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OZ 45

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Editor

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Description

Contents: Large rectangular format, cover by John Hurford. John Entwistle ad. Mandala graphic. 'The Big Ice Cream Cone in the Sky' - review essay and extracts from Baba Ram Dass's *Be Here Now*. 'Our Mutant Brothers' text and cartoon by Greg Irons. 'Dr Leary the Cosmic Whore' - Tim Leary interview. 'Brotherhood of Breath - the art of contemplating your navel'. 'What is My Secret Identity?' short story by Morris Lurie. '144' - Phil Cohen discusses a book by Samuel Fuller and asks what went wrong with London's biggest & most sensational squat. 'Watney's Hash' - Jock Young takes a sober look at the dope smokers revolutionary pipe dream. 'A Revolutionary Structure' - Grahame Caine talks about his Eco House. 'Don't Just Stand There Say Spray Something' - Geoff Lawes on resistance through graffiti. 'The Black Australia Policy' - interview with Bobbi Sykes, a militant black Australian. The Stoke Newington 8 + illustration by Roy Knipe. IT, *Frendz* & Pink Fairies ads. Centrespread graphic. Ads for Follow-Up and Jeffrey gay mags. Four More Years - illustrations from 'Dick! The Nixon Era' by Ed Badajos. Book reviews: *The Paint House* by Susie Daniel & Peter McGuire, *After the Planners* by Robert Goodman. Film reviews of *Deliverance*, *Groupies*, *Dynamo* and *The Assassination of Trotsky*. LP reviews: Buddy Guy & Junior Wells, John & Yoko's *Sometime in New York City*, The Band's *Rock of Ages* and *Vindicator* by Arthur Lee. 2p OZ mail order ad. *Cozmic Comics* ad. Ad for bound volumes of *Ink*. 'Bingo With Erections' - Madeleine Francis on group sex and interview with Henry Charles+ photos from *Screw*. 'What About Socrates? What About Him?' - extracts from Ken Rubinstein's manuscript about 'involution' and the dark side of CIA-ridden Greece + Josh Thomas illustration. 'If You Were the Only Girl in the World and I Was the Only Passport' - article + world map. 'Kiss Me Deadly' - article on necrophilia reprinted from *Screw*. Back cover ad for *Dracula* magazine.

Publisher

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Comments

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

OZ

25p

November 1972

NO. 45



• John Hurford •

JOHN ENTWISTLE WHISTLE RYMES

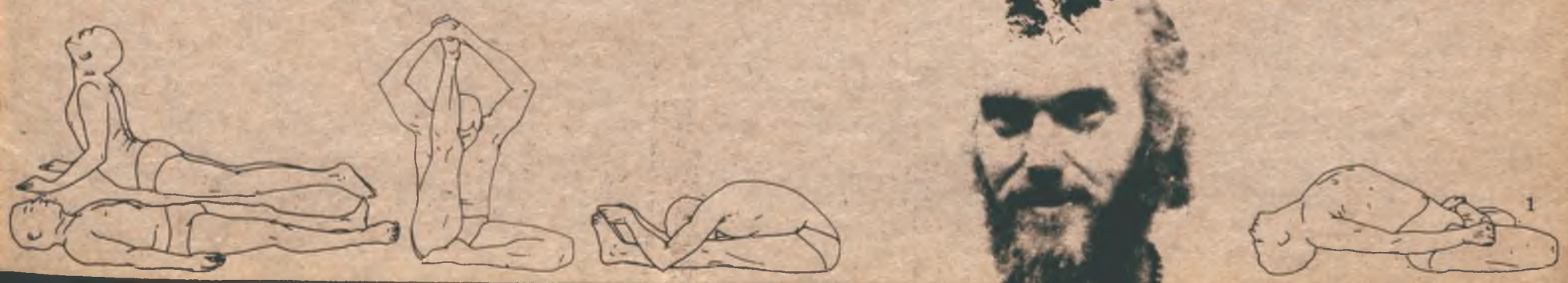


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EXAMPLE: SOME BODY LOOKS AT YOU SEDUCTIVELY... AN ICE CREAM CONE GOES BY..... WILL IT EVER BE THE BIG ICE CREAM CONE IN THE SKY?

From *Be Here Now*
Published by Lama Foundation,
Box 444, San Cristobal, New Mexico.

Back in the early sixties, Richard Alpert was a professor at Harvard. "I had an apartment that was filled with antiques and I gave very charming dinner parties. I had a Mercedes Benz sedan and a Triumph 500 CC motorcycle and a Cessna 172 airplane and an MG sports car and a sailboat and a bicycle. I vacationed in the Caribbean where I did scuba diving. I was living the way a successful bachelor professor is supposed to live in the American world of 'he who makes it.' Then he met Timothy Leary, and now many years later he is Baba Ram Dass, a successful bachelor guru, an integral part of the Lama Foundation, a higher consciousness centre at San Cristobal, New Mexico, which has published *Be Here Now*, an amazing new Bible for troubled Westerners, which is selling by the thousand in the States. *Be Here Now* is in four parts—firstly, Richard Alpert's own story of his transformation from academic, to acid head to holy man; secondly, *The Core Book*, which is a McLuhanesque ramble through the philosophical headlines, the advertising billboards beside the road to an expanded consciousness; thirdly, a *Cookbook for a Sacred Life*, containing a wide variety of techniques, some Western, mostly Eastern, from which, listening to that inner voice deep inside, you may, if you wish, choose the recipe which suits you best. And fourthly, a glossary of books to help you, categorised into *Books to Hang Out With*, *Books to Visit with Now and Then*, and finally *Books it is Useful to Have Met*. Timothy Leary's *Politics of Ecstasy* just manages to squeeze into the final classification. *Be Here Now* is a book for everyone, particularly those who feel dissatisfied with their present life, and spiritually barren. What follows is Ram Dass' account of how he met his guru, a little old man in a blanket in the Himalayan foothills. The guru, Maharaji, has just blown Alpert's mind. Alpert's mother had died the previous year, and Maharaji knew the 'impossible'—the reasons for her death and Alpert's thoughts and visions about her.

The first thing that happened was that my mind raced faster and faster to try to get leverage—to get a hold on what he had just done. I went through every super CIA paranoia I've ever had:

"Who is he?" "Who does he represent?" "Where's the button he pushes where the file appears?" and "Why have they brought me here?" None of it would jell.

It was just too impossible that this could have happened this way. The guy I was with didn't know all that stuff, and I was a tourist in a car, and the whole thing was just too far out. My mind went faster and faster and faster.

Up until then I had two categories for "psychic experience." One was 'they happened to somebody else and they haven't happened to me, and they were terribly interesting and we certainly had to keep an open mind about it.' That was my social science approach. The other one was, 'well, man, I'm high on LSD. Who knows how it really is? After all, under the influence of a chemical, how do I know I'm not creating the whole thing?' Because, in fact, I had taken certain chemicals where I experienced the creation of total realities. The greatest example I have of this came about through a drug called JB 318, which I took in a room at Millbrook. I was sitting on the 3rd floor and it seemed like nothing was happening at all. And into the room walked a girl from the community with a pitcher of lemonade and she said, would I like some lemonade, and I said that would be great, and she poured the lemonade, and she poured it and she kept pouring and the lemonade went over the side of the glass and fell to the floor and it went across the floor and up the wall and over the ceiling and down the wall and under my pants which got wet and it came back up into the glass—and when it touched the glass the glass disappeared and the lemonade disappeared and the wetness in my pants



disappeared and the girl disappeared and I turned around to Ralph Metzner and I said,

"Ralph, the most extraordinary thing happened to me," and Ralph disappeared!

I was afraid to do anything but just sit. Whatever this is, it's not nothing. Just sit. Don't move, just sit!

So I had had experiences where I had seen myself completely create whole environments under psychedelics, and therefore I wasn't eager to interpret these things very quickly, because I, the observer, was, at those times, under the influence of the psychedelics.

But neither of these categories applied in this situation, and my mind went faster and faster and then I felt like what happens when a computer is fed an insoluble problem; the bell rings and the red light goes on and the machine stops. And my mind just gave up. It burned out its circuitry . . . its zeal to have an explanation. I needed something to get closure at the rational level and there wasn't anything. There just wasn't a place I could hide in my head about this.

And at the same moment, I felt this extremely violent pain in my chest and a tremendous wrenching feeling and I started to cry. And I cried and I cried and I cried. And I wasn't happy and I wasn't sad. It was not that kind of crying. The only thing I could say was it felt like I was home. Like the journey was over. Like I had finished.

Well, I cried and they finally sort of spooned me up and took me to the home of devotee, K.K. Sah, to stay overnight. That night I was very confused. A great feeling of lightness and confusion.

At one point in the evening I was looking in my shoulder bag and came across the bottle of LSD. "Wow! I've finally met a guy who is going to Know! He will definitely know what LSD is. I'll have to ask him. That's what I'll do. I'll ask him." Then I forgot about it.

The next morning, at 8 o'clock a messenger comes. Maharaji wants to see you immediately. We went in the Land Rover. The 3 miles to the temple. When I'm approaching him, he yells out at me, "Have you got a question?"

And I take one look at him and it's like looking at the sun. I suddenly feel all warm. Now, all I went in the Land Rover the 12 miles to the other temple. When I'm approaching him, he yells out at me, "Have you got a question?"

And he's very impatient with all of this nonsense, and he says, "Where's the medicine?"

I got a translation of this. He said medicine. I said, "Medicine?" I never thought of LSD as medicine! And somebody said, he must mean the LSD. "LSD?" He said, "Ah-cha bring the LSD."

So I went to the car and got the little bottle of LSD and I came back.

'Let me see?'

So I poured it out in my hand—"What's that?"

"That's STP ... That's librium and that's ..." A little of everything. Sort of a little travelling kit.

He says, "Gives you siddhis?"

I had never heard the word 'siddhi' before. So I asked for a translation and siddhi was translated as "power." From where I was at in relation to these concepts, I thought he was like a little old man, asking for power. Perhaps he was losing his vitality and wanted Vitamin B 12. That was one thing I didn't have, and I felt terribly apologetic because I would have given him anything. If he wanted the Land Rover he could have had it. And I said, "Oh, no, I'm sorry." I really felt bad I didn't have any and put it back in the bottle.

He looked at me and extended his hand. So I put into his hand what's called a "White Lightning". This is an LSD pill and this one was from a special batch that had been made specially for me for travelling. And each pill was 306 micrograms, and very pure. Very good acid. Usually you start a man over 60, maybe with 50 to 75 micrograms, very gently, so you won't upset him. 300 of pure acid is a very solid dose.

He looks at the pill and extends his hand further. So I put a second pill that's 610 micrograms—then a third pill—that's 915 micrograms—into his palm.

That is a sizeable first dose for anyone!

"Ah-cha."

And he swallows them! I see them go down. There's no doubt. And that little scientist in me says, 'This is going to be very interesting!'

All day long I'm there, and every now and then he twinkles at me and nothing, nothing happens! That was his answer to my question. Now you have the data I have.

I was taken back to the temple. It was interesting. At no time was I asked, do you want to stay? Do you want to study? Everything was understood. There were no contracts. There were no promises. There were no vows. There was nothing.

The next day Maharaji instructed them to take me out and buy me clothes. They gave me a room. Nobody ever asked me for a nickel. Nobody ever asked me to spread the word. Nobody ever did anything. There was no commitment whatsoever required. It was all done internally.

This guru—Maharaji—has only his blanket. You see, he's in a place called SAHAJ SAMADHI and he's not identified with this world as most of us identify with it. If you didn't watch him, he'd just disappear altogether into the jungle or leave his body, but his devotees are always protecting him and watching him so they can keep him around. They've got an entourage around him and people come and bring gifts to the holy man because that's part of the way in which you gain holy merit in India. And money piles up, and so they build temples, or they build schools. He will walk to a place and there will be a saint who has lived in that place or cave and he'll say, 'There will be a temple here,' and then they build a

temple. And they do all this around Maharaji. He does nothing.

As an example of Maharaji's style, I was once going through my address book and I came to Lama Govinda's name (he wrote *Foundations of Tibetan Mysticism* and *Way of the White Cloud*) and I thought, "Gee, I ought to go visit him. I'm here in the Himalayas and it wouldn't be a long trip and I could go and pay my respects. I must do that some time before I leave."

And the next day there is a message from Maharaji saying, "You are to go immediately to see Lama Govinda."

Another time, I had to go to Delhi to work on my visa and I took a bus. This was the first time after four months that they let me out alone. They were so protective of me. I don't know what they were afraid would happen to me, but they were always sending somebody with me ... They weren't giving me elopement privileges, as they say in mental hospitals.

But they allowed me to go alone to Delhi and I took a 12 hour bus trip. I went to Delhi and I was so high, I went through Connaught Place, which is the western hustle part of New Delhi. It's mostly BOAC and American Express and restaurants that serve ice cream sodas. The whole scene, which is right in the middle of India, has nothing to do with India particularly and all the Indians who hustle westerners walk around in this block. And I went through that barefoot, silent with my chalkboard—I was silent all the time. At American Express, writing my words it was so high that not at one moment was there even a qualm or a doubt. I got so high that I went into some stores to buy things—right in Connaught Place, which is designed to hustle westerners. . . . And everybody knew I was a westerner, and yet they insisted on giving me the stuff free!

"You are a sadhu—it's a blessing to me that you'll take my goods." That's how powerful the thing was that I was into at that time.

So after all day long of doing my dramas with the Health Department and so on, it came time for lunch. I had been on this very fierce austere diet and I had lost 60 lbs. I was feeling great—very light and very beautiful—but there was enough orality still left in me to want to have a feast. I'll have a vegetarian feast, I thought. So I went to a fancy vegetarian restaurant and I got a table over in a corner and ordered their special deluxe vegetarian dinner, from nuts to nuts, and I had the whole thing and the last thing they served was vegetarian ice cream with 2 english-style biscuits stuck into it. And those biscuits . . . the sweet thing has always been a big part of my life but I knew somehow, maybe I shouldn't be eating those. They're so far out from my diet. It's not vegetables—it's not rice. And so I was almost secretly eating the cookies in this dark corner. I was feeling very guilty about eating these cookies. But nobody was watching me. And then I went to a Buddhist monastery for the night and the next day took the bus back up to the mountain.

Two days later, we heard Maharaji was back—he had been up in the mountains in another little village. He travels around a lot, moves from place to place. I hadn't seen him in about a month and a half—I didn't see much of him at all. We all went rushing to see Maharaji and I got him a bag of oranges and took one look at him, and the oranges went flying and I started to cry and I fell down and they were patting me. Maharaji was eating oranges as fast as he could, manifesting through eating food the process of taking on the karma of someone else.

Women bring him food all day long. He just opens his mouth and they feed him and he's taking on karma that way. And he ate eight oranges right before my eyes. I had never seen anything like that. And the principal of the school was feeding me oranges and I was crying and the whole thing was very maudlin, and he pulls me by the hair, and I look up and he says to me: "How did you like the biscuits?"

I'd be at my temple. And I'd think about arranging for a beautiful lama in America to get some money, or something like that. Then I'd go to bed and pull the covers over my head and perhaps have a very worldly thought; I would think about what I'd do with all my powers when I got them; perhaps a sexual thought. Then when next I saw Maharaji he would tell me something like, "You want to give money to a lama in America." And I'd feel like I was such a beautiful guy. Then suddenly I'd be horrified with the realization that if he knew that thought, then he must know that one, too . . . ohhhhh . . . and that one, too! Then I'd look at the ground. And when I'd finally steal a glance at him, he'd be looking at me with such total love.

**YOU ARE IT
HE'S YOUR FINGERNAIL
JUST BITE YOUR FINGERNAIL
& YOU'RE EATING
HIM ALIVE**



**WHEN YOU KNOW
HOW TO LISTEN**

**EVERYBODY
IS**

THE GURU

**TO BE SEARCHING FOR
THE GURU IT'S REALLY JUST
ANOTHER COP-OUT**

Now the impact of these experiences was very profound. As they say in the Sikh religion—Once you realize God knows everything, you're free. I had been through many years of psychoanalysis and still I had managed to keep private places in my head—I wouldn't say they were big, labeled categories, but they were certain attitudes or feelings that were still very private. And suddenly I realized that he knew everything that was going on in my head, all the time, and that he still loved me. Because who we are is behind all that.

I said to Hari Dass Baba, my teacher at the time, "Why is it that Maharaji never tells me the hard things I think?", and he says, "It does not help your sadhana—your spiritual work. He knows it all but he just does the things that help you."

The sculptor had said he loved Maharaji so much, we should keep the Land Rover up there. The Land Rover was just sitting around and so Maharaji got the Land Rover after all, for that time. And then one day, I was told we were going on an outing up in the Himalayas for the day. This was very exciting, because I never left my room in the temple. Now in the temple, or around Maharaji, there were eight or nine people. Bhagwan Dass and I were the only westerners. In fact, at no time that I was there did I see any other westerners. This is clearly not a western scene, and in fact, I was specifically told when returning to the United States that I was not to mention Maharaji's name or where he was, or anything.

The few people that have slipped by this net and figured out from clues in my speech and their knowledge of India where he was and have gone to see him, were thrown out immediately . . . very summarily dismissed, which is very strange. All I can do is pass that information on to you. I think the message is that you don't need to go to anywhere else to find what you are seeking.

So there were eight or nine people and whenever there was a scene, I walked last. I was the lowest man on the totem pole. They all loved me and honoured me and I was the novice, like in a karate or judo class, where you stand at the back until you learn more. I was always in the back and they were always teaching me.

So we went in the Land Rover. Maharaji was up in the front—Bhagwan Dass was driving. Bhagwan Dass turned out to be very high in this scene. He was very highly thought of and honoured. He had started playing the sitar; he was a fantastic musician and the Hindu people loved him. He would do bhagan—holy music—so high they would go out on it. So Bhagwan Dass was driving and I was way in the back of the Land Rover camper with the women and some luggage.

And we went up into the hills and came to a place where we stopped and were given apples, in an orchard and we looked at a beautiful view. We stayed about 10 minutes, and then Maharaji says, "We've got to go on."

We got in the car, went further up the hill and came to a Forestry camp. Some of his devotees are people in the Forestry department so they make this available to him.

So we got to this place and there was a building waiting and a caretaker—"Oh, Maharaji, you've graced us with your presence." He went inside with the man that is there to take care of him or be with him all the time—and we all sat on the lawn.

After a little while, a message came out, "Maharaji wants to see you." And I got up and went in and sat down in front of him. He looked at me and said, "You make many people laugh in America?"

I said, "Yes, I like to do that." "Good. . . You like to feed children?" "Yes, sure." "Good."

He asked a few more questions like that, which seemed to be nice questions, but . . . ? Then he smiled and he reached forward and he tapped me right on the forehead, just three times. That's all.

Then the other fellow came along and lifted me and walked me out the door. I was completely confused. I didn't know what had happened to me—why he had done it—what it was about.

When I walked out, the people out in the yard said that I looked as if I were in a very high state. They said tears were streaming down my face. But all I felt inside was confusion. I have never felt any further understanding of it since then. I don't know what it was all about. It was not an idle movement, because the minute that was over, we all got back in the car and went home.

I pass that on to you. You know now, what I know about that. Just an interesting thing. I don't know what it means, yet.

Hari Dass Baba was my teacher. I was taught by this man with a chalkboard in the most terse way possible. I would get up early, take my bath in the river or out of a pail with a lota (a bowl). I would go in and do my breathing exercises, my pranayam and my hatha yoga, meditate, study, and around 11.30 in the morning, this man would arrive and with a chalkboard he would write something down:

"If a pickpocket meets a saint, he sees only his pockets."

Then he'd get up and leave. Or he'd write,

"If you wear shoeleather, the whole earth is covered with leather."

These were his ways of teaching me about how motivation affects perception. His teaching seemed to be no teaching because he always taught from within . . . that is, his lessons aroused in me just affirmation . . . as if I knew it all already.

When starting to teach me about what it meant to be 'ahimsa' or non-violent, and the effect on the environment around you of the vibrations—when he started to teach me about energy and vibrations, his opening statement was "Snakes Know Heart." "Yogis in jungle need not fear." Because if you're pure enough, cool it, don't worry. But you've got to be very pure.

So his teaching was of this nature. And it was not until a number of months later that I got hold of Vivekananda's book "Raja Yoga" and I realized that he had been teaching me Raja Yoga, very systematically—an exquisite scientific system that had been originally enunciated somewhere between 500 BC and 500 AD by Patanjali, in a set of sutras, or phrases, and it's called Ashtanga Yoga, or 8-limbed yoga—and also known as Raja or Kingly yoga. And this beautiful yogi was teaching me this wisdom with simple metaphor and brief phrase.

Now, though I am a beginner on the path, I have returned to the West for a time to work out karma, or unfulfilled commitment. Part of this commitment is to share what I have learned with those of you who are on a similar journey. One can share a message through telling 'our-story' as I have just done, or through teaching methods of yoga, or singing, or making love. Each of us finds his unique vehicle for sharing with others his bit of wisdom.

For me, this story is but a vehicle for sharing with you the true message . . . the living faith in what is possible.

OUR MUTANT BROTHERS

THESE ARE YOUR FELLOW HUMAN BEINGS' ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO LOOK THEM IN THE EYE?



BELIEVE IT OR NOT .. This family of mutants was born of Mr and Mrs Ezra Backbean of Surbiton, Surrey. These 'unfortunates' have learned to live with their so-called deformities and all now lead successful and useful lives and are active in community affairs.

(1) ESTHER BACKBEAN .. Chief librarian and sometime fashion designer. "Esther's got a great sense of humour," says her father. "All of the children are the same way; they've learned to laugh at themselves and not feel self-pity. You oughta see the way Esther can eat a cob of corn ... it'd have you in stitches!"

(2) CLIVE BACKBEAN .. Yes, you guessed it. Clive Backbean is the only genius Surbiton has ever produced. He's got enough degrees to choke a horse and he's currently working with NATO on the construction of a new system of nuclear weaponry. 'Clever Clive' as he's known to his friends, once figured out mathematically that the weakest spot in the Albert Hall was the third box to the right of the stage. During a recent Miss World contest, he made the entire building collapse by using a device he had constructed from a popcorn bag.

(3) MICKEY BACKBEAN .. Nicknamed "Mickey" because of his prominent ears, (his real name is Jeremy) this fast-talking fellow works as a foreman at a Harrogate brewery. One of the few Backbeans to leave the Surbiton nest, Mickey spent thirteen years travelling with Edgar J. Watney. Mick is reputed to have once played a practical joke on Walt Disney that indirectly contributed to his demise. Probably just a folk-tale, it is however one of the many fabulous legends that have grown up around the Backbean clan.

(4) RANDOLPH BACKBEAN .. Mortician. Randy took a course in embalming and graduated with honours. Now he's director of one of Surbiton's most prosperous funeral parlours. Randy's a hail-fellow-well-met type who's going to be Mayor in the not too distant future. Local pundits say he'll run a clean town.



(5) **NAT BACKBEAN** ... Ezra's oldest son. Nat was David Frost's closest friend at Oxford. Some say that's because of Nat's wicked sense of satire. Others say that it was because Nat's penetrating business acumen and show biz flair helped the younger Frost through some particularly difficult times. Nat's special speech problem is said to have greatly influenced Frost's **FROST OVER AMERICA** period. Speaking the way he does, Nat is forced to be hypercritical of his words. As a result he is Surbiton's greatest poet.

(6) **JOHN BACKBEAN** ... John's handicap has won him honours and recognition all over the world. Unfortunately no woman has been found to match John's extraordinary dimensions (4'10" erect). For masturbation John prefers a Bendix dish washer filled with raw liver and mayonnaise.

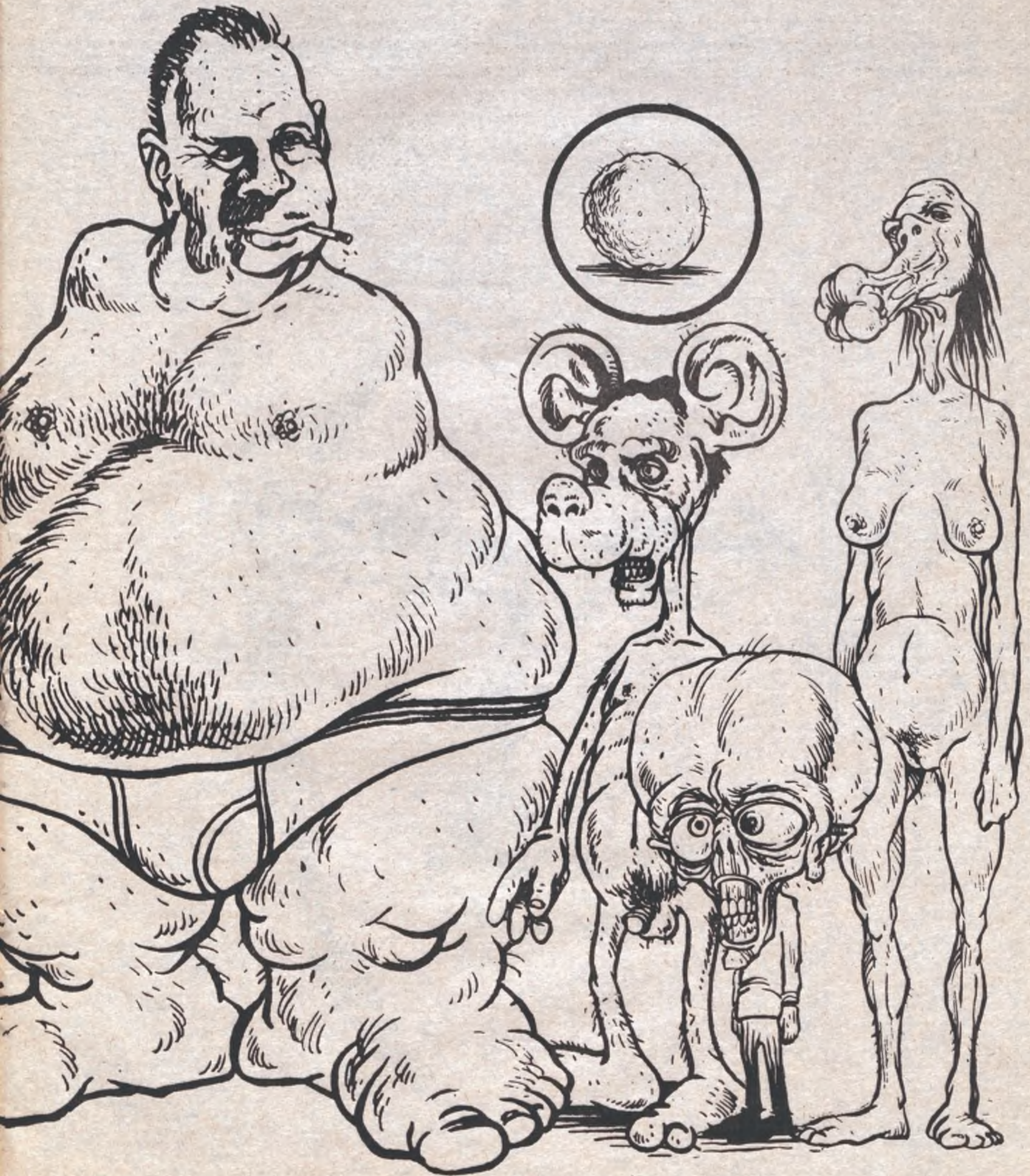
(7) **HEIDI BACKBEAN** ... believe it or not, Heidi was once featured in the centrefold of **PENTHOUSE** magazine as Pet of the Month. That's the kind of body she has. Even the great Bob Guccione stooped to pay allegiance (with a little airbrush work on the face.) Heidi is a Surbiton housewife married to barman Norman Normal. They have a few kids. all with Heidi's mouth. Heidi used to play a lot of tennis, and once got to the quarter finals at Wimbledon.

(8) **HUGO AND CHARLIE BACKBEAN** These brothers are as close as two sardines in a can. Hugo runs a local service station and Charlie (the little guy) does the accounting. They keep everyone entertained with a stand-up comedy routine that has earned them a permanent Saturday night spot at the local pub.

(9) **SANDRA BACKBEAN** .. When Sandra puts on a long skirt, she looks like any other one-legged Surbiton girl. This ability to hide her deformity has allowed Sandra to move freely in the highest strata of Surbiton society. Sandra is unmarried. She did however, by way of her own special abilities, give birth to

JIMMY 'JIMJAM' BACKBEAN (under Sandra's left foot) ... That kid can really sell pencils." says Ezra. 'He hangs out in front of the grammar school in the afternoon and yaks away with the kids ... then they buy all his pencils. They likd Jimjam and they really dig his pencils. Jimjam brought his mum a fur coat last year and bought himself a bicycle. Yeah, you wouldn't believe it to look at him, but that kid can really ride.'

'FUZZY' BACKBEAN (pictured in the circle) ... The most unfathomable and mysterious of all the Backbeans. At 15 Fuzzy has become a religious adept with a whole cult of followers throughout Surbiton and all South London's hippie community. He has connections with the Divine Light Mission and next year he will travel to India and study under the great Baba Ram Dass. In a trance Fuzzy once claimed to be a reincarnation of Jesus Christ. Only time will tell if he is right.



Dr. Leary the Cosmic Whore

"He is responsible for destroying more lives than any other living human being..." District Attorney Hicks
Orange County, California

Timothy Leary is still in exile in Switzerland. In July Swiss authorities ordered him to leave, giving him until 31st October 1972 to comply. By leaving the country for a day, he can, however, re-enter for another three months. He can also stay if no other country will grant him asylum. Meanwhile, back in the States, his troubles have been escalating recently. In August, the acid guru and 28 members of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, a descendant of Leary's League for Spiritual Discovery were indicted by an Orange County California Grand Jury for allegedly being involved in an international operation for the manufacture, smuggling and distribution of illegal drugs. District Attorney Hicks stated that one and a half million hits of acid and two and a half tons of hashish has been seized in California, Oregon and Hawaii as part of the crackdown on the Brotherhood. Leary's bail was set at the ridiculous figure of five million dollars. Justifying this, the DA said: "He is responsible for destroying more lives than any other living human being."

Leary moves about rapidly all over Switzerland, playing it cool, sheltered by friends and money. The interview which follows first appeared in the Los Angeles Free Press. Kenneth Kahn (together with his assistant Sherri) who was the one who tracked him down, takes up the story: 'I knocked on the basement door, as I had been instructed and was greeted by Tim himself. The first thing he said was that he was living 'underground'. Before I could ask him about the girl down the road he informed us that he wanted to go to a restaurant in the village for dinner, and that I was to drive. He introduced his companion, Brian Barritt, a young Englishman, who was seated on a mattress on the floor sorting pages of a manuscript. Three other mattresses on the floor comprised all the rest of the furniture, except for Tim's desk with his tiny typewriter and telephone.'

At the restaurant, Tim ordered for everyone. He had been eating there for some time. The first thing he asked us was about the scene in LA. We talked of that for a while. After that, he spent most of dinner sharing bon mots with Brian, mostly about people and events of which we were totally ignorant.

During dinner, Tim sent Brian out for a stamp, milk, three packs of cigarettes and several giant bars of chocolate. Both the bars and the cigarettes were gone by the time we saw him on the next day. In fact, almost the whole time we were with him, a cigarette burned as he held it in a trembling hand.

After dinner, we returned to the basement to talk. As it turned out, he actually had the whole two-storey house to live in. Between making several phone calls, he asked us just

what it was that we wanted. I outlined some questions in a number of areas, including drugs, jail, politics, and philosophy. He laughed and said: "If I gave you good answers to those questions, it would be worth \$100,000."

If you think that I was somewhat confused at this point, you're right. I presumed that he didn't want to give the interview (since I had left the \$100,000 in the glove compartment). We got up to leave and he waved me to sit back down (he was on the phone at

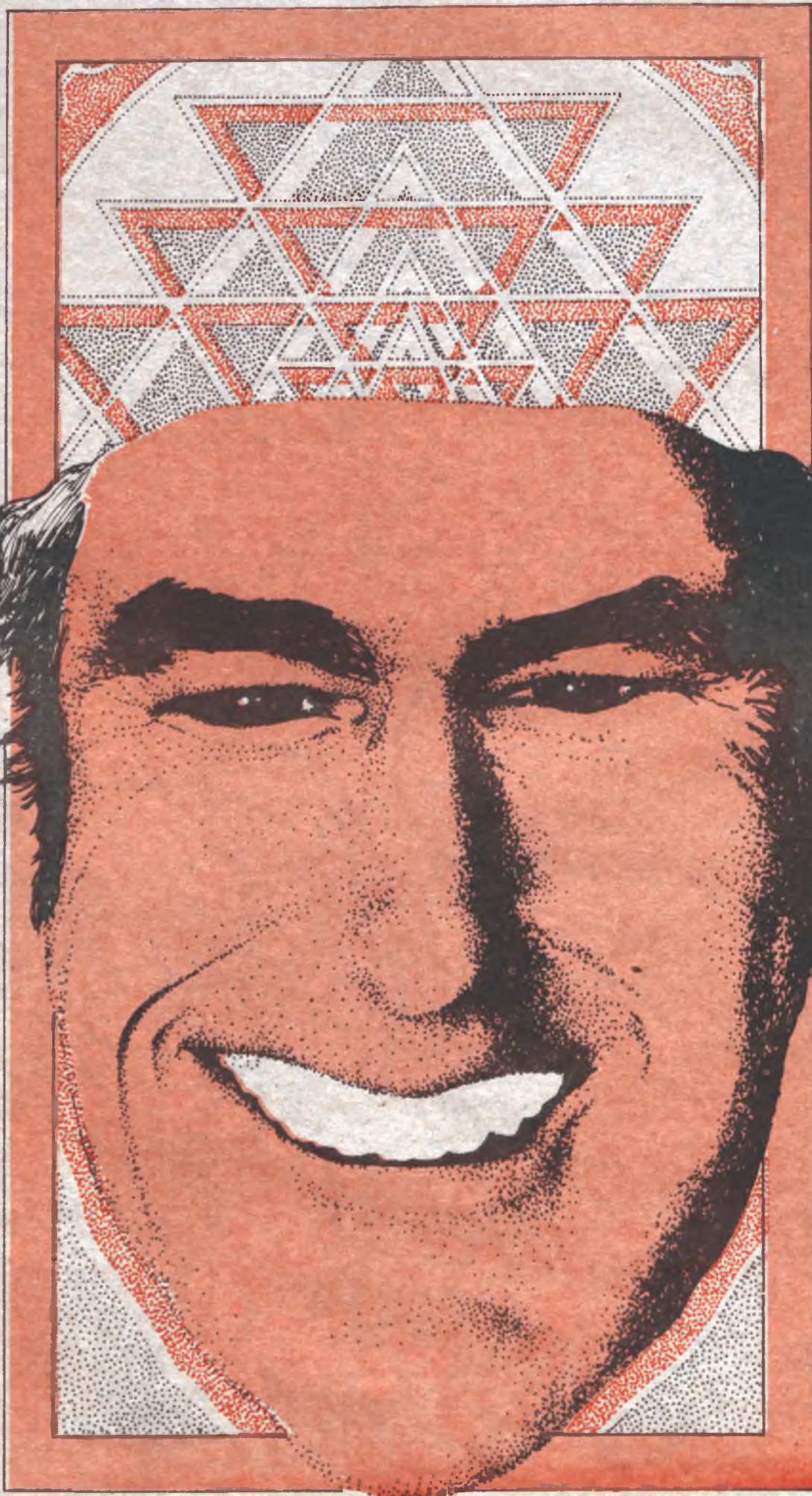
the time). After his phone conversation, he said that he would answer the questions, but not into the tape recorder I had brought for the occasion. So, scribbling furiously, we plunged ahead.

As I asked the questions below, he looked to Brian for the answers on many occasions. He stopped after a few questions and requested that this be printed as an interview with Brian as communicated through Tim. He explained that Brian was his "receiver" and that they

were in perfect telepathic communication. I shrugged and agreed.

He asked us to return the following day for a preface statement explaining who Brian is. When we returned he told us that he had decided to dispense with the introduction and that he wished to go over all the questions again. This time he gave no oral answers, but typed all the answers himself.

Q: Can everyone profit from using LSD?



A: Si.
Q: Do you still advocate that people use LSD?
A: Oui.
Q: Under what conditions?
A: The conditions we have right here and now.
Q: Do you continue to use it?
A: Bien sur.
Q: What physiological effect does acid have on the body?
A: LSD is fuel and food for the nervous system.
Q: Have you learned anything new about LSD in the last few years?
A: Yes; the potentiality of the nervous system for mutation, and discovery seems to be infinite.
Q: Differentiate LSD from other psychedelics.
A: Please restate the question more precisely.
Q: Is acid different from the magic mushroom?
A: The sacred mushrooms and other neurological botanical gifts are pre-scientific gratuitous gifts. LSD and other synthetics have more alchemical and neurological meaning. The issue is not "either ... or" but "both and more."
Q: How do you define the term 'psychedelic'?
A: "Psychedelic" is an archaic, pre-neurological term vaguely referring to subjective states of splendour, intensity and novelty.
Q: Are feelings of love and peace attached to using acid?
A: Terms like "love" and "peace" are imprecise, political, moralistic, dualistic and dangerous in that they create their opposites. The nervous system sees no colour, feels no pain, claims no virtue, feels no shame.
Q: Why do you think acid was made illegal?
A: Genetic politics. Metamorphic jealousy. Caterpillars envy butterflies.
Q: Were you aware of this when you were advocating its use?
A: At all times.
Q: Did you know you were subjecting yourself to societal dangers?
A: We were aware of the terror that mutants create for vanishing species. Social dangers are irrelevant.
Q: Did the risks become more apparent as you got into it?
A: As we learned how to survive in alien space, the risks diminished.
Q: What changes did the discovery and use of LSD bring about in the U.S.?
A: That is a question that is better answered by the critics rather than the performers.
Q: If you had it to do over again, would you still spread the word?
A: Probably not.
Q: Why?
A: Public actions distract from the private. There is less time for sensual, neurological and genetic fucking.
Q: Is your philosophy still "turn on, tune in, and drop out"?
A: That and more. "Turn on, tune in, and drop out" is not a bad place from which to start.
Q: Do you still have contact with the original students you turned on at Harvard?
A: Not physically. However, such powerful imprints are indelibly engraved on the nervous system. First awaken-

ings are the most powerful and are rarely forgotten or displaced.

Q: Do they still use LSD?

A: Rarely; in the alchemy of evolution, many elements are dissolved but only a few are magically transformed and transmuted into states of continued higher energy. The human question is this. How much ecstasy, change, revelation can one tolerate before one turns off and invents a philosophy to justify the turn-off.

Q: What do you think of the California Marijuana Initiative?

A: It should loosen things up a bit. We hope it passes.

Q: Do you think this will pave the way for the legalization of LSD?

A: Acid has to do with the generation control and manipulation of neurological energy, invisible and internal. The politics of time. External politics are irrelevant to LSD. The liberated nervous system is beyond parochial concepts of law and order.

Q: How do you account for people having bad trips?

A: Bad company, internal or external.

Q: LSD was discovered in Switzerland. Is it legal now?

A: LSD is illegal in every space.

Q: When was it made illegal in Switzerland?

A: Data unavailable.

Q: Do you know the penalty for possession here in Switzerland?

A: The punishment is usually a little fine.

Q: Is LSD a personal experience or can it be done in a group?

A: Both. Is it possible to be alone?

Q: Have you ever taken LSD with no one else being physically present?

A: Yes, often.

Q: What do you feel is a normal dose?

A: We are more concerned with the abnormal.

Q: Can you take too much acid?

A: Apparently not.

Q: A writer in The Psychedelic Review once classified acid trips into five different categories. What do you think of this?

A: Everyone seems to have a favourite number. I guess five was his. That's our number, Brian? Our number is Nil. We sometimes personalize this quantity as Nil, the Time Pimp. Nil's constant companion is Liz, the Cosmic Whore, whose number is infinity.

Q: What effect did the societal repression of LSD have?

A: Societal repression provides the soil in which the seeds of magic, alchemy and spiritual mutation thrive.

Q: So there is no end to what one can learn from the LSD experience?

A: D'accord.

Q: Why did Alpert complain of despair from coming down from acid trips, as he did in Be Here Now?

A: He must have been on a complaining despair cycle at the time. When he sat with us here, high in front of our fire last month, he had no complaints, either acidulous or alkaloid.

Q: Is it important to continue to spread the word about LSD to the youth?

A: The word spreads by itself, in spite of what we do or say.

Q: Why does LSD seem to strike a peaceful chord in people who take it?

A: Do you mean strike the chord? Or strike the cord? Linguistic problems. The question cannot be answered.

(Note: As the answers were being typed by TL, I had no chance to clarify).

Q: Did you find any common reaction in the hundreds of people whom you originally gave acid to?

A: For better or worse, it seems to blow the conditioned mind.

Q: Did the Weathermen spring you from jail?

A: Yes. God bless them.

Q: Would you like to return to the U.S.?

A: Not particularly, but I would like to travel freely through every space as whim directs.

Q: Are there any political solutions to the problems of the U.S.?

A: The solutions cannot be political because the problems are neurological.

Q: Is the U.S. anti-fun?

A: In most other countries, hedonism is elitist. In Iran, for example, LSD is used by royalty and, like fancy fucking, is considered too good for the peasants. In America hedonism has been vulgarized for the middle class. The question is really too complex for a simple answer.

Q: Do you favour any candidate in the upcoming presidential elections?

A: Based on early accidental and involuntary imprints of childhood, I prefer the San Francisco Giants and the Democratic Party. This is a neurological confession and not an endorsement.

Q: Do you think LSD can cure mental illness?

A: Yes, to say the least.

Q: You once stated that if David Harris had five friends, they should free him from jail. Do you still think that political prisoners should be freed by their friends?

A: All prisoners within or without bars should be helped to escape. My statement about David Harris was stupid and pretentious. I ask his forgiveness.

Q: Do you think all drug prisoners are political prisoners?

A: Drug prisoners are not basically political; they are victims of time warps and genetic conflicts.

Q: Were you treated differently than other prisoners?

A: I believe that I was watched with more curiosity. But I have always tended to feel that way in any confined space, even in a Swiss village.

Q: Why were you put in a minimum security institution?

A: I hypnotized the authorities into believing that I was a docile person and not an escape risk. This is an occupational habit of mine.

Q: Did you have plans to escape when you entered prison?

A: I have done little except make plans for escape since I was twelve years old.

Q: Why did you go to Algeria?

A: I was hypnotized by Bernadine Dohrn for whom I would go anywhere. Actually we went to Algeria to meet Brian Barritt and perform certain magical actions deman-

ded by the Aleister Crowley-Victor Neubourg re-incarnation script.

Q: Were those your respective prior names?

A: Apparently.

Q: Did you make this discovery under the influence of LSD?

A: The full moon pilgrimage to the desert in Bou Saada was fueled by all the alchemy we could conjure up. The precision of this re-incarnation dance was revealed to us a year later upon reading *The Confessions of Aleister Crowley*.

Q: You made a lot of revolutionary statements from Algeria. Do you repudiate them now?

A: My so-called "militant" statements after escaping from the California prison were distorted, naturally, as by everyone with a political axe to grind. The statements "Shoot to live" and "Aim for life" etc., etc. are no more "violent" than the Swiss foreign policy—Armed Pacifism. Pack a piece of mind.

Q: How do you feel about Cleaver?

A: I wish him well, and Kathleen too. As in all marriages, she is the key.

Q: Did he force you to say things you didn't believe in?

A: Our joint video performances were high-wire tight-rope walking all the way. It was all censored. Solnyskin can't edit over Kosygin.

Q: What does Cleaver really hope to accomplish from Algeria?

A: We were never quite sure. To become Commander-in-Chief of the Afro-American Liberation Army, apparently.

Q: What is your legal position in Switzerland?

A: Before coming to Switzerland, I was a man without a country. Now am a country without a canton.

(Note: Switzerland is comprised of many cantons which all act independently of each other. TL explained. So long as he does not remain in any one canton for too long, it seems that they will not act together to ban him from Switzerland).

Q: What do you have to say about the Timothy Leary defense fund?

A: It's all a mystery to me.

Q: How badly does the U.S. want to get you back?

A: At this point, I don't know who really wants me back in the U.S.A.

Q: Do you feel that there's anyone out to get you?

A: The question is too mysterious to answer.

Q: What are you doing now?

A: Wandering in gardens of incredible goodies.

Q: Are you writing anything?

A: I am transmitting information received by Brian Barritt some of which will be published in a book entitled *Escapades. The Chronolog of a Hope Fiend*.

Q: Why are you granting this interview?

A: Because you conned me into it.

Q: Are you united with your family?

A: Yes. All-ways.

Q: Are you happy?

A: Yes.

Q: Are you engaged in a legal battle to remain in Switzerland?

A: Not really.

Q: Then you are living underground and keeping on the move because somebody would like you not to be here?

A: The Swiss are too civilised to want me languishing behind bars. They just want me to be quiet.

Q: How do you survive money-wise?

A: Gamble.

Q: What kind of gambling?

A: Gambling a lot of precious time for a little bit of space.

Q: Do you receive royalties from your books?

A: Rarely.

Q: What are your plans now?

A: More.

Q: Do you have any message to the people back in the U.S.?

A: Hello.

Q: Do you advocate sex for everyone all the time?

A: All-ways.

Q: Do you think sex brings you closer to being alive?

A: Closer to what than what?

Q: Is reincarnation a new revelation for you?

A: Almost everything is a new revelation.

Q: Do you feel that life and death is an unending series of reincarnations?

A: Why not?

Q: What is the clear light?

A: A brand of acid.

Q: Is time relevant to living?

A: It's about time to live.

Q: In the U.S., you are unquestionably a folk hero.

Does that carry over to here?

A: I question your "unquestionably." Up here in the Alps it's a family scene. I personally know every "freak" in Switzerland. All forty-nine of them.

Most intelligent older Swiss are concerned with the civil rights aspect of "my case."

Q: Have any of these "older Swiss" tried acid?

A: In Europe we have been contacted by several elitist, aristocratic, thoughtfully decadent drug-taking groups of older people who follow traditions which trace back through French poets, German mystics, elegant hashishines, silk-satin opium adepts. It's a deep, wise old continent and quite together at the moment. The only graces lacking here are Mexican grass and California girls.

Q: Do many American travellers seek you out?

A: Yes. That's why you find us underground.

Q: Are you always successful in avoiding being tracked down?

A: In spite of our security, you seem to have found us.

Q: Since you left the U.S. there has been a vacuum in the psychedelic leadership. What is the effect of this vacuum?

A: Good. It is logically and neurologically impossible to have "psychedelic leadership". Viva vacuum!

Q: People attribute that leadership to you.

A: People stick me with a lot of things. It does a little good; it does a little harm.

Q: How do you feel physically?

A: Perfect leaping health, if we overlisten a hashish cough.



Brotherhood Of Breath

The Art of Contemplating Your Navel

Ever thought of expanding your consciousness and your belly at the same time? Denise Winn tells us how this can be done and reminds us that Japan is something more than Kamikaze pilots, cultured pearls, Mr Fuji, rioting students, fascist police, last of the Samurai mentalities, Hiroshima, Kurosawa, Tokyo Olympics, Toyota, Sony and Sanyo, Nasty Nip in the Air, advanced technology and oriental urban madness. Now take a deep breath and read on . . .

Presumably you're breathing. But how? If, when you breathe in, you expand your chest and flatten your belly, you might do well to read on.

We, as a nation, have been brought up to breathe all wrong. "Chest out," we are told, "Belly in." It conforms nicely to our particular notion of form and beauty but it's totally unhealthy and goes against the law of nature. With willpower and strength, you might still be able to find your real self

again by re-discovering the vital centre of man, the stable point of the body that rules everything.

The Japanese call it Hara—a point two inches below the navel; the belly. This is the physical centre of gravity in man. In the West, we have pushed up the chest and made that our false centre of gravity, with the result that intellect, will and emotion (the powers of the head, chest and heart) rule our actions. Our inflated egos take over completely. But the Japanese have an aura of calm, which isn't just a front, and it comes from their application of Hara.

You can see it in their everyday life. When a Japanese person of the traditional school is sitting, he doesn't round his back and compress his abdomen. He rests upright and composed, with his abdomen free. And when standing, he never assumes an air of nonchalance, weight on one leg, the other dangling, etc., nor is he stiff like a sergeant major, shoulders drawn up and chest stuck

out. To us, he may in fact look ungainly—his shoulders and arms hanging loosely, but still upright and strong. You couldn't throw a Japanese off balance by going up behind him unexpectedly and pushing, because he never is off balance. His centre of gravity is down in his belly instead of his chest, and it gives him easy control over his whole body.

In Aikido, one of the Japanese martial arts, one of the first things to be taught is to put the attention onto the belly. Then, even if you are standing with the rest of your body quite relaxed, it will be hard (impossible, if you've mastered it) to be thrown off balance. If some one tries to pick you up bodily and you resist, you will probably tense all of your muscles and concentrate on your head—the topmost part of your body which you wish to hold down. But if instead you relaxed your muscles and concentrated on your belly, you would find that you were

far heavier to lift. You are then going in accord with your centre of gravity. The man who has Hara does not need physical strength as we know it, and he can exert strength in a completely different way. That is why Aikido, based on the mastery of Hara, is called the art of non-resistance.

The aim of Hara is to establish a unity with Being instead of letting the 'I' be predominant. It isn't easy and it takes long and conscious effort even to approach it. But, if achieved, it is the healthiest state to be at. Emotional and psychological hang-ups just do not have a chance to take over the body—ignore the body and neuroses increase non-stop.

We, meanwhile, are still motivated by our little egos in everything we do. Fear of failure, anxiety, desire to succeed all create conditioned actions and all our actions ask for affirmation and security. This 'I' hang-up means we

Continued on Page 41





Illustration by Heller



There is someone in the phonebooth taking off his clothes. I don't know how he does it in the confined space. I wait around in the corridor for him to have done (I want to call my plumber, smoking cigarettes and drawing profiles of Dick Tracy on the wall. I do them very well. I can't seem to get out of the habit. I don't know where I picked it up. I have quite a sizeable area covered before the booth bursts open and a streak of red and blue shoots out. It is Harris from Accounting but he looks fine. He runs nicely down the corridor and disappears into the men's room. If I had X-Ray vision I could tell you what he is doing in there, but I haven't, so I can't. I step into the phonebooth. My wrist radio is playing soft jazz.

Harris's clothes are all over the floor and I try not to stand on them as I dial. He takes a size 16 shirt, I observe. His tie is draped nonchalantly over the receiver. His shoes are neatly placed side by side just inside the door. There is a window in the phonebooth which looks out onto the street. While I wait for my plumber to answer, I see three men dressed like Batman, Captain Marvel and the Green Lantern walking towards the bank. The man who is Batman has his hood pushed back. He has curly red hair and is smoking a cigar. It must be hot in a hood, I think. The Green Lantern has a large stomach like a melon, and his pants have creases in them around the knees. He doesn't seem to know what to do with his hands. He has no pockets, of course. Finally he clasps them behind his head, and he walks into the bank, just like that. The man who is Captain Marvel is carrying a pigskin attache case. That is, it looks like pigskin from here. It could be a synthetic.

Just as my plumber answers the phone, there is a tap on the phonebooth door. It is Harris, wearing a bathrobe. 'May I?' he says, and I open the door and he takes his clothes out. There is a hard look in his eye. He gathers up his clothes quickly, grunting as he bends down for his shoes. His cape flashes red but he doesn't say a word. "Yeah?" says my plumber. "C'mon, I haven't got all day!" "It's about the hot water," I tell him. I notice that I have written HOT WATER!!! on the cover of the phonebook, with a speech balloon around it. The words are coming out of Dick Tracy's mouth.

"So?" says my plumber. "It starts hot and then goes cold and then comes hot again, like that, over and over," I tell my plumber. "Not only that, but there's a strange taste of brine." 'Holy Moley!' says my plumber. "You



be home tonight? Round six?' I look at my wrist radio. Then I remember and take out the pocket watch my father gave me from the left hand side pocket of my vest. It is round and smooth and warm in my hand. "Yes," I tell him. For some reason there are tears in my eyes. 'I'll be there before you can say Shazam,' he says, and hangs up.

As I am stepping out of the phone-

booth, Lucille Meadows from Research comes past, carrying an armful of folders. "I know your secret identity," she whispers. Her eyes twinkle behind her tortoiseshell frames. My mind spins and races and tries to remember a Christmas party and a dark corner behind the filing cabinets, but the picture is not clear. I walk on. When I am halfway down the corridor I turn back and look. She is still there,

gazing in my direction, her head dreamily to one side. "What did she mean?" thunders through my head. Lucille Meadows sighs, and then blushes, and then walks quickly away. Her heels tap like machine guns on the cold corridor floor. I continue on to my office.

I am about to push open the door of my office when some sixth sense warns me it's a trap. I get out my ballpoint pen and hold it like a dagger and then count three and kick the door open with my foot and step back, breathing hard. The office appears empty. I edge in sideways, ready for anything. "Great Scott!" says a voice and I spring to face the speaker.

Rawlins, my assistant, is sitting at his desk with his feet up, reading a newspaper. "You took my by surprise," he says. I grope my way to my desk and sit down. When I am sure that Rawlins is not looking, I take out my handkerchief and mop my brow. I light a cigarette. "What's news?" I ask Rawlins. 'Here. I've finished,' he says, and throws the newspaper over to me.

The Russian Premier is issuing a five-speech-balloon warning. The war news is full of BLAM! and WHUPP! and KACHOW!!! I skim down the page to where it says To Be Continued and put the newspaper down, wearily. I gaze out of my window. A Bat Signal is feebly trying to make itself seen in bright daylight. I feel old and tired and take out my father's pocket watch and run my fingers over its smooth surface. His long-ago face seems to swim before my eyes. He looked like Sigmund Freud . . .

Then I see that it is almost one o'clock. "Great Scott!" I think. The meeting with Sinclair is at one! I gather up the necessary papers, straighten my tie, and go out along the corridor to Sinclair's office. The afternoon is as still as a day in the country. Somewhere far off a police siren wails.

I knock on Sinclair's door and hear a voice say, "Come in." I go in. Sinclair is sitting at his desk, writing quickly on a large sheet of paper. He circles the words with speech balloons, effortlessly and efficiently. He has great style. 'Won't be a minute,' he says. "Sit down."

I sit down and once more admire Sinclair's office. He has taste. Mona Lisa wallpaper. A Campbell's Soup paperweight. A Batmobile desk lighter. An original Steve Canyon framed on the wall. An antique grandfather clock.

"Right," he says. "Let's go. The others are waiting." he steps into the grandfather clock. I follow him.

Illustration by George Snow

A Short Story by Morris Lurie

What Is My Secret Identity?



PEOPLE BEFORE
PROFIT!!!

OUT TO
LUNCH!

Bomb the bastards

NO PRESS
NO PIGS

WE WANT
FREEDOM!

BUILDING

WORKERS
CONTROL

to
People



HOME
SWEET
HOME

PIGS OUT!

LIBERATED
ZONE!

144

Phil Cohen, alias Dr John, the bane of England's mums and youth leaders, discusses an obnoxious book, "144 Piccadilly" by Samuel Fuller (New English Library) and analyses what went wrong with London's biggest and most sensational squat.

144 Piccadilly, for those of you who don't remember, was an empty Edwardian mansion at Hyde Park Corner which was taken over by the London Street Commune to provide accommodation for a few of the city's homeless.

This is the book of the film Sam Fuller never made. He qualifies it as a "fictional re-creation of a factual incident with fictive characters". Presumably that's so he won't get done for libel, because the whole intent of the book is to present itself to the reader as 'documentary reportage'. It is written from the view point of a first person author/narrator, candid camera style. But judging from the content the nearest Uncle Sam got to 144 was few drinks with Hells angels, and the clippings file of the worlds gutter press. This device does however give him the chance to give full vent to his political prejudices; a right wing populist view of the world, with a strong dose of sexism and racism to back it up. The tone is alternately moralistic and cynical; one minute our hero is giving a 16 year old girl 'fatherly' advice about going back home to mummy and daddy, the next he is writing like this:

(They were naked. She was giving him an oil rub.) "Her splendid body was firm and burst with health. She had no stomach(!) her thighs were trim and her breasts thrust out. I thought they must be on grass the way they were mumbering, but I remembered pat was verboten (!). I thought of quickly closing the door, but I did no such thing."

One more quote should give you the flavour of the thing:

"Suddenly a girl screamed. Two long haired bearded youths had ripped off her clothes. When I trailed Robert through the squatters toward the scream we came upon them urinating on the panic stricken girl. The two maniacs were dragged off. Their false beards fell. Their long haired wags fell. They were bearded youths. "SKINHEADS" shouted Peter." etc etc etc

As you can see, the book is amazingly funny, just because it is so incredibly dishonest. The human angle plot



Illustration by Richard Gallagher.

revolves around three main characters. Roger the Goody, who is a pacifist saint who wanders around loving everyone, misquoting from law books, and telling people not to smoke, fuck, or draw on the walls. And then there's Lover Boy, his rival for the affections of Molly, whose main aim in life seems to be whipping people with a lavatory chain he carries around. Their dialogue with some of the weirdest sub cultural jargon I've ever seen, a cross between Nadsat and Newsweek, but its no doubt intended to give the whole thing that unmistakable

ring of authenticity.

For all that, this silly little book does raise an important issue, and one that has not yet been properly confronted. To what extent were events riots, or 144 genuine political actions, or simply part of the whole mass media spectacle. There's clearly a difference between the two events. The Chicago conspirators were highly media conscious to begin with and chose a situation which was already saturated by world press and t.v. coverage. Their aim was to provoke a spectacular

confrontation and to use the media to get across their message. The London Street Commune originated in 1968 with a small group of beats who were trying to organise the west end scene to fight fuzz and social worker harassment. We specifically rejected the middle class underground as media freaks, and 144 was chosen as a squat for purely practical reasons — we needed a large building, near to the Dilly, which could relieve the pressure on the other squats, and accommodate the large summer influx into the west end. It may seem crazy in retrospect, but we never expected or wanted the world media coverage we eventually got. We were not equipped to deal with it, and this is what finally fucked us.

At times during the 144 week it was difficult to tell who was writing the script — us or them. Early every morning kids would rush out to buy the first editions to find out what they were supposed to be doing or saying that day. 16 year old kids fresh out of approved school, been told all their lives they're useless, lazy stupid or just plain bad, suddenly catapulted into a situation where the world is (apparently) hanging on their every word, and action. What are their opinions on the war in Vietnam, the future of the family, the crisis of consumer capitalism . . . How does it feel to be part of the 'biggest youth movement since the boy scouts' (this from a BBC reporter!) "Have you personally been influenced by Marcuse, Reich or Mickey Mouse."

In the end of course they gave up. The reporters retreated to the nearest pub and simply indulged private phantasies over a couple of scotches. And anyway it was cheaper and quicker than sending in people disguised as "hippies" who promptly got pissed, relieved of their bread, and thrown out none the wiser.

But the point at issue is how far the myths of deviance generated by the mass media

become reflected in, reinforced by the myths generated by subcultural ideologies. Sometimes it seems as if the stereotypes remain the same, but only the signs attached to them, positive or negative, change. This was summed up in one chant that came out of the street commune: *yes we are anti social, mal-adjusted, unsure, immature won't work, always shirking our responsibilities we don't give a fuck for your labels and your lies we're not selling any alibis we are the writing on your walls*

The other side of this is that as a result of the public hysteria created by the media, a lot of kids, for the first time in their lives were forced to realise that the way they lived, or wanted to live, posed fundamental questions about the way the whole of capitalist society is organised. In confrontations with "straights" outside, and the press they had to begin to make explicit a lot of the taken for granted assumptions about the scene, dropping out etc. They assumed their own question, but it was a question to which no-one could give an answer in the existing society, neither us nor them. And we all know that people who persist in asking unanswerable questions must be suppressed if the whole dissociated structure of the consumer spectacle is to survive.

The paranoid atmospheres of 144 were largely due to the interplay of these two factors and our failure, under such conditions, to operate an effective internal communications system. There was no attempt, for example, to use the mass meetings as a real "teach in" situation. Instead the only medium of information was rumour, which as the week wore on, assumed an increasingly regular manic/ depressive pattern. To give an example One day I went out for half an hour to do some shopping. On the way back I heard over

(continued on P.41)



Watney's Hash

It's A Smash, Smash, Smash!

Jock Young takes a sober look at the dope smokers revolutionary pipe dream and concludes that we might as well stock up with Babycham

"Think of it! Was it all to end in a counting house on top of a cinder heap with Podsnap's drawing room in the offing, and a Whig committee dealing out champagne to the rich and margarine to the poor in such convenient portions as would make all men content together, though the pleasure of the eyes was gone from the world, and the place of Homer was to be taken by (Thomas) Huxley?"
William Morris 1894.

One can be sure that in 1930 coffee houses earnest radicals sat discussing how sex before marriage was frowned upon because its practice was inimicable to capitalism. It wasn't, of course, for the system is, if anything, adept at incorporating the deviant activities of its members. Does anyone, for example, seriously believe that two men living together strikes a blow at capitalism (however camp their styling)? As long as they work, buy goods, and are responsibly discreet about their sexuality, they form as useful an economic unit as any other.

The same is true of drugs and with considerably more precedent. After all imagine how well the system would work if all the legal drugs were whisked away. What with uppers to get you to work in the morning, tranquilisers to help you forget the tedium, fags to give yourself regular rewards, booze to relax in the evening and bars to get you to sleep at night, all sold at a fat profit, the tie up between drugs and the system is already too neat to be sure.

The next drug to be normalized will be marihuana. Go to Amsterdam and have a look around and you will see what I mean. Normalization is a

major form of social control. It involves the swallowing up of deviant forms and practices, an incorporation of them in a fashion that is supportive of the status quo and a rejection of anything that originally posed as a challenge to the system. In its most advanced form it buys up deviant lifestyles and systematically sells it as a commodity to the wider population. My feeling is that that final heady day when legalization is achieved and Release packs up its offices will not be such a grand victory as we all imagine.

Social control is often glamorized by those who, sitting under their Che Guevara posters, dream of endless police batons and paddy wagons. The reality is more mundane yet considerably more effective. For the soft machine rewards by pats on the back and regular salary cheques and punishes through a gentle disinterest and a considered impoverishment. People or cultures rarely sell out in the simple dramatic sense of the word, rather they are sucked dry slowly and insiduously their soft unobjectionable parts being digested, their more reprehensible pips being spat out and soon forgotten. The violence of control is similarly undramatic, but it is all the more systematic and contemptible because of this; it is measured by the length and breadth of office blocks.

It is pleasure that makes the world go round; the pleasure that is doled out as reward for sacrifices of labour, the pleasure that is pre-packaged and sold in a stream of endless commodities. It is simple fact that our whole world stands or falls on the premise that such a distribution of reward is just and the pleasurable commodity is indeed seen as pleasurable. Illicit drugs, or more

accurately the cultures that imbibe them, threaten such a reality of sacrifice and reward. For they offer short cuts to pleasure, and more importantly, the culture of drugtakers often exist as a group of pleasure seekers who manifestly do not deserve pleasure in terms of the moral calculus of the straight world. For a while marihuana and the subculture around it posed a threat, not so much in its power (which Widgey pointed out was akin to trying to subvert the system by pushing bent coins into gas meters), nor, certainly not, in its theories (which were left to the Learys and the Roszaks of this world) — bad psychologists who never managed to get over their back-grounds) but in its potentiality.

The culture was like an antennae pointed to the future which sensed clearly that scarcity was a socially unnecessary condition, that if the productivity hernia that spilled out into arms, advertising, distribution and unnecessary commodities was trussed up, the utopia could be possible now, with the present technology. But they had no idea of how to get there and worst of all many of them believed that all that was necessary was to wait around in Nepal of Wales until the system collapsed and the meek would crawl out of their geodisic tents, muttering the currently favoured mantra, blissed out on real food, clutching a Whole Earth catalogue and ready to inherit the earth. But all this is past history: the system, far from tottering, bought up every relic of the culture that was worth selling: rock music, psychedelic posters, long hair, clothes — the lot.

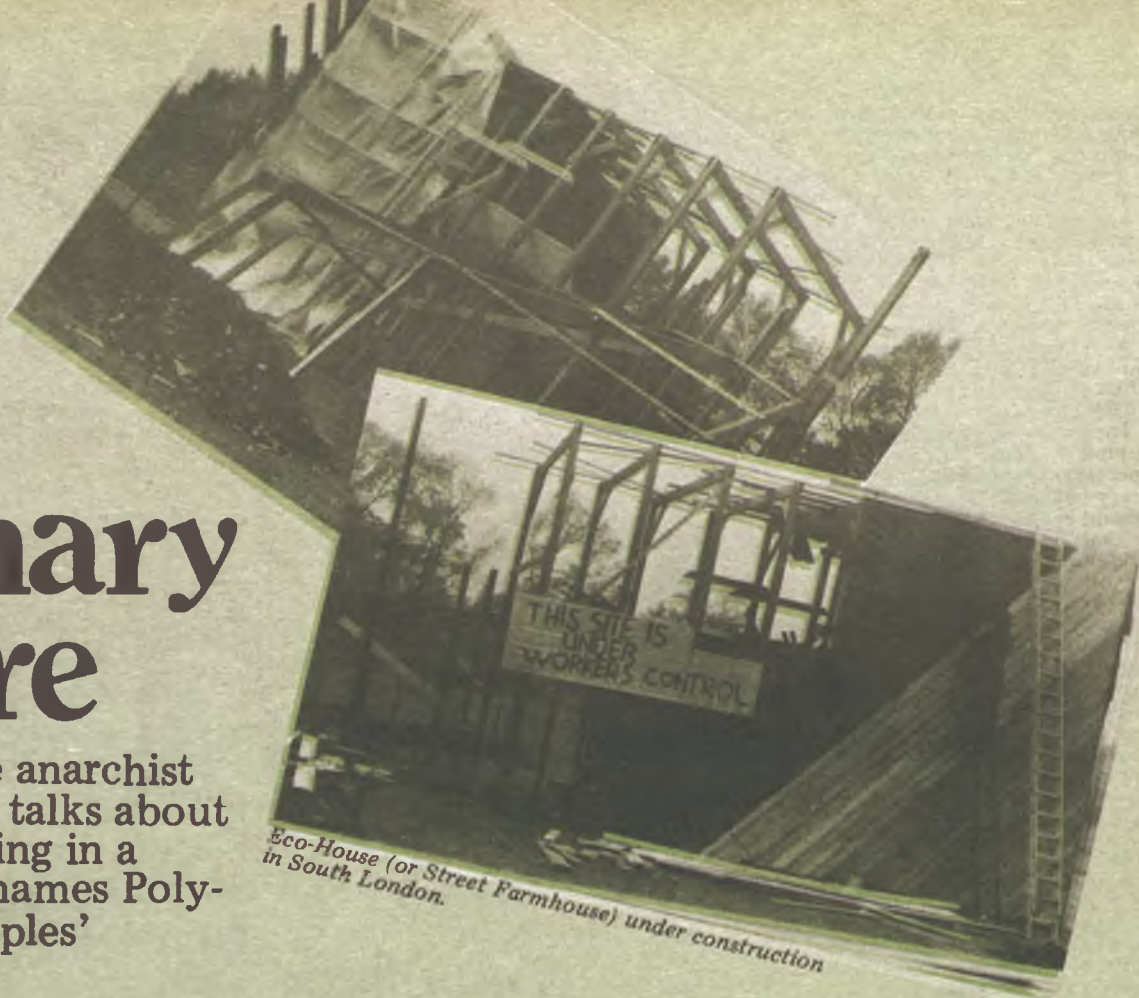
Normalization is a psychedelic carrier bag packed with Bibas clothes

carried by a typist who likes the Stones and thinks that hippies are dirty. It is the well-groomed long hair of the affluent working class conservative, it is the turning of a counter culture into a commodity. Slowly, under the growing pressure of liberal opinion, and with the shining example of Amsterdam to beguile us, the last symbol of bohemia will fall under the axe of the Watney's red revolution. Marihuana will be legalized — or at least tolerated, if International Conventions become too much of a hassle to contend with. Drugs contain within them no essence, their effects are a reflection of the culture which imbibes them. Just compare the effects of drinking the drug alcohol in the hands of a rugby club booze up, a Women's Institute sherry party, and a well-lubricated business lunch, if you don't understand what I mean. The endpoint will be the commodity marihuana, in packets of machine rolled joints (Prince Charles' perhaps), suitably diluted to be little more than a tranquilizer, smoked by trendy executives in a psychedelic pot house decorated by the people who interiorly design the Golden Egg. Tax returns will roll in, somebody in Imperial Tobacco will be given an O.B.E. for rationalizing 'pushing', and people in Camberley will mutter: 'I wonder what we ever had against it.' The effects, I predict will be mildly giggly, a bit like watered down champagne. It'll be advertised as a good way of taking your mind off work and enjoying the good things of life.

I can hear that coterie of executives and clerks out of the office laughing now — they will be quite right: they've got a lot to laugh about.

A Revolutionary Structure

Grahame Caine, a member of the anarchist architect group 'Street Farmer', talks about his Eco-House, which he is building in a corner of the playing fields of Thames Polytechnic, as living proof that "peoples' technology" can work.



Eco-House (or Street Farmhouse) under construction in South London.

After everything that has been learned, in the light of recent events and in the face of determined pessimism, as youth international takes to alternative exploitation at home and on the road, while leaders are still being followed, as our everyday paranoia is realised and reinforced by straight and hip media, the theme of this article (in the context of world revolution) is modest. It concerns a form of co-operative liberation, the process of which is at least as important a product as the unperceivable end.

The revolution has to be fought not only in the official demonstration square and at work but in the very fabric in which we live. Bourgeois property like bourgeois language in no way accomodates the rising revolution.

This chunk of technology I've called 'The Ecological House'. It is, in fact, far more than a house, it's an energy system within itself.

By recycling all its organic matter and collecting rainwater and sunshine, it produces food, heating and gas for cooking FREE.

The project has often been described as revolutionary, usually with reference to the concepts of its techniques, but I believe it to be revolutionary more in its implications within the existing social situation . . . I mean, the world has been going round and round for millenias on the techniques involved, its the political situation that is fucking them up that needs revolution.

By its actual construction it should demonstrate the feasibility of low cost shelter design and help blow the bullshit that low cost housing is a problem of techniques and not political control. The cost of this particular version ought to be approx. £700 and it's hoped to take about two months from start to finish the majority of the structure. There's myself working full time and "odd" people coming along every now and again to average about two of us a day. As someone who knows my carpentry skill, or lack of, said, "If you can build it, anyone can." Question to reader: "Can you build it?" A: "Yes." "May you build it?" A: "No."

THE LAND RIGHTLY BELONGS TO

THE COMMUNITIES OF THE BIOSPHERE. NOT INDIVIDUALS OF THE HUMAN RACE.

In England, one of the most densely populated countries in the world, there is still approx. 1 acre of land per person . . . but we are forbidden from it.

While large government agencies utilize huge stretches for such things as shooting ranges.

While massive food corporations chemically farm our pastures for profit.

While private mass property owners control and often deliberately mismanage estates for tax reasons.

While industrialists hack up and squander our resources on their worthless products, architects and planners gayly support this crime of land theft and happily produce their pretty little boxes to herd the masses into. Their creation of urban prisons as equally repressive to the minds as their cells are to the body.

Of course people need houses . . . but not these! The aesthetic tarting up of these prisons to create "visual flow", "exciting facades", "special

quality" and all the other hacknied cliches that are used to justify their products, can not over-ride the alienation of this process of attitude to people-control that is the product of the State. In fact all "nice arcitecture" does, is help produce happy slaves and: **HAPPY SLAVES ARE THE WORST ENEMIES OF FREEDOM.**

Within the "Ecological House" which I believe is a **REAL ALTERNATIVE** to official arcitecture the individual is not only involved in its production, he is directly involved within the biological cycles that constitute so much of its life support systems.

ONE RELATES TO ONE'S OWN SHIT.

Instead of flushing it away with two gallons of reasonably pure water to — one knows not where (but probably to damage some aquatic ecosystem) one holds onto it, feeding it back into the 'house', permitting it to decompose naturally and return to reconstitute food and energy.

The individual's involvement in these small systems gives him the opportunity to optimise on the potentials of the immediate environment.



Illustration by Bruce Haggart

In the process of the liberation of all things, allies are to be found in all who are oppressed—a conclusion that should act like the first rush of the first joint, but sustain a fervour that is unaccountable.



Not by exploiting nature but by establishing a symbiotic harmony (mutual balance for mutual benefit).

A lot of the Do-It-Yourself movement, I believe, is the desire of people to witness their effectivity within their immediate surroundings; as a response to the alienation that is experienced in the majority of work situations of the specialised, industrialised society in which we are immersed.

As ALIENATION is directly a result of SPECIALISATION so is SPECIALISATION directly a result of CENTRALISATION.

The present population increase coupled with induced individual expectations is creating a greater energy demand. The response to this demand is most easily organised by the centralisation of control of 'capital energy' (ie. fossil fuels, electricity, oil, etc.) and their distribution networks. Such centralised network systems demand high degrees of organisation, the aesthetic of the "expert administrator" is less directed towards efficiency in terms of resources but more in terms of control. As these mass centralised networks increasingly control individuals, so the individual's effectivity within the system becomes increasingly unappreciable.

However, by orientating the provision of energy demands towards the capture of income energy ie. the sun, wind, rain (the solar infra-structure) ones resources essentially become dispersed and personal, permitting the individual the freedom to control his own life support system.

Not only does the "Ecological House" depend on a dispersed energy supply system, the environment created, that of a direct involvement with natural cycles, should project a different life style and thus expectations for the inhabitants . . . a more peaceful existence . . . a sort of pottering about to the sounds of Zappa and Lennon.

This basic change from the desire for a high standard of living to a desire for a better quality of life is the basis of true revolution.

"THE PROCESS OF KNOWING WHAT WE WANT IS ALSO THE PROCESS OF KNOWING WHAT WE DON'T WANT"

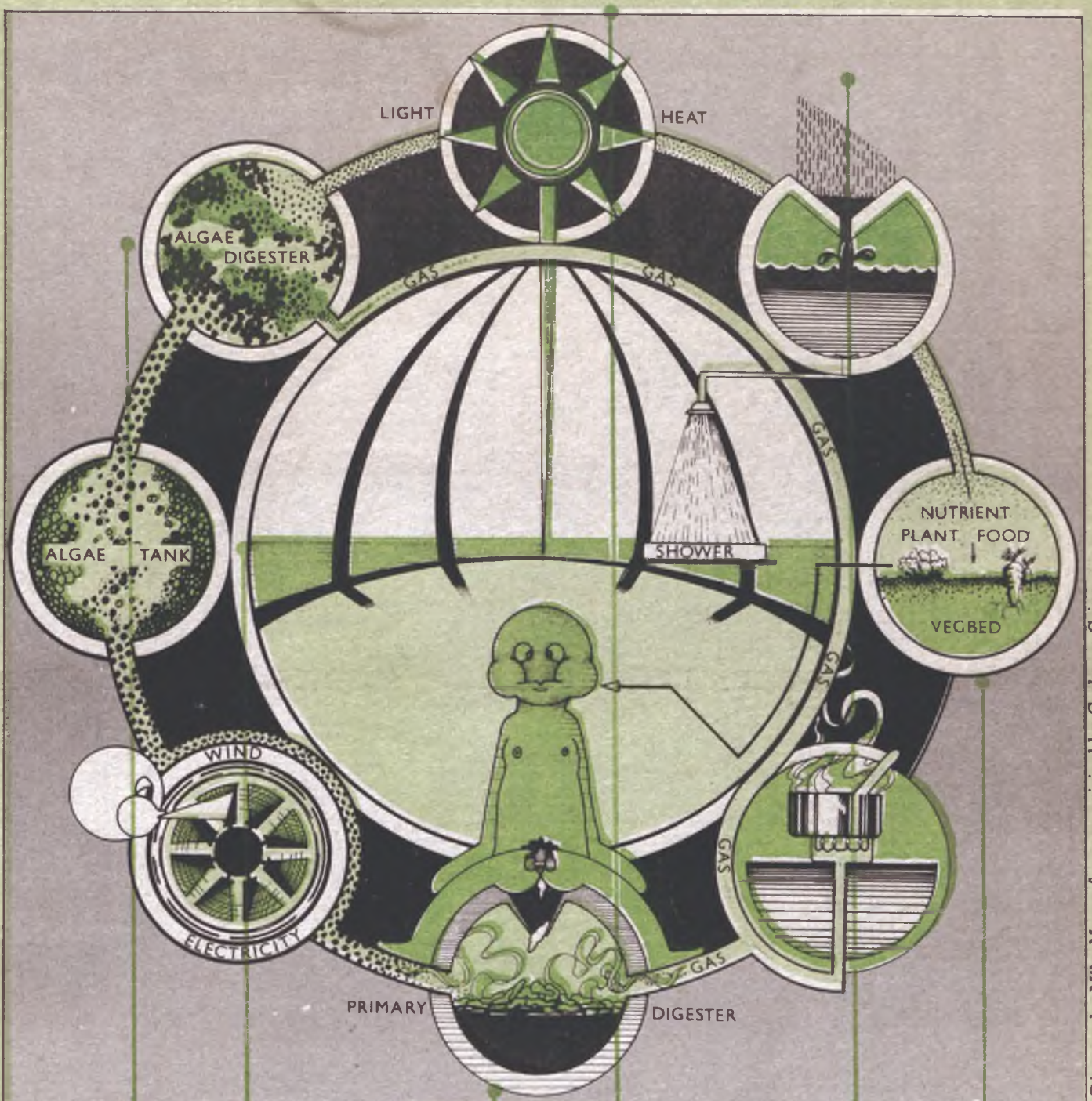
"The most beautiful aspects of life are seen as the backdrop to the great

commercial, and are contaminated in the process. In order to market their useless toys manufacturers must fabricate apparent uses. Terms like 'efficiency', 'labour saving', 'revolutionary', are used to describe their products, when the only real efficiency is in the efficient rape of life. When apparent 'labour saving' is the product of useless labour involved in the process of making and marketing the product, when 'revolutionary' means new colour for old pictures or stylistic re-vamping of old ways. Supposedly everything that is produced is for the enrichment of life, the increase of choice and the manifestation of the desire of people, but in reality what is produced debases life, reducing men to a convenient station on the great assembly line, to the chew the bait and spit it out while still swallowing the hook. When the choice is the choice between a range of identical and equal uselessness. When the real desire of the manufacturers is to make more from less.

Even just the physical "goodies" of the "Ecological House" should make it desirable to a lot of people within the present value system . . . the thought of FREE gas, heating and food with no sewerage, and water rates is appealing to say the least, so it would not only be dug by "eco freaks" who are already into it, but perhaps by a lot of straight people.

But what chance have general people to actually do it if they wanted to? The authorities can permit and quite enjoy projecting a liberal attitude to a freak student playing their game, ie. planning permission, building regulations, land lease etc. to pursue a clever project but would they permit anyone to do it who wanted to? Lesson learnt from project so far . . . if you want to do it . . . do it. Playing their game took me 18 months just to be permitted . . . As squatters house-grab so its becoming relevant to land-grab.

"The "environmental crisis" is a crisis of society not a crisis of technology and if one agrees with the theme that the technology of a civilisation is a reflection of its social structure it is not surprising that our civilisation has produced a life killing technology.



ALGAE DIGESTER

In this digester the algae break down to produce gas for cooking and an ORGANIC nutrient solution that is fed to the vegetable beds.

This digester, like the Primary Digester is connected to a solar flat plate energy absorber which is a simple panel radiator exposed to the sun. Some experiments I've done with these sort of heaters show remarkable results with water being heated 80°F in January and up to 160°F since April. This was with 18 square feet of radiator panel connected to 30 gals of water. For more details see *Architectural Design*, July issue.

SUN

Solar heat is trapped by blackened central heating radiators down the south side of the house. Tests on a sunny day in January demonstrated that the system could heat a 30-gallon tank of water to 77 degrees Fahrenheit. In April it managed 140 degrees — enough for a hot bath.

RAINWATER COLLECTION

Average rainwater over the year is surprisingly average, varying between 1½" to 2½" per month. This means that an area of approx. 600 sq. ft. a daily collection of 20 gals. is not over optimistic. Because of our polluted atmosphere this water has to be filtered before used for washing and needs extra filtration before using for drinking.

SOILLESS VEGETABLE BEDS

This simply a way of demonstrating the feasibility of growing food where good soil does not exist. Although where soil is suitable, it could be argued that it should be used, by demonstrating that its presence is not a constraint to self sufficiency it can possibly exhibit an alternative to the elitist attitude of moving out to large, fertile, eco-farms.

Obviously soilless cultivation (hydroponics) is artificial, but no more than chemical farming. Organic soilless cultivation is also artificial environment in which we "live".

PRIMARY DIGESTER

This is an airtight tank which receives all the liquid and organic "waste" from the household.

It produces a gas suitable for burning and coupled with the gas from the algae digester; cooking requirements should be met. For details of small digesters see "MOTHER EARTH NEWS" No.3

ALGAE TANK

This tank receives the displaced liquid effluent from the Primary Digester. The algae feed with the bacteria, providing the oxygen for the bacteria to metabolise the organic matter at the same time gaining an organic loading through photosynthesis. This organic loading in the form of carbohydrate (carbon, hydrogen and oxygen) is later broken down to produce methane (CH4) and carbon dioxide (CO2). Also, during this stage, any pathogenic virus are exposed to ultra violet light from the sun and are thus destroyed.

SURVIVAL — Who needs it?

To forecast possible futures with any credibility one has to delve to the depths of paranoia or rise to the heights of optimism, only to realise that the picture one comes up with is but a parable of the present. It is not in the state's interest to predict anything but global gloom in terms and on a scale that only global government can cope with (if you register to vote and keep them in power and Britain tidy).

The only agencies with the capacity to monitor global eco systems, with access to statistics to relate these findings to, and with the processing capability to handle all that data are slate agencies; state propped universities, the military NASA etc. who

aren't going to give out good news anyway, at least without conditions.

Any research to provide alternative findings therefore reinforces the state's findings and acts to turn a few more people off to join the imminent boom in eco-industries.

The only way to react to the stated situation is through ideological critique based on natural mistrust of governments, which is not to say one has to react at all.

Figuring out means of survival in the state's terms is like the anti war movement helping Nixon figure out how best to pull out of Vietnam.

The revolutionary does not need another opportunity to ask survival of what and whom and in whose terms.



Don't Just Stand There Say Spray Something

Does reading Bio-Strath adverts make you tired and listless? Does your heart sink at the thought of what beans means? Do you get hot under the collar when those headless bodies tell you how simply super the Brook Bureau is at shuttling people from one unpopular job job to another? The answer is YES, but what can you do about it? Geoff Lowe offers a few homemade and simple solutions.

'Advertisers are paper tisers'
(Mao Tse Tung in Cheek)

As far as television is concerned there is very little you can do because the facilities to answer back are illegal or expensive. It would cost thousands of pounds to say 'I can tell Black from butter' and besides it is still against advertising ethics to broadcast 'knocking copy.' Print, however, is a much more vulnerable medium. You may not be able to buy space in a newspaper to say 'Omo is a rotten detergent' but you can answer back by adding comments to the hundreds of advertising posters that confront us every day. It is only a misplaced respect for property and a mystical awe of the printed word that stops us. Print is only the bosses' handwriting. Power to the people, write on!

Double Dimension: the beer the men drink

In advertising it is not merely the manufacturer's message with which we are dealing, because that is always the same; Buy this. The manufacturer employs some of the best minds of our generation to wrap up this message in a way which will make it effective. The ad-man deals in things like emotions, hopes, fears, and desires which are usually quite extraneous to the product itself and create messages all of their own. Women's Lib is at present attempting to combat the

female stereotypes which ad-men make use of, but their 'This exploits women' sticker is unlikely to convert people who don't already recognise the nature of the exploitation (and most don't). If we are to become effective advertisers we must understand the same basic rules as the advertiser. These can be found in the pages of the many manuals on advertising which stock the shelves of our public libraries. Very briefly these are:

1. **Participation:** This is a principle which most advertising theorists agree upon. Don't disappoint them. Of course, they see you like Pavlov's dog so that when they see you too can have a body like mine', they expect you to participate by thinking, 'How? They don't expect you to exercise your unconditioned reflexes.

2. **Find a Unique selling proposition:** Find something that all the other additions haven't got, ie, wit, humour, topicality, common sense. If you find a USP then you can be sure that people will read your ad and some will add it to similar ads.

3. **Be Specific:** As well as failing to indicate how women are being exploited, 'This exploits women' is being stuck on ads without reference to the ad when a pencilled bubble

caption could make the point far more aptly.

4. **Empathise:** Try to appreciate what the people you are trying to convert are like and cater for them. If you are really trying to convert people rather than give heart to the already converted, then don't use tribe words like 'pig', 'fuzz', 'gope' and 'bread' whose power of tribal identification immediately excludes the unconverted and provokes their prejudices against your message.

The Never Region

1. Never let a euphemism pass. It is a species of new-speak and always means someone has got something to hide. Spell it out! Down with 'work people'. Up with 'the workers.'

2. Never leave to the imagination what the ad-man would prefer people didn't think about. South African travel ads are good examples to work on because their benefits are never more than skin deep.

3. Never assume that your audience is Educationally Subnormal. The ad-men do this because of cost-effectiveness; intelligent ads are only understood by intelligent people, while ads which are reduced to the lowest common denominator can be understood by

everyone. The advertiser doesn't need to worry about cost, merely effectiveness, so esoteric adds have their place. In fact people like to be clever, and esoteric adds will be effective amongst the people who do understand them and will do no harm amongst the people who don't.

4. Never let the ad-man use peoples' habits of thought or speech against you. JAC Brown in 'Techniques of Persuasion' tells us how this device was first exploited in Victorian England when soap ad-men linked the common courtesy 'Good Morning' to a response extolling their own particular formula for godliness.

Always strike back; beanz means someone can't zpell.

Always smoozy—the techniques of advertising

Felt tip pens: The pen is the obvious choice of weapon for Add's Army because it is light, manoeuvrable and can adapt any situation. Felt tips are better than any other type of pen because the ink flow depends less on gravity. Their effect is also much bolder than other types of pen. The ways of using felt tips for adding are numerous. Merely writing your appreciation of the ad can be effective, along with answering rhetorical questions or drawing appen-

dages on illustrations. In 1930s Germany, three arrows proved so successful in striking out the Swastika that they came to symbolise anti-Nazism. Think bubbles are a very succinct advertising technique and a 'so what' type statement can't be beaten as a deflator of ridiculous claims.

Blotting out (You'll wonder where the yell went): The felt tip is very useful for blotting out words and letters. It is often a good idea to make the crossing out obvious so that the reader can appreciate the transformation. Blotting out black print on a white background is a bit tricky. Chalk is too faint and rubs off easily. A piece of Tippex typewriter corrector is much better and more permanent. Tippex is just like a piece of paper which you place over the thing to be vanished and rubbing the back of the Tippex with a pen or pencil coats the area underneath white. Tippex can be bought at stationers or branches of W H Smith, and 'EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING.'

Home made stickers: Their chief advantage is that they are one of the quickest ways of applying an add and are particularly useful in stick-and-run situations. The weakness of the write-in add is that your hands or the



Tippex and black felt-tip technique

I'VE DECIDED A BANK M

And there's nothing to stop me. At the Midland, we girls have equal opportunities with the men. Equal pay too. So I'm all set for a big future. (Of course, I may decide to come a

THIS AD
EXPLOITS
WOMEN'S
LIB!



Mother's ruin

Children's curse

THALIDOMIDE Distaval

Twelve years ago the makers of Gordon's and Booth's gin marketed a product infinitely more lethal than old 'Mother's Ruin'. It was a sleeping pill called Distaval (thalidomide) and they advertised it as being 'completely safe'. It wasn't. Hundreds of expectant mothers who took the pill gave birth to horribly deformed babies.

Right now there are about 400 of these thalidomide victims in Britain, approaching adolescence. And after all this time the giant Distillers Company who make Gordon's and Booth's and other spirits are still dodging the question of who gets to compensate their victims. IN FACT 175 THALIDOMIDE CHILDREN HAVE NOT RECEIVED ONE PENNY FROM DISTILLERS. THE COMPANY THAT LAST YEAR MADE 25 MILLIONS IN PROFITS.

It's enough of us stop drinking Gordon's and Booth's gin to make Distillers face up to their responsibilities to these unfortunate children. Your most direct form of protest is to avoid buying Distillers' products. And one day 400 thalidomide children may thank you.

Help Thalidomide victims—protest at your pub tonight

One advertisement that needs no advertising

TO BECOME MANAGER.

housewife later. But that's a good career too, and I can always come back afterwards.) Ask for details at your local branch or telephone (006 9911 ext. 3343.

Midland Bank
A Great British Bank

Home made stickers are particularly effective



"The pollution problem is in your hands. Keep Britain Tidy."

Stop driving your bloody Rolls Royce



KEEP BRITAIN TIDY

AND GET A HAIRCUT!

Speech and thought bubbles for that hit and run job.

movement of transport you are travelling in makes your writing illegible. If you think of a good amendment to a common advert then you can write your own stickers and carry them around to apply as necessary. One of the best uses for stickers is to make 'thinks' bubbles, while plain sticky paper can be used to blank out letters or words. Sticky paper in various colours is available from stationers and WH Smith's sell a perforated roll of 625 gummed labels for 22p (3 1/2" x 1 1/2").

Printed stickers: Printed stickers might be useful in some cases, but they are more the weapon of the alternative advertiser than the advertiser. Printed stickers are a mass technique while advertising is very much a small scale activity because it derives its effect from adverts themselves. If an add catches on the advert will probably be changed. For example, the replacement of the Wrigley's poster campaign featuring 'Double your pleasure, double your fun' may not have been wholly unconnected with the widespread appendage of 'With a cock up your cunt and one up your bum.' Printed stickers mean that hundreds of people are likely to be distributing them and the temptation is always to use

them indiscriminately. For advertising purposes it doesn't matter where a sticker is put, so long as people read it, while in advertising it is vital that the sticker relate to the subject matter of the thing added to. Another point about printed stickers, if they are professionally printed, is that the print massages the message. Print makes the message depersonalised, so that it loses the effect of being an individual's protest. With an individual add the reader thinks 'Yes' or 'No' but with a printed add he thinks 'Who are they?'

Rubber stamps: These give the advantages of the printed word while retaining amateur status. A John Bull printing outfit is an ideal advertising weapon, because the stamp and pad are easily carried around, and can be used even in crowded situations. Perhaps the most useful all-purpose add technique is to write your add as a mirror-image on a piece of flat rubber or plastic. While the ink is still wet you can stamp the image onto a poster. Either biro or felt tip can be used but felt tip is usually better, particularly onto plastic. If you use felt tip it's important that it has water-based ink because spirit ink usually dries on the rubber before you have had time to stamp it.

Think of a number.



Now double it.

Letraset for that professional touch



Evening Standard

It's what living in London's all about.

Example of mindless graffiti. Caption could have read "30,000 alcoholics in Britain alone"

Dry print: Letraset dry print and its cheaper imitations are an ideal weapon for applying extra letters or words when you want the addition to look like part of the original advertisement. It is amazing what changes a single letter can make to the message of a poster. In 1930s Germany the addition of 't' to 'Heil Hitler' changed it into 'Heilt Hitler' (heal Hitler) and was widely used by anti-Nazis. Letraset comes in a wide range of types, colours and sizes. The ad-men use Letraset to make up their original copy so perfect print matches are easy.

Paint (Don't just stand there, spray something): The spray-can is useful for work on large hoardings posters but it's too messy and indelicate for most add-jobs. Adrian Mitchell once suggested that red paint could be sprayed over the country's white traffic lines as a visible reminder of the Vietnam War but the idea wasn't taken up.

Do It!

Having talked about how to advertise, the only thing left to say is 'do it.' If you don't like the way your mind is being made up then change your mind. Power to the people, write on. (And don't get caught).

Help Yourself

UNCAREERS

UNCAREERS is about work which is done for its own sake, and controlled by the people doing it. (e.g. co-operative workshops, informal community projects, etc.). We answer enquiries and produce the 'Directory of Alternative Work' - this lists and describes projects which more people could get involved with. (20p. inc. postage, from us). Most of these things are at survival level as regards pay and they don't often provide 'jobs' as slots which almost anyone would fit - but there might be something you would agree with. Write to us at 298b Pershore Road, Birmingham 5 (Phone - 21 440 4146).

LABOUR EXCHANGE RESEARCH GROUP

Labour Exchange Research Group, c/o Dept. of Sociology, Letters Faculty, Whiteknights, Reading University, Reading, Berks.

Information wanted about the underlying relationship between labour exchanges and industry. We're particularly interested in information about racialism, but any information would be of help.

FLEET MUSIC WORKSHOP

FLEET MUSIC WORKSHOP, c/o John, 27 Portland Drive, Church Crookham, Aldershot, Hants. Tel: Fleet 4320.

Fleet Music Workshop is trying to form a centre for head activities in the Fleet/Farnham area. We've already got music but would like more so if you can play, read, act, write or organise please contact us.

BIT INFORMATION

'Overland to India and Beyond' new BIT publication with detailed info (on visas, health, student cards, dope laws, border hassles, the blackmarket, food, shelter, hitching, buses, trains, boats, planes, prices etc. etc.) for every inch of route from Istanbul to Indonesia; plus BIT's complete European address-network. 50p. (Minimum 'donation'!) all money to BIT Free Information Service, 141 Westbourne Park Road, London, W11.

THE DAILY LIAR

Are you tired of reading shit, blood and guts, phoney ads, bad news in every paper or mag you pick up? It seems we've gone backwards in a lot of ways since those flower power days. Where's the brotherhood spirit of the 60's gone? As an attempt to make a few changes we've brought out an English edition of the Daily Liar. Be sure to get your copy. Send 10p. postal order + 3p stamp to Arviragus, 1 Elgin Avenue, London W.9.

NORTH-WEST COMMUNITY MUSIC

North-West Community Music, 6a Hunters Lane, Rochdale, Lancs.

We are now presenting benefit concerts in the North

West in aid of local community groups (Womens' Lib, Bust funds, White Panthers, Claimants' Union, Info Points and Street Theatre Groups). In the past few months we have successfully organised benefits with Pink Fairies and M.L.F. bands Eaststreet and Medium Theatre. We'd like to hear from bands, lightshows, proposed beneficiaries/venues.

STREETPRESS

STREETPRESS is an alternative community magazine based in Birmingham and sold mainly around the Midlands. It operates from the PEACE CENTRE which is a focal point for many aspects of the local liberation scene, providing info and contacts about what's going on in the industrial wastelands. STREETPRESS is planning a COMMUNITY BENEFIT GIG to take place early in November at a new rock theatre. Anyone into helping with this please contact STREETPRESS at THE PEACE CENTRE, 18 Moor Street, Ringway, Birmingham. (Tel: 021-643-0996).

SHELTER

SHELTER is opening its very first Central London SHOP at 1 Chappel Street, NW1. on Tuesday October 17th at 2.30 p.m. Actor Gavin Campbell will 'open' the SHELTER SHOP. Thereafter the SHELTER SHOP will open Tues-Sat: 10:30 - 7 p.m.

ANARCHISTS

LONDON ANARCHISTS meet socially in 'The Sun' Drury Lane (Bloomsbury end) WC2. Nearest tube Tottenham Court Road, from 7.30 p.m. on Sundays.

MUSHROOM

MUSHROOM, 261 Arkwright Street, Nottingham.

Mushroom is an alternative bookshop/head-shop/meeting place/ whatever with joss sticks, clothes and other goodies - cheap! - and free coffee etc. etc. as well as some good books (mainly paperbacks). We particularly want to contact people who make things that we could try and sell - so anyone who thinks they do, please write/call in.

CHIP

CHIP, 122 Liverpool Road, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.

CHIP is a new info/help service which has a shop given by the Council. Extra people, especially people who can organise activities themselves, would be welcome to join - please come and visit us if you live in the area.

INSIDE STORY

INSIDE STORY, 3 Belmont Road, London SW4. (622 8961).

What the alternative papers say about INSIDE STORY, the new radical magazine which specialises in the stories Fleet Street won't print:

Send 25p for sample copy (or £1.50 for six issues) to the above address.



Photograph by Joseph Steven

Bobbi Sykes is a black militant from, of all places, Australia. Oz has always been top heavy with escaped white Australians — throughout its history it's tended to avoid the sort of issues that could be construed as the personal embitterments and insular obsessions of its staff. But the movement that Bobbi Sykes represents is something else. The gradual awakening of Australia's black population called 'aborigines' by the whites and dismissed by them as sub-human, is exposing a blatant racism that transcends that of any other ex-colonial country.

Outside Australia only the setting up of aboriginal embassies on the lawns of the parliament house in Canberra and the violence of the police who smashed them down, made news. The details of the long repression of the blacks is barely understood in Australia let alone abroad. Bobbi although beautiful with an afro hairdo is no Angela Davis. She's not (yet) into left wing political theory — but that's a reflection of Australia's stone age political climate where it's white politicians who are sub-human. A right wing 'Liberal' government has been in power for 23 years. Its reactionary attitudes are perpetuated by the low level of intelligence of the politicians and the moronic mouthings that are supposed to be political debate. Apart from the crucial question of land rights and return of tribal areas, the first pre-occupation of the black movement has been getting blacks enough food so that first, they can stay alive and second, so they can receive enough nutrition to allow their minds and bodies to function at a normal level. Australia's blacks are dying of hunger in the midst of amazing affluence. White Australia treats them like their cattle. The rules and regulations which deprive them of true citizenship are the branding marks. Bobbi has been good bait for the media. She is the first 'aboriginal' to travel and talk about what is happening to her people. Whether the trip will produce more than a few liberal grumbles is hard to tell. In a way she represents the guilty conscience of a white dominated group called ABJAB, which raised the money to bring her here. ABJAB hopes that her visit will contribute an international element into the forthcoming Australian general elections where the conditions and struggles of black Australians are an election issue for the first time ever.

OZ: How many blacks are there in Australia?
A: Close to 500,000. The government says 200,000 to 300,000 but they have never done a census. From state to state blacks are brainwashed to believe they are not aboriginal. In the Northern Territory for example if you are half caste you are not considered aboriginal. But you are treated the same — educated the same and you starve to bloody death the same — but you are not counted as a black.
OZ: Do blacks get social security or any money from the government?
A: It varies from state to state. In NT you get nothing unless you are on a reserve when you get a government hand out — flour, sugar, tea and the occasional can of bully beef. And living on a reserve doesn't mean that you live in a house. You pick up a piece

of corrugated iron and go and live under it. NT is the worst in that way — yet they are not imprisoned there. If they want to walk off the reserve and starve they can. In Queensland if they want to walk off and starve they can't.
OZ: What happens if they try?
A: They get arrested and put in a close confinement prison which is about a 3' x 3' structure — for as long as it takes to tame them down. Western Australia is almost the same. Tasmania is better because it has no racist legislation — they don't need it as they killed off all the blacks. Victoria has some scholarships — they made the only token land gesture by giving the blacks Lake Tyres. It is just a gesture — it's a sandy track lightly covered with dirt and surrounded on 3 sides by salt water! A lot of blacks in New South Wales are urban blacks — reading black power books and starting to be really militant. Our programs are socialist programs and if we're successful we'll be independant of the system and they're frightened of that. So the whites there do all sorts of things to try and subdue us. They go down to the slums and belt their kids and tell them to keep away from us — we give them black power and they crunch us over the head with a baton. However all this means that they are driving the black people together and towards militants like us. Before, when we turned up in country areas the other blacks there would automatically think that trouble was coming. Now they are joining us in our anti-eviction campaign. The government evict families from their houses, and when evicted take the children into care — now our anti-eviction squads move into the homes and force them to evict us all one by one probably 30 of us — and it takes much longer for them.
OZ: Does citizenship for blacks vary from state to state?
A: Yes. NSW is the only state where citizenship for blacks is the same as for the whites. In Queensland you wouldn't get off the reserve. Once you go near the fence the guards stop you. 9,000 live on reserves as far as we know. Black militants like myself and Dennis Walker don't have a chance of getting into the reserves to find out for ourselves.
OZ: What happens to blacks who are not on reserves in Queensland?
A: Until December last year they lived in perpetual fear of being put on reserves. Now they've repealed the law. The law was that any aboriginal or Torres Strait Islander who appeared before a court whether or not found guilty — you didn't need a trumped up charge — was 'assisted' to a reserve along with everybody normally resident with them.
OZ: Are any of the other states as

bad as this?
A: Western Australia is pretty close — there aboriginals are not citizens. The whites are citizens automatically, on becoming 21. If you are black you can apply for citizenship but you have to fulfil certain conditions and one of these is that you must alienate yourself from your tribe and friends for not less than 2 years. WA also have laws concerning transportation of blacks across the border. One problem which arises is the classification of a 'black'. Each state defines its own 'blacks'. One man in WA was defined as a black by State Classification but was not by the Federal Classification, so the National Service people stepped in to have him registered for service in Viet Nam. When he tried to point out that he was classified 'black' by the State they would hear none of it and the judge in his case even said, 'Why you don't look like a black to me — you're clean'.
OZ: Did many blacks go to Viet Nam?
A: Too many but not enough. Too many as far as I'm concerned, but not enough to come back having learnt guerilla tactics.
OZ: What positive things are being done for the blacks?
A: There are all sorts of patchwork programmes being done all the time. The government would put up a school in an area — but malnutrition and starvation in general meant that most of the people suffered from brain damage and couldn't take advantage of the school.
OZ: How does the white Australia policy work now?
A: It excludes everybody coloured. I resent my taxes being paid to finance the immigration of nazis, and racists from Britain — from where there are too many. When I go down to the docks and meet the people from the ships they say, 'Oh we came away from England to get away from people like you'. My taxes are helping them get into the country — and I don't expect to be talked to like that by the migrants as they step off the boat.
OZ: What's your attitude to South Africa?
A: Should the Liberal Country Party return to power (at the coming federal elections) we are going to seek political asylum in South Africa. They are much more honest than Australia about their attitude to blacks. And there's a chance for the blacks to get a better education there. Also the blacks in South Africa are considered the work force. They have to keep them healthy so you don't find the malnutrition.
OZ: Do you have a political platform?
A: We're calling for a nutrition program but a lot of money is needed, also a medical program. The government are

not going to help as it is not being organised by or for whites, but, in this case, as there has been so much said about the black situation they are prepared to pay the wages of a doctor. However this doesn't begin to help towards all the money needed to set up a centre for a wide community. We don't feel this is good enough.
OZ: Are there other blacks in Australia who identify with your struggle?
A: Yes, although they have no claim to land rights — there are people who feel black — it's a state of mind not necessarily a colour. The land rights struggle is an Aboriginal struggle but it needs the help of the broad struggle.
OZ: What is the aim of the land rights struggle?
A: Unfortunately the agitators are going to accept whatever is offered — if anything — but I think they should hold out for our original demand — the Northern Territory. They want to have the NT under their control, plus 1% of national gross product, the reserves handed to people who live on them. We'll never get any of these things. Even if the Northern Territory were handed over tomorrow they couldn't handle it — no political education etc. or knowledge of running a state. Nor could we from the South rush in and help them. What we have to do is work on two planes at once — improve their state of health and education so that they could take over if Canberra would grant it to them.
OZ: What about the broader political struggle?
A: Various aims — nothing defined. I have specific things but I'm one of the few that can make comparisons — the blacks who haven't had my chances cannot always agree with me — fair enough — we get a lot of conflict. I'd like to see the creation of various black seats in parliament — as in New Zealand. Also a portfolio of three (we have one white minister carrying three portfolios, Aborigines, Environment and Arts) each portfolio should be granted to blacks. Thirdly I would like to see the Aboriginal land claim acknowledged — then the discrimination felt by the wider black community would be solved and the land rights compensation could then finance the anti-malnutrition and starvation schemes — and that's probably the only way we'll get the money.
OZ: How do you intend to relate to other countries?
A: I'd like to go to United Nations next week. Australia is almost sure to get a seat on the council — I would like to see this seat queried. I'd like an enquiry held on what is going on in Australia — No one has any idea. No idea at all.
More info-contact ABJAB, 19 Sandwell Mansions, West End Lane, London NW6.



Illustration by Roy Knipe. Research by a cast of thousands.

The Stoke Newington 8

All of the 'Stoke Newington 8' deny the charges against them. All the defendants who have given evidence have attacked terrorism — and have seen the Angry Brigade as fairly irrelevant to the class struggle. But they have recognized the Angry Brigade's actions as reflecting the feelings of thousands. They have described their involvement in squatting and Claimants Union activities, and now this presents them to the police as plausible culprits. The proceedings are smothered with a tight security blanket around the court and a virtual blackout by the national press. Those whom the state wishes to destroy, it first renders anonymous...

The defendants:

Top, left to right: John Barker, Chris Bott, Angela Weir, Stuart Christie.

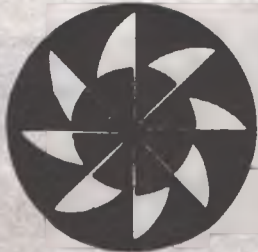
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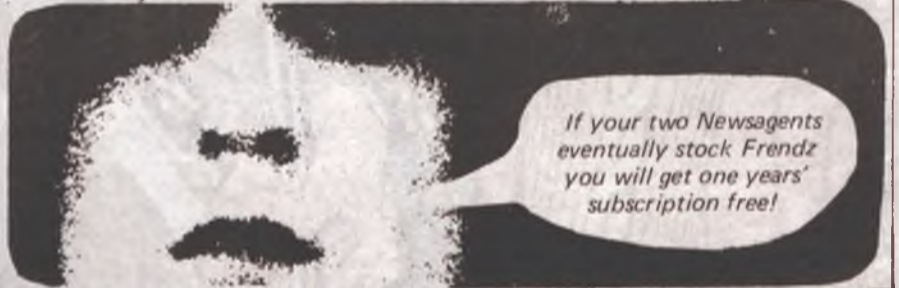


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STARTS GUY FAWKES NIGHT



Dear Sir,

Giving space to Women's Lib is one thing. Giving space to the Women's Own Lobby is another. Alison Fell is a hysterical reactionary. Distaste for menstruation is an unoriginal vice, and she ignores three basic facts:

- 1) Menstruation was not invented by men, and is regarded by most women as a proof of sexuality.
 - 2) Through an inconvenience, the menace can be controlled by Tampons (not necessarily Tampax you suckers) and daily baths.
 - 3) Menstruation can be curtailed by various existing tricks of medical technology such as radiation menopause or continuous administration of oral contraceptives for months rather than weeks.
- Bleeding is not beautiful, but it isn't bad and it ain't our fault.

Yours,
Malcolm C. Bateron,
12 Cambridge Street, SW1.

Dear Sir,

My name is Mrs. P. Turton. I am a lonely widow aged 89 years. Do not send any more of this Oz rubbish. I have written three times about same and shall inform the Police if any more is sent. Your subscriber Mr. F. Turton passed away June 1970.

Mrs P. Turton,
26 Siddley New Park, Cocking.

(Readers will remember that June, 1970 was publication date for Oz 28, The School kid's Issue — Ed)

Dear Oz,

Joel Whitebook ('Post Scarcity Anarchism', Oz 43) has summarised very well many of the popular illusions and half-truths which nurture the current fashion for anarchism in the counter-culture. In brief, he should realise the following:

(1) Man has been living in an essentially post-scarcity economy ever since the Neolithic Revolution. The number one reason why people have throughout history been starved and oppressed is exploitation and not an inadequate technology.

(2) The 'historical means' for realising visions of a communist or egalitarian society have existed for about as long as exploitation itself. They have always been there, as they are there now, solely for the people who have free time through living off the labour of others, and hence have no genuine interest in developing them.

(3) The ecological crisis isn't going to force capitalism to change, as seems to be an implicit argument in the article. In fact, the main result of the crisis in this sense is to open up a vast and self expanding demand for alleviatory counter pollution technologies. In fact, this boom is already starting.

(4) There's nothing so ideal or 'unalienated' about

primitive societies; patterns of alienation and exploitation differ in quantity rather than quality. Furthermore, the very name 'primitive societies' is a bad category; it includes a variety of social structures ranging from imperialistic African kingdoms to modern 'stone age' groups in New Guinea.

Finally, the counter-culture in which post-scarcity anarchists are asked to place their hopes is all but finished. There wasn't all that much unique about it. Romantic revolutions have been tried before; they have failed before. They always drift off into the kind of self indulgent decadence and futility we are experiencing at the moment; and the immediate reason is their refusal to develop any practical, workable theories; the reason for this is their middle class, individualistic basis. The present freak movement is finished because it has failed to understand the vitally important nature of the sexual revolution, and especially the Women's Liberation movement. It cannot understand these things because it is run by males, for males, and it only continues to exist through the complicity and subservience of the many women who are still conned by it.

The real content of this article; and of practically all the male-anarchist-wish-dream, is in fact neatly summed up in the violent heading and the sexy camp pin-up picture on the page opposite. Who are the real unprincipled chauvinist lackeys?

Yours sincerely,
David Sharp,
Chez Blum, 28 Bd. St. Marcel,
Paris 5, France.

Dear Oz,

I found Oz 43 at school and the thing your magazine seemed to keep on saying was 'why the hell are we here, let's change society and the populace into something worthwhile.' Yet you do not give any answers. You deplore capitalism yet practise it. "Ye Hypocrites!"

Oz, like most underground magazines and politicians, repeats itself, asks questions and don't give answers.

The answer to any problem is found in The Bible. It might be just old fashioned stories to you but the Bible tells you of a person, thing, God (call him who you want) who wants you to get to know him so that he can show you the plan and purpose to your life. If I hadn't written to tell you of Jesus

and the Bible, someone else would have.

God loves you, and so do I,
David,
40 Church Hill Road,
London E1T 9RX.

Dear Sirs,

Having smoked dope for nearly four years I can say with all honesty that the dope situation was never been as bad as it is now. OK. there is plenty of Moroccan hash plus a sprinkling of Lebanese and mediocre grass, but where the fuck is all the Black Hash?

Have rigid government controls prevented its entrance to this country? Has the crop freaked this year? Or is someone stockpiling it only to let it out in small quantities of £14 an ounce or more?

It's time that all dope smokers got together to maintain the quality of dope at a reasonable standard ie. plenty of black and to force the price down to its original price of £10 an ounce.

Yours truly,
J.P. Washington.

Dear Oz,

I can't describe how angered I was when I read the leading article in the Evening News of 5th Oct '72. on the subject of juvenile drug addiction. I'm glad to say I didn't buy the paper myself but I feel like crying when I think how many did.

The article is written in the typically sensational style of the Capitalist Press but it seems to be the sort of stuff that the mindless commuters love.

Although we've read the gross mis-statements before I'm very disturbed by the way in which they can be forced upon the most gullible section of this society.

The incredibility of this article is to me self-explained on reading, but what worries me is the harmful effect which this can have on any attempts to achieve a sane and consistent attitude towards drugs by Society in general. Though it is obvious to those who have real knowledge of the situation that the newspapers are turning out shit there will be many who will accept the propoganda as the truth.

I hope that you and anyone reading my letter will be able to give thought to this matter so that collectively we may be able to combat such propoganda which (although only one of many problems facing us), is a real threat.

Dave Smith
(address supplied.)

The Evening News article (October 5) referred to is too long to reproduce here, but it was written by Terence O'Hanlon and is the scurviest piece of Fleet Street garbage for weeks. It headlines 'LONDON SCHOOL

FOR JUNKIES SCANDAL" and goes downhill from there. "Boys and girls of just 12 are smoking 'pot'. Hardly a senior school in the South East has not been troubled by ruthless drugs exploiters. Addiction, at an all time high, is likely to explode into an epidemic of juvenile junkies within five years. Shocking facts. But say the experts, this is London, drugs capital of Europe 1972". He writes from the prone position of total stupidity still blatantly pushing that old line that the first joint leads automatically to death in a deckchair in Green Park. 'Tomorrow could see a massive new national health social problem with youngsters at present in schoolcap or gymslip and having a 25p dare 'joint' joining the queue for killer 'trips' to living nightmares.' Back to your bottle O'Hanlon. (Ed.)

Dear Oz,

This is about a happening in my home town, Edinburgh. This is a town which is pretty well a straight's paradise, but there are more and more good heads rising out of the ideological excrement. And it so happens that these people — joined by me on the few occasions when I can hassle the Man enough to get home I gather at a place called the Harness. This is a big cave of a room above a sportsbar and Babycham type disco in East Fountainbridge, near the city centre. It's open on Friday and Saturday and on those glad days, a large gathering of freaks can be found drinking,

tripping, scoring; chick-hunting or just getting into the excellent live music. Naturally this makes it a magnet for the local pigs who, until lately, just poked their well-scrubbed faces round the door, sniffed the air and fucked off.

However on Saturday September 30th the doors flew back, and a half dozen or more nattily-suited motherfuckers trucked in. They snuffed around, poking their snouts into a few drinks, found nobody stupid enough to let themselves be hassled, thought for a moment and came up with a real bastard. "Everyone not in a seat, get out" cried the Leader of the Pack. There aren't many seats, so around forty people were sitting on the floor, and apart from a few who accepted hastily-proffered laps most had to leave.

The much busted and well-loved Johnny Sutherland and his killer three-piece took the stage, and played the pigs out with a heavily amended version of "Jailhouse Rock". At the end of the show, when the jobsworths told him to stop, Johnny laid his resignation on us. "Tonight your friendly Harness became a pigsty — I resign as from now, because I'm not playing this pig-infested rathole every week."

Now you know the score, let the heads of Edinburgh know that they've got to pack themselves into the Harness, and by their very presence shove the pigs' noses up their own assholes.

Power to the people,
Keith Leadbetter,
H.M.S. Ashanti.

The Pen Is Mightier . . .



Illustration by Joshua Thomas





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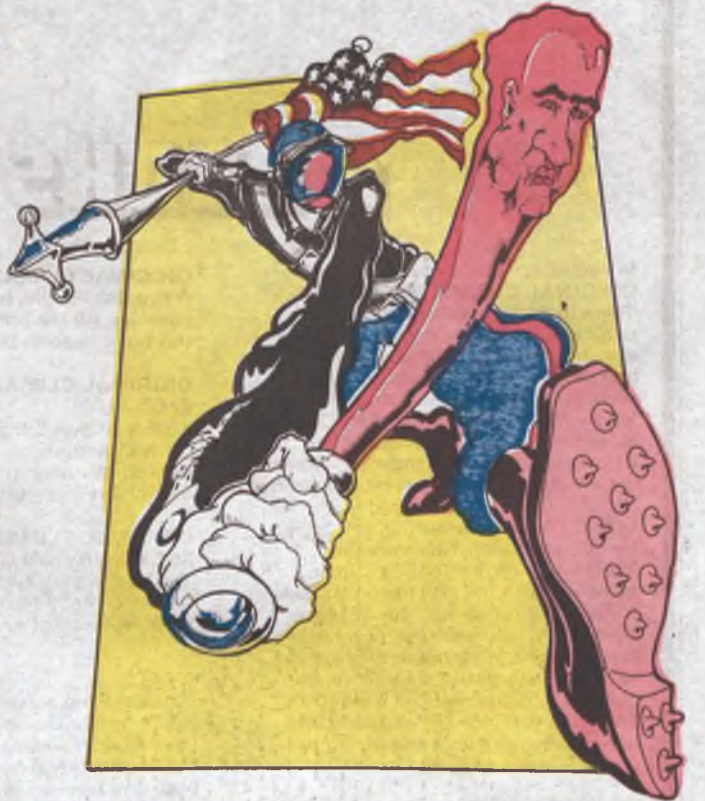
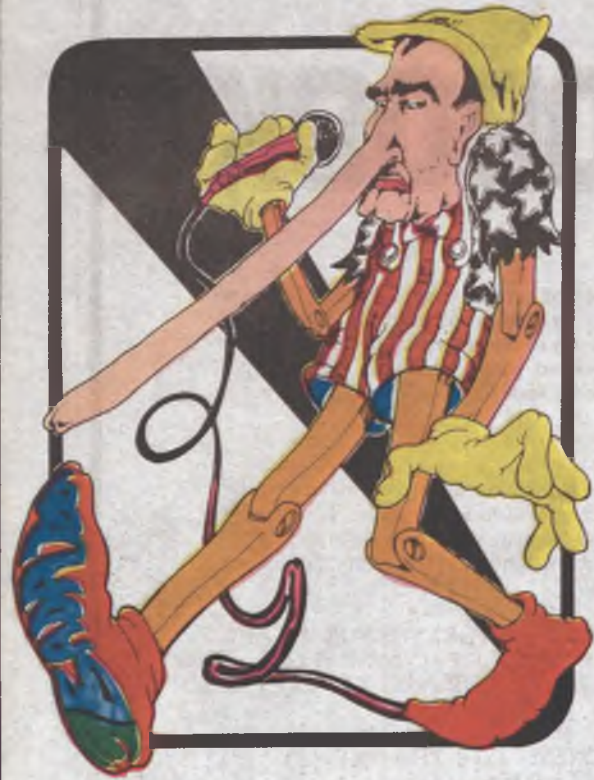
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Four More Years

Illustrations from "Dick ! The Nixon Era" by Ed Badajos.





Bookz

The Paint House
edited by Susie Daniel &
Pete McGuire
(Penguin)

The Paint House is about the Bethnal Green Youth Club of the same name that was used by The Collinwood, generally accepted to have been the first Skinhead Gang. In an area crawling with Youth Clubs and Leaders of every stripe, all frantically making the invocation that "This is YOUR Club, please feel free to . . .", The Paint House alone went one step further, and made the final step necessary to get the Gang to participate. They let them wreck the place. For if it was Their Club, and if these are people who have never had any sense of power, and who thus probe people and power by attacking them, — it was inevitable that they would ransack The Paint House, before ever settling down in it.

So, hold *The Paint House* in one hand, take a Felt Tip in the other; now work through the book, crossing out everything that does not appear between the quotation marks that indicate the words actually spoken by The Gang. Now take a knife, and cut out altogether the Introduction, with all its Authors' paranoia of Hoping-We-Have-Not-Let-Our-Intervening-Liberalism—Spoil-The-Boys'-Account, (because this book has fulfilled that function more than any Hampstead Liberal would ever dare, believe me.) Then, still using the knife, cut out each individual Chapter, and re-place them in back-to-front order, with the first one last, etc. As it is now, the book seems to have been collated

by some sort of Sociological Monty Python, who thinks you gain a sense of The Gang and its Time, by introducing, in turn, *THE Community*, *THE Gang*, and then similarly on through *The School*, *Youth Clubs*, *Work*, *Immigrants* and *Police* before eventually arriving at *THE Action*, in Chapter 8.

The format of the book, interrupting the Gang's words with explanations and analyses form 'experts', gives it the form of a Report on The Peasants. And apart from anything else, it is bloody rude. I wonder if the members of The Gang, whose conversations made up the basis of the book, knew that this was going to be done, at the time of Pete McGuire's "leaving the East End of London in the early summer of 1970"???

None of the quotes from the boys are attributed to names, reflecting the Editors' view that "everyone in the gang behaved the same." They have missed the whole point of Skinheads, gangs and social violence; a hard reputation buys time and space for individuality, that would otherwise be regarded as weakness. All Gangs depend on the members having roles; Dick the Sex King, Knuckler, the Determinedly Hard Man and Gentle Jim, start to emerge in the few stories that the Editors permit The Gang.

This is the aspect of the Gangs that outsiders always miss, and any good book on the subject should remedy this. Instead, by carrying the Editors' endless dronings about Group Uniformity and United Class Consciousness, *The Paint House* only perpetuates the myths.

This might have been lessened if more of The Gang were allowed to get into full flow in their stories. For boys like these, are the last of the Great English Story Tellers; and it is in the few stories that are allowed to get off the ground that the individual characters start to emerge. Curiously enough, the only Chapters where this happens throughout, are the ones on Football and Violence; the areas where the Gang felt most at home, at this time, — and the stories started flowing.

In the other Chapters, all on mis-givings, — Police, School, Clubs, Work, Bosses and Immigrants, the only

success comes in the short stories that start to arise, — again, they are nearly all about violence.

As the stories break down, and the format returns to that of opinions and attitudes snapping back and forth between the Gang members, one starts to sense the invisible hand of the Editors prodding dialogue in the direction of their own beliefs.

The fact that these kids are brilliant at single sentence rejoinders, is lost in seas of anonymous snippets, as the Editors go for a collage effect of working class views and words.

I suspect *The Paint House* was a great book when it left the mouths of The Gang members; somebody ought to put the Boot into the Editors.
Chris Lightbown.

After The Planners

Robert Goodman
(Pelican Books 75p)

This book is written partly out of Goodman's experience as an Advocate Planner in the States but is a wide-ranging analysis of the whole so-called urban crisis. The idea of Advocacy Planning is to increase public participation by making professional expertise available to the poor people of an area which is going to be redeveloped. Working within the rigidly defined ritual of political participation Goodman saw planning as a sophisticated weapon of control. Although the planners worked under the mask of rationality, objective neutrality, efficiency and science, it became increasingly clear to him that they were the soft-cops of the system.

In the States the URBAN CRISIS is already BIG BUSINESS. University, Government and Industry have already got together with experts in planning and architecture to tackle vast programmes in housing, urban renewal, highway-building, education and job-training. The War is being brought home by the corporations. Humphrey in 1966 declared that just as the enemy without was communism, so the enemy within was slumism, 'a virus that races like a malignancy through out cities. We must declare war on this evil, just as we have on Communist

aggression.'

So Business tackles the Ghetto. Crises are studied without regard to systems of ownership or ideology. The corporations go to work in search of the PEACE DIVIDEND under the banner of ENLIGHTENED SELF-INTEREST. A new class of poverty entrepreneurs is created. Pollution becomes a major concern of corporations which pollute. Business extends itself beyond the campus, into the adoption of ghetto schools, into pre-school education and into training schemes for 'unemployables'. Through all this rolls the HIGHWAY GRAVY TRAIN. So strong are the business interests guiding Washington's highway programmes, still more mileage was added to the highway programme in 1968 when Congress called for cuts in spending to rebudget for the war in Vietnam. Government-sponsored housing is pump-priming for the construction industry. The City is SICK, suffers from BLIGHT and must be CURED. 60% of the people removed along with the 'cancers' are negroes, Puerto Ricans and other minority groups.

What is the architect's part in this? Increasingly architecture becomes the architecture of appearances, and as such part of society's language of domination. Public architecture becomes increasingly monumental, uncannily mirroring the official architecture of the Third Reich in Munich and Berlin. And Breuer builds his immaculate 55-story glass and concrete towers and the only criticism is in terms of pure aesthetics, in terms of geometry.

Underlying all this urban fascism is the belief in the SALVATION from POLITICS by means of SCIENTIFIC METHOD. The professionals become a scientific priest means class constrained by the single 'discipline of fact'. The language of behaviourism takes control. J.P. Moynihan can suggest to Nixon a policy of 'benign neglect' for blacks and the armed forces can be presented as a 'socialising experience for the poor'. Henry Ford II can declare '23 years ago in one of my first public speeches, I said that if business could learn to manage people as intelligently as it managed money and facilities American Industry would enter a new era.' L.B.J. is even plainer: 'If the city is inefficient, doing business is inefficient, and costly.' So the methods of pure quantification, systems analysis are turned upon those areas of the City which harbour all the problems all the crises, but also all the labour force for the service industries, the GREY areas.

It is not so different here. The profit Motive sometimes needs to be disentangled from promises of municipal socialism, but the possibilities of gaining any control over the environment in any direct way — what Goodman calls Guerilla Architecture — are about the same. Squatting in London at the moment is providing a base for political activity around the fight for control of the environment. Goodman raises a lot of difficult questions. How can the professional involve himself in the struggle without being dragged into considerations of what constitutes a non-reformist reform; Or, when does a counter-professional become a softcop? More than anything else the American experience teaches us the system's massive ability to assimilate, its massive repressive tolerance. But how can the professional involve himself in an isolated struggle for the use of a parking lot, say, knowing that daily the corporations are becoming more powerful, more centralised, more hierarchically organised, more totalitarian in their control over the lives of their employees and of the lives of the people they affect?
Ralph Edney, for Islington Revolutionary Housing Group.



Filmz

Deliverance.

Director: John Boorman.

There's some nice hillbilly music, then the lights go down and *Deliverance* is on. We open with shots of a river, bulldozers, a dam being built. Over this we hear four guys discussing a canoe trip down the river. This is rough country, see, one of the last outposts of wild, natural beauty left in the South, maybe in the whole damn United States, and goddam, if we don't go down that river now, we are never going to be able to do it again, right? I mean, the whole place is going to be transformed into one huge placid lake. Shee-it. Damn civilisation. O.K., let's do it. Get away from the wife and



kids for a while. Take along plenty of beer. Behave like real men. Survival of the fittest. Have a ball.

So down they go in two canoes, and the first day it's great, they shoot some rapids, hootin' and hollerin' and then they set up camp and drink some beer and talk dirty and finally stagger into their tents and fall asleep. Man, this is the life.

The second day the two canoes get separated and when the guys in the first canoe step ashore for a minute who should they meet but two smelly mountain men with lousy teeth and hard little eyes and one of them's got a very evil knife and the other one's got a shotgun, and you know something nasty is going to happen to these two city slickers who were having such a nice time going down the river, but it's more than nasty, it's sodomy, and it's just about to be fellatio as well when an arrow flies through the air and that's the end of one of the mountain men.

Now things aren't too good. The sodomist's friend is up there above the river with his shotgun, all set to pick off these city slickers who were such such bad sports. Well, he's picked one off, and another's got a broken leg, and the one who's been sodomised isn't feeling too good (naturally), so that leaves just Jon Voight, armed with nothing but a fancy archery set, to skim up this sheer rocky cliff in the dead of night and see what he can do. And we've already seen Jon Voight with his archery set fluffing an easy shot at a deer, so what's going to happen now?

Well, it's a mess, and it's all Burt Reynolds' fault, it was his idea to do this stupid river trip in the first place, him and his showy muscles and his flashing eyes and his way of walking around like a god and saying things like 'Maybe a man has to lose himself before he can find himself.' Hell, Reynolds is nothing but a fascist.

In the first half hour of the movie, before the river trip starts, you meet some of these hillbilly mountain people, and it's enough to make you weep. Kids with trachoma, all bent



and thin and white with in-breeding and no medicine and no proper food. There's a kid who plays banjo and he's got the most haunting face you'll ever see on the screen. But Reynolds doesn't care about them, he doesn't even see them. And like any good fascist he is admired, respected, trusted, looked up to by his three friends, who would really, if the truth be known, rather be playing golf or watching the big ball game on TV than doing this river thing, but this is friendship, right? This is being big grown men.

I seem to be indicating that Deliverance is a nasty movie. It is. It's no pleasure. You watch it in a sweat, fists clenched, and you're glad when it's over and you can get the hell out of there.

And the way John Boorman's made it doesn't make it any easier. Those four guys are really going down that river. They're wearing radio microphones, so what you're getting is real sync sound, no phony dubbing, no stunt men, no shots in Hollywood tanks. This is for real. Jesus.

And then there's the sodomy thing. Very nasty. A woman being raped is nothing, common as dirt, it's in just about every movie you see and you don't bat an eye, but when a man gets it - that's really nasty. It's not for me to ask why. I'm just telling you how it is. Maybe you should ask a girl what she feels about it.

O.K. now what's this Deliverance movie all about? What's it saying? It can't be about survival of the fittest, because Burt Reynolds is the fittest and he loses a leg. It can't be about civilisation making modern American men into softies, because the modern American men wipe out the hillbillies, both in the movie and afterwards, when the dam floods the whole wild valley and it's goodbye to the mountain men's way of life. So maybe it's saying that you shouldn't play around with nature. Don't shoot down rivers in fancy aluminium canoes with nylon tents and cans of beer and air mattresses and insect repellants and all the other modern American comforts designed for roughing it in style, because you could get dead. Is that what it's saying? But these guys (to quote the book) "want something else, another life, deliverance." Yeah, it's that old American Dream. Which turns out to be phony, like all the others.

I should mention, finally, that the part of the sheriff towards the end of the movie is played by James Dickey, who wrote both the screenplay and the book. He's terrific.

Morris Lurie.

Groupies

Directors: Ron Dorfman and Peter Nevard

If you've got any fantasies about being a groupie you might as well forget them. Unless you fancy rotting your mind and body on various, and often lethal, substances and becoming totally obsessed with balling rock stars, to the point where you don't/can't talk/think about anything else.

The film's interesting where it shows the actual groupies (of both sexes) but they come across as a bunch of rather pathetic morons who often haven't even got good looks to recommend them. The American groupie scene, according to the film, is professional, base, cynical, frightening and depressing. The chicks are often only 13/14 and groupieing is not only a status thing but an escape route from home and school. Don't go to see 'Groupies' if you just want to see Famous Fucks, cos your lustful cravings will only be rewarded by the sight of a few pairs of tits (not very appetising said my male companion who was repelled by the whole idea of status-fucking not to mention the more unhealthy, grotesque looking young ladies.)

I enjoyed the film apart from the shots of groups playing. I wanted to see MORE GROUPIES - I WANTED TO SEE NAKED ROCK STARS

- but what in fact you get is merely a select bunch including Cynthia Plaster Caster and her assistant platers. There's one very clean cut runaway schoolgril type who hangs around with a certain English group who shall be nameless (mainly because I've forgotten which group it was - the general dazzle and glamour and wild freaky party stonedness which came at the end of the film tended to blot out the previous bit and anyway I was getting a bit bored by



then). But mainly the groupies are right ole slags. They're full-time too - none of your "My girlfriend and me come here every Friday and Saturday" - I reckon if you're going to enter the highly-competitive world of U.S. groupiedom you need a private income to pay for your clothes, body oils, eye paint and clap treatment.

There's a horrifying, but also funny, sequence in which a 15 year old called Chaz tries to get off with Terry Reid and is embarrassedly but sternly told to piss off by Reid's manager who's a very stiff upper lipped Briton and doesn't take kindly to this absolutely wrecked kid trying to corrupt innocent minor Terry's morals.

San Francisco's a good place for wild, theatrically-dressed parties it would seem. If that's what you're into it takes courage and stamina; yes folks, it's a cunt's life in the U.S. Groupie Scene. It's a strange mixture of squalor and luxury, there's a lot of money and dope around in this world and on the whole it's inhabitants are a long, long way from the provincial teenies who try to rush on-stage at British gigs.

Memorable quote by Groupie Brenda: "Luther's no catch, he runs after the chicks, everybody's screwed him" (including herself the previous night). Just one sample of the scintillating conversation these girls are capable of, their insight into human character, their compassion, their natural love of mankind.

So if you still wanna be a groupie and ball stars, remember this golden rule: if you wanna be a highclass groupie, just ball the ones who are hard to get. Marva.

Dynamo

Director: Stephen Dowskin

The term 'art form' probably gained currency in recognition of the formal nature of art. Art exists, traditionally, as something apart from our total existence, a self-contained entity enclosed within the boundaries of its own structure. Yet one of the contradictions of art throughout its history has been the attempt to transcend form and break into the realm of experience. Music and film always seemed the most likely to achieve such a breakthrough, since both give the artist control over



The groupie life of the camp-followers of today's modern rock armies offers a world of dope rock and sex ready to be exploited under the guise of investigating a social phenomenon. (C.H.)

time, thereby affecting the audience more directly on an emotional level. And it seemed at the beginning of the Sixties that film was on the verge of making that breakthrough. This proved to be a false hope, leaving music, which did achieve the breakthrough in the second half of the decade. Rock music is now virtually inseparable from our total experience. Acid is Future Movies.

Where does that leave cinema? Probably as a relic of the past, but possibly with two types of film still worth considering: (a) those reflecting and/or affecting the general culture of the time, and (b) those few films that still manage to border on experience, suggesting that cinema may yet have something new to offer. The films of Steve Dwoskin fall into the second category.

The most frequent criticism of Dwoskin's work is that it is too 'limited'. It's true that nearly all of his films deal with female sexuality, but just how limited you consider that to be depends on your own experience. This persistent exploration of the same subject through a dozen short films and two features has proved more a virtue than a failing on Dwoskin's part: he has achieved an intensity and range of emotions which, in his best work, is unequalled by any other filmmaker. His films are deceptively simple. The content is frequently as 'minimal' as early Warhol, but the technique is as complex as anything by Kenneth Anger. It's as impossible not to react to a Dwoskin film as it is to know why. Like most original artists, Dwoskin is a problem, especially since we are all conditioned to formula in cinema to a greater degree than in any other media. His short work is usually shown as a 'programme', cramming in eight or nine films, all of which suffer by comparison. He also has to contend with the limitations of resource and finance (as well as the stigma) of an 'underground' filmmaker. And while the best of his short films achieve an unbelievable intensity, his first feature-length movie, *Times For*, showed a saddening dissipation of effect: it may have had a greater erotic power than his earlier work, but it failed to set off as many emotional connections.

Dynamo marks something

of a departure for Dwoskin, in that it is based on a stage play (by Chris Wilkinson). The action takes place in a strip-club, and begins with a realistic treatment of a stripper going through her routine - complete with the dead moments between records that leave both the performer and the audience feeling a little ridiculous. Two more strippers perform, but the pop music on the soundtrack is replaced by Gavin Bryars' surrealistic score, and the routines become increasingly fantasised. Is it the strippers' fantasy we are watching? Or the audience's? Or the filmmaker's? By this time it seems of little consequence and one begins to feel that Dwoskin may be over-reaching his talents. Finally, a fourth stripper appears. Her fantasy occupies the second half of the film, and Dwoskin soon dispels any doubts that may have arisen about his ability. Fantasy, though, is the wrong word here: more like a nightmare vision of reality, as the girl (Linda Marlowe, whose doll-like appearance is perfect) is teased, seduced, cajoled, beaten, humiliated and fucked into submission by the 'chorus' of four men. Just who the men are is never clear, but whoever they are, they ain't selling any alibies. They ultimately reduce the girl to something less, even, than a sex-object.

Again, Dwoskin's film seems over-long, although *Dynamo's* 2-hour running time is less excessive than *Times For's* 80 minutes. And the vague presence of a narrative line, just strong enough to engage the intellect, has the effect of alienating one from the film's erotic content (in much the same way that violence was distanced in *A Clockwork Orange*), whereas the narrative content of *Times For* was so obscure that you could happily forget about it and become lost in the erotic excesses. No matter: perfection isn't very interesting, and an original work will always infuriate even its admirers. It's encouraging, at least, that while *Times For* had its first London showing at the NFT's maverick 'Underground Film Festival' two years ago, *Dynamo* is getting the official sanction of a London Film Festival screening. I only hope the dilettantish eunuchs can make it through the first half, for they'll see, in the final hour, the most stunning piece of original filmmaking to reach the screen in a long time. Not an unqualified success, by any means, but a work that leaves plenty of reason to believe that Dwoskin may one day create the cinema's first erotic masterpiece. Clive Hodgson.

The Assassination of Trotsky

Director: Joseph Losey
Throughout my tortuous political education, embracing many obscure ideologies and deviations, I have never thought much good about Trotsky. To the young Stalinist, he was a traitor to the Soviet Workers State, to the 'libertarian' he was the butcher of Kronstadt, and I never really frequented

the Trotskyist middle ground.

Yesterday though, as I watched 'The Assassination of Trotsky' a great surge of sympathy and understanding for Lev Davidovich swept over me, which was in no way connected to the educational properties of the film (which are non-existent).

To be assassinated once is a cruel fate, especially in such a barbarous manner. But to have one's corpse interfered with by a clapped out film director, and a flabby ham-actor-cum-diamond-merchant is crueller still.

This film achieves the seemingly impossible but in fact all too easy effect of making Trotsky's death into a non political event. Instead it is represented as a classical tragedy; Trotsky the caged lion, the misunderstood genius, the man with a message, the "Russian idealist" to quote the press handout. Richard Burton plays bits out of his Shakespearean repertoire with pince-nez and a beard. While Alain Delon (that's right Alain Delon!) gets the plum part of Hamlet, agent of the Comintern. Romy Schneider provides the very muted sex appeal, and to round off the package some Mexican travelogue sequences. "What do they do for kicks in Mexico. Bull fights? Say, not bad, we can run a bullfight sequence, an' the Bull at bay can symbolize the old man surrounded by his enemies an' we keep flashing back to it every 15 minutes." "Gee, J.L. that's real class, real profound."

Unless you know something of the history of the 3rd International the motives of these overacted creatures are almost totally obscure, beyond the fact that Trotsky had some kind of beef with Stalin. The nearest we are offered to a political context is Richard Burton strutting around the lawn dictating random quotes from Trotsky's complete works.

I couldn't help wondering why Losey did it. He's made some good movies in the past, perhaps he should have stuck with Dirk Bogarde. The only apparent reason is to cash in on the resurgence of student Trotskyism, in which it will fail abysmally. It isn't possible that Losey had a political axe to grind, since the film contains no politics, not even the usually liberal homilies concerning extremists of all shades etc etc.

Of course those of you who profess no interest in politics may go along for the action. Forget it, there's none of that either, short of one short sharp soggy blow with an ice pick.

A man who played a major role in the world's first proletarian revolution, an important working class leader and military organiser deserves better treatment than this even from a film director.

Dick Pountain



Soundz

Buddy Guy and Junior Wells Play The Blues (Atlantic)

One of the most important rules of conduct in the guidebook handed out to up and coming record producers is the motto "If it sells, put out another six just like it." The fiendish mastermind concealed in the maximum security area of the factory that contains the record machine was most impressed

by the sales figures of albums like John Lee Hooker's "Hooker 'n Heat" and "Endless Boogie", Muddy Waters' "Fathers And Sons" and "London Sessions", and not to mention the Howlin' Wolf "London Sessions" album and B.B. King's "In London". Hence this album.

Looky here, the man reckoned. You take Buddy Guy and Junior Wells (Chicago blues stalwarts for lo these many years) and put 'em in a studio with such as Eric Clapton (remember Eric Clapton? Oh well), Dr John, the vast majority of the J. Geils Band, and even good ol' Carl Radle and Jim Gordon (without whom it is apparently illegal to record these days). You put Clapton, Tom Dowd and good ol' Ahmet Ertegun the boppin' Turk on the control board and add blues scholar Michael Cuscuna to produce the Geils sessions. Then watcha got? You gotta shit-hot super tough blues album — right?

Wrong. You got an extremely tedious and mechanical, albeit slick and professional album. Ideally blues album should bite into your emotion like a honey coated buzz-saw, but after playing both sides of *Buddy Guy and Junior Wells Play The Blues* you're still waiting for something to happen. You really don't feel you've heard anything. Sure everybody does their numbers nice and neat, there's bags of nifty licks and tricky riffs but nothing, has really gone down.

There's nothing here that matches the intensity of Guy's best work for Chess, particularly his amazing playing on the Waters-Wolf-and-Williamson "Festival of the Blues"



(currently available under the title "Blues From Big Bill's Copacabana" and reviewed OZ 29) or on his "I Left My Blues In San Francisco". Compare anything on this album with his 1960 cut of "First Time I Met The Blues" for a fast perspective.

Unless you own three-quarters of the post-war urban blues albums ever made, there is no logical earthly reason why you should own this music. Let's hope Buddy and Junior picked up their balls from Ertegun's desk on the way out of the studios. Stay away from those white kids, bro' — or else pep 'em up a bit first.

An old copy of Albert King's "King of the Blues Guitar" will see you better whatever you have to spend on it. After all, times of blues and no bread are a lot more tolerable than times of bread and no blues.
Charles Shaar Murray

Some Time in New York John & Yoko (Apple)

It's a great temptation to pour scorn on this album for its childlike simplistic politics, and adopt that trendy hip pose that the revolution was last year's thing, and (yawn) this year we're much smarter because we're all into coke and decadence baby, know what I mean.

The Lennons have managed to put together a whole album of current political slogans which has the influence of David Peel all over it and, although flawed, is not the embarrassing piece of bullshit that a lot of the hip pundits would have you believe.

Having just put together a nifty little book of top ten slogans of the rockin' sixties, I'm not about to knock anyone



Vindicator: Arthur Lee (A&M) Aside from being Arthur Lee's tribute to James Hendrix, whose photograph is displayed discreetly — almost surreptitiously — on the back cover, Vindicator is a fulfilment of the potential that Love always boasted but never fully realised. Quite simply Lee has produced his most exciting musical venture since "Forever Changes".

for doing the same thing with music, and, in fact, my only argument with this album is that it could have been done a lot better. As a collection of what are essentially protest songs it tends, more often than not, to sink to the level of Barry McGuire rather than raise itself to the heights of communication achieved by Bob Dylan in his formative years, or Woody Guthrie.

The talk about social injustice runs free, but it is so often stated in such simple terms that it sounds like a small town underground paper from somewhere in the Midwest. If you contrast the approaches to racist murder in the Lennons' Attica State and Dylan's Only a Pawn in Their Game, you begin to realise the lack of real thought with which John and Yoko approach their subject.

The Lennons just seem to parrot it out:

"Come together, join the movement,
Take a stand for human rights."

Fine, but remember how Dylan delved deep into the problem?

"The deputy sheriffs, the soldiers, the governors get paid,
And the marshals and cops get the same.

But the poor white man's used in the hands of them all like a tool.

He's taught in his school From the start by the rule That the laws are with him To protect his white skin."

It would almost seem that Lennon has fallen into the trap of believing that people's art is, by definition, bad art, and for this to happen to the man who produced "All You Need Is Love" and "Tomorrow Never Knows" seems to be something of a shame.

c Mick Farren 1972

Rock of Ages

The Band
(Capitol)

If my memory serves me well, it was June 1971 when two sold-out audiences at the Albert Hall gave The Band a welcome fit for heroes. At last, the invisible princes of Bearsville, mythical senior citizens of the rock cosmos, live, in the flesh! Such warmth and attentiveness for any other group

would have been hard to imagine.

The evening was no less intense for being the most laid-back and unostentatious performance I've ever witnessed from any American group. On-stage their dandified suits and short wordless rituals between songs somehow enhanced the feeling of being in the presence of something rare, lofty and legendary. After half a dozen numbers the tension was dispelled (for me at least) by a shout from the stalls, a strangled cry of "You're the greatest!"

They were and they are, and if you've forgotten, here's a new live double album which is no less of a milestone than the finest of their previous works.

Perhaps only The Band could offer the best of both worlds, the precision-controlled musical excellence of a studio set plus the rolling exhilaration of a live performance. Certainly little sharpness or separation has been lost: it's a superlative job of engineering and mixing.

I remember thinking Garth Hudson's organ was a revelation, a unique-sounding instrument, full of atmosphere and new colours, worlds away from anything your average rock organist ever got out of a regular Hammond. He took a monumental solo feature which segued into Chest Fever, and it's one of the highlights here. Warm, rich, witty and —

I gotta say it — mellow, titled The Genetic Method, it includes a chorus or two of Auld Lang Syne. As if you didn't know by now, most of this album was recorded at New York's Academy of Music on last New Years Eve.

On Don't Do It, the Holland-Dozier-Holland number which opens this four sided epic, the fivepiece guest horn section punches along, giving a taste of the splendours to come. The interplay of guitar and horns on King Harvest, for instance, is glorious. I could rave on and on about this side. Let's just say you'll love Get Up Jake, the second new song, and the raw, raucous tenor solo by Garth on W.S. Walcott Medicine Show.

Side two piles treasure on treasure. After the brilliant Stage Fright, a desolate flugel-horn blast from jazz veteran Snooky Young signals The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down. Sheer magic. Big wide piano chords, sublime chorus and stunning vocal. Another classic, Across The Great Divide, re-enforces the width and depth of their canvas.

It's only polite to include a Dylan number, especially as he sang a few songs with them at this gig, and here it's a lively version of This Wheel's On Fire, which was co-written with Rich Danko. Then into the racy fiddly and crazy-fisted piano of Rag Mama Rag.

The Band's use of multi-hued textures is particularly wondrous on The Weight, which opens side three. Robbie's piece de resistance is a pure delight as verse after verse is coloured by gorgeous keyboards and vocal harmonies. Their creativity and discipline has no finer testament. The Shape I'm In has a spontaneous liberated feel, with Garth in particular getting his instrumental rocks off in riotous fashion. Life Is A Carnival likewise, with lovely big fat riffs.

If you've read as far as this you'll have sussed that Robbie Robertson's Untouchables occupy a rather special place in my affections. Be assured however, this is no fave-rave wankoff review. Rock of Ages proves that The Band can write, play and sing rings round just about any group you care to name. It is indisputably one of the albums 1972 will be remembered for.

Myles Palmer



Everybody's In Showbiz — Everybody's A Star: The Kinks The review for this album was commissioned last month and our reviewer was last seen stumbling on his way towards Muswell Hill. We haven't heard a word from him since. Well, that's showbiz.



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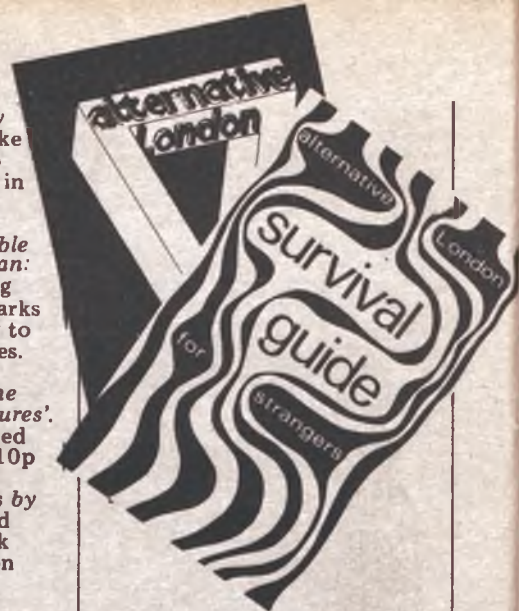
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John Wilcock, underground press luminary has recently been in Greece, and sent us this report.

Summer is long gone but the kids are still streaming into Greece, most of them with bedrolls on their back and a lump of hash in their pockets. They're here to spend a few cheap days on the Aegean island beaches before continuing westwards to Turkey and Kabul.

They're a problem, these kids, and nobody seems to know quite how to handle them. Greece has been getting rich on tourism - visitors are up 25 per cent this year - but thousands of footloose freaks spending a few pence per day and sleeping on the ground haven't noticeably helped the economy.

They've turned many of the island beaches, notably at Ios and Mykonos, into very unGreek nudist communes, which is all to the good, but nobody expects it can last. Given the puritanism of the Greek government it's inconceivable that a crackdown won't come eventually although so far officials have contented themselves with making almost daily busts at the Turkish border of those foolish enough to smuggle dope.

What the kids aren't, of course, is political. London's 'liberal' papers seem annoyed that radical youth has opted to visit "fascist" Greece and tags them as hypocritical. But the kids aren't radical at all in the sense of caring (or thinking) about ideologies.

To most of them Greece is just another oasis, where the living is cheap and easy, on the route to India. They didn't dig being pushed around by the authorities back home in the U.S. (or whatever "democracy" they came from) and they won't dig it in Turkey and many of the other alleys of officialdom they'll pass through. But there's nothing political about it; they don't give a shit who runs the country they're in, just so long as it leaves them alone.

And strangely enough, that's pretty much the mood of everybody in Greece these days, resident and visitor alike. For many Greeks are getting richer; the economy is booming with cars, refrigerators, television sets and similar apurtenances converting what was a nation of near-peasants into a typical bourgeois middle class.

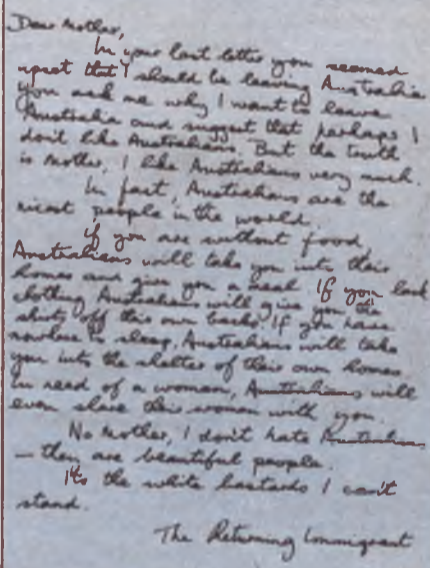
Some critics maintain that all the people with drive and guts have left

the country, unable to stomach what is virtually one-man rule, and it's true that after five years there's still no meaningful opposition of Papadopoulos. And no elections. And people in jail for breaking plates or telling Papadopoulos jokes or playing Theodorakis' music or writing editorials. And a vague press law that amounts to virtual censorship. And there's scarcely need for secret police because so many Greeks are willing to report their best friends for petty infractions of the law.

But having said that you've pretty much said it all. There's ironically still a sense of freedom that no longer exists in America where "democracy" offers a choice of being taxed, bullied and boxed-in by McGovernment or Nixon-omics; where millions still willingly finance their government to murder Asians; where the ripoff keeps everybody's nerves constantly on edge; where violence lurks even in daylight streets; where lies, greed and hypocrisy are too commonplace to be any longer cause for special comment.

In a choice between so-called free elections and the banishment of all politicians most realists/anarchists would take the latter any time. (Although it's also true, as says Yannis Horn, one of the regime's only visible opponents, that Papadopoulos has taken the privileges away from the politicians and given them to the rich shipowner).

Because, you know, it's America that rules the world, including Greece -



Catalyst

and don't ever forget it. It's America that can tell the Greek government it's going to enlarge its resident occupation colony in Athens by 20,000 Navy dependents, forcing up rents and introducing the inevitable drug and crime syndrome that accompanies U.S. military as camp followers all over the world.

It's American warships that anchor in peaceful island harbors, play the Star Spangled Banner over loudspeakers at 6 am and pour drunken, redneck sailors and swaggering armed shore patrols into the already overcrowded bars where they treat the natives like lackeys. It's American consular officials and CIA types who visit residents who complain about this kind of invasion. (The Greeks are less fortunate: Mykonos merchants who signed a petition asking the U.S. war ships to stay away were visited by



Photo by Joseph Stevens

Letters received: One from Wandsworth Prison, on special notepaper from inmate Swendon-Lennox. Better known to his friends as George Lennox, the well-known underground habitue and activist, George got a heavy 3½ years for armed robbery without violence at Victoria Railway Station. The event involving a .38 revolver, took place months before he was arrested and had nothing to do with George. By a strange co-incidence, his bust occurred on the very same day that Seven Days front page headlined his story DID THE SPECIAL BRANCH TORTURE CORPORAL LENNOX? Good luck with your appeal George. George is pictured above in happier times at the Alice Cooper Chessington Zoo binge.

local police and accused of being communists.

And it's 1,000 CIA men, says *Athens News* publisher Yannis Horn, who caused all the trouble in the first place. They and their GOP friends such as Tom Pappas (who, in partnership with Esso, dominates the Greek oil industry) needed the sort of government Greece has now. Just as Nixon and Agnew need it, and all the multimillionaire businessmen who made the world what it is today. And who intend to keep it that way.

John Witcok isn't the only one who noticed the Greek CIA cancer. While in gaol near Athens on a dope bust, Ken Rubinstein (extracts from his manuscript *Involvement* are on Pp 36-7) interviewed one Costa, a young Greek radical who was tortured and gaoled for 12 months merely for distributing an anti-Papadopoulos pamphlet. At the end of their talk, the name of Ann Chapman, the BBC reporter who died last year in Greece, came up: "It was a political murder."

"How do you know?"
"If you know Greek police. If you can follow how they move, then you can see very clear it was a political murder . . . she took a tape recorder and went into the prisons and made some recordings with political prisoners."

"How did she get into the prisons?"

"I don't know. I think she was connected to Lady Flemming. But she knew too much about the Greek reality. She wanted to write an article for the newspapers and so they had to murder her . . . they murdered her because she was too concerned."



George Oshawa, the father of macrobiotics, stuffed and mounted in a Berlin health food shop window.

The real bombshell of the hopefully 6 feet under the ground Longford Report is the use of libertarians who collaborated in fobbing this collection



An outrage to normal standards of decency...

of ignorant Christian prejudice off on the public as an 'investigation' which had 'carefully considered' both sides of the question. It was obvious from the moment the Commission was announced 'to study the problem of pornography' (thereby assuming as unchallengeable truth the debateable proposition that porn is a problem) with members who had all previously spoken publicly against the rising tide of filth, that the Commission was no more than a public relations job for the sexual repression movement.

Yet scores of liberals who should have known better, 'flocked to give evidence' (usually in the form of a lunch and chat with the Good Lord and a couple of his henchmen) and by so doing, giving the Commission a spurious claim to impartiality. They have only themselves to blame for the distortions and simplifications of their views contained in the report. The Longford fellow travellers, for the record, include: The Campaign for Homosexual Equality, Michael de la Noy Defence of Literature and the Arts Society, William Hamling MP,

Derek Hill, Mary Kenny, George Melly, John Montgomerie, National Council for Civil Liberties, Tony Smythe, Ben Levy, Richard Neville, Paul Raymond, C.H. Rolph, Jeffrey Simmons, Jill Tweedie, Womens' Liberation Workshop (Liz Kustow et al), Albany Trust The Guardian, Pellen Personal Products, Lord Goodman, Edna O'Brien, Jean Straker.

A final word on Longford. Prior to his discovery of sex, he was mainly known for his self-publicised compassion for the Moors Murderers. In the last year, especially at University debates on the permissive society, he actually produced letters from redeemed catholic Myra Hindley, to reassure the audience of his 'reformist views'. On the eve of the publication of the Longford Report, Myra was taken for her walk — an elemental act of Christian charity. One might think that especially as the British Press will see that she is never released from prison, Longford was the obvious man to speak out against the press hysteria and the Home Office reprimand of the Holloway governess. He refused. "I have a very high opinion of the Home Office." The Good Lord was apparently too busy with his crusade to fill our prisons with pornographers to waste time defending humane treatment of a sinner he is more than happy to take the credit for saving.

FREEDOM FROM CENSORSHIP CAMPAIGN (c/o 19 Great Newport Street, London WC2) has been formed in the inquisitorial wake of the Longford Commission by a group of people who feel that organised opposition to the countrywide, National Front orientated operations of the Festival of Light, is needed. Anyone seriously concerned about the growing dangers of censorship in the country, anyone who has suffered harassment from Festival of Lighters, or the police, contact the committee at the above address.

ANOTHER CREDIT MISSED OUT. The photo of Bobby, the sexchange sensation and that of 'Bob Weir', both in Spike last issue, were taken by Philip Hodgson and first appeared in Curious. Sorry about that.

Eating Yourself Sick — a couple of school recipes.

Drop-Out Rash
3 Niacin tablets.

Taken half an hour before going to school, they will produce a flush and blotchy rash. It's quite harmless. You could take a bottle to school, get your whole class into it and start yelling smallpox.

Vomit Tea
Lobelia

Make up a large pot of lobelia tea, pass it around at lunchtime. More than one cup will induce vomiting. It would be sensational if everyone could start at the same time, over your school books, preferably.

PIRATE RADIO ECHO

The buccaneering days of the off-shore radio pirates are back. Mike Johns' Radio Free London (186m) is on the air again, providing an alternative music service every Saturday night from 11pm to 6.30 Sunday morning. Mike Johns still hasn't realised his ambition to have a ship out in the cold North Sea, but he has come a long way since his first broadcasts over a five mile radius from Fulham for a few hours each Sunday afternoon. Long may his skirmishes with the forces behind the Marine Offences Act (the only Act which contains an offence for which you can lose your citizenship) and the Wireless Telegraphy Act, continue.

NEW SMASH HIT FROM
THOSE
PINK FAIRIES

"WELL WELL WELL"



House of Commons, Freaks United Party, 1984.

Amid the sea-side concrete and artificial amusements of Great Yarmouth on the second weekend in October the Freaks United Party held their first annual conference. In contrast to the neurotic power struggles and desperate atmosphere of the Tory and Labour conferences in the same month FUP meeting produced positive ideas as well as the usual feelings of euphoria. For those people present the conference was the first stage of a long haul to political power in Britain. In the absence of a peoples' revolution the Party's aim is to utilise the growing and expanding political power of the new generations and by the ballot taking office in all forms of government.

A poll specially commissioned by FUP showed that in October 1972 something like 70% of those between 14 and 20 no longer believe in the existing myths and establishment power games and have faith in an alternative life style. Approximately 60% of those between 20 and 26, 45% of those between 26 and 32, 20% of those over 40 feel the same. Given that these attitudes can be coalesced in a party (the FUP) that meets with their approval and given that this tendency continues FUP research department has produced a timetable like this:

In 3 years . . . first member elected to councils Westminster etc.

In 5 years . . . party begins to have real political influence.

In 10 years . . . Party becomes the major opposition to the right wing coalition.

In 15 years . . . Forms first alternative government of Britain.

One of the first jobs of the conference delegates (who held their meetings on a quiet section of the beach seated on a multitude of hired deck chairs and sheltered from the North Sea by a series of canvas wind breaks. Dope was plentiful and no one got busted) was to start producing principles for a political platform that could be modified and added to as the party grows and develops politically. There will be a number of smaller conferences during the coming year to work with new party members and the second annual conference in October 73 will be concerned with preparing the first statement of policy and appointing the first shadow ministers.

In the meantime here are some of the pipe dreams that were put forward for the alternative platform. Readers who want to add to or modify these ideas and are interested in attending future conferences should write to the FUP, 19 Great Newport Street, London W.C.2. with their ideas and address.

The Party is against class differences, will eliminate the monarchy and remove all titles, peerages etc. The House of Lords will be replaced by a body somewhat similar to the TUC council only much larger. Instead of only certain industries and occupations being represented by suitable bodies whether they be schoolchildren, home workers, drop outs, police, women etc. The House of Commons will be elected much as now except that there will be far greater opportunity for citizens to speak to it. There will be no President only a computer programmed with historical precedents which is consulted by the Speaker of the House of Commons. All citizens will have access to the Presidents print out and data exchange points. The party is anti-authoritarian and collectivist. There will be a bill of rights against which all laws, Government decisions, and legal actions will be tested. Other principles agreed on are:—

Abolition of all forms of sexism, racism, and ageism.

The police forces will be under the control of and answerable to the communities they serve.

Land will be nationalised and profit from property will be outlawed. Property will not be inheritable. It will pass to the community upon death.

All persons will have a guaranteed income and margins will be introduced according to the nature of the work — i.e. the financial demands special to that work. All will earn roughly the same income.

Elitism — jobs and professional classes will be done away with.

No censorship in any form.

The criminal law will be reformed, and modified. Many matters now dealt with by police and courts will be either abolished or handed over to community representatives. For example there will no longer be victimless crimes. The main offences will be those involving violence to others. Property matters will not be dealt with by the criminal law.

Prisons will be abolished.

Approximately 90% of those in gaol will be released — after review a few individuals may remain under community supervision. The 10% remainder will have assistance and treatment that is not imprisonment as such.

The absolute right of the individual to put whatever he wishes into his body will be guaranteed, as will be his right to free medical/psychiatric advice and treatment of whatever kind he wishes.

Lawyers will be replaced by non professional 'social adjusters'.

All transport will be free. The petrol engined car will be outlawed and replaced with a comprehensive railway and tram system supplemented by low cost electric vehicles (buses, mini-buses and individual cars) available to all.

Elimination of pollution and all anti-environment practices.

Extended families, individuals, communes will be recognised as being of equal importance to a conventional family and this will be reflected in social services, housing, architecture, etc.

Education. Free choice of schools with full range of political and social attitudes. All supported by the state. In universities and schools the board of governors will be appointed by students.

Foreign Policy. In general the party advocates the breaking down of large groups of states or federations into areas of regional identification with autonomous governments. While favouring the breakup of monolithic groups such as the Common Market or the USA or the USSR the party is in favour of some of the principles at present manifested by, say, the Common Market, eg. the abolition of passports, tariffs, customs and work restrictions and the mixing of racial groups and identities. New regional groups would emerge and as they were set up there would be a decrease in armaments leading to the eventual abolition of weapons of war and mass destruction.

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The Great Frisco Quake — real American cooking. Try Prairie Corn to start; move on in a big, big way to a Hickory Ham steak or a 100% pure beef Golden Gate burger. Unwind if you're uptight, try Auntie Ada's Nature Apple Pie. Freak out with Hot Fudge Sundae, cool down with a great Frisco Shake, or Michelob or Schitz beer.

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'INK' Bound Volumes



INK newspaper has now been liquidated, and the entire stock of back issues available at the time of liquidation has been purchased by OZ. They run from 1st May 1970 to 21st February 1972. Thirty three sets have been bound in durable stiff leather covers and double stitched for maximum protection. These are the only sets in existence known to us, that are com-

plete and for sale. Seven of the sets have already been sold to university libraries here and overseas. There are twenty nine issues in each bound volume. The negatives and plates of every issue of INK are to be destroyed.

Librarians and collectors interested, write for free explanatory leaflet and reservation form.

ATACAMA



'The Sun Burns Up Above' CAS 1060
The combination of good music and intense political motivation, performers and writers joining to reach and persuade public opinion, is now full-blooded tradition in Latin America, and particularly in Chile. Music is as effective a media as any when artists are prepared to play for little or nothing in villages impoverished and illiterate. ATACAMA's second album to be released on Charisma (The first was 'Atacama' CAS 1039) features songs from the central and southern regions of Chile, including three from their acknowledged 'master', Violeta Parra, who died tragically some years ago.

STRING DRIVEN THING



'String Driven Thing' CAS 1062
A discovery in the highest tradition of Charisma 'firsts' (i.e. Lindisfarne, The Nice, Genesis, Van der Graaf Generator). A remarkable first major appearance at the Reading Festival '72 has been followed by a period of private and close co-operation with producer Shel Talmy. A strange line-up: The superb violin of Graham Smith the sturdy vocal of rhythm guitarist Chris Adams, the voice and driving concert tambourine of Pauline Adams, the fine bass work of Colin Graham worked under Sir John Barbirolli in the Halle, before moving on to the Scottish National, where he began 'moonlighting' on gigs with Chris, Pauline and Colin in the Glasgow area.

LORD OF THE RINGS



Bo Hansson CAS 1059
Around five years ago quite a few British musicians were admiring a Scandinavian duo called Hansson and Carlsson, an organ/drums outfit ambitious beyond its time. Hansson, composer and keyboard man, retired from the gig scene to an island off Stockholm. Reclusive and other-worldly, he was seduced by Professor Tolkien's 'Lord Of The Rings' trilogy. Out of the seduction was born a series of haunting rhythms and melodies. In large part this 'Lord of the Rings' suite was recorded on that same small island off Stockholm, with Hansson's own organ and Moog Synthesiser dominating. The album includes a colour portrait insert of the rarely photographed Professor Tolkien, taken by Snowdon.

REMEMBER...

CHARISMA PUTS A LITTLE COLOUR IN YOUR CHEEKS.



Bingo With Erections

Love sex and marriage are governed by ancient rules which work only with the help of an obscene layer of deceit, lies and hypocrisy. Oz, in the two articles which follow, takes a look at some of the new possibilities. Firstly, Madelaine Francis discusses, somewhat sceptically, the dialectics of group sex, and secondly, Henry Charles talks idealistically about infinitely expanded families and the use of sex as an enhancer in all relationships.



"Will the real revolutionary group sex scene please stand up." Post that message on street corners; cover up the corset ads in the tube with it; scribble it on magazines in your local VD clinic; Why? Because a helluva lot of people are looking for that scene; it's proving as elusive as the end of the rainbow, and there's got to be a reason.

A year ago David Cooper spelled out in capital letters in his book *"Death of the Family"*: **MAKING LOVE IS GOOD IN ITSELF, AND THE MORE IT HAPPENS IN ANY WAY POSSIBLE OR CONCEIVABLE BETWEEN AS MANY PEOPLE AS POSSIBLE, MORE AND MORE OF THE TIME; SO MUCH THE BETTER.** But what is happening between people who have got past the stage of being sick with fright at anything more liberated than monogamous death?

Well at first sight you could say the picture looks pretty dismal. Two of us have been trying to get a book together on group sex (in the broadest possible sense) and the experience has been truly blood-curdling. Firstly, perhaps we made the mistake of advertising for people to interview in the underground press, rather than in the Telegraph. The response was almost totally from a lot of tense and eager men in straight jobs demanding to know where we were planning to hold our next orgy. It turned out they only read the UG press for its sex ads. We got no response at all from advertising in contact magazines, and ended up talking to our friends, pressing them to be a little more frank about that New Year's Eve in Leighton Buzzard.

After a while one contact led to another, and we've talked to a lot of people since then. Some got involved in group sex by accident, others because they needed a safety valve from the stifling pressures of their everyday lives, and others because they felt it was an 'exciting' thing to do. The 'revolutionary' reality is alas, totally believable. For most of us it still exists in our heads only, and as far as sex goes, the drive towards sexual change is totally unhinged from any idea of total revolution. The bed, instead of becoming what David Cooper saw it as ("the great unused secret weapon of the revolution") still has the function of a refuge from the fight. Women are still commodities that one falls back on needing (like a 'nice cup of tea') after the exhausting sparring match with the system.

It's hard to tell the truth when the truth isn't at all what you want it to be, but group sex seems to fall into fairly sharply divided categories.

Suburban group sex is a joke, if you're thinking of

changing anything. It is totally governed by a network of tight rules which operate firmly within the womb of the old monogamous social values, and by its very nature will be stillborn, because the participants would die of heart failure if they thought anything else might happen. It's Bingo with erections.

Then there are those nice middle and upper class groups whose families have effectively castrated them by blasting out any ability to openly give or take love. These aficionados of group sex think they have hit on the most explosive thing of the century—and by Christ and the houses of parliament they aren't going to let it get out of their hands. It's a firework/dildo they are playing with, and if the fuse ever ran off the whole world might blow up and that would mean the end of their 'special' status as 'rebels'—and yet worse, the news might reach the ears of their wives at home, who then might want to *join in*. This group have for the most part coldly and consciously sought out or created a scene, and taken capitalist possession of it; if it ever became popular to have sex with anyone and everyone as and when you felt like it, they would be on the Mary Whitehouse bandwagon faster than you can give a deviant ECT.

Yet another category (most difficult to isolate at first) is of those who get involved in group sex apparently for 'fashion' reasons. Ironically enough they are not too different from the last group. Sexual liberation is something they will talk about with all the fluency of vomiting, but they aren't really in it for either purely sexual or purely social reasons, though these play a big part. It's all a somewhat congealed mess in the emotional centre, and group sex has become a penis in its own right. "Fuck the system!" has come to be taken in its most simplistic sense, and most of the time they haven't the faintest idea of why they are doing it. It's just fucking other people to 'get back' at all the people who 'fucked' them.

All this sounds very depressing, but it's really no use grabbing the first papier-mache swallow and expecting summer to arrive in its wake. There are people who want to revolutionize sex, and society through it. And they aren't involved in the more obvious group sex scenes, because they've seen through them. These are people who have also seen through the smokescreens of traditional male/female relationships, family 'socialization' blackmail, and violence disguised as love, in whatever form.

A 'dirty weekend' in Brighton with a dozen others is no more liberated than a dirty weekend with one other. Those of us who are instinctively sickened by the Cosmopolitan/Playboy image of sex (and remember that both these 'supermags' think group sex is far out as long as you settle for boosting your ego with it) are only going to be able to fight it by refusing to play its game of crippled relationship.

The revolution is not won numerically; I could hop into bed with other people at the speed of a keystone cops movie, and not change a thing, though I might kid myself I am. What we're up against is that value in society which claims love is a commodity. The emotional conviction, implanted in us by former victims, that we only have so much love to give, and when it's all given away, we'll have nothing left. Relationships become transactions, and the religious promotion of the ideal of romantic love is what traps us all. The agony of expecting a two-person relationship (especially when fossilized within marriage) to supply *everything* one needs emotionally and sexually for ever and ever, is bleeding us to death. Victoriana lives, in the notion that love, like sperm, is something you 'lose'. The biggest hangup with group sex at the moment is that it is seen as an *alternative* to love, rather than an expansion of its meaning.

The politician, the TV producer, the advertising executive who makes a beeline for group sex, is counter-revolutionary in the worst sense; he is trying to lay on sex all his trips of personal inadequacy feelings. Sex is his 'goddess' and he feels he is being very wicked and 'naughty' in daring to prefer her to the thing his mother told him he should do, i.e. fall in love and get married, full stop. But sex is no more

for him than a monstrous 'bunny girl', as big as the pyramids, who effectively jams down over his prick to make him feel protected from his real emotional needs. At the bottom of his heart he despises her as he despises himself.

Revolutionary group sex is still young and sickly on its legs. To understand it we have to start *feeling* the elasticity of love, and that's nothing, but nothing to do with how many people you can lay at a time. The difficulty is in freeing myself from the two polar opposites of 'love' (in the sense of an emotion supposed to 'transcend' sex) and 'sex' (in the sense of fucking without love).

Group sex *can* be a living realization of the possibility of blowing one's emotional mind. Relationship takes on the aura of an acid trip, paradoxically fusing and dissolving all the stereotyped relationships (mother/son, father/daughter, brother/sister, guy/chick, etc) one has been into before. The archetypal categories of 'loving' and 'fucking' stop being either opposites or necessary concomitants of each other, and the long-mystified mystery of the exclusive two-person relationship is challenged. But for that to happen we have to be able to let go. As Cooper describes the orgasmic experience: "One becomes not only both sexes, but also all ages and all generations in making love. One becomes a blissful infant and also simultaneously an ancient bisexual sage. Above all one pours out of oneself in a massive evacuating act the whole internalized family constellation."

The most rewarding group sex experiences seem to evolve naturally, as opposed to being 'rigged'. One girl we spoke to illustrated the difference very well. Having come to London to be an actress when she was 17, she proceeded to sleep with more men than most people have had hot dinners. Then she got involved in a 2-year relationship which ended in disaster. Her first group sex experience followed shortly afterwards:

"When Chris and I broke up I felt I'd had enough of men, and got deeply involved in a very intense relationship with a woman, Zena, who I was close to. I was at the height of my 'motherly' period, and she had great hangups about her mother. So we fitted. In due course we met Carlo, an Italian photographer, and we both got on well together with him. She slept with him, and so did I.

"One day Zena had been to see me, and told me she wanted to collect some records she had left at Carlo's place. Carlo was in bed when we arrived.

"Zena went off to the kitchen to make coffee and Carlo decided to have a bath. I teased him in the bath, washed his back, and somehow things just went on from there. Once Zena and I were both in the bathroom, a great game of washing and drying him began. I gave him a massage with baby oil and then white wine. Everything flowed naturally and soon we were all undressed. Carlo made love to me and then to Zena, and we did what came naturally with our mouths and hands. I remember that she and I held hands most of the time. Carlo was disappointed that Zena and I didn't like interacting sexually together, but there was no strain. We smoked in the middle of the session, then drank some wine, and continued. There was a completely clean animal quality about it which felt so natural, and really enjoyable.

"Some months later, by contrast, I was visiting a friend of my boss to deliver a letter. As soon as I arrived at the house I had a prickly sort of feeling. The friend (Sandy) promptly introduced me to another man who was there. There was an atmosphere of terrible boredom. We had a drink and watched TV for a while. Then we had a joint, and Sandy started stroking me. I don't remember all the mechanics of the evening, but I felt clearly that they thought I might constitute the evening's entertainment, and proceeded. I went along with it partly out of curiosity but mostly out of fear—I was nervous about what might happen if I said 'No.' Sandy's friend was very large.

"There was such a difference between the two experiences. The first had been in deep friendship, where we were together in every sense of the word.

It was beautiful. The second was a cold blooded experiment. Neither of the men were openly violent or unpleasant, but I felt I was meaningless to them and they to me. I felt totally used, though I can't protest too much. I let it happen to me. But afterwards I knew if I got involved again it would be a real act because I loved the people I was with, and not artificially."

This girl was lucky. She had the true experience first, by which she was able to measure the other. Although only three people were involved she admits that it could have been with many more, as long as the feeling was right.

In the deepest sense, group sex is anti-family. It's a kick up the arse for the parents who created us and left us in a maze of unwritten rules that still rule from our stomachs. It's what you make of it after you realize that Freud made a fundamental mistake in assuming we never did get round to fucking without mothers and fathers and brothers and sisters....

So looking for a pre-packed cellophane-wrapped group sex scene is playing back into the mouth of the consumer system which is consuming itself. You just end up with emotional anorexia, fucking more and more people, and wondering why none of the food ever reaches your stomach. Those who believe group has nothing to do with emotion are afraid of emotion. Love is infinitely expandable, and as yet we have only realised a fragment of it's possibility. The revolution has to start from knowing that, knowing what you want, and daring to take it.

Love Is A Many Peopled Thing

Henry Charles is an extraordinary man who seems to have a Faustian gift of youth. At 54 he looks 33. He is of East European origin, but has lived in London for decades. He's an architect and a man who once played many important roles in Left wing politics here and abroad. His wide experience in sexual matters and his ability to create ease and good un-hung up sexual relations wherever he is make him the sort of expert that the writer of the first piece (she admits to never having been to a sex party) is't.

For a while he was London correspondent of Screw, the New York sex paper and used to berate editor Al Goldstein for the paper's sniggering joky attitude to sex. He says of men's sex mags: "Publishers go into it for money and at the same time they go into it because they're naive about sex. It's their shield so they can get into sex. They probably know less about sex than the average person and they knock it in a humorous way because of their own innocence." But of Suck and the Wet Dream Festival: "Suck and the Wet Dream Festival educate people. They show fantasies and people realise their fantasies are shared by other people. We fuck with our heads, we don't fuck with our cocks or cunts. People have to learn about sex. It's not something they're born with."

Describing a party: "... all heaven is let loose. Two by two, couples leave the room. I am convinced that it is the female who chooses her partner. With a look or a gesture she makes known her first choice of the evening and the man responds. Couples who go in search of a bed or a mattress on the floor to do their thing together are quickly joined by others. Some watch, some help, some participate, all are involved. The hubbub of conversation dies; you hear the panting and the delightful "ohs" and "ahs" of couples on the verge of climax; the atmosphere is that of humans in heat. Soon they swap and change according to their will, in various multiple combinations."

Oz interviewed Henry Charles at his house. A house filled with his family—friends and wife and grown up children—all of whom fit in harmoni-

ously with the Charles' life style.

Oz: What was your first contact with group sex?

Charles: It started with wife swapping. Twenty years ago my wife and I decided we wanted to experiment with other people. It was still very much a question of ownership. I was allowing her to do something so it presupposed I owned her in some way and she went along with that. We met people who also thought they wanted to experiment and we changed partners. From this, group sex evolved. People no longer go in for wife swapping—at least I hope not.

Oz: What was the change? What took place between wife swapping and group sex?

Charles: Women found their independence. Women's lib has really changed them over the last 20 years. They are liberated, they feel they can participate in sex. I think also the pill has been important. And women enjoy sex—they always have, although they'd been repressed educationally, told it was wrong, dirty and they mustn't show pleasure. Then they saw other people enjoying themselves, said if two of us swap and enjoy it why not 3, 4, 5 couples and gradually it evolved into group sex. My wife and I brought some experience of our own to it and we gained from watching other people and learning from them. We saw them rid themselves of hangups—hangups we all have not just those who went to parties. There's a gradual process of learning that goes on after you've been to parties. Sex is a learned art and without realising it people unconsciously learn things from seeing other people—just as babies learn to walk or talk.

Oz: Our article (Charles had read it) is very critical of the sort of people who go to parties—sees them as frustrated hungup suburbanites, etc. Is that true?

Charles: Part of it is true. But I've come to the point where I can tolerate some of those people and the reasons why they go along to group scenes. To me the most important element is that it's almost a social necessity for people. In the first place it's social intercourse. It's social intercourse at all levels—all educational levels and all income levels.

I sometimes give parties for 200 at my house. There are people with absolutely no money and others who are stinking rich. It's an important contact point—perhaps the only one. Where else would these people, with such widely differing backgrounds, meet? It supplants the family, takes its place. It doesn't destroy the family, the family is already destroyed. We have a herd instinct, we need each other and we want to get together. When we are together with our pants down we are ourselves, we're not playing a game, trying to impress somebody. Free of some of the inhibitions we carry with us, we become much more our real selves and then we can communicate. To me that is the second important element in group sex. I meet people at a party and in half an hour I know them better than someone I've worked with for 20 years. Because I've seen them fuck and I've been part of their intimate life.

Oz: Are parties confined to particular age groups?

Charles: More and more young people are going to parties. I've been to ones lately where the age group was from 18–24, students, hippies, junior business executives. It's still true though that younger people are much more self conscious and inhibited. Although that's changing. Little kids have no problems. They're free and easy about themselves and their bodies. Then at adolescence they drop out. They become self conscious and isolated. They acquire hangups from their parents. Even if the parents have discovered their own sexuality, they're scared of passing it on. One thing that's going to come is the re-education of younger people by parents who've been taught by group sex that sex isn't a taboo subject. That it's a form of life which to some people is almost a religion. This enables them to educate their children without the usual hangups.

Oz: How do people find their way to parties?

Charles: That's the difficult problem. In my circles it's through personal introduction. One person brings another and you then constantly meet new people. I must have in my address book something like 800 people who

are very active in group sex and out of them, 400 belong to what I call the family. Otherwise people find each other as couples or threesomes and they talk and maybe go to a sauna and they then do it as partners, not as possessions as in wife swapping. A guy and a chick living together they're going to be unfaithful to each other, so why not do it together. It's honest.

Oz: If a couple start going to parties what is likely to happen to a relationship they've developed—one that up until then for instance has excluded other sexual partners?

Charles: It enhances it enormously. First of all jealousy is supplanted by a completely new feeling of pride. People are proud of the fact that their partner is desirable and wanted. It applies just as much to married couples. If two people live together for a long time they can get bored with each other. They might read a porno book and get turned on by it but the real turn on is to meet other people and to suddenly find they have a relationship with those people—not one that is possessive in the sense that either is in fear that one of his possessions is being taken away. Nobody's taking away anything. Everyone's giving to the relationship. Giving love's not an irretrievable loss. The more you give love the more you get love back. It's the same with sex. The more sex you have the more you become sexually aware.

But the best part of any sex party is just after it. When you both consummate what you've seen. I fucked with 11 women one evening and had 11 orgasms. I couldn't have had 11 orgasms with one woman. I still had the 12th with the one I was staying with and that was the greatest fuck of them all, in a relaxed atmosphere reliving the fantasy of the evening. Your relationships become very very genuine—none of this crap about let's have a meal or I'll take you to the movies after which the girl feels obliged to hop into bed with you. There's no obligation with anyone you meet at a party. The girl makes love to you only if she wants to and if she does it's a great turn on. I don't say everyone should go to bed with everyone. There's a certain chemistry... But at parties we all tolerate each other and each other's fantasies—it's a big family. What turns me on and most other people too, is to see one's partner or even your friend's wife or girl friend being excited.

Oz: What are the political implications of collective sex? Certainly the author of the previous article was looking for a revolutionary motivation.

Charles: Group sex is an important development. We're trying to find new ways. In that sense it's revolutionary. Again a lot of our old established forms of communication, our family ties, have been destroyed. We're obviously lost without them. But group sex gives us something very positive. It gives us a sense of friendship and interdependence devoid of the sort of capitalistic undertones that any other grouping of society might entail.

Oz: But do you feel you're engaged in a political act?

Charles: When I was young I saw what happened in the occupied countries and suffered a great disillusionment with Communist principles. It wasn't a fair society that was emerging. Out of the sex groupings you find the real values are human values—human liberties. The freedom of the individual is the greatest liberty we enjoy—the most important aspect of our lives. And having got this absolute individual liberty—even the freedom to live on your own in perpetuity, then you can join together with other people.

Oz: But how could this in reality make changes in society.





What About Socrates?

What About Him?

The following extracts are from an extraordinary manuscript called *Involution*, which Ken Rubinstein, the author, calls 'the diastolic phase of an evolutionary process.' What follows is short, but we hope it gives you some idea of the projected book itself, and the darker side of CIA-ridden Greece, the home of democracy, whatever that is.

A Conversation with Miss Barry, the American Consul in Athens, and her assistant, Electra.

Barry: (Hand on my knee). Kenn. You must accept the situation here. It's no good fighting. It. I hate to tell you this. Oh my Gaadd how I hate telling this to all the boys. It really is the most difficult part of my, well; job. It could be months before the trial.

Electra: Two three maybe even four months and then of course well quite frankly you'll be lucky if you get away with life I mean as little as two years.

Barry: Yes, Kenn. You do know about the new laws.

Prisoner: But for 1.2 grams?

Electra: One gram one kilo it makes no difference here the Greeks make no quantitative ah how do you call it no specifications it's all the same of course this isn't to say there's no possibility you won't get out of it with say a year.

(Inhale). Or even that you won't go to trial within the next few weeks but your chances are well pretty slim.

Barry: I know it's difficult. But. You simply must be patient, Kenn.

Prisoner: Patient? I wouldn't even have been arrested for this in America.

Barry: Oh my Gaadd. This is the most difficult thing I have to make you boys understand. You mustn't think of it like that. This just isn't America, you know.

Electra: No it's not America it's Greece and you've got to remember the laws are different here and you must accept the laws of the country in which you've been arrested.

Prisoner: You call these laws!

Barry: Now; Kenn. These are laws. I mean not like in America, but they are laws. Afterall; it could have been much worse.

Electra: Yes for example if you were in Turkey or Iran or.

Barry: Afterall; the Napoleonic Code is a far more widely accepted far more traditional law code than our own. Not the same, of course; but. You simply mustn't

compare this to what might have happened in America or, well. Quite honestly, you'll simply be torturing yourself.

Electra: Yes for example here in Greece you are guilty until proven innocent so that you mustn't fight the law you must submit to it.

Prisoner: What's the point then? Why bother going to court. Why don't they just lock you up and forget about it.

Barry: Now don't take that kind of negative attitude, Kenn. Please, I beg you. The judges who will be trying you have all got sons of their own. Believe me. They're not just any old layman off the street, Kenn. They're judges.

Electra: Yes. Do you think they don't have any training here? They will examine you in great detail, especially because you're an American and one of the most important things they'll be looking for is to determine whether or not you are truly sorry. That's very important here in Greece.

Barry: Yes, Kenn. Show them how sorry you are. Arrogance simply will not pay. You must be submissive. Penitent. You might even cry for them.

Prisoner: I've been very polite.

Electra: It's not just a matter of being polite you've got to convince them that you are truly sorry for having broken the law.

Barry: Bare your soul, so to speak. Be truly resigned. Penitent. I know how difficult it is for you. But really, Kenn; the Embassy can't do anything. We can only try to see to it that you receive fair treatment.

Electra: For example you might cut your hair.

Prisoner: I just did. (Laughter).

Barry: You must remember that you're in Greece, now, Kenn. And. They're a very religious people here.

Prisoner: Why can't I be released on bail?

Barry: Oh my Gaadd, Kenn.

Prisoner: What if I gave them my passport, thought? They could keep my passport and then I couldn't leave.

Barry: Oh my Gaadd, Kenn. (Etc).



...so they started to hit me again. To beat me. I don't know how long. But I couldn't move my feet and I was all covered with blood. Then someone took my hair and he pulled me and used it to drag me on the floor. From one corner to the other while all the others laughed. And it was then that I was really afraid. I thought: Well my hair will fall out. They are going to kill me. It was terrible that moment. I thought that my scalp was off. And it was. Blood running all on my head. So. Someone took an 'elastico'. A rubberband. And took my hair and tied it up. And then took some sellotape and put it too many times around my head. They told to me: Now go down to the cells and don't try to take down your hair. Because if

From *The American Book of the Dead (Part II of Involution)*

Ken Rubinstein got twelve months for his 1.2 grams of hashish even though he pulled every trick in the book—fat Athenian lawyers, concerned parents, American artistic background, etc., and was sent to Korydallos, a prison in Piraeus, near Athens. Readers of *Oz* are familiar with prison disaster stories. This one, which comes in the form of a discussion on the nature of democracy with a young Greek revolutionary who ran foul of a dope dealing CIA agent (see SPIKE), is slightly different, and is followed by the sad story of Guy the "hippie murderer".

Costa: Imperialist pigs. Why don't you get the fuck out.

Ken: It wouldn't make any difference.

Not you, of course.

Of course.

Your government.

They're all the same.

You; you are the young.

The youth of America is our greatest hope.

Why?

Because you fight. Perhaps you will become like "them",

but not now. We hope you will not.

What about the youth of Greece?

Yes. They will also fight.

Yes. But we're not fighting for the same thing.

We are all fighting for the establishment of a true *democracia*.

Democracy?

Yes.

What is a true democracy?

I believe it is the institution of a humane political structure. Each man must have economic equality and social freedom. We must each have equal, ah. What do you call it?

Rights.

Yes.

But we already have that, don't we? I mean, this *equality*.

What you're still trying to get.

What most of the world still thinks it wants. Constitutional freedom; individual rights.

You can not define such things in political terms. You can not make men free by institutionalizing a concept of freedom.

This is because you do not have a *true democracia* in America.

No. This is because you are defining equality as a political ideal. Marxism, Leninism,

capitalism. It doesn't matter what you call it. As long as you believe in an ideal, you believe in nothing.

How can we fight without an ideal.

What about Athenian Democracy?

Yes. It began there.

What was the population of ancient Athens?

You mean, how many people?

Yes.

Ah. Two or three hundred thousand.

What percentage of that population were actually citizens?

What?

How many *citizens* were there?

About twenty five thousand.

The rest of them were slaves.

Yes. Well, women or slaves.

Would you call that a *true* democracy?

Well, not *slaves*, you see.

The others. They were not Greek.

Are you Greek?

Yes.

I mean your family.

Yes.

Your grandparents were Greek?

Yes.

And their parents?



Josh Thomas

you try to take them down, we'll kill you. So when I was getting out of this room I saw this girl Annula, and she was laughing at me again. And she told me: You'll tell everything, queer. I just told her: Fuck off....

Costa, a young Greek radical talking to Ken Rubinstein in Korydallos (Hummingbird) Prison. He was falsely accused of dynamiting a statue of President Truman in Athens. A policeman was killed in the explosion. After a series of hideous torturings by one Babbalis, a chief of Security police, and others, he signed a confession to helping to distribute some anti-Pappadopoulos pamphlets and given twelve months gaol.

No. (Pause). But. It was different then. It was no different at all. It was a fascist power structure. C'mon now; you're exaggerating.

When seven-eighths of a population has nothing to say about governing its own life, that is not called exaggeration. It's called fascism. Authoritarian rule. No matter what it pretends to be, what it is is a justification for power.

Justification? Listen; if I want to usurp your rights I've got to come up with some kind of feasible token. To get you to believe what I say. I mean, you can't control someone if you don't pacify him first.

I see you are familiar with Marcuse. Yes. So I tell you: Listen, this is a democracy. Or I say: Now look here, boys; this is all for *your* benefit; let's call it communism. It doesn't matter what I call it as long as I give it a name. As long as I can foster an ideal in which you can believe, I can then manipulate your every action. I can always pacify you by pointing out that something you may not like is really integral to

the ideal. Even though you may not see it. Once you believe in the ideal I can always redefine it in such a way that I control your thoughts, your. Concept of the ideal. Pericles was no different from Nixon.

Don't be ridiculous. A man who is genuinely concerned with freedom never defines it. He never tells you what to think; what's right or wrong. He simply explains what *he* believes. He leaves the process of association to you, to the individual consciousness. He does not create ideals.

What about Socrates? What about him? Did he create any ideals? Did he even write anything down? No. But Plato.

There is no way for us to know how Plato may have changed whatever Socrates said. All we know about Socrates is that they murdered him because he refused to acquiesce to the ideal.

Perhaps. But now we are talking about today.

It is not separable. America does what it pleases.

So did Athens. The most powerful nation in

the world. You do not care what you destroy.

Listen. Of course I don't mean to say we're not directly responsible for this. I mean, the situation here in Greece. But.

You are responsible for the situation all over the world. You. Your "great" capitalism and your "great" power. The great "defenders of democracy."

But we are the child of your tradition. Can't you understand that? European imperialism created America. Europe created an heir and the heir succeeded to the throne. You marched into a continent that did not belong to you and slaughtered its population. We were not an orphan; you got exactly what you bargained for. It is not America that is responsible for the world situation: it is the world. Yes, America stinks and it's rotten and it's full of shit. But as long as you keep blaming America you will never be able to understand what really happened. And as long as you keep believing in ideals you will never be able to create anything worthwhile or real or free. Now it's America, but we are only the result. Because there was England and there

was Athens and there was Rome. But you can not isolate events which are all part of the same historical process. Specific power structures are simply not separable.

Most of the political prisoners here are exceptionally well educated, extremely antagonistic, multi-lingual and violently defensive; not unlike most any "upper middle class liberal" from most any country in the western hemisphere; except that their particular antagonism tends toward a particularly overt form of hostility in deference to our presence as nominal envoys of The Great Machine. Those few capable of approaching us as anything but veritable effigies of The Imperialist Wizard do so on a purely symbolic level, wherein the effigy becomes the symbol of the symbol: Mr. America as Mr. American Youth. Which, though vaguely redeeming, does not exactly lend itself toward any more realistic exchange; communication being even further stultified by the obverse discrepancies engineered by their increasingly idolatrous and/or absurd attitude towards the Youth of America and their complete inability to comprehend what it is that we youths believe.

One's physical location within a space/time continuum has no relation whatsoever to one's psychic freedom. It has already been everything at its most extreme. All. A dying before birth; a being born before death; a dying again. It is not sequential. It is all at once. Going through so many changes as to become change itself. External phenomena relevant or effective only insofar as they *are* external. Change. It is the *going* which matters, the metamorphosis, the transcendence.

Trying to communicate something it is not actually possible to say; to invoke the spirit-presence of Being. To give it insofar as one is capable of invoking and/or giving and/or making it "known". Something one wishes to share. Because it is all one has.

We must fight. But we must also know *why* we are fighting and *what* we are fighting and *what* we are fighting *for*. We must determine how to avoid "winning" only to become again what we have already been, what we still are. There is nothing to "win". There is only something to *change*, to *understand*, to *feel*, to *be*.

There was a French boy here.

His name is Guy. He is eighteen. He was seventeen when they arrested him. They arrested him because a stranger tried to rape his girlfriend.

His girlfriend's name is Madeleine. Madeleine is twenty-one.

Guy and Madeleine were travelling around Greece when they met a boy named Klaus. Klaus is German. He is two years older than Guy. He is an orphan.

The three of them were camping in a deserted house on a beach not far outside Athens. A broken house. An abandoned house. A place where kids could unroll their sleeping bags beneath what was left of the roof. A beach about twenty kilometers outside Athens.

The stranger came in, a peddler, a middleaged Greek. He said he wanted to be their friend. He said he liked them, their freedom; these young kids, the way they just travel around. He had a bottle of ouzo and he wanted them to drink together, a token of his friendship. He kept giving Madeleine the eye, but that seemed perfectly normal.

Then he propositioned her, started stroking her body. She recoiled. He offered money. She refused. He grabbed her. The boys grabbed him. They told him to leave. He refused. They dragged him out of the house.

He came back. He was a little drunk. Since he couldn't get a fuck, a fight would do.

They decided to ignore him. He pulled out his cock and started beating off.

Klaus yelled at the stranger. He told him to get out. But the stranger wanted to fight. Madeleine became hysterical. Klaus lost his temper. He began to fight. Guy tried to stop them; but Klaus was in a rage. He inadvertently fractured the stranger's windpipe.

The stranger died. Klaus told the truth. Made explicit statements to the police and to the press: Guy had not been involved in the actual fight, had never even struck the man. Klaus alone had "beaten" him, had done so in self-defense. The man's death was entirely accidental.

But the Greek press seized upon the opportunity. To publicize its hatred. To vent its hatred. Its hatred of the Germans. Its hatred of the French. Its hatred of boys with long hair. Its hatred of youth. Its hatred of anything expressive or in any way symbolic of any expression of anything youthful or free.

The voice of hatred. The wheeze of invertebrate power. The vehemence. The hollow wretchedness. The vengefulness of the selfhating, the selfpitying, the selfdestroyed. The selfless.

The Greek press extracted, photographed and printed every lurid distortion they could possibly invent. Front page news for three weeks.

The Greek press played up the incident as though it were another Manson case. Young hippies; sex; drugs: the whole routine.

Klaus and Guy are both being held for premeditated murder. They'll probably get twenty years each. Maybe the firing squad. Madeleine's "free". Back in France. Guy turned eighteen in prison.

Guy was recently transferred to another "prison". A place called Voula. A mental institution. One of the worst prisons in Greece. Certainly the most notorious.

Their "purpose" is to "normalize" the "patient's" behaviour. Their method is quite simple: if a patient does not behave, they administer shock treatment until he does.

Guy's behaviour was considered "abnormal" because he used to cry. Or lapse into trances. Or tremble. One night he cried too loud. Maybe he was disturbing the other prisoners. It was about ten. He said he couldn't stand it any more. He said he wanted to die.

He was transferred the next day. Guy was "transferred" because he cried too much.

Such disturbances are a nuisance. The prison officials don't like it. I suppose they think it might have a bad effect on the others.

I never met anyone on whom Guy had a bad effect. Most of the prisoners were quite fond of him. He was the most gentle person here. Of course, he was also the youngest. But then; mine is not an "official" evaluation.

He used to come to my cell quite often. Just to sit. Quietly. Or to read his poetry. He writes exquisite poetry. Perhaps the most shattering, the most violent penetrations I've ever heard. And I have heard a lot of poetry.

Continued on Page 41



If You Were the Only Girl in the World and I was the Only Passport

"Passports are a symbol of exclusivity, frontiers, armaments, dissension, war... a symbol of everything negative in the human community. People have accepted the idea of a passport for so long they don't realise it is in itself nothing more than a little booklet."

Anyone who has travelled out of England has experienced something of the bureaucratic bullshit involved every time you cross a border, and you very quickly learn that movement across this earth is not a right, but a favour unwillingly granted. Your visa and passport not in order, and you get booted back to where you came from, thrown in jail, fined or otherwise degraded. Your fantasy of passport officials as power crazed fascists who exercise total, mindless control over your movements is not far from the reality. What follows is another round in the lonely struggle of Garry Davis and others to exercise their rights as free citizens of the world. Mike Zwerin takes up the story from where he left it in Ink, 3 July 1971.

Garry Davis walked into the American embassy in Paris in 1948, surrendered his passport and declared himself the first citizen of the world. William Floyd Reed who was born that same year, in Kansas City,

Missouri, walked into the American embassy in Saigon in 1971, surrendered his passport and became the second.

When Davis walked out of the embassy he was not struck by lightning, the ground did not swallow him, he was merely minus some paper. The French Authorities said that according to French law he was a non-person who had better get his non-body off French soil in no-time.

A non-solution was arrived at. If Davis would get a receipt for his American passport, the French would validate it for three months. He looked at the visa receipt... a receipt for his own non-existence in one mythical state which had been accepted for three months' existence by another mythical state. He threw it away. "With the understanding that thereby I was becoming more of a person and that 'America' and 'France' were becoming a little less presumptuous."

Will Reed is a dark, thin young man with a sad and reluctant smile. He was separated from the US army, a first lieutenant, on Feb 20, 1970, in Saigon. Sickened by the corruption of and around the war, he decided to stay and work against it. He will not talk about what exactly his work was. However no charges were ever brought against him when he was thrown in a South Vietnamese jail on July 20, 1971, and no explanations were given when he was released on October 7. That did it... he went to the American embassy and told them: "After seeing American justice in action, I would like to renounce my citizenship."

Finding himself Stateless, not really having thought it thoroughly through, Reed bought an assortment of pens, inks, a small blank booklet and started to make his own passport. But his lines were wavy, a page tore and the ink smudged. He decided it was a crazy idea and dropped it. Will Reed had never heard of Garry Davis.

In 1950, after having been thrown in jail 16 times for crossing borders without a passport, Davis began to understand the principle of the double-negative and printed his own, a myth to cancel a myth. World Travel Document number 000001. He was called "World Crackpot number one." People looked at his passport and said: "But this is a joke."

Davis would answer: "Of course it's a joke. Being given permission to travel on this earth is a joke. The whole thing is a travesty."

"...Passports are a symbol of exclusivity, frontiers, armaments, dissension, war... a symbol of everything negative in the human community. People have accepted the idea of a passport for so long, they don't realise it is in itself nothing more than a little booklet. The individual is sovereign, he has freedom of travel not by virtue of a little booklet in his pocket, but simply because he is a human being."

Will Reed had overstayd his welcome in Saigon. The authorities were after him. He flew to Hue and asked students how to smuggle himself into Laos. They said it would be suicide to try and get across on the Ho Chi Minh trail, which was Reed's plan. They said go back to Saigon and try another way.

He had a letter forged saying he was working for an American company selling supplies in Cambodia, but the Cambodian border guards turned him away with just that. So he went back a couple of hundred yards, struck out into the bush and walked around the check-point into Cambodia, through it in five days, and ended up in Bangkok, Thailand. There he went from embassy to embassy asking for political asylum, but they all said sorry. Even the Swedes...

Until a tourist from New Zealand stumbled down a wrong corridor in late February and discovered the little jail behind the immigration office. Reed told her his sad tale. She tacked a notice on the bulletin board of her hotel. Other travellers began visiting, bringing chocolate, small change and news. One of them brought a clipping, my article in the Village Voice about Garry Davis.

"In 1951, Garry Davis declared World Government unilaterally in Ellsworth, Maine. It's administrative body, the World Service Authority, continues to issue passports from 4002, Basle, Switzerland."

Garry Davis' World passport is based on World Law... article 13, section II of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights: "Everyone has the right to leave any country, including his own, and return to his country. The declaration is a part of the United Nations charter."

At his trial Will Reed said: "I just walked across your border, nobody stopped me. What's illegal about that?" He pleaded guilty when told it would involve only a 70 franc fine. After he paid it, they threw him back in jail. He, thinking this was just bureaucratic processing, didn't start worrying until three days later when nobody said anything. He shook the bars and demanded to see the chief of immigration. "Why am I in jail?" he asked him.

"Do you have a passport and a plane ticket?" the chief asked in return.

"No."

"Then you stay in jail till you get them."

"How do I get them if I have no money and no country?"

"That's your problem."

In the months that followed, he wrote many letters to embassies but the answers were still no. There were Asians in that jail with him who had been there more than ten years because of no papers, people who had come down from their farms to look around the city for the first time in their lives, had been stopped by police and thrown inside when they could not identify themselves and had not enough money for a bribe. Will Reed began to despair.

Until a tourist from New Zealand stumbled down a wrong corridor in late February and discovered the little jail behind the immigration office. Reed told her his sad tale. She tacked a notice on the bulletin board of her hotel. Other travellers began visiting, bringing chocolate, small change and news. One of them brought a clipping, my article in the Village Voice about Garry Davis.

"In 1951, Garry Davis declared World Government unilaterally in Ellsworth, Maine. It's administrative body, the World Service Authority, continues to issue passports from 4002, Basle, Switzerland."

Eleven countries have stamped Will Reed's World Passport since July 4th when he was released from the Thai jail: Laos, India, Kenya, Afghanistan, Pakistan, Iran, Turkey, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Italy and Austria. Eleven national

Will Reed wrote to Basle requesting a passport. When it arrived, he was let out of prison for the afternoon to try for visas while the authorities laughed at his worthless booklet. Since Laos was closest, and Will was almost broke, he went to the Laotian embassy first. He filled out the forms, the secretary took his five dollars, stamped a page immediately and told him to return at four when the chief signs visas.

At four the secretary was furious. What was he trying to put over on them? Reed explained that this was United Nations mandated passport (a slight exaggeration), showed them his copy of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights which had arrived with the passport, explaining that Laos, as a member of the United Nations, automatically subscribed to it. After some confusion, a transit visa was issued.

The principle of the double negative works. You confront a bureaucracy with a mirror. It cannot be ignored. Paper demands to be dealt with. The work of bureaucracies is to deal with paper.

Somebody once said that anything new goes through three objective stages—the joke, the threat and the obvious. (Long hair on men is now entering the final stage). What was happening to Will Reed could mark the beginning of the transition of Garry Davis' World Passport from joke to a threat. Imagine, say, 35 passengers deplaning at Orly with World Passports. France subscribes to the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. Would they turn all 35 back? Let them in? Either way, it would mean world-wide publicity and a blow against presumptuous nation-states giving us permission to travel all over our own earth.

Eleven countries have stamped Will Reed's World Passport since July 4th when he was released from the Thai jail: Laos, India, Kenya, Afghanistan, Pakistan, Iran, Turkey, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Italy and Austria. Eleven national

governments allowed a human being passage through their countries identified only by a supra-national document issued by a private citizen of the world.

The UN Bureau of Stateless persons has recognized Reed. He is in France legally, which recognizes him as bona fide Stateless. Ironically one cannot escape the necessity of bureaucratic recognition. He has joined Garry Davis in Alcase. Davis is now 51, a businessman with a reddish-gray beard of some dignity, wears smart side-vented suits, trendy spectacles and lives with his wife and four children. Reed has short hair and is not into dope. Neither are hippies by any means, yet they are, in the most real practical sense, dropped out... as dropped out as we all should be if we had the courage of our convictions. They do not belong to any State.

I ended my Village Voice article about Garry Davis with the question: "Who will be number 000002?"

And I end this one: Who will be number 000003?

Postscript: (The Times, 28 September 1972)

'World citizen' on false papers charge

Stasbourg, Sept 27—Garry Davis, an American who in 1948 declared himself a citizen of the world, was charged today by French authorities with issuing unauthorized documents.

Police raided his home near here and confiscated copies and printing plates of an "international passport" he issued under the name of world travel document. Mr Davis was charged by police with establishing documents resembling official papers.

In 1948, Mr Davis surrendered his American citizenship and took refuge in the international section of the Palais de Chaillot, drawing considerable attention to his case. Earlier this month he announced that he was making his world travel documents available to people who were stateless or had chosen to give up their citizenship.—UPI.



Kiss Me Deadly

Have you ever made love using
the rear entry position
and looked your partner in the eye?

During the Oz Trial last year, both Mr Leary, the prosecutor, and Judge Argyle frequently reminded the jury that Oz advocated necrophilia as a sexual outlet for school children if ever they got tired of fucking in the streets. Oz staff were completely mystified by this at the time, but we have at last managed to give some substance to their dream, and now present, hot from the offices of the NLF (Necrophiliacs Liberation Front), the personal reminiscences of Michael ("Body-snatcher") Sidney himself.

My madness, as some call it, has given me the happiest moments of my life. I guess it all started back in high school when I was about 15 years old. It was during this particularly dismal period of my life that I discovered the forbidden fruits of *necrophilia* in a funeral parlour owned by my best friend's father.

Sexual relations with the dead changed the depressing trend of my life and I think now is the time to make known to the world the fantastic joy people can enjoy if only they dare.

Though I came to be a necrophiliac at a point of weakness, I feel there are very strong reasons why everyone should seek out the ecstatic pleasures I have found in my dealings with those who have passed away. For instance, in these days of sexual liberation a great many people feel strongly the desire to objectify sex, but relating to someone as a sexual object can cause pain. A necrophiliac never has a guilty conscience on this score, as it is so much easier to objectify sex with the dead.

How often has a living partner destroyed a sensual evening by opening her mouth? How many times have you put up with an obnoxious personality simply because you hoped to get laid? But fucking with that type of person is more than anyone should have to endure, and if you're open-minded you don't have to. You don't have to say, "Hey, you're lookin' good," or give any other such insincere compliments. Why, you don't even have to talk at all—unless you want to.

However, I talk to my dead lovers ... quite often. And, of course, you never have trouble with ego-shrinking complaints about your abilities. A corpse will never overwork you and they never get tired. You leave them satisfied every time. They really are all different, not just in variance in time they are dead or why. They really have personality, tenderness and a sense of humour (*some grab you in the funniest places and won't let go*). You even get feedback—you know you have been dynamite if you warm one up. I swear I made this one girl sweat, and no live girl could have handled me that night.

And the stiffs hold the most incredible positions, forever. The only

live relations I've had that compare were with a yoga freak. She could cross her thighs behind her neck, great for "basket case" fantasies. You can fix realistic expressions, beat them (some love it), and reduce the chance of venereal disease. They do anything live people do and then some.

Have you ever made love using the rear entry position and looked your partner in the eye? I have, she was an auto fatality with a broken neck. And there are plenty of opportunities to use diverse numbers of artificially created orifices found in those who came to gruesome ends. Like the pragmatic philosopher Marquis de Sade wrote: if an orifice was not created to be used this way, why is the fit so perfect?

Remember, the key to all sex is the mind anyway. So if you feel

like a cow being milked, if sex has become a boring "she came ... thank goodness he waited ... good, now he can come" routine then take some advice and put spice in your life. Go necro!

Don't get me wrong. Often relations that began sexually blossomed into something more. I have shocked many loved ones and families by showing up at the graves of those who became dear to me: placing some flowers each year. Some potentially embarrassing questions have gone necessarily unanswered. How do you explain your attachment for a plumber who died at age 55 and never knew you while alive, to Herman Hickman's relatives? These relationships have the drawback of being short due to nature. But it isn't so bad if you are promiscuous anyway. Also there is a growing trend toward stiff swapping.

Be this all a dream—the dead are the awakened!

Society has bum-rapped the homosexual. Even the sympathetic artistic works on the subject have unhappy endings. Homosexuals are justifiably outraged. In the old days our small den of necrophiles would sit and discuss this problem in terms of necromancy. We believe in "Lust after Life". Statistics show that more people will die in the next 80 years (regardless of politics) than the sum total deaths (from any cause) in the total history of the world!! For a while quality worried us, medical breakthroughs, etc. But with heroin, violence, political violence, and unsafe cars, there is still a good age selection. And older people who die of heart and lung ailments are usually in pretty good shape for our purposes. Long live the capitalist death culture!

Things sure ain't what they used to be. Necrophilia is growing rapidly and corpse copping is easier. Many are beginning to hear of us as local NLF chapters increase and leave the obscurity once considered necessary. You see more and more necro brothers on the street each day, often recognizable by their "Keep Them Dying" buttons. If growth continues to spiral, funeral homes will have a huge lobby in Westminster in less than ten years. It's a tremendous potential source of income for them. They could have a regular clientele who are notified of each arrival, trades could be made—the possibilities are magnificent! The economic issue will bring much pressure to bear in making the dream a reality. Imagine millions standing in line, each waiting for their two minutes in private with a loved politician's coffin.

Other good necro suggestions: personal contracts with friends. They will generally agree, in good faith, to give you their bodies when done with them. In one instance a close friend of mine kicking smack in a hospital gave authorities my name and address and request in case of death. Imagine a body of your own for as long as it would keep!

Necrophilia gives access to men and women of all ages and celebrities (I'd mention names but it would endanger those who made it possible). It's tremendous for experience. Necrophiliacs are talented devoted people, often experts with cosmetics and are well suited for works at all levels of the funeral business. They have a real understanding and love for this kind of work. Here in London some serious organizing needs to be done. The bookstores in Soho have almost nothing on necrophilia. I had to tell one owner what it was! Anyone interested or with connections or just hints on where to "dig up" some action—I'd like to hear from you.

"Dig the Struggle!"

Reprinted from Screw "The World's Greatest Newspaper".



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BROTHERHOOD OF BREATH

never really know how to assume a selfless attitude towards anything, and we can't do anything in a disinterested fashion. Until the prime force is changed from the 'I' to another part of the body we will continue to be screwed up neurotics. It all sounds fanciful stuff but it makes sense.

It just isn't on, in the European view of beauty, to have a big belly. Women especially are taught to compress theirs ("My girle is killing me" etc), and accentuate other curves. Men have the fear of the ugly pot-belly, associated with sloth and degeneration, unless it's passed off proudly as a beer gut. But, in Japan, a firm belly is the mark of beauty and if a man is weakish in his appearance, he can make up for it here. Hara doesn't mean the physical volume of the belly, but the weight of an inner centre of gravity based there, freeing its possessor from ego-control. To have the centre of gravity in the right place, to the Kapanese, means a sense of right relationship to the world he lives in, and himself.

Hara is patience and composure and strength to meet pain. A sick person is usually hampered from recovery by tensions and cramps, from which the man with Hara never suffers. Hara sustains, liberates and integrates him all at once. We seem to feel that it is the precious 'I' which is creative in us, but Hara, teaching that the 'I' is not the ultimate, is supposed to liberate creative imagination far beyond our meagre powers. People who are beginning to experience Hara see colours with a new intensity and depth. The author of *Hara* recounts Aldous Huxley's similar experiences in the *Doors of Perception*, where his awareness was heightened by mescaline. The same thing was happening, the ego was being dissolved by the drug's action. So the drug is obviously just a glimpse of what, with will power, we could all be seeing and experiencing without additional aids. Quite a thought.

The practice of Hara, it is said, can only be successful if the person attempting it feels a genuine need to achieve it. It isn't enough to try it as a self

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"WELL WELL WELL"

defence mechanism, after suffering some crushing defeat, and craving for new sensations isn't the answer either.

Strong will and commitment are essentials. Hara isn't a ten-minutes-after-breakfast activity. It's much bigger than that.

Right posture is the first thing. The shoulders should be dropped (naturally, not pressed down) the lower belly released (thrust out, but not distended) and a degree of strength put into it. You should learn to concentrate on the belly and say 'I feel myself down here'. Apparently it takes years of practice to make this come naturally. And then you feel new physical freedom and a whole difference to your personality. Will power is no longer necessary. It all happens by itself.

Sitting too, requires the shoulders to be relaxed. It's no good to slouch or to straighten up momentarily, whenever you happen to think about it, and then flop back. The knees, the Japanese say, should not be higher than the hipbones. Strength from the vital centre can't flow if the knees are raised. Ego-tension is no good either. Tension can be deeply rooted and yet can amazingly be wiped out in one fell swoop if the person can just drop down into his centre of gravity and yield to it. For the strain is all in the 'I', not the belly. The right inter-play of tension and relaxation can only come when man has found his real earth-centre embodied in Hara.

Breathing is where we usually all go wrong, and yet it is of fundamental importance to Hara. We tend to breathe with our chests, so that our 'I's can govern breath (and so it's shallow) instead of just 'letting it happen' through the diaphragm. To breathe correctly, you should fill your diaphragm out with air when you inhale and then draw it in as far as you can when you exhale, retaining just a tiny bit of air. It takes effort to change from chest breathing but, once achieved, it is almost impossible to remember the old way at all. (This, at least, I can vouch for personally. To make the change, you have to think consciously about breathing and then suddenly you no longer need to think about it at all. It is much more relaxing, much deeper, and enables one to belt up escalators at speed, without wheezing). But 'I' tension is so deeply rooted in us that we fear we'll lose ourselves if we let go of it. Experiment has proved this—most people jerk bodily when they are on the verge of falling asleep, because the 'I' is trying to pull the body back to consciousness instead of letting it surrender. The surrender is Hara.

Some sayings of Okada Torajiro (master of Hara)

Gather your strength in one point only—in the lower belly. There must be strength in the eyes.
One should be able to keep one's eyes open even when looking straight into the sun. You should always have your head cool and your feet warm.
Why do your feet ache? Because there is no force in your lower belly.
Be interested in the universe. Do not cling to this world. Do not want to possess anything. Never think of your pension. The voice must come from the belly.
Pride, laziness, moodiness, suspiciousness—all these come from lack of force in the

belly. Look to it to be taught as little as possible. If you 'sit' you will understand quite by yourself.

Denise Winn.
(For more about Hara, see Karlfried Durckheim's *Hara*, published by Allen & Unwin, 1962).

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someone's car radio that Dr John had been arrested, and was being held on a riot charge. (Rumour that I was busted leaked to the press, who passed it to Radio and T.V. and so back to 144...). When I got back I was greeted as a hero who had fought his way single handed out of West End Central.

The other version was that I had been kidnapped by skinheads but rescued by our valiant band of hells angels: (guess who put that one out?) And the people went on maintaining this for the rest of the day despite all my denials.

One further incident may help to illustrate the impact of the media. Paul was 17 and came from a hard working "respectable" working class family in Stockport. He was going to the local tech, was pissed off with it, and with his local scene. Like millions of other kids he had seen all the newspapers, and T.V. going on about drug crazed hippies, nightly sex orgies and the lot. Like a few, he believed them, and decided to come down to get a piece of the action. As soon as he arrived—at about lunch time—he immediately stripped off and wandered around people's rooms

with an enormous hard on, asking any chicks he could find for a "free fuck". Eventually he was grabbed by our "security force", tied up to a chair, and "tortured" by having a lighted candle held against his balls. Needless to say he survived and is now



Charles 'Hara' Murray ... presumably he's breathing ?

back in Stockport, has finished his apprenticeship, and has settled down and married a nice working class girl. But who wrote the script, us or THEM?

The moral of the story is that because of the way the situation was structured through the media, both Paul's action and then reaction to it, his question was never asked, let alone answered. For beyond his immediate demand for a "free fuck" he was obviously asking a whole series of questions about the family set up, working class culture and so on.

The problem which the London Street Commune raised but failed to resolve was just this: What kind of communication structure is needed to enable spontaneous gang and subcultural formations to transform themselves at street level, into an effective and organised political force, and (2) as an effect and condition of this, how to break the stranglehold of the false definitions of "deviance" which are at present imposed on us through both the straight and so-called alternative media. We are facing a situation of permanent unemployment affecting students, and all sections of working class youth, coupled

with an intensified repression/recuperation of youth cultures. Unfortunately the entire left, vanguard parties, shop floor militants, community activists are united in their refusal to relate to this problem. The problem is becoming increasingly urgent. There is a groundswell or right wing populism which many of these kids may well be caught up in. All I can say is that we are working on it.

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GROUP SEX

Charles: One way is architecturally. Buildings that recognise the changes in family structures. Eventually a city where every person lives as an individual and is recognised as such. It's a complex subject—I lie awake for hours thinking how the structure will work. Working in a cell system from the bottom up without imposing functions or roles. New values have to be created. The teaching of the church is dead—it destroyed itself. We have nothing to take its place. You can be anti-religious as you like and see all the faults of a religion but until we have something to take on the functions of a religion we have a great big void—and we're left looking for each other. No place is as lonely as a big city with people in bedsitters. This is the tragedy of our civilisation. We sit together and we smoke a little and we think we've found a new relationship but we haven't. We've inverted ourselves, gone into ourselves and are lonely and insecure. Sex is a much more spontaneous thing. It flows out of us in more senses than one.

The greatest problem is one of security—the more money you have the less secure you are. Because you worry about the money. People get married. You say why get married? The girl says I get married because I want security. If she really loves the guy the first thing she's going to think is what

happens if he dies. And this goes on throughout their life. In a group sex scene you're part of a larger family where you can tolerate people and be tolerated and cared about. There isn't the anxiety because you learn not to feel you own someone. And you learn from each other. It's like a school where the teachers are being taught by the pupils. There are rules, of course. Society has to have rules for its own self preservation. One of the rules is you can meet new people and you can have a relationship with them—it can be a life long thing—but it shouldn't detract from but add to any relationship they've already got with someone else.

I've seen violent opposition to sex from militant anarchists who hold the view that all communication must be destroyed to destroy society—admitting that sex is a communication and a bridge. Personally I don't hold with the view that society and relations between people must be totally destroyed. Unless we have those relation-

ships we'll never be able to build another society. It's worth preserving something—the communication between people. Sex may be anti-establishment but it's not anti-people.



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SOCRATES

I have heard a lot of poetry but I have never heard such pain. Never before heard anyone else make someone like Rimbaud seem so idyllic, so pale. Except perhaps Artaud.

But then Guy is only eighteen. A child. A child who may be shot for murder.

He would come to see me. He would say: I want you to hold me. You would not mind to hold me? Please. Just for a moment.

Or he would say: Please. I need some warmth. You understand? Just to hold me. *Tendresse*. You can give me some *tendresse*? Tenderness. A starvation for tenderness. Yes, of course; the most common form of malnutrition. But one does not often experience it so raw. So visibly torn between the knowledge and the fear.

Perhaps electro-shock has already obliterated his memory and his need. Perhaps he is already only half alive. Brain-burned. Soul-shocked. An electrocured nervous system too short-circuited to bother anyone about tenderness.

Guy. Let me hold you in my heart, my friend. Let me embrace you. Let me be you.

Isn't it a pity, he would say. How so many choose ignorance before the knowledge that would give us choice. Ignorance before knowledge. Not innocence. Ignorance. Knowledge: the fundamental sacrament. Isn't it a pity. And then there was that song. There is always a song for those of us who have grown up singing.

Guy Boucnie de Belle. The youngest child. French aristocracy dating back to the sixteenth century. His mother sends him excerpts from the Bible. His mother advises him to pray. And he does. But to different gods. Or. To no god at all. Simple prayer. Habit. Habit of the blood. Four centuries of habit.

Guy and I were sitting in the yard one day. In a corner where the sun falls late. Guy and I and a few others.

He was terribly depressed. One of those sullen semi-trances. Silent. Far away.

I wanted to cheer him up. But was, *am* too sarcastic. Wanted to distract him, but wound up teasing. Too flamboyant. Veiling my affections when I really did mean to be affectionate.

I kept dancing around; trying to break the spell; making stupid, flippant remarks. Trying to penetrate. Thinking to try a little tenderness.

Said: What's wrong?


He said: Nothing. Asked again, but he gave the same answer. Or no answer at all.

Said: Then how come you look so fuckin' weird?

He said: Do I ask why you use empty words.

From *Involution*, Part III: Hummingbird. (Hummingbird is a gaol in Piraeus near Athens). December 1971.

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IT IS I WHO WOULD
SAVE YOU, WOLFF. I AM
THE SORCESS OF THE RED
MIST. I HAVE NEED OF A MAN TO
FIGHT FOR ME AND WHEN I SAW
YOU BATTLING THAT SHE-DEVIL, I KNEW
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