform there were mainly sailors standing around or sitting on their suitcases waiting for the "Special" to take us back. It was the most depressing, empty moment of my life. No one was laughing or joking, all the sailors were trying desperately not to catch the eyes of the person next to him. They were all like executioners going off - in terrible shame - to work the gas ovens. My friends were looking at all the faces and I could tell they were horrified.

I knew immediately what I had to do. "I'm not going back," I said, "let's get out of here." That was a month ago. My life has now changed altogether and it's not just because of the girl I met in the Park and the

scene we've now got going. And it's not just smoking - although this has certainly helped to broaden the levels of my consciousness.

For instance, I now go to operas just as much as I go to pop sessions. I want to study for "A" levels to get some sort of education. The only thing I'm sure about is that I don't want to have to return to the Navy. They've got a warrant out for my arrest now and I have to keep changing my address. And every time I go for a job I am asked for my insurance cards. I can usually work for a fortnight before the boss gets edgy and starts to ask too many questions. Then I have to move on. One day they will catch up on me; I'll be arrested on a demonstration or turned over after a party and then I'll have to go back and face a spell in jail. But that's not the worst of it. My contract with the Navy - the *minimum* contract by the way - is nine years from my eighteenth birthday. This means I will have to serve another six years *plus* the time I was absent without leave. So I could be in until I was 30. The best years of my life wasted in the Navy is an appalling thought. I dread the thought of being captured.

I read the other day in one of the papers that there are about 200 sailors, soldiers and air men who want to get out of the services. (The exact figures on deserters isn't known because the Government is too frightened to give it). I know how all of those 200 feel - frightened and frustrated. I guess I'm really one of the lucky ones - I'm outside trying to lose myself in the Underground while they're still inside roasting. The only organisation, apart from the anarchy of the Underground, helping servicemen like me is the National Council for Civil Liberties. Officially they've got to give you a lecture and tell you to give yourself up but then they try to offer any help.

The Underground can help a little more by being a little more sympathetic. If you see some sailors or soldiers around the scene, don't immediately assume they are nasty, vicious bastards. Some of them may be having severe personality crises; they may be genuinely searching for a life-style that is more fulfilling than helping to organise the destruction of mankind. Behind those uniforms of death there may be souls of life.



To: Captain W. J. Graham, R.N.,  
Officer Entry Section ( 20DH1 ),  
Old Admiralty Building, London, S.W.1.

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**RN**  
ROYAL NAVY



# SPIKE

If the Alternative Society is really to be an alternative, then we must redefine our relationships with one another. Oh, but something is happening, Mr. Jones, look at the Isle of Wight/Woodstock, where half a million young, stoned, broke, anti-careerists sat non-violently and smiled at each other, yakkety yak. It is easy to demonstrate that thousands of people are not football hooligans, wear bright clothes and relate to each other with more warmth than stockbrokers; but when it comes to resolving disagreements deeper Underground, then this new morality is swiftly swamped by the old hypocrisy.

In the US major Underground disputes (LNS, Berkeley Barb, Fillmore East) have not been settled with daffodils and lysergic acid, but with punch-ups, lawyers and lies. In the UK, behind-the-scenes power struggles have often degenerated to a level which would make the occupants of Westminster shudder with envy. Because the participants are often neurotically aware that their private behaviour contradicts their public philosophy, the mud is slung with excruciating intensity.

Last week a crisis raged at IT, and there has at least been an attempt by some to settle it in a spirit not entirely contradictory to that expounded in the paper's editorial pages. As OZ jumbles off to press, the situation changes every minute, so we cannot offer a full report. It is difficult to present the facts objectively, as personal friendships with some of the IT people tend to colour our interpretation. Herewith a cursory and semi-accurate resumé of events, an attempt to present the conflicting points of view and some of the issues raised.

On Sunday October 13, the IT offices were occupied by some members of the IT staff and friends, who announced that the paper would be taken over from the editors. The London Street Commune was invited to join the occupiers, which it did, and both groups issued the following statement.

*The International Times was liberated by the staff of the paper from the offices at 27 Endell Street and is now being run from address below. Since Love Books relinquished control of IT the paper deteriorated to the point where Peter Stansill, David Hall, and Graham Keene*

*claimed to be the legal owners and bosses of the paper. We, the staff of the paper declare that IT is now a workers' group and we will continue to represent the alternative society against any attempts to gain control. Our solicitors have been instructed to take the necessary steps to halt any action the self-styled directors may take. The International Times workers group have invited the London-Street Commune to occupy and use the building in our absence. The Commune will use the building for its own purposes which include the setting up of a Street Newspaper for skinheads, Angels, Beats, and other basties.*

*NOW The International Times is again YOUR PAPER. This is a vital move in the history of the time - the so called UNDERGROUND IS SURFACING. We hope to work closely with the Commune, and the other groups that are helping redefine our society. The new IT will not have editors, typesetters, etc., the roles will go BUT THE WORK WILL BEGIN*

Those involved in the takeover included David Warren, a former art director and Ian Dallas, a former guest editor, Charlotte & Malcolm Jackson (switchboard & distribution), Joe Barenboim (part-time distribution), Gareth Bartlett (general helper), Philip Cohen ("Dr John") of the Commune and others.

When Graham Keen, Mark Williams and others of the editorial staff discovered that they were unable to enter the building, that the advertising girl was allegedly threatened with violence, that crucial distribution, advertising and office files were missing, that the IBM typesetting machine, typewriters and other equipment was being removed and that they didn't know what was going on, they called the police. In retrospect this action is regrettable, but at the time understandable. At any event, the police were asked by IT editors not to take any action.

On Monday night, the editors proposed to solve the dispute by handing over Knullar Ltd., the company which publishes IT, to the occupiers, plus the office and capital equipment. They would ask for at least photocopies of the

distribution/subscription lists and other crucial files to be returned and then they would set about to continue IT from somewhere else. Thus there would be two papers serving the community instead of one. An anticipated problem: Both groups would want to call their papers IT.

This exceedingly generous proposal was put to the occupiers at a meeting in Hyde Park the following Tuesday. It was rejected. No one wanted Knullar Ltd. By Tuesday night the IT staff occupiers had vacated the Endell Street offices, leaving only the London Street Commune, whose members had no loyalty for either side in the dispute, felt they had been used as psychological mercenaries by the IT staff, and were firmly ideologically opposed to the whole concept of IT anyway.

By the end of the week the editors were back. The London Street Commune vacated Endell Street offices after, it is reported, methodically wrecking it. They are now planning to publish their own paper, called AGGRO.

Some of the equipment had been retrieved from the IT rebel staff by the editors, but none of it in working conditions. The staff refuse to return the files and distribution lists and at the time of writing, the editors (plus staff allies) are rounding up "Underground intellectual heavies" to persuade them to change their mind. These lists are also important to Transmission, an independent Underground distribution company, who need them to distribute other Underground magazines.

While many people do not support some of the tactics of the rebels, there is much sympathy for the need for a second Underground paper. It is also agreed that Ian Dallas, when he worked at Endell Street in his capacity as guest editor, consulted staff members, including long serving packers and 'office boys' who had long felt disgruntled at the "elitist working atmosphere." He is certainly a good editor.

Rumour: The amazing 'Suck' is planning to bring out their next issue with the IT logo on the cover.

Dear Oz,  
You give yourselves away at last. The letter you published under my name in your last issue was never written nor signed by me. It is true that I was interviewed about my reactions to your television supplement I understood from you that this was to be subsequently written up and given back to me for correction. It was only with this clear understanding that I undertook to be interviewed at all. I was extremely distressed therefore to find myself quoted out of context in the form of a letter. As it stands, the gibberish that you printed bears no relation to what I feel and I would be grateful if you made this clear to your readers.

Yours sincerely,  
(Tony Palmer)  
BBC

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EXPLAINING to OZ readers the gravity of the Government's new drugs legislation is not an easy task. For most of your subscribers, I suspect, have already made the decision to conduct their own lives by their own standards. But meantime, politicians too are 'doing their thing' which will mean higher penalties for all drug offenders, especially pushers, tougher police powers and compulsory treatment for hard drug addicts. To understand how this Government - the party of Life and Soul - arrived at the point of legislating these measures it is necessary to examine the development of political and social institutions in this country since 1966.

When Labour was re-elected with its massive majority the country braced itself for dynamic change; the trendy technocrats had been given a mandate to shore up the contradictions and injustices in our society. The meek were about to inherit the earth.

Apart from the financial conspiracy which seriously inhibited Labour's plans, there was the sudden, inexplicable caution which revealed the Labour Party to be bankrupt of genuine understanding of the masses. There were, however, one or two exceptions. Roy Jenkins became Home Secretary and immediately set in motion inquiries into the state of the prison service. He lent his support to abortion and homosexual reform.

He reconstituted the standing committees on drug dependence and formed the crucial Government sub-committee on LSD and cannabis under the chairmanship of Baroness Wootton. The committee decided cannabis was the more important drug to consider so it launched what was to become one of the most definitive studies a Government has ever undertaken. Membership comprised doctors, social psychiatrists, a police commissioner, magistrates and lawyers. When it reported to the Government in January this year, however, the social atmosphere had considerably changed. Jenkins was trying to run the economy while the previous Chancellor, J. Callaghan, had been despatched to the Home Office. It was a new era of subtle repression: Callaghan had already passed the racist Commonwealth Immigrants Act and in his talks with his former cronies in the Police Federation he had given the clearest indicators that hippie-bashing was to be a new sport which would earn promotion.

With amazing naivety the cannabis committee handed over its document which concluded that pot-smoking was no more harmful than drinking booze. Three weeks later in Parliament Mr. Callaghan ridiculed the committee and agreed the penalties needed looking at - they would be going up. Now what did the gallant Baroness and her fellow citizens do in the face of this public pillorying? Did they resign? Did they tell Callaghan to elect a tame committee if he was so desperate to get a tame report? Not a bit of it. They are all earnestly slaving away on the LSD report, later they'll join committees looking at peace corps work among the Welsh unemployed. As Trotsky said, bureaucracies once erected take on a life of their own.

Baroness Wootton has what is known as an acute committee mentality. She's served on more committees than any known British subject. And the rules of the committee game are that you never resign when you've been kicked around, you pursue further Good Works in the name of social improvement. Having insulted the committee and received plaudits from the Press, the Pulpit and



the Politicians, Callaghan is now armed with the forces of reaction to clamp down on people who take drugs. He feels that the Home Secretary's job needs to show a smack of authority. Hitting the blacks is too controversial so hit the hippies. Who'll complain? And what better tonic for the party just before the election. "CALLAGHAN STOPS DRUG PERIL" - Mr. Callaghan announced today wide-sweeping changes in the law to halt the drugs menace which is imperilling the youth of Britain. He delivered the legislative package in the Commons today to the cheers of both sides of the House. Mr. Callaghan demonstrated the firm hand of Government which will be so helpful in the forthcoming election campaign.

Of special concern is the proposal to compulsorily treat regressive hard drug addicts. Countenancing "compulsion" in managing any part of society is fraught with dangers. It is solely invoked at the moment in the treatment of mentally disturbed people - but only after rigorous psychological examination by a panel of doctors. With addicts, however, we have a more sinister and obvious interference with civil liberties if this section of the new Act is passed. Police will have the right to pick up addicts and hand them over to hospitals who can instantly compel the patient to a closed mental institution for so-called treatment. The patient will not have the right to challenge the medical procedure. One can easily foresee circumstances in which the police will arrest so-called troublesome members of the Underground and not have them locked away in Wormwood Scrubs on legal charges, but simply have them incarcerated by the medical profession.

In a year's time the Labour Party will be telling the workers, the middle and upper classes that it is definitely *not* the permissive party, and it is the party which hammered the hippies. But pot will proliferate and so will the number of young people who cannot accept the contradictions and madneses of our present society. The Callaghan Bill is due to pass through Parliament at the end of this year; the Tories, if they win office, will probably pass a revised version containing more potent weapons against social outcasts. It is not, however, new laws against hippies which will solve the housing, hospital and education crises in Britain. We look to the answer for these problems in a re-arrangement of our social priorities which neither political party provides today. In helping to get these priorities right, hippies may find it necessary to abandon their Underground Toryism, their pop-cultural side-shows. A real opposition is needed. Maybe after Callaghan has had his way, 'revolution' won't seem such a dirty word.

A. M.

**Books received:**

Let 'em Roll Kafka. Poems by Peter Brown, Fulcrum Press. Hard back 21/-, paper back 10/6.

Battered poems from a battered cornerstone of the Underground as it was before the flower power days of 1967. The poems are slight, sad, painfully personal, sometimes funny. Here's one: "Few"

Alone tired half drunk hopeful  
I staggered into the bogs  
at Green Park Station  
and found 30 written on the wall

Appalled I lurched out  
into the windy blaring neon Picadilly  
night  
thinking surely,  
Surely there must be more of us than  
that ...

Where are the real poets of the Underground? They were not, you probably noticed, at the Isle of Wight - in between sets, poetry was flung to the vast crowd with great energy, but it wasn't the kind of stuff those kids wanted to hear. There were no connections made. Unless you were over 25.

The Marijuana Papers - Edited by David Solomon. Panther Modern Society paperback. 12/-.

Contains no surprises, but it's an exhaustive and definitive book about a subject we all know and love. Buy it and get your facts right for once and for all.

The Pop Process. Richard Mabey. Hutchinson Educational. 30/-.

It seems appropriate that this book should be published by a firm describing themselves as 'educational'. It seems destined to go straight to the library shelves for use as a history and reference book, when Pop becomes yet another boring subject for study in comprehensive schools. I prefer Nick Cohn's totally personal approach to Mabey's more analytical study, but the book is interesting nevertheless. Pop is a bottomless barrel of fascination, and Mabey manages to give us a lot of scrapings. Read him for the badness of some of his opinions. For example: "Another Side of Bob Dylan is a failure by any standards" - he didn't even find To Ramona of any value.

Bound for Glory. Woody Guthrie. J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., 45/-.

This autobiography covers the first thirty years of the life of Woodrow W. Guthrie, up to 1942. It's a moving book, almost too much to take as the searing sixties scorch to a conclusion. It's a book from the golden age of America when the dream was still a dream. The dialogue is idealised, sentimental, like an old John Wayne movie. Guthrie comes across as pacifist, with a narrow masculine range of emotions and so compassionate as to be almost non-human. As a traveller, hobo, man of the road, he has more relevance than Kerouac, and reading the book will show you why and just how much Bob Dylan was under his spell.

Groupie. Jenny Fabian and Johnny Byrne. New English Library. 25/-.

- The most interesting things about Groupie are its thinly disguised ("only based on" we are assured) portraits of:
- Caroline Coon (Liza Bellamy)
  - Anthony Haden-Guest (Reginald Chatterton)
  - Thom Keyes (Theo)
  - Jeff Dexter (Lonny)
  - Jenny Fabian (Katie)
  - Johnny Byrne (Johnny)
  - Pink Floyd (Satin Odyssey)
  - Ben (Sid Barrett)
  - The Soft Machine (Dream Battery)
  - The Family (Relation)
  - Rik Grech (Joc)
  - Roger Chapman (Spike)
  - Tony Gourvish (Grant)
  - The Nice (The Elevation)
  - The Fugs (The New York Sound and Touch)
  - Jimi Hendrix Experience (Jacklin H. Event)
  - Noel Redding (Keith)
  - Mitch Miller (Sam)
  - Aynsley Dunbar (Jubal Early Blow-back)
  - Max (Alexander Sigmund Dnochow-ski)
  - Spooky Tooth (Shadow Cabinet)
  - Zoot Money (Zach Franks)
  - Andrew King (Nigel Bishop)
  - Dave Hauseman (Jason Wylie)
  - Dantalian's Chariot (Transfer Project)

LF.JA.

**HEAVY AUTUMN**

THE NEW MOBILISATION COMMITTEE TO END THE WAR IN VIETNAM along with many other groups is planning a series of actions this autumn on an unprecedented scale. The anti-war demonstrations culminate in the US on November 14 with a nation-wide student strike, and November 15 with mass marches in San Francisco and Washington DC, to demand that ALL the Troops be brought home NOW. Co-incident demonstrations are planned in London.

RONALD REAGAN at the Albert Hall. He will address the Institute of Directors on November 6.

He should be given a big welcome here and anywhere else he goes.

Reagan as killer: His score at Peoples' Park, Berkeley, California (see OUTCRY, reprinted in OZ 21) was:

James Rector, student, DEAD, age 25.  
Alan Blanchard, artist, BLINDED for life.

Seventy brothers and sisters wounded.  
Give him the welcome he deserves.

SOUTH AFRICAN SOLIDARITY COMMITTEE plans a mass demonstration on NOVEMBER 16 to show support for struggle of the South African people against racial oppression. Inquiries to 211 Ladbroke Grove, London W 10.

BIAFRA WEEK 24th October to 1st November, organised by Biafra '69, a fund raising committee formed in March this year. Events: Albert Hall Pop Concert - Georgie Fame, Delanie and Bonnie (27th October). Ball - Madam Tussauds (31st October). Film - National Film Theatre (29th October). Information: Peter Hazel-Smith 01-437 6002.

because the boys playing football  
eat out my heart  
that is why i protest  
because every policeman like a star  
in hollywood detests me  
that is why i protest

because the little girl on the fourth  
storey falls like a bomb  
that is why i protest  
because the grocer is full of knives  
and i am almost dead  
that is why i protest

because we are so in love  
and yet are dying  
protest protest  
because we are men and do what men do  
protest

From 21 Songs of the Revolution, by Julian Beck.

COLLECTOR'S DREAM: Two complete sets of OZ 1-21, bound in red leather, embossed in gold. We have only two for sale. They were expensive to bind and will impress your friends. Price: £50 each. Please write to BOUND OZes, 52 Princedale Road, London W.11.

APOLOGY: We were overwhelmed by the response to our Jimi Hendrix poster offer. We had 200 extra printed, but at 5/- a time, we can't afford to run off any more. For those who missed out, sorry

OZ SUBSCRIPTIONS  
42/-/6 dollars for 12 issues.  
52 Princedale Road, London W.11.



Governor Reagan of California captured in a pose from his modelling, pre-Hollywood days.

Mick Farren's outpourings in the last OZ is from a collection of subversive material to be produced at the end of the year under the title of 'Canned London', a giant-sized sardine can of prose, posters, photos, records and other goodies.

EXAMPLE: Alan Aldridge poster pictures by Clive Arrowsmith, a SF comic/novel by Eduardo Paolozzi and Anthony Haden-Guest and a record by The Deviants.

Christopher Robbins has been getting it together over the last few months under the working name of 'Factory'. 'Everything in the can is either about or by the young in London now. That can mean, of course, anything from heads to skinheads, but most of the things and the people we deal with go under the amorphous title of underground.'

Other people involved with the production of the can are Andre Del Amo, promotion, Bob Cotton, graphics, Roger Stowell photos and Larry Pryce, street interviews.

Spike found himself at the Horse of the Year show last weekend - where the upper-middles celebrate their allegiance to the Crown and equestrianism. Earnest young pony-clubbers compete for the big prize - riding through slalom races with obstacles. One of the games was 'knock the hippies heads off' - each team had to ride over a course, dismount, then throw stones at effigies of hippies until their heads fell off, remount and finish the course. Princess Anne loved it - this was the only event that distracted her from non-stop eating and drinking.

THE RADICAL RESEARCH CENTRE is a non-profit organisation formed early in 1969 to index the many publications of the alternative press. The centre operates through a decentralised network of indexers who send reports in for compilation on computers. They need an indexer for OZ. Anyone interested, write to Radical Research Centre, Carleton College, Northfield, Minn. 55057, USA.

Solidarity has published a special report on the Ilford Squatters. Price: 6d. For copies write to Andy Anderson, c/o Solidarity, 79 Balfour Street, SE 17.

Why did Melody Maker refuse to print the ad from Island Records which appears on our back cover?





# Mozzic

## AND THE REVOLUTION

When Joshua fit the Battle of Jericho the walls came tumbling down. That's the revelation. The holy Ghost talking. So it can be done. The way to crack a mirror or shiver a wineglass is to find the right frequency and pound it. Like those strobe lights that picked up the B-rhythms of some kids dancing around in Ealing or somewhere, and threw them into epileptic fits. T.C. knows a cat in Australia who used to make strange music sitting between two huge columns and singing into them and feeding and feeding it back and back. Finally, he burst a blood vessel in his head and now he's crazy. If you sit a man with a bucket on his head and let a water-tap drip onto it, he'll be

crazy within hours. The Japanese taught some Australians that. Music hath charms to tame the savage breast, as Shakespeare noticed. Music hath alarums to wild the civil breast, as well, as Tuli Kupferberg pointed out. It is partly a matter of the mode of the music, but then as well something to do with the ears the music exists in. He that has ears to hear, let him hear. The bell tolling in the desert makes no sound.

What then is the mode of revolutionary music in October 1969? And who's it for? Mick Farren is right to agonise over the superficiality of the rock revolution. The underground is falsely complacent, living on an exaggerated notion of its own importance and effectiveness, which Mick Farren tirelessly deflates and derides. He looks back with furious nostalgia at the time when ugly, desperate, grinding songs were million sellers. When shop-girls, mechanics, storemen, packers, gasfitters, wharf labourers and their girls, found dignity, lust and anger in the music of rock. It is painful to hear the skinheads saying as they look over the crowds, past the enclosure where the beautiful people bask in a cloud of Mick Jagger's spittle, "Well, the Stones are one of us, arnay?" Expensive drugs, more expensive butterflies, dead mates, Baby Jane Holzer's dildo, no, baby, the Stones are not one of you. By Marianne Faithfull's sacred Mars bar they are not one of you. They are being protected from you by the Underground's favourite scapegoats, the poor old phoney Hell's Angels. In the official souvenir of that concert there is a photograph of the groupies' enclosures backstage, which features, in filthy yellow



plush trousers, Ibiza vest, chain, and dilly-bag, the underground impresario himself. The expression on his face sums up the whole blind alley of revolutionary music. "Why isn't it working" those hot eyes are saying. "What the fuck happened?"

Why did Mick Jagger not tell those quarter of a million people to take over the city? Why did they behave so well and pick up all their garbage? They were celebrating their togetherness, boasted the underground. They showed the parent-generation how they were gentle and loving and co-operative. Mick Farren knew that that was not how it was. The phenomenon had been contained. No one need be afraid of the Rolling Stones any more. They couldn't





change a thing. They didn't want to change a thing. They arrived at the head of the pop wave expressing the vague discontent of their generation. They were rewarded with money and initiated into the fancy vices of the upper class, drugs, buggery, cruelty and vicarious violence. Home video of the Aberfan disaster with "Yes sir, that's my baby" for a backing. Loving, gentle, co-operative my arse. Still, it was genuine. The greasers, the rockers, the mods, the skinheads, the hippies, the yippies, all of your genuine working class youth would have been corrupted in the same way. Only the bourgeois revolutionary can spurn the insidious rewards this society offers to successful subversion. Only the middle class rebel yearns for the proletariat.

*Someone told me times are changing  
But looking all around it seems the same  
Buying selling running hiding  
Wondering if the world has any shame  
Looking from my window  
Blank faces queue for something new to come  
But nothing ever changes  
And their dreams all wither in the sun*

(The Deviants. Transatlantic)

The rock revolution failed because it was corrupted. It was incorporated in the capitalist system which has power to absorb and exploit all tendencies including the tendencies towards its own overthrow. The Rolling Stones have been absorbed, and their music has been corrupted too. *Honky-tonk woman* like the *Salt of the Earth* is merely a new perversion, a kind of self-conscious slumming. It stinks. And yet, even if Frank Zappa has had to throw Mick and Marianne out of his house in Laurel Canyon, Mick Jagger is still a better man than he, because the deficiencies in his revolutionary theory do not matter, because the corruption and faggotisation of his own character are irrelevant. What is only important, is that the Rolling Stones found the frequency, they sounded the chime, they dripped the tap on to the bucket, they cracked the mirror and busted the glass. *Satisfaction* can never be unwritten. It has been heard, for there were ears to hear.

Frank Zappa is more intelligent and a better musician than any of the Stones, and that is probably why he would never risk immolation as a pop hero. For Mick Jagger is a victim, after all, and it makes little difference whether he is aware of the fact. Though, when he chooses to dance in a studded dog collar and his white clown suit, perhaps we may assume that he has an inkling.) Zappa may enjoy his artistic and other sorts of integrity, but he will never make a contribution to the revolution of sensibility which is the pre-requisite of political revolution. The converted seek out Zappa and learn more about their attitudes from him, but the Stones helped thousands of kids to bust out. What pains Mick Farren, and it pains him terribly all of the time, is that the bust out was so trivial in its immediate effects. So his music dashes itself against the horns of a polylemma - every proposition has its *but*. Music must reach a mass audience, *but* it will then become

commercial. Music must please those who hear it, *but* it must not make the unbearable bearable. Music must be violent and exciting, *but* it must not provide harmless expression for violence and frustration. In such a conflict Mick Farren's Deviants could only use music as a weapon. Tune, harmony, rhythm were a bunch of Uncle Tomisms. The Deviants were offensive. Mick screamed, Russ battered. When the equipment collapsed, or silence ensued for any reason, Mick bawled at his audience, pleading with them to tear the hall down, to fuck, or shit, telling them the home truths about the management, libelling, protesting, complaining, cursing. But the audience remained an audience. They listened. They stood still, patient under barrages of feedback and Mick's incomprehensible yelling. They wanted to have a good time, and there was this wheezing Jeremiah begging them to hate something. They were too good mannered even to hate him. Mick ended up hating nearly all his audiences. He meant to yell at their parents, but he ended up yelling at them.

*We are the people who pervert your children,  
Who lead them astray from the lessons you taught them,  
We are endangering civilisation,  
We are beyond rehabilitation.*

(The Deviants. Transatlantic)

But they aren't endangering civilisation. It's all fantasy. The Stone could claim this, they still could, but they never would. Mick Farren is convinced, passionate, sincere and unsparing of himself in his service of the revolution, and that's just what's wrong with him. Electronic music was a glimpse into the possibility of liberation, not expounded but demonstrated on the nerves; kids began to dance, to leap, and their want was born. Mick Farren understood the phenomenon politically, intelligently. He is still the best critic the English Underground has, and like Jeremiah he ought to be heeded. But he cannot sing. He cannot sing because, although he has a freaky throat, he cannot *hear*. And he never did hear what rock music really was, in terms of guts and glory. He is an impresario, but he does not understand exactly what it is that he's peddling, any more than any other Denmark street wheel-and-dealer. The most significant part of the rock revolution, because it did happen, was that kids got into their bodies. Music is a curious medium. Utterly abstract in its construction, but completely sensuous in its apperception. Tunes, rhythms can only be conveyed by exact mimicry. They are not ideas. Mick Farren writes lovely prose, he has good, tough, sharp ideas, but he is not and never will be into his body. He is a victim of one of the meanest tricks that our sick civilisation plays upon the body-soul hookup, chronic asthma. As a result of it, he is addicted to a particularly brutal form of stimulant. This tyrannical dance with death has too much to do with the kind of music he makes, and with the deadly if microscopic efficiency of the Pink Fairies' operations in fucking up other people's music. King Crimson are still apologising for the gig they did at the Speakeasy, which is the only regime which the Pink Fairies will ever upheave. *Deviants* they were put off and

harassed by a more than usually drunken and drugged Twink, Steve Tooke and Mick Farren.

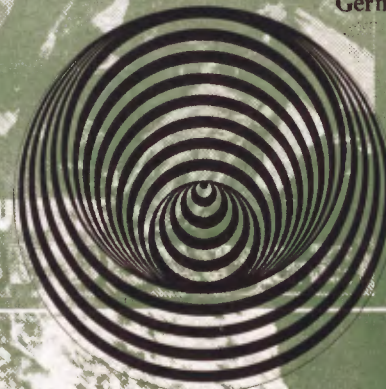
But something has happened. The Deviants are no longer Mick Farren's Deviants. Under all the bullshit flummery of the Pink Fairies something was really happening. A leather giant with a deformed arm, and a natural Charles II mane, leans into the mike and says with a maniacal smile, "let's have some fun" before he drives off on deranged lead guitar. That's it. That's the pulse. He has it. The bass player can find it from him, and Russ boxes out the frenzy on drums. The words are inaudible. The band practises these days. They dig it. They are into it. Soon their audiences will fuck without being told. The Deviants have discovered music. They used to be frail and pious. Mick's yelling was still preaching after all. Now Paul Rudolf's "Let's have some fun" could set up a sympathetic vibration in the foundations of the Home Office. Mick has responded to the pressure, which looks these days like bouncing him clean off the stage, with a change in the group's public image. He is no longer il Duce. Russ and Sandy and Paul talk to the papers too. Mick has swapped "The Pink Fairies are organising a musical attack on authority, like the MC5 in Chicago (sic) a strategic, organised and effective attack on the straights" type bullshit for the "If Nat Joseph thinks you're sincere he just lets you get on with it your way" type bullshit.

Factory has yet to publish its deal on the Pink Fairies, with its special record and all that. If it does it really ought to change its name to Fantasy. The basic weapon of the Pink Fairy conspiracy is conservative. The machine gun that will rip open a policeman's chest and furnish Mick Farren with a satisfactory orgasm at last is the weapon of the straights: to kill a man is simply murder; it is revolution to turn him on.

It is not the groups who call themselves Underground who will provide the music that will shake the walls of the city. It is not the polemicists who choose a microphone and electronic backing to continue an argument who will enlighten the straights who continue to be born. It is not the best musicians, and it is not the worst. But it will be done with music.

*Beware a man who is not moved by sound.  
He'll drag you to the ground  
Come dance with me, come dance  
with me in (Wilson's) land  
Come dance with me, we'll beat  
that hoary band.*

(Tuli Kupferberg)  
Germaine





FOREST  
FOREST  
FOREST

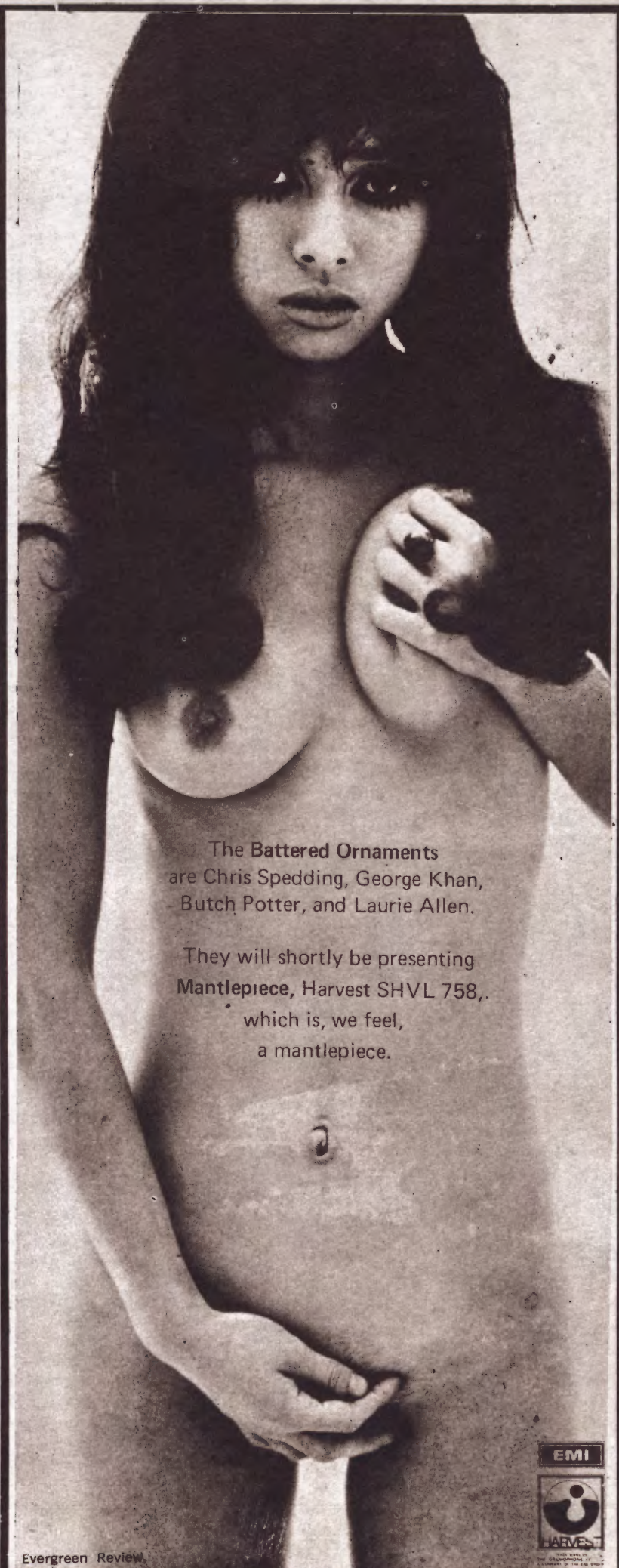
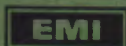
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which is, we feel,  
a mantlepiece.



Evergreen Review



ARTHUR... OR THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. The Kinks. Pye NPL 18317.

Ray Davies' appetite for middle-class, suburban 'Nowhere Men' seems to be almost as insatiable as it is predictable. From early '66, Davies has been writing and the Kinks have been performing that same old song. Is the distance from YOU REALLY GOT ME to WATERLOO SUNSET really much further than the length of DEAD END STREET? I wonder. But there's no denying that if there is little sign of any change in content on the Kinks specialised menu, Davies is still certainly cooking better than ever. Put it another way; if we hadn't heard it all before, this album would probably be heralded with blaring trumpets and ecstatic acclaim... but we all know what familiarity breeds.

It's interesting that Davies has always claimed his function in song writing to be that of reporter, rather than preacher. His insistence that he advocates no change in lifestyle for 'Arthur' & friends is fully justified, bearing in mind the strong journalistic overtones of his compositions and the comparatively few 'lapses' into comment. Well, at least his is a more tolerant attitude than say, George Harrison's honking wallowing 'Piggies, in their starched white shirts, whose lives are growing worse, grovelling in the dirt.' Davies will have none of this... dig:-

'She's bought a hat like Princess Marina's... so she don't care', (what you think of her?); or, 'He's bought a hat like Anthony Eden's, he says it makes him feel like a Lord!'. The M.C.5. would not, perhaps be amongst Mr. Davies' biggest fans?

Instrumentally, 'Arthur' is several steps removed from his predecessors, and Davies, always a master of eclectic licence, (nine or is it ten chart single hits is no small feat, whether you care about charts or not), has excelled himself on the arrangements. Ninety per cent of his material is hybrid, it's true, but it's never Xeroxed. I can't ever tell exactly where he steals anything from. Strains of George Martin, Cole Porter, Norman Petty and Benjamin Britten are all in evidence. Welsh Mining Community Brass Bands or B.B.C. Northern Light Dance, Vera Lyn to Beeheart, Ray handles them with the ease that only experience brings. Look, the air-raid sirens! in 'MR. CHURCHILL SAYS are actually in key! How professional can you get?

But, like Townshend's TOMMY, although the music is great fun and an integral part of the whole production, it is specifically designed to serve its purpose, and no more. In fact, no more is required. The music, and even the Kinks themselves, are merely a horse upon which the ever smiling Mr. Davies is firmly mounted.

To give him his full credit, there can be no doubt that Davies lives and breathes his characters. 'Arthur' is his own special anti-heroic creation. You can tell he spies on him, takes notes of him on tubes and buses, collects items on him in newspapers and researches his history with considerable diligence. The album is, in fact, subtitled

BRITISH EMPIRE... and lines like, 'Mr. Beaverbrook says we gotta save our tin/cos all the garden gates and empty cans are going to make us win... have that delicate ring of (authentic) confidence. Twisted phrasing has always been a Davies' speciality too... Pack up your ambition in your old kit bag...', brilliant!

I do dig this album. It's sometimes sensitive... Some mother's son lies in a field... somewhere someone is trying to be so brave... often heavy-handed... Australia no class distinction, Australia no drug addiction... He's non-progressive and full of Yorkshire Pudding. I can't help feeling, though, that while Ray Davies' lyrical coat is undoubtedly many coloured, surely by now it must be wearing slightly shiny at the elbows and egg stained round the lapel. After all, he's been wearing it... for nearly four years. But perhaps he's comfortable in it like Arthur is in his?

FELIX DENNIS

#### LOOKING BACK John Mayall Decca LK5010 (Mono) SKL 5010 (Stereo)

The cover is presumably symbolic. I mean there's this backwater railway siding Somewhere In The American West, with engine 1273 looking very stagey and antiquated in the background. And there's Mayall, buckskin jacket and all, hitching himself aboard another train in the foreground, glancing away from the camera, over his shoulder. Looking back.

For a long time Mayall has epitomized white English blues and the Mayall group, under its various aliases (The Powerhouse Four, the Blues Syndicate, the Blues-breakers *et al*) has acted as a watershed, a catchment area for developing musical talents. The list is long and, by now, well known, and most of them are here on "Looking Back", naked and unashamed: Jack Bruce, Eric Clapton, Roger Dean, Aynsley Dunbar, Mick Fleetwood, Hughie Flint, Peter Green, Keef Hartley, Dick Heckstall-Smith, Jon Hiseman, John McVie, Mick Taylor. These are all talents which ultimately proved too great for one man to organize and channel. At frequent intervals the watershed has overflowed, the talents coursed away in tributaries until, many times removed from their original source, they have reached the vast sea of their particular public. While Mayall himself remains inland, isolated, accessible only to a few hardy blues pilgrims.

As the title suggests, this is a retrospective album, an historical document rather than a piece of living popular music. It covers a period from April 1964 to December 1967 and demonstrates, with its absence of real musical progression (in the same period, for instance, the Beatles moved from *Hard Days Night* to *Sergeant Pepper*) why Mayall has never really made it beyond the record collections of the blues purists, and why so many of those talents found it necessary to split and find their own direction. None of the songs really break new territory. The dominant voice is Mayall's; he explores his own idiom adequately but never attempts to

move outside it. This is not to demean Mayall's stature in any way. The musical scene in Britain today owes no man a greater debt than Mayall, but it's sad that the debt will never be paid in the public acclaim the man deserves. Not, that is, while the music remains so insular and the format so rigid.

This then is an album for the pilgrim rather than for the explorers on the frontiers of modern pop. Mayall climbs aboard his train. The train moves off. The rails stretch out ahead, a straight line to the horizon. Occasionally the train makes a halt and passengers alight. They're bored with the journey and this is where they change. New passengers board. The train starts up again. Mayall has to ride it through. He watches the horizon but it never gets any closer.

Graham Charnock

#### BRAVE NEW WORLD. Steve Miller. Capitol EST 184

Not this time Steve, you didn't try hard enough. You're still beautiful and we luv ya, but you're walking through one track too many, just flashing your credentials. Unfortunately we've got too tough to take the gravy without the potatoes. You taught us to be tough with SAILOR. A battalion of Nicky Hopkins may have helped but then it wouldn't be Stevie Guitar Miller.

I like the cover; it's been out for months in the States you know. Ah yes, that's Steve, all the stuff... lovely vocals with the drums. Sha la la la la la, nice... a bit of rock and roll, drums good but a bit flashy... ordinary blues, unnecessary, what's next... lovely opening lovely, dropping off his consonants like Jagger, and there's Nicky, beaut... not bad sounds on that side, yeah turn it over for me will you... some pretty Miller, an eclecte or something in the background, yeah it's alright, but playing around a little, maybe the next one will have the right vibes... God, this is ordinary too, a touch of Sailor and Get Back, in fact that's the second bit like Get Back... bottleneck, sort of early Stones, these parallels are off putting when you notice them, it's poor and there's only one more track;... good good, beautiful bending of guitar strings, nice shuffling beat like Traffic or the band, it's turning heavy, heavier, but it's better than the previous track, the end piece is like the end of side one on Abbey Road, which is like the House of the Rising Sun. Well I dunno, it's good but doesn't grab you like Sailor.

It's awfully well produced, thank-you-Steve-and-Glyn-Johns. The sordid stereo crossovers are delightfully absent. It's a shame you can't produce a one-sided record, then we could salvage a side comparable to Sailor. Not enough of the usual strong tunes, letting the arrangements do too much.

I like it, but, nag, nag, it isn't good enough. You can't save us from drowning and leave us on an island with just a sob, sob, memory of yourself.

Some of it's good to dance to.

T. R. ZELINKA







# THE BEATLES Come Together

On initial hearing I thought that the isolated life led by The Beatles had at last begun to show in their work: that they lacked new experience and stimulus and consequently had few new musical or lyrical ideas. Paul at home with Linda and Mary watching the box; John and Yoko watching *Top Of The Pops* on telly in the back of their white Rolls with black glass as it cruises down Saville Row on its way to Ascot; Ringo the happy family man and George strangely upset by his bust, uncertain about his friends but singing *Hare Krishna*. But the more you play *Abbey Road* the better it becomes, this is often the case with Beatles material but this time its more so. The same with their musical activity: To many people very little has happened since *Sgt Pepper: Magical Mystery Tour* wasn't issued as an album here and *The Beatles* seemed disjointed and patchy – but *Sgt Pepper* was a long time ago and in fact SGT PEPPER is DEAD! The Beatles, however, are not and have been doing a stack of things.

John and Yoko released "Two Virgins" (Sapcor 2); "Life With The Lions" (Zapple 01) and formed The Plastic Ono Band, recording "Give Peace A Chance" (Apple 13) in a hotel room in Montreal. John joined with Paul to record "The Ballad Of John and Yoko" (EMI R 5786) without the others.

Paul's working on another album with Mary Hopkin after producing "Postcard" (Sapcor 5) but he's not all in the smaltz bag, if you get out the new Steve Miller Band album "Brave New World" and play the last track "My Dark Hour" you'll hear him very smooth on bass and so tight on drums the sound almost goes up its own ass. He is credited under his nostalgic 1950's Mister Teezi-Weezi style name *Paul Ramon*. Needless to say its the best track on the album.

George has been hard at it with "Wonderwall" (Sapcor 1) and "Electronic Sound" (Zapple 02) and in production he did Jackie Lomax's "Is This What You Want" which he also plays on, along with Paul and Ringo and the more recent Billy Preston album "That's The Way God Planned It" (Sapcor 9). He produced and plays bass on "Hare Krishna Mantra" and is revealed to be *L'Angelo Misterioso* playing rhythm guitar on "The Badge" which he also co-wrote. This little recondite cut is found on "Goodbye Cream" (Atco SD 7002) and is very pretty.

Ringo's been into films and has recording plans which I'm told I can't reveal, but he has been getting interested in country and Western music of late – check out his tracks on *The Beatles* and *Abbey Road*.

They made the "Get Back" film and album (now scheduled for January release) but got so fed up with it that they couldn't finish it. Some of the numbers: "Maxwell's Silver Hammer", "Oh Darling!" and "She Came In Through The Bathroom Window" were taken from the Twickenham sound track and re-recorded for the "Abbey Road" album. I heard an early take of "She Came In Through The Bathroom Window" back in May. It was on reel 97 of the Nagra recordings of "Get Back". The amount of Beatle material is staggering, if they ever

issue a variorum edition of out-takes such as the one done with Charlie Parker material, it will take up several hundred albums. The Beatles have moved on again: from the fab four mop-tops to psychedelia and musical complexity and now a paring down to a more simple music, not a return but a progression.

## ABBEY ROAD:

The sleeve photographs by Iain Macmillan, who did their first album sleeve, represent this album perfectly. The picture shows the Beatles happily back at the EMI Abbey Road studios, after a brief flirtation with Kingsway and Trident studios they've gone home to where "Rubber Soul" and "Sgt Pepper" were made on old 4-track equipment. Now EMI has 8 tracks and The Beatles usual engineer, one of the world's best, Geoff Emerick is there and so is (Big) George Martin and all... Its like a British *Carry On* film, Abbey Road itself with gentile trees and late Victorian mansions, the studios Battle of Britain modern. All under a blue sky.

Its good British Rock, The Beatles at their worst being better than anything that ever came out of San Francisco and this being much better than that. They combine East Coast Rock with British Umpah music. They reach undreamt, of highs and a few lows but not many and they're still good. You can even dance to it like you did when Beatle-jackets were all the rage (remember them?). I imagine you have this album by now so we won't describe each track, just some of them...

The album opens with John's rocker "Come Together". The title is the slogan of Tim Leary's campaign but as John says: "Obviously this isn't a good campaign song, so I'll write him another one. This one just turned out to be a funky bit of rock!" Its simple and good and may be the backside of "Something" when its issued in The States as a single, so John can listen to it without having to hear the whole album. "Something" is by George. It represents the full maturity of George as a song writer (no-matter what Tony Palmer says). Its a pretty song and will last a long time, its also not underground (fortunately, as most underground music sucks). Paul includes "Maxwell's Silver Hammer", a complex little piece, locked firmly into his particular style and often with references (both musical and lyrical) to previous 'hits'. The references to 'pataphysics concerns Alfred Jarry's science of the exceptional. Paul's interest dates back three or four years but he isn't a member. The only British pop group holding any pataphysical honours are The Soft Machine who hold the *Ordre de la grande Gidouille*. This track is a perfect example of Paul's combination of American Rock with British brass band music (he produced The Black Dyke Mills Band if you remember). Ringo's track "Octopus's Garden" shares the same brass band influences, this time combining them with country and with Beatle high harmony backings. Look out for these as they are absolutely perfect! The two heavy numbers on side one are "Oh Darling" and "I Want You" which show the Beatles can do it better than everyone else and that they like it; so do I and I'm sure that you will as

well! "I Want You" in fact shows up most heavy blues albums as a pile of shit as nothing could be heavier and yet they don't resort to distortion and feedback, in fact they include some really subtle and delicate passages...

Side two *Abbey Road* consists largely of the medley Paul assembled but includes fragments of mid-period Lennon Rock like "Mean Mister Mustard" and "Polythene Pam", the latter of which has lovely English lyrics, "She's the kind of Girl that makes the News Of The World" etc... The whole side is an exercise in harmony, colour and texture ("Because" and "The Sun King"), very complex in tone and mood change, meaningless words throughout most as the language of music and musical images are what counts on this album (and on future ones). Some pieces are extrovert 'Beatlemusic' such as "The End" but others are very personal such as Paul's "You Never Give Me Your Money" which is surely dedicated to Allen Klein... "You just give me your funny papers". The Beatles are evolving a whole new musical language again, the words don't matter, they arrive from here and there, often from schooldays: "1234567, all good children go to heaven" or the traditional words to "Golden Slumbers" which are sung (with a very different tune) in junior school. The music with these two pieces is some of the most beautiful on record, particularly behind the "1234..." section where the mixing is done with extreme care and sensitivity.

Throughout the side there are flashbacks to previous tracks, "You Never Give Me Your Money" and also references to previous Beatle records "Monday's On The Phone To Tuesday..." The Beatles are wrapping it up, progressing to a new simplicity (lyrically) but a new complexity (musically) and between them creating a new high in British pop: "You Never Give Me..." is more complex in its editing (actual tape splicing and overlay) than anything on "Sgt Pepper". It makes me happy because when The Stones brought out "Honky Tonk Women" I thought that we only had two top groups anymore (Stones and Who) now the Beatles have soared ahead again and its very nice!

Things have changed: John and Paul haven't written together for two years and the musical identity of each member of the group is becoming more and more obvious in the group albums. I asked John about some of these points:

## ON WRITING:

John: We haven't written together for two years except to help if someone needs a line or two.

Miles: *Has this effected your playing together?*

John: It doesn't make any odds who writes 'em. Its when The Beatles perform that makes it into Beatle music. Its a long time since we've sat down and written together for many reasons. We used to write together mainly on tour and then there's a valid reason for it, but it got false: sort of, "Come round to our house and we'll write some songs" you know, just didn't work anymore.





Miles: *Do you find the songs change much when you record them?*

John: Oh Yeah. I mean they can change completely unless you've got a specific idea of exactly how you want the song to go. The whole thing can change completely at the session, just a speed change can alter it. "Come Together" changed at the session: you know you sort of do it the way you wrote it, embarrassedly, because you know that that isn't the answer. Then we thought: "Let's slow it down, lets do this to it, lets do that to it..." and it ends up however it comes out.

Miles: *So you still go to a studio without much idea of how it will finally sound?*

John: Yeah...you have a...like for "Come Together" I just said to 'em, "Look I've got no arrangements for you, but you know how I want it! you know: mmmmmmm, yeahhhhhh, and like that" and they play like that. I think that's partly because we've played together a long time so I can say, "Give me this. Give me something funky" and I set a beat maybe and they all just join in.

Whoever sings a Beatles song is the one who wrote it. If they all sing as on "Octopus's Garden" where the lead voice is Ringo and the rest provide harmony then Ringo wrote it and they helped with the arrangements. There is, however, the unifying factor which seems to be a mysterious quality known as *Beatlemusic*.

#### BEATLEMUSIC:

Miles: *You all seem to play in different areas on this album, there's a very wide range of music.*

John: Well... I do what I like and Paul does what he likes and George etc... we just divide the album time up between ourselves. Its more apparant on the double album, but its always been that really. The combination music is what we call pure Beatles, maybe like "Its Getting Better" and things like that, where we've all written it and we've all turned it into sort of pure Beatle.

Miles: *The number of new things you've been doing don't seem to have given rise to many new subjects for songs.*

John: Well, what's there to sing about? On the album I sing about Mean Mister Mustard and Polythene Pam, but those are unfinished bits of crap I wrote in India. When I get down to it I'm only interested in Yoko and Peace so if I can sing about them again and again, its only like I'm going through my blue period as a painter. That he's going to paint this cup for a year, go into it, get into that cup. Maybe I'm doing that, and I'll do that till I get tired. I can always write "Mr Kite" any time of day and those songs... But when I get down to it I like funky music. I like Rock or Blues or whatever you call it, so what I say is in that given area. On '24 Hours' they sardonically read: "I Want You" lyrics: "I Want You, She's So Heavy" that's all it says, you know, but to me thats a damn sight better than "Walrus" or "Eleanor Rigby" lyricwise because its progression to me. If I want to write songs with no words or one word, then maybe that's Yoko's influence. But when it gets down to it, Bop-Bop-a-lula Ba-lim-bam-bam's great! That's what I'm getting round to. I remember in the early meetings with Dylan. Dylan was always saying: "Listen to the words, man," and I'd say, "I can't be bothered" I listen to the sound of it, the sound of the overall thing. Then I reversed that and started to be a words man. I naturally play with words anyway. I made a conscious effort to be wordy a-la-Dylan or whatever it is. Now I've relieved myself of that burden and I'm only interested in pure sound.

Miles: *What's your concept of pure Beatle?*

John: If I want to sound like "Come Together" and "I Want You" all the time, which I do, always did. You know, "Dizzie Miss Lizzie", whatever it is, I wanted to be THAT GUY. And Paul wanted to be whoever it is he wants to be... whenever we all combine and do it, that's what we term Beatle music.

Miles: *You no longer have a group direction?*

John: But we never did! It was just whoever was pushing the limits of the bag at the time. I mean, we often all pushed at the same point, but it was never "This is the way we're going!" As far as we're concerned this album is more Beatley than the Beatles double album, because that was just us saying "This is my song and we do it this way, and this is your song and do it that way."

Miles: *How do you conceive of an album? Do you have a great backlog of material to release?*

John: We've got a lot of songs. The three of us write the most of it. Trying to fit the three guys' music onto one album, its pretty hard, thats why we did a double album, we have so much stuff. But its hard to bring out double albums all the time, it takes us a long time, so we'll probably outlet them on other things like Plastic Ono. We'll split 'em off like that because its like being constipated with all the material. We don't have conceptions of albums. I think Paul has conceptions of albums or attempts it. Like he conceived the medley thing. I'm not interested in conceptions of albums or making it into a show. I like it to be whatever happens. For me I'd just put fourteen Rock songs on.

MILES



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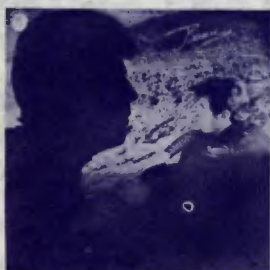
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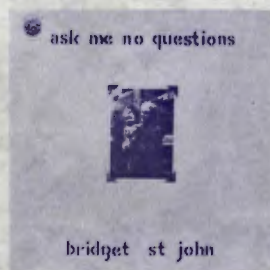
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