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High Times - OZ School Kids Issue

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**Description**

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Dear High Times

High Times arrived today. On first impression — far fucking out. This size and stapling are brilliant ideas, it's a great size to handle and allows for the apparent use of more color. The logo (and the name) are beautiful and the idea for the cover is great. On my first leaf through it reminded me very much of John Wilcock's Other Scenes— not a bad reminder at all.

Generally I like the layout — the heads are good and the copy looks nice. The comic book is great — at least as high a standard as the stuff published here (which isn't saying much), still there's stuff that doesn't turn me on much — Customs and Obscenity for example. Still it's really fine, page by page; small notes could have had more in it, couldn't it, 2 pages of Lennon's Art seems a bit small, especially with that Erotica Explosion article which seemed pretty pointless — surely something on Australian erotica would have been better (or another Albie Thoms thing). The Dope File thing took a lot of space to say fuck all. The Crashhot Crossword is a work of genius. The next 3 bits of Erotic Art are beautiful, I liked the colored borders too— where do the photos come from? I liked the layout of the Gay article — is the photo on the final page a mistake or is all that black intentional?

The Food page is lovely as is Bear Facts — just about the nicest thing in the whole paper. Why the reprints from Come Out — 12 pages are devoted to sex (both political and erotic) but more of that later. Fucking for chastity didn't come out too well and why that poem? Syrius for Christ Sake, what a waste! Tony Convey I really like as a record reviewer. I'm real glad you used him — the book reviews didn't turn me on much. Editorial — a good place for it and the back page is brilliant. So — the layout I really like (no page numbers and that shit — good use of borders, more experiments will have to be done with color — is there a policy of no by-lines or no acknowledgement of lifting? The content is another matter — on first glance it is very alive, very close to the Australian scene, very real (Revolution always seemed to exist in a vacuum) but on closer examination it falls apart a bit. It doesn't really say very much — in fact the comics and the art work hold it together — and give it its cultural integrity. I suppose I just don't like the balance of written material in it — the one musical article is for shit, in proportion there seemed too much emphasis on matters sexual (how the fuck did you get it printed? ), little politics (I don't just mean overt stuff) no news hardly at all — in fact little to make the magazine more than a pleasant object d'art.

There, I've burnt myself out doing all that criticism — I still reckon it's miles better than anything I've seen from anywhere, Goodonyer Mate
JOHN HAWKES
SANTA BARBARA
CALIFORNIA USA

John Hawkes is an ex-editor, and founder of REVOLUTION...
POLLUTION CARE KILLS

The huge mining investment group, Charter Consolidated, whose interests stretch from Portugal to South Africa, is the latest company to jump on the environmental bandwagon.

They state — “A major awakening is now taking place concerning the damage to the environment caused by pollution.”

When is the awakening starting? Consider Charter subsidiary, the Cape Asbestos group (proud to provide one-fifth of the Charter profits, yet the group only get passing mention in their annual reports.) The group mines amosite which is the raw material from which asbestos is made. Amosite dust can cause respiratory illness, including pneumoconiosis.

Between 1966 and 1970, 27 black workers died in the mines, mainly from respiratory illnesses. In the same five years, 1032 employees left the company because of 'industrial incapacitation'.

That is, the amosite dust had clogged their lungs up. In 277 cases the specific cause was pneumoconiosis.

It is a well worn, though, still valid argument that to pay decent wages to black workers in South Africa would undermine the profitability of investment there. But if, in addition, companies had to provide healthy working conditions and adequate compensation for those who do fall ill, then the whole of South Africa's white-run mining industry would collapse.

PERFECT DRUG TESTS

The head of the Chelsea Pharmacy College, Professor Arnold Beckett, has perfected methods to detect up to 150 different drugs through urine samples.

The system, called the Narcotics Identification system (NIS), consists of five bags marked A, B, C, D, and E. The mixture of certain drugs with certain acids or alkalis in the bags will determine whether the sample does in fact have drugs in it.

Heroin turns purple, as do morphine and opium, when put in bag A. Codeine goes orange and then yellow in bag B. Barbituates in bag C go purple, while L.S.D. goes blue in bag D. In the final bag, E, marijuana, goes slate grey, changing to light blue, then violet. Psychedelic!

PANTER POWER

A Harvard microbiologist who won the 1970 Eli Lilly award for being the first to isolate a pure gene said recently he will turn the $1000 honorarium over to the Black Panther Party. Dr. Jonathan R. Beckwith, 34, explained that 'my concern about the misuses of science in this country has increased and my feeling of the necessity for scientists to take clear positions has increased'.

He said he was giving the money to the Panthers to help ‘an organisation which I believe is making some important contributions to changing society so that it serves the people'.

MOUTH TO MOUTH LIBERATION

Hey! You out there in Radioland! Always wanted to be a disc jockey? Well, here it is!

WPAX New York is looking for 25 minute shows with country/rock/ R& B, a little talk and lots of love. The tapes will be played for servicemen - by Radio Hanoi - for four hours a day: the aim is to give boys in there a little of that down-home feeling and a little of the news that the Army sees fit not to print.

The tapes have also been offered to the Voice of America. Radio Free Europe, the Armed Forces Network and foreign FM stations. So far, Hanoi has been the only one to accept.

The hard-core staff of Radio Station WPAX is Abbie Hoffman, Rennie Davis (who negotiated for WPAX airing with the North Vietnamese delegation in Paris), John Gabree, Carole Ramer and John Giorno (of dial-a-poem). But you’re part of it too-- all you have to do is a 25 minute bit (or a five minute talk show), put it down on a 7 inch reel at 7% ips, and mail it off to WPAX, PO Box 410, Cooper Station, New York City, 10003. If you don’t have the tape facilities, send them a note about what you want to do and they’ll schedule a time for you in their New York studios, (though it’s doubtful they’ll foot the bill for the fare !)

GAS

In 1930 the British, and at that time speaking for Australia, were keen to agree at Geneva that the use of Lachrymatory gases — tear gases — was prohibited in war.

The British Government is now insisting that C.S. and other gases do not fall within the Geneva protocol, and as such are not prohibited in war, in fact the Vietnam war, in which Australia is actively involved.

A war in which one Australian officer has already died during a gas attack.

Pushing for Pot

San Francisco— A California company is marketing a new brand of cigarette-rolling papers called Acapulco Gold and will use the profits for a nationwide campaign to legalize marijuana; Dr. Michael Aldrich, editor of THE MARIJUANA REVIEW, and a business partner, Blair Newman, will distribute the papers through Amorphia, Inc. — a nonprofit ‘Cannabis Co-operative’ that hopes to capture at least ten percent of the current cigarette—papers market and earn about $150,000 a year.

Profits will finance a publicity advertising campaign to persuade middle class America that present pot laws are unnecessary, unworkable, socially harmful and serve to aggravate the real problem of opiate and amphetamine abuse. Amorphia, Inc. has the earliest pending application to trademark the name Acapulco Gold.
In the extraordinary events which lead up to the sacking of John Gordon as Prime Minister and the more recent squabble over Jolly John’s journalistic efforts the role of the press, political writers and press proprietors has been clearly illustrated.

The full extent of the Packer Plot has yet to be detailed and more particularly there has been no examination of what’s in it for Frank Packer.

Sir Frank is the typical tyrant of old — considering all his employees to be his personal vassals. The Tele’s office in Sydney is a disgusting dingy hole with toilets and general staff conditions kept at a dirty disgusting minimum.

The campaign against Gorton by the Packer Press started fairly soon after Gorton’s election. Packer had always been a McMahon man particularly because of his dislike of the country party economic policies. He believed the country party has vague socialist leanings. Under Gorton’s reign he believed these were coming to fruition in such things as the Australian Wool Commission.

These beliefs represent the laissez faire capitalism of the nineteenth century which still characterize so many big businessmen as opposed to the leaders of the corporations such as B.H.P. Therefore, nearly all government economic initiatives are described as socialistic and an encroachment on the individual.

There were many other issues on which Gorton ran foul of Sir Frank — the action to protect MLC from foreign takeover, the down-playing of the communist bogey approach to the A.L.P. and states right.

All these ideological considerations are important in the mind of a power-driven man such as Sir Frank. But was it enough to promote the vendetta that he conducted?

Packer has always believed he is a man of immense power — a man who can go straight to the top of government and get a hearing and usually action. Gorton refused to be so blustered. It is understood that Sir Frank did not always get the interviews he asked for — he didn’t always get a sympathetic hearing.

Billy McMahon is a totally different personality. A constant ditherer, as the last week or so has illustrated, Billy makes incessant phone calls to leading party members and business supporters such as Sir Frank whenever he is trying to make up his mind. Apart from being flattering to Packer it also means he knows what is going on and has plenty of opportunities to exert pressure.

In this latest government rumpus, Sir Frank took the most unusual step of making a public statement giving full support for Billy and telling him that he should sack Jolly John. In the long term Sir Frank’s statement could prove to be a major indiscretion. Sacking Gorton will now be said to have been done at the behest of Packer. The whole Packer Plot theory seems to be confirmed.

However, Sir Frank apparently had something much more rewarding in mind. Over the past few months Packer has been attempting to get Billy to cancel the third commercial television licenses in Melbourne and Sydney.

It is understood that Packer and The Herald and Weekly Times have combined to bring about the end of Melbourne’s Channel O and Sydney’s Channel 10. They have got the co-
operation of Reg Ansett and the owners of Channel 10 by offering them a share in The Herald and Packer empires respectively as well as some financial endowment.

The whole financial deal would be worthless if the government were not to permanently cancel the license and hence the pressure on Billy McMahan.

This is not the first time that Packer and The Herald have attempted to block the third commercial licenses. They conducted a sustained campaign to stop Menzies introducing it in the first place. But Menzies was concerned at the way the newspaper corporations had come to completely dominate all television throughout Australia. Hence the third licences were given to non-newspaper interests.

Naturally the cancellation of the third licence would completely alter the economics of the television industry in the proprietor's favor. Instead of three sharing the advertising revenue it will be two.

Before going onto the role of one Rupert Murdoch in this tale it is important to set out exactly what way the newspaper proprietors are able to exercise such influence in Canberra.

The simple answer is that the newspapers have a big influence on general elections because they are a major factor in the formation of public opinion. Although the newspapers are of more importance in opinion formation than most academics would have it, nevertheless the evidence certainly rules out the possibility of mass opinion changes as the result of newspapers.

Rather the answer lies in an observation made by Mungo MacCullum for the Sunday Review that nearly all politicians are paranoid. Nearly all are avid readers of all the newspapers and take to heart any criticism giving it an importance well above any influence the criticism has at least as far as public opinion.

It is an interesting fact that the papers which have the most influence in liberal party and business circles are usually significant contributors of funds. Another important factor is that in the absence of other indicators of public opinion the newspapers are a day to day guide which politicians find hard to ignore.

When Rupert Murdoch inherited his father's newspapers in South Australia over ten years ago he was considered to be the young radical. There were numerous rumors around that young Rupert had been involved in the Labor Club at Oxford Uni. His recent three week home visit from Britain to inspect his colonial empire provided ample evidence that Rupert is trying to emulate his arch enemy Sir Frank. Rupert ranted and raved through his various offices throughout Australia. On at least two occasions he raged through offices of The Australian sweeping decks clean of files and papers and generally creating havoc.

Bruce Petty was once again warned that there was a limit to the radical cartoons that Rupert could take. Editor Adrian Deamer was sacked as Rupert wafted on about the paper turning into a P.R. sheet for protestors. Anyway the paper was much too academic Rupert said, so Canberra correspondent Ken Randall was quickly moved. Rupert said The Australian had started all the fuss about the Springboks so the editorial line on that quickly changed and what's more the unions are running the country so the editorials on Bob Hawke came thick and fast.

In all this Rupert paid a visit to see Billy. After two hours Rupert decided he did not like our new Prime Minister. The meeting was on a Friday. The following Monday new Canberra correspondent Alan Ramsey wrote a think piece with a headline on it describing Billy as "a nasty little twerp".

Whether this hatred of Billy is one of Rupert's quirks or whether it has some other basis is hard to say. It is not unfair to point out that Sir Frank and Rupert have long been enemies particularly as Sir Frank is jealous of Rupert's ability to make money. It is also of note that Rupert has only a minor stake in the television field much to his chagrin. Whether Sir Frank's efforts to get rid of the third television station had anything to do with Rupert's attitude is hard to say.

But Rupert's campaign did not rest with calling Billy names. In conjunction with his great scoop with Gorton doing it his way, The Australian has taken a glowing approach to Gorton and roundly condemned Billy.

Gorton's journalistic efforts were in fact not made at the suggestion of Rupert. Rather Gorton is understood to have first approached The Age and possibly the Sydney Morning Herald at the same time. When he got a knock back there the offer was made to Murdoch. The price is an agreement to pay Gorton $1,000,000 for his eventual memoirs, but no money has actually changed hands for the articles themselves. Australian journalist Elizabeth Riddle was given the job of ghosting the series although she has written only sections including the brilliant description of Packer's Canberra writer Alan Reid.

Whatever happens in the ensuing weeks, the episode has demonstrated certain basic truths which have been for so long denied. It can never be denied that the mass media and particularly the newspaper proprietors are as important political actors as the politicians themselves. Secondly it has demonstrated clearly the real basis of power in the Liberal Party with its incredible intertwining in the business world.
WAR POEMS

These poems were collected by Bill Knox while serving as a medical officer in Viet Nam. Bill is now studying Asian Cultural Languages at A.C.T., having decided that army and medical life to be more myth than reality.

FLYING 'EM HOME

I used to live a life, a fighter pilot's dream.
Flying 'em south: That's all I'd ever seen.

Napalm and Hi-drags that's all I've ever dropped;
Then one day the Frag. Changed, my eyeballs popped.

Litter Mission; man that's not for me:
I don't want to go up there with that ZPU and 23;

I don't want no road cuts, I don't want no guns;
I just want to fly down south; bombing, having fun.

In-flight refuelling, that's too far to go;
I've got a rendezvous with a gunner: I know!

Slick 750s; that's my calling card:
And when I hit 'em, I hit 'em hard.

'Cause nobody hears you crying, when you start to cry:
"Oh, my hangover, I'm feeling like I'll die."
"That's too bad boy, get out there and fly."

But if I ever fly down south again,
Everybody at Seventh will be my friend;

I don't like those guns they've got so many of:
The hell with war;
Let's make love.
**cab of my truck**

Sung to the Tune:
Dock of the Bay

Starting in the morning sun,
I'll be driving when the evening comes,
Watching the Phantoms roll in,
And I watch them pull back up again.

Oh, I'm sitting in the cab of my truck
Thinking life ain't a game.
Sitting in the cab of my truck, filing my chains.

I left my home in Dong Hoi.
Headed for the DMZ.
I had something to live for
A people's hero I was going to be

Well I'm just sitting in the cab of my truck
Looking at a B52 raid.
Sitting in the cab of my truck filing my chains

Here I sit shaking like a little kid,
God I'm too scared to get a cigarette lit!

'Cause it might just blow my hope
Of not showing up on a starlight scope.

Well I'm sitting on this ridge so tight,
'Cause I think that Spectre is due back tonight;
Two thousand bombs I've seen.
Tryin' to end this crazy scene.

Yes I'm just sitting in the cab of my truck.
I'm just sitting in the cab of my truck watchin' the bombs fall like rain........
Suddenly your heart stops as you see the thing you dread: 
Triple A is coming up; it fills the sky ahead.
You make a turn to left, and then you break up hard and right; 
Then you’re wingman’s in with CPU and it’s a pretty sight.

In the skies of South East Asia where the fighter pilots dwell 
There’s a mission you will fly a lot; you get to know it well: 
They call it Armed Reconnaissance, you fly it fast and low, 
In the southern part of Package—One that’s known as Tally—Ho.

You’re briefed on the defenses all along the route you fly: 
You’re scared but still you’ve got to go, and so you take to the sky. 
You get pre-strike refuelling and you take it right on down; 
You cross the post at Butterfly and start to move around.

You’re headed for that route 1A; the road looks clean and bare; 
But a truck is mighty hard to see Iran one irilc in the air. 
You know you’ve got to take it down and your heart is in your mouth; 
Now dead ahead’s the ferry — that’s the point you’ll turn back south.

And now we’re heading south again and really moving around 
To make a tougher target for the gunners on the ground. 
And it’s then you see the convoy sitting still beside the road. 
Arm up your switches and prepare to dump your load.

Touch off after—burner and pop up into the sun; 
But keep the convoy in your sight and start to make your run. 
Then the gunners start to shoot again, you see the flak ahead.

Then it’s busting all around you and the sky is filled with lead; 
You can’t go left, you can’t go right, the flak is all round. 
So keep the convoy in your sight, and keep on boring down,

And pickle off your bomb load, and then pull and trust to luck 
That the Triple A will miss you and your bombs will hit the trucks.

But the flak is coming closer and your eyes are filled with tears, 
And before you reach the coast—line you have aged a hundred years.

And suddenly you are out of it; the water is down below; 
Breathe easy now but don’t relax ’cause sure as hell you know, 
That tomorrow is another day and once again you’ll go 
To the southern part of Package—One and recon Tally—Ho.
Brazil: torture and assassination

Torture as a Political Weapon:

In the case of torture of common criminals and suspects the aim is to extract a confession, even if false, but the torture of political prisoners is more meticulous and the purpose in these cases is to procure authentic information about their organisations. During the four years of the government of General Ongania (1966 - 1970) more than 16,000 political prisoners passed through the jails of Argentina. Hundreds of these were tortured. With the appearance of guerillas the system was made more rigorous. Already in 1968 the Peronist guerillas captured at Tace Ralo were subject to prolonged sessions of beatings and the picana. All guerillas

By ordering the burning of the instruments of torture, the Assembly of 1813 tried to break with one of the greatest iniquities of Spanish colonialism, inherited from the Inquisition. Nevertheless, this act of such great importance was, with monstrous irony, very quickly, changed, given that since then, and especially in recent years, torture has been systematically applied to political prisoners.

In Argentina, as in Brazil, Paraguay, and Uruguay, torture is simply a routine method of police investigation. This aberrant custom has penetrated into our environment to such an extent that police reporters now utilise euphonisms such as “exhaustive and able interrogation”, which do not quite succeed in concealing the truth.

The essential reason for the use of torture in Argentina - which as we shall see later is often a crime in itself - is the existence of profound social inequalities; where there exists the exploitation of man by man there co-exists repression. Detained in Argentina are tortured to the limit of their endurance. In April 1969, a guerilla, Carlos Caride engaged in a shootout with the Federal Police and killed one of their men. A dozen police beat him up and later he suffered four hours of the picana. When sometime later a guerilla of the FAL, Juan Carlos Cibelli, was arrested, the procedure had become so routine that all the papers of the country published without comment a photo of Cibelli in which he appeared with his face swollen and an eye completely closed as a result of blows. At the beginning of 1970 the Police were near to desperation over their lack of information about the guerillas. When in the month of March a stroke of luck permitted them to capture two guerillas of the FAL a terrible fury was launched against them. Alejandro Baldu died very shortly afterwards on the table of the torture chamber, and Carlos Della Nave was punished to the limit of human
endurance. In order to publicize these events which up till that time had remained a secret, the FAL kidnapped the Paraguayan diplomat, Waldemar Sancliez. Ongania declined to negotiate but had to show Della Nave to the public. He was exhibited on television in very bad shape and medical examination revealed plainly that he had been tortured.

Systematic Torture:

Among the places which have merited popular reputations as torture chambers are the H'Q of the ex 'Coordinacion Federal' at 1400 Calle Moreno and the Regional Units of Greater Buenos Aires, among them, those in San Martin, Lanus, Avellaneda, Moron, San Justo. These five branches depend on the Provincial police who work very closely with the Federal police. In those cases which require prolonged treatment, the prisoners are taken, conveniently handcuffed and blindfolded, to supposed weekend houses in the country, rented for the purpose, or to sordid, apparently abandoned shacks. In some police vehicles there are battery operated picanas. The Police consult with their own doctors as to the cardiac resistance of the prisoners.

With sadistic predeliction, the torturers apply the picana to the erogenous zones, lips, ears, anus, testicles, penis, breasts and vagina, reinforcing the effect by first moistening the body of their victim. The marks which this instrument leave on the body disappear within a week, and in order that medical witnesses cannot prove that torture has been applied the police, and some judges, prolong the detention of prisoners, incommunicado, to the legal limit of eight days.

With these methods the Argentine police boast that they solve 80% of the crimes committed in the country. Nevertheless, when the cases arrive in court only 10% result in convictions. The Militarists in power demonstrate more understanding than the judges and allow the police to have charge of the examination for trial, so that a confession extracted under torture is now converted into legal proof. The number of convictions has increased, but few jurists are bold enough to deny that the police examination and the detention incommunicado for 8 days constitutes the legalisation of the use of torture.

Assasination Squads:

In Argentina in the last decade there have functioned various 'Squadrons of Death', similar to those in Brazil. They are called 'Investigation Brigades' and are situated in the most densely populated zones of the working-class areas around Buenos Aires: Quilmes, Avenaneda, Lanus, San Juste, San Martin, Martinez, and belong to the police of Buenos Aires Province which with 28,000 men has become the greatest repressive force in the country, surpassing the Federal Police, whose Brigade of Robbery and Theft (Brigada de Robos y Hurtos) on certain occasions also acts as a Squadron of Death.

The Brazilian Squadrons of Death more clandestinely, and their members act outside of their official working hours and outside of their official capacities, to liquidate drug traffickers, thieves, and murderers without trial and outside the control of the courts. The procedure in Argentina is carried out in ordinary working hours by police personnel who openly identify themselves as such.

and are rewarded and promoted for their executions. Judicial sources in the Province of Buenos Aires estimate that between 1960 and 1970 the police were involved in 1000 shootings.

The procedure is simple. In their periodical sweeps of the working class districts and "villas miserias" of greater Buenos Aires, the police detain hundreds of suspects whose antecedents are checked at Head Quarters. If any of these detainees have lengthy records they run the risk of being taken by the Brigades and shot. Later the Courts and the newspapers are told that a dangerous criminal has attached the police who were obliged to return the fire. In recent times some police have become so
impatient that they have been known to execute up to four presumed criminals in a single "tiroteo" (shootout).

One such as this occurred in May 1970 at a police station at Ramos Mejia, commanded by Saul Alonso. The procedure has become so scandalous that simply by reading the newspaper report it is possible to tell whether there has been a bona fide gun battle or an execution. The modus operandi of the assassination squads has three unmistakable characteristics.  
1. The incident takes place in the early hours of the morning between midnight and 6am.  
2. The 'gun battle' takes place in open country.  
3. There are no wounded, and no survivors, and needless to say, no witnesses.

For every policeman killed in Buenos Aires Province 10' criminals die. The estimate of the Buenos Aires police is much more modest: 2 to 1. In the rest of the country, and in the rest of the world, they maintain a proportion of one to one, the difference consisting of men previously captured and disarmed.

The assassination squads liquidate annually hundreds, and not all are criminals. In one of the many cases which have occurred two humble workers were killed while sleeping during siesta. In another case 3 bodies were delivered to the Coroner with the arms extended forwards, the hands together; they had been shot with their hands tied and the onset of rigor mortis had not permitted them to be located in a less revealing position.

The deaths of children, nevertheless, can be charged to the police too. On 26th January 1968, a police patrol in search of a fugitive, fired their submachine guns at two boys of 15 and 16 and left them badly wounded. The boys, Seijo and Fontan died. The police recovered their freedom 41 days later, and denied the charges against them. One of the three police involved was Ediz Araujo, who participated in 1962 in the kidnapping, torture and murder of Felipe Vallese, in spite of the fact that in 1968 he had not been authorised by his superiors to be on active duty.

The Political Brigades:

With the accentuation of worker and student opposition to the military regime, and with the upsurge of urban guerillas, the type of violence usually applied to criminal delinquents was transferred to political militants. It is difficult nevertheless to find judges who will condone political assassinations, so the methods had to change. As a matter of fact, the judges themselves were the first victims of the clandestine groups formed within the police organisations, especially within the 'Coordinacion Federal', where they called themselves "Loss Halcones" (The Hawks).

The Hand of the CIA In All This?

Alfa 66 is a group of exiled Cubans formed to harass Fidel Castro from Miami. MANO was created by the present President of Guatemala, Col. Carlos Arana Ossorio, who directed the anti-guerrilla campaigns. Organisations using the same names have appeared in the Dominican Republic where President Bosch announced in August 1970 that MANO had planned his assassination; and in Bolivia where Alfa 66 had made 100 attacks up till October. The suspicion that both these organisations are supported by the CIA of North America has been repeatedly expressed.

Their presence among the police of Argentina cannot be discounted. The relationship between the Argentine and the North American police organisations is a close one. A great number of Latin American police officials have graduated from the Interamerican Police Academy in Washington, and from other schools in the United States, and many of these graduates are Argentines. One of these graduates is the Second in Command of the Federal Police of Argentina, Inspector General Nevarra.

At times North American police are sent as instructors to Argentina. Among them there has been the Chief of Police of San Francisco, Thomas Cahill, and the Chief of Police of Missouri Edmund Hochaday, who in 1969 ran various courses in Buenos Aires over a period of several months.

Whatever may be the relationship, there is no doubt that the "Hawks" are Argentinians, and are connected with the highest echelons of the police and the armed forces. The parallel power which they exercise has been the cause of disputes. In September 1970 a sensational purge decapitated the staff of the Federal Police, and about 30 of the highest officers passed into retirement at the advice of the armed forces. Among these functionaries fallen into disgrace was Inspector General Alejandro Roque Virasoro who directed a great part of the political investigations in the last stages of the government of Ongania and witnessed the torture of many political prisoners. In spite of this, he affirmed that torture was one of the elements in the resources available to police investigators. The dominant position that Virasoro held in the Argentine police has been occupied by Inspector-Major Alfredo Benigno Castre, director of the 'Orden Politice Social', an ultra-gorilla organisation in the Brazilian style.

Translated from the Journal "AMERICA LATINA" published in Buenos Aires Issue of May 1971, Year 4, Number II
In April, the OZ defendants briefed Tom Williams Q.C., who in the following two months had three meetings with the defendants, three meetings with the defendant’s solicitor. On Friday June 11, 11 days before the trial was due to begin, Tom Williams returned the brief, stating that he was involved in “another matter” and would be unable to handle the OZ case.

The defendants then applied for a three-week adjournment to give them time to brief another Q.C., but in court the next Wednesday the judge heard the story and before the prosecutor even had time to oppose the application, the judge turned it down.

Five days before the trial the defendants had talks with Basil Wigoder Q.C. (handled Rudi Dutshke and others). He seemed enthusiastic, but an hour later called back and pulled out. He felt the defendants would make a circus of the trial. He was assured this wouldn’t be so, but rang back in fifteen minutes and pulled out completely.

So the defendants made another appeal for an adjournment, with no luck. So this meant they had no Q.C. and only four days before the trial. Things did work out, but as Richard Neville said at the time, “This has thrown the defence strategy into absolute chaos.”

The first day was fairly uneventful, apart from the Friends of OZ procession, with Honey Bunch Kaminski, twenty foot tall in paper mache leading. Contrary to reports in the national press, not one Hippie was barefooted.

In court the defendants challenged 26 jurors and ended up with 8 middle-aged men, 3 middle-aged women, and one young guy who looked tired but potentially sympathetic. He called himself an anarchist and refused to swear on the Bible.

Judge Argyle offered to step down in view of the fact that he might be unsympathetic. In reply to his offer Neville said, “In view of the alternative, I have no objection.”

The Old Bailey court is so small that two hundred people could not get in. In fact they were threatened with arrest on obstruction. One policeman said, “We can’t have you hippies going in and out like that. It spoils the dignity of our courtroom.”
In this trial, as with most of the alternative trials, the bad guys were at their best while the good guys got the worst. Here are some of the more interesting and odd moments:

Vivian Berger and his mother were pulled from the courtroom by more then 6 policemen.

Vivian's mother (national President of the Council of Civil Liberties in England) was called a liar by Judge Argyle, who also called Vivian a police informer.

Judge Argyle dismissed Richard Neville's eloquent explanations of the political question by saying, "Mr. Neville must have meant that the trial this year coincided with last year's political elections."

Denis Felix was accused of giving the communist armload sign by the judge when in fact it was the power—to—the people sign.

So the trial progressed. Detective Inspector Luff (the arresting officer) was hard at work. When a new witness was introduced he would often leave the court and return laden with publications written by the witness; these were referred to in cross examination. Luff was said to have a mountain of John Lennon's works ready, following rumours that he was to be called as a defence witness.

Questions were asked on: drugs, other more 'honest' magazines, conspiracy to corrupt, Rupert Bear, sex education, lesbians, covers and so on.

On Monday, July 5th, Michael Schofield was called for the defence, and was the first witness to become angry and aggressive under cross examination. He accused Leary (the prosecutor) of analysing and magnifying separate details in a way no ordinary person would.

Asked about the Rupert Bear cartoon, Schofield said it would have no effect at all. It was not about a human situation, but just about a bear. He told Leary he wasn't an expert on Bears.

His closing remark to the prosecution on the subject of OZ 28 was, “It does promote change. This is what people are frightened of.”

Vivian Berger (the school boy who helped write OZ 28) was called as a prosecution witness. He told the court that in April last year, when he was 14, he had answered an advertisement in OZ asking young people to put forward ideas for an issue. He and 20 other young kids met the editors. "We were told it was basically our edition, which we could edit. The defendants would only assist in the production."

He also described how he had been beaten up and continually harassed by the police since his involvement in OZ 28. In fact, one day it was 4 times. He said he had only been searched once before his involvement with OZ.

Friends of OZ, with ex-Melbourne scene mover Stan Demidjuk, also made a worthy appearance at the trial. Doing great publicity things first to launch it suitably and then to keep it there before the public. Thousands of little Honey Bunch Kaminsky (the girl with the bare breasts and imposing physique) stickers for sticking down around town. Large size posters, special T-shirts featuring some of the courtroom characters, three under aged virgins, a pregnant elephant and inspector Luff all selling at $1.25 a longsleeved piece.
apparent to ourselves, many people are still more amused than amazed. The pickaxing of this magazine is nothing less than political censorship. OZ has relentlessly promoted some elements of the new culture — dope, rock 'n' roll and fucking in the streets; it is the only magazine in this country to consistently and constructively analyse the tension between the freak/drop-out community flippancy, guiltless sex and the permanent strike of dropping out as part of an emerging new community, but painfully acknowledge the limitations of leeching on the present society and becoming stooges of its consumer junkyism. We appreciate that OZ antics are often adventuristic, escapist, dilettantish, narcissistic and juvenile; but we are congenially incapable of facing a solemn fun free future, cutting cane beneath some spartan banner of liberation; we want only to play with our toys, not own them, and we are fumbling towards a solution of living and working collectively — not for profit which there ain't — but because we love what we do and believe naively in a joyful tomorrow of spiritual, emotional and intellectual coitus non interruptus.

FROM PRESENTING THE OZ TRIAL

Taking into account the fact that High Court Judges get a basic $20,000 per annum, police salaries, paper work, jury time and expenses, prosecuting counsel costs etc. the bringing of these cases is a very expensive under taking. Why, one wonders, should the English taxpayer have this enormous amount of money spent on his behalf to bring to law a few assorted publishers, writers, cartoonists who have little to do with his life. The answer is that the police/government is in fact carrying on a political battle with the ‘alternative society’. There is no other reason why the police, should repeatedly harrass OZ, IT, FRIENDS etc. The police have ‘visited’ Oz about 10 times, wanting specimen copies, on two occasions taking everything (distribution files, accounts ledgers, thousands of back issues of Oz, personal letters and papers, subscription lists) on one occasion removed even the filing cabinet. They have also made frequent visits to the editors’ homes and required them to spend time going to Scotland Yard. This kind of special attention from the forces of law and order is a serious infringement of civil liberty. The police flatter the editors of OZ by thinking that their ability to influence the way people think and act is far greater themselves would consider. What is completely misunderstood is that the ‘underground’ exists, because there is an alternative lifestyle in this country. And because there is an alternative it is quite normal for it to produce its own literature, looniness, music and newspapers. Nothing is going to be stopped by police rushing a around full of personal hatreds in the name of ‘the British Public’. All they do is spread the word faster. The police are the Underground’s advertising agency.
INK: You’re a hero for a generation that’s seen your films only in revival.

GROUCHO: A couple of generations.

GROUCHO: Duck Soup, Night at the Opera and Day at the Races. Some of them were terrible. To us not to the audience. The kids, today... I get more fan mail now than I did when I was at the height of my career.

INK: Why do you think kids love your movies so much? A lot of other old films, nobody wants to look at anymore.

GROUCHO: They’re not about anything, most of them. I thought ours were generally about something.

INK: What were they about?

GROUCHO: They were attacking the contemporary establishment of those days. We did a picture called Duck Soup which was about monarchy. We did a funny picture about a school and we certainly satirized the opera in America. So I think our pictures were about something. Whereas in most cases, Harold Lloyd, Keaton and those fellows - they weren’t about anything, they were just trying to be funny. We were trying to be funny, but we didn’t know that we were satirizing the current conditions. It came as a great surprise to us.

INK: How do you feel about the establishment now?

GROUCHO: I think it’s hopeless. This whole gang in Washington, at least half of them are thieves - I don’t think there’s any question about that. Every day you read about it. Look at the tolerance that Johnson gave to Bobby Baker, who’s now in jail. This goes on all the time. The only honest senator I ever knew was a fellow named Williams, from Delaware.

INK: John Bell Williams.

GROUCHO: I just wrote him and told him how much I admired his integrity, and that there should be more people like him. He finally quit. Not from the correspondence - I think he had had it. But he was an honest man. Look at the Speaker of the House, McCormack..... he stole everything before he left. And they gave him a bonus besides, because he didn’t steal enough.

INK: Do you think there’s any hope for Nixon?

GROUCHO: No, I think the only hope this country has is Nixon’s assassination.
ful girls. When the beauty started fading, there wasn’t any reason to stay married. The sex stimulant was gone.

INK: But then we’ve got to deal with Agnew.

GROUCHO: Well, I mean it would be near the end of the term. Agnew won’t run again. I don’t think. But I think Muskie is a good man. The trouble is when you run for important office, you have to promise so much and you have obligated yourself so much.

INK: How involved were you in the writing of the pictures?

GROUCHO: I’ve always been a writer. I wrote five books. One is in the Congressional Library in Washington: “The Groucho Letters”.

INK: Do you think there’ll ever be a second volume of that?

GROUCHO: I don’t know. The cast I had in those days was pretty good: T.S. Eliot, Thurber, Fred Allen. I spoke at T.S. Eliot’s funeral, you know. His wife asked me to. A very dull blonde middle-age woman.

INK: That seems to be true of a lot of very talented men - their wives seem to fade into the background.

GROUCHO: Because, as a rule, a young fellow marries a girl to go to bed with her. This is the normal procedure. I did that three times, with very beauti-
INK: Did you write most of Animal Crackers?

GROUCHO: No, we had Kaufman and Ryskind. I added stuff to it, but every first-class comedian is supposed to be able to do that. Otherwise you're just a schlump, you're not a comedian. (to an INKman) Are you a girl?

INK: Am I a girl?

GROUCHO: Yeah, a girl.

INK: No, I'm not a girl.

GROUCHO: I thought it was about time we settled that.

INK: Are you taking about my hair?

GROUCHO: No, it was the Moustache. Will you pass the pumpernickel, please?

INK: Why can't they make funny movies anymore? What did you have that they don't have?

GROUCHO: Well, to begin with we had talent. Then we had very good writers. And we spent a year on each picture. Elliott Gould has just made four pictures in five months. How can they be any good? Especially since it's just two people in bed fucking. It takes more than that.

INK: Many people who look at your films now see elements of surrealism and dada in them.

GROUCHO: It's kind of an LSD effect I guess.

INK: That wasn't exactly what I meant. I wondered whether, in 1935, the names of Cocteau or Jarry would have meant anything to you?

GROUCHO: At that time, all I was reading was the New York Journal with editorials by William Rankolph Hearst.

INK: So you say you weren't influenced by the classic surrealists.

GROUCHO: I had never heard of them in those days. I was too busy making a living in vaudeville.

INK: Then you weren't at all interested in art?

GROUCHO: Not at all. Not in the pictures nor on the stage. I think I was a natural comedian, and I enjoyed doing that.

INK: Well, now that there's a vast body of literature dedicated to the proposition that at least the movies were art, have you changed your mind?

GROUCHO: No. I still feel the same way. I think we were very lucky that, with a limited amount of talent, we fooled the public successfully for many years.
Revolutionary violence

"Don't be tricked by talk. Arm yourselves and shoot to live."

"The fifth communication from the Weatherman Underground," signed by Bernadine Dohrn, Jeff Jones and Bill Ayers and received the YIP office in New York on October 6 1970. Stanley Bond: No, I don't think I'm guilty of any crime. I presented a formal declaration of war, along with several other people. It was sent to the Secretary of Defense of the United States.

Question: Do you have any reaction to the charges that are currently against you?

Bond: Murder and all of that?

Question: Yes.

Bond: Well, you know, I don't feel that an act of war is murder.

From the Phoenix (Boston underground weekly) Oct. 6.

It is time that the no longer new New Left take a serious look at where it is going and what it is becoming. There is much that must be said to the establishment critics of movement violence—and in a moment I will summarize part of it—but that is not my major concern here. My concern is with us.

On Sunday, September 20, the National Guard Armory in Newburyport, Mass., was robbed. Guns, hundreds of rounds of ammunition, field telephones, other military gear and secret federal and state papers were taken. . . . The following Wednesday, a woman and two men robbed a Boston-area bank of $26,000. An enthusiastic pig was killed trying to stop them . . . A lot is up in the air about the whole affair, but it clearly is a major advance for the revolution among whites; bank rip-off for the movement, taking what was wanted from the armory and trash-ing the rest, killing the pig . . . It's increas-ingly necessary that political ideas come clear with actions so that actions can be both good armed propaganda and military successes. (October 9-16 Tribe)

There are serious arguments that can be made for the uses of revolutionary violence, but this article reads like an editorial from the New York Daily News. The heroes and villains are reversed but the hysteria and mob psychology are the same. The crude celebration of the death of a fellow human being is the opposite of the feelings of compassion and human solidarity that characterize all true revolutionaries including the Vietnamese. There is not even an expression of sadness for the plight of the three captured men, who are back in prison after a few short months of liberty. One hopes that if the students embarked on the course attributed to them, they did so on the basis of a more careful appraisal of its political and military effects.

In a serious revolutionary struggle, self-deception is suicide. It can also lead to the wasted sacrifice of allies and comrades. Nothing is ever certain in history but every serious revolutionary has a responsibility not to engage in self-indulgent rhetoric. Loss of realism is as harmful as loss of humanity. In fact the two go hand in hand. An abstract world of revolutionary rhetoric and delusions of imminent victory replaces the real world of human beings and actual political forces. Being placed on the Ten Most Wanted List of the F.B.I. becomes sure proof of political relevance, although bank robbers and bomb-throwers have always been put on such a list, even when there was no significant political struggle in the country.

The same week that the Tribe exulted in the Boston action as a major advance for
the revolution among whites, the Tribe's Berkeley rival, the Barb hailed four West Coast bombings in totally unrealistic terms:

BOMBS AWAY

Thursday was bomb day on the Pacific Coast, as four eggs were put in the dinosaur's nest. At the University of Washington, the Navy ROTC building had its windows blown out. At Santa Barbara, A National Guard armory was destroyed... Meanwhile on the U.C. campus, Berkeley's pigs found and disarmed a bomb planted in what is described as the "Centre for the Study of Law"... Don't know how many more eggs there are, but we do know that the supply of dinosaurs is dwindling fast.

What do they mean when they say that the supply of dinosaurs is dwindling fast? Do they really think that capitalism is about to run out of buildings and the money to replace them?

There is nothing sacred about buildings or property, and there are certainly times when the destruction of a hated symbol of militarism or oppression can quicken the spirit and even educate the public. But are we now on a campaign to blow up capitalism, building by building, in a contest of wealth and purely physical power? Has this replaced the goal of undermining capitalism by destroying its ability to command the loyalty and labour of its subjects? Occasional destruction of property can be useful if it has public support and sympathy, but constant repetition leads to operation of the law of diminishing returns.

Recently someone blew up the headquarters of the American Nazi Party in New York—under the Nazi-like illusion that you can destroy an idea by burning a book or an office. Rightists have fire-bombed a number of movement headquarters in the last few years. As sections of the movement begin to ape these tactics of the Right, it becomes easier for the police and the federal government to foster the public illusion that they are above the battle, protecting rival groups of extremists from one another and faithfully serving public safety and welfare. The Weatherpeople have been remarkably scrupulous and successful in avoiding human injuries or death (except to themselves). But if the terrorist bomb becomes the public symbol of the movement, the government is not beyond planting a few catastrophic bombs of its own, in the movement's name. Already it has falsely accused the Black Panthers of planning to blow up crowded department stores in New York. This is an obvious attempt to railroad leading Panthers to prison and at the same time to undermine public sympathy and support. Now, unlike the Panthers, sections of the white movement are into fairly extensive bombing. If this should begin to gain more public support than it loses (in itself highly unlikely), the government can quickly turn the tide by arranging to have a few bombs explode in a crowded store or a ghetto street. Ladislaw Dobor, leader of the Popular Revolutionary Vanguard in Brazil, explained recently from his current exile in Algeria why the Brazilian movement does not use bombs:

We do not use forms of violence that can be twisted by the government. If the people heard that we use bombs, the government would do exactly what the U.S. does in Vietnam, and what the French did here in Algeria. They would put a few bombs in a movie-house on a Saturday afternoon, when it is full of children. And then we would have the entire population running after us in the streets. Ramparts, Oct. 1970.

Already the government and the media are doing their utmost to confuse the public by speaking as if the problem of violence in our society was created by the movement rather than by the system and the government. That is one reason movement militants sometimes find it hard to speak plainly against the tactical violence of their comrades. They do not want to encourage this distortion by politicians and commentators. Let us be very clear about the real sources of contemporary violence. All the violence of the American anti-imperialist movement in the last five years has not equalled the deaths of black children in the last five months from rat bites. College presidents and clergymen whose institutions thrive financially from real estate holdings in black slums condemn student violence and call for quick punishment of the guilty. Today's paper reports that the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, a staunch opponent of revolutionary violence, has been refusing for three years to pay a black woman the nineteen hundred dollars due her on the life insurance policy of her son. Her son was a "young black shot and killed by police as he ran from a looted store" during the 1967 black rebellion-police vendetta in Newark, N.J. (New York Times Oct. 11, 1970).

For the first time in many years, the United States has a small but significant underground. The initial sense of community in any underground can be intense and rewarding—a beautiful solidarity of people who have burnt their bridges behind them and jointly committed their lives to the revolution. Clearly both the Weatherpeople and the non-violent underground of Mary Moylan, Dan Berrigan and dozens of others reflect a comradeship beyond individualism that is rare in this society. But to the extent that a machismo concentration on destructive revenge, and one-upping the pigs crowds out other tactics, the love and trust will become clannish and ingrown. Dan Berrigan was strong because he destroyed draft files
and corporation records that had "no right to exist", denied the right of the state to punish him, and at the same time understood that the struggle was not primarily military. He held seminars and press interviews, took the risk of making a few brief but effective public appearances, challenged the apathetic and the lagging but did not condemn them out of hand. The true test of the Weatherpeople will be not how many buildings they can destroy but whether or not they can interrelate constructively with a multidimensional overground movement.

A predominantly violent underground faces tremendous problems of elitism and paranoia. These are problems that plague the movement generally but can easily get out of hand in groups like Revolutionary Action, East or Weatherman. Secrecy and suspiciousness progressively replace openness and trust, even within the narrow circle of comrades. Anyone who leaves the group becomes a weak point in the network of defense. Yet it is only natural that some will be turned off by the crescendo of violence and the accidents. Accidents may vary from those that injure members of the group, as when three Weatherpeople blew themselves up last year in New York, to those in which janitors, late workers (such as the research assistant in Madison) or passersby are mutilated or killed. Others will want to leave the group because in the normal fashion of human beings they have shifted their personal or political loyalties and formed other alliances. The history of all political movements, like the history of churches and every other institution, is a history of such splits. They become especially destructive when the group looks upon itself as the leadership of a violent revolution. "Although he still meets with us, is he still one of us?" "Now that she has left, will she blab to her man or her new comrades?" "Would the new splinter group like to get rid of us so that it can pose as the revolutionary vanguard?" "Someone must have tipped off the pigs; we were lucky to get out alive; who was it?" That these suspicions are not rootless is indicated by the fact that the police apparently broke the Boston case through the defection of one of the five students, who promptly put the major blame on the others.

As government precautions and punitive violence grow, and as suspicion and distrust batten within the group, there is a tragic tendency for a movement of violent revolutionists to turn their hostility and their weapons against their revolutionary rivals and against those victims of the system who lag behind the vanguard. Some of the same psychological pressures operate as in the conventional military, where those who have built their whole lives on training and weaponry for conflict are frustrated by peace and long for the glorious fulfillment of war. As the violent underground enters a period when it becomes increasingly costly or difficult to bring down the enemy, it becomes less and less selective in its choice of enemies. One is under pressure to fulfill the moments of suspense and preparation, to justify the danger and the truncated existence. The idea that you're either part of the solution or part of the problem gradually becomes justification for turning one's wrath against those who do not move fast enough or don't embrace the particular tactics of one's own group. Those who are not with us are against us. There is no room for alliances and coalitions and a positive relationship with the public, such as characterize a genuine people's liberation movement.

Already, the new mood on the Left, everyone who does his revolutionary "i"s differently than we do or experiments with different tactics than ours is assailed as a racist or a pig. We don't like their line; then we will shut down their publication, rip off their equipment or attack their speaker's platform. He wears a uniform or works in a capitalist institution; then he is a pig: "Off the Pig!" A number of underground papers print the latest body counts of dead "pigs". One week Spiro Agnew and some of the underground press gave the same list of casualties (persons and buildings), word for word. Each was using the list as the heart of a narrow emotional appeal to the people to choose his side. Fortunately some people still join the movement because they are opposed to the intensity and violence of the government and the institutions of capitalism, not because they have an orgasm every time they read about the killing of a political enemy or a dupe of the system.

What frightens me about our movement, if it has become so blood-thirsty, already is that the Old Left in Russia had a far less calloused attitude towards the Tsar's armed guards and police forces. The Bolsheviks and other revolutionaries fought them bitterly on occasion, but they also fraternized with them and propaganda them. The glorious October Revolution was aided and made less of a blood bath in the early months by the refusal of many of the Tsarist defense forces to fire on the peasants and workers. Many of them went over to the revolutionary side. Yet gradually the sectarianism and violence of the Bolsheviks became so great that the first Workers Republic became soiled and corrupted by the secret police, the factional assassinations and blood purges, the torture, the slave labour camps of Stalinism. There were many contributing causes for this deterioration that we cannot analyze here—including immense pressures and ruthless attacks by the imperialists and later by the
fascists. But if the basic humanism of our movement cannot survive the first timid governmental repressions of the New Left and the first heady movement attacks on “pig” forces, the future is bleak indeed. Fortunately those who shriek most hysterically for “pig” blood or try to turn every confrontation into a military encounter are the small fraction of the movement—and the country. But in too many cases the tactical alternatives are being falsely presented as electoral politics or immediate guerrilla warfare, as working “within” the system or blowing it up building by building. It is not surprising that establishment politicians want to limit a perplexed and disillusioned population to these two alternatives. But it is tragic for members of the movement to conclude that these are the choices.

The movement is not advanced either quantitatively or qualitatively by such sentiments or by the actions that flow from them. Far from helping create a sea in which the guerrillas can operate, they dry up whatever sea was beginning to form to shelter movement activists and other victims of repression. And if the advocates of armed revolution have already so badly lost sight of their goals, what will remain of those goals after the chaos and destructiveness of prolonged civil war under conditions of modern technology? Those who conscientiously believe in the necessity of armed struggle in this country should not carry a gun in such an army.

But I am not the best person to give such advice because I do not believe that armed revolt in America will lead to liberation. Even the phrase ‘armed struggle’ is an outdated term from a previous technological age. It is not surprising that Mr. Nixon uses obsolete words to foster an image of himself as the cleanest living, fastest drawing sheriff in the West. In his case they camouflage a reality of B-52 bombers, napalm, fragmentation bombs, chemical warfare, armed helicopter gunships, free-fire zones, etc. A revolutionary movement cannot afford such dishonesty. It cannot afford to think that when it is calling for armed civil war in the United States today it is talking about shooting it out with rifles from darkened rooftops, supported perhaps by showers of rocks, bottles and paving stones from an enthusiastic populace. Once the conflict becomes a serious military contest, in accord with the exhortations of the super-left, such illusions will quickly disappear—but we cannot afford to be educated at such a price. Now is the time to appraise the consequences of actions and attitudes that are being held up as effective methods of intensifying the struggle. Now is the time to explore and experiment with alternative forms that have some hope of leading to liberation rather than wanton destruction and collective suicide.

A POSSIBLE WAY OUT OF THE DILEMMA: FORCE WITHOUT VIOLENCE

“We have never used our guns to go into the white community to shoot up white people. We only defend ourselves.” Bobby Seale

The fact that the Panthers have done so is no excuse for the court frameups and organized murders by police departments and federal agents all over the country. I think that tactical argument can now be made as to whether asserting that right has actually proved an effective method of self-defense for the Panthers. But clearly that is a matter for the Panthers and other groups to decide for themselves. There must be no question about our support and solidarity. As an ally of sorts, who has never had to suffer what black people suffer, I must say that one of the saddest moments of my life was when, on the day Fred Hampton and Mark Clark were ruthlessly murdered by the Illinois police, an Illinois Black Panther said: “Now can you see why everyone has to have guns to protect themselves from the pigs.” All I could think was that guns had not saved Fred or Mark anymore than nonviolence had saved Martin Luther King, Jr. In fact, the presence of guns provided the pretext and intended cover-up for the murders. Fortunately the truth of what happened has since been publicly revealed. (“The Story of the Murder of Fred Hampton” by John Kifner [which The New York Sunday Times refused to print] reprinted from Scanlan’s Monthly by the Committee to Defend the Panthers.)

Secondly, I am willing for the sake of the present discussion to leave open the question of whether or not there are times when it is productive for some groups to use the gun as a carefully controlled supplement to other methods of struggle. My concern is to argue that the primary context of the struggle in this country at this time should be 1) to build new institutions of community participation and democratic control, in the service of the people; and 2) to attack and paralyze old institutions and power centers through a disciplined tactic of force without violence. The methods of attack include strikes, non-cooperation, strategic occupations of buildings, roads, airports etc., and other acts of non-violent disruption of “business as usual.” In a revolutionary situation, such actions can culminate in a general strike and a total breakdown of old institutions and relationships.

An example of one type of meaningful attack is the recent occupation of Lincoln Hospital in New York by members of the Puerto Rican Community in which it is located. Here the building of new forms and the attacking of old institutions came together in a creative example of the movement for revolutionary change at its best. For present
purposes it is enough to point out a couple of basic facts. First, the occupation grew out of a strong organizing campaign that raised the level of political consciousness of community residents. They came to realize that there was no valid reason for Lincoln Hospital to continue as an elitist institution aloof from the desperate medical needs of the community. They discovered that they could take direct action to accomplish this purpose. The actual occupation was sparked by a particularly offensive case of hospital neglect that led to the death of a Puerto Rican child. The persons who crowded into the hospital and refused to leave demanded not only an accounting by the hospital but steps to bring the institution under community control. Demands included the setting up of grievance committees and a complaint table in the hospital, with community participation. They also called for street clinics and door-to-door preventive medical measures. The occupation took place under the leadership of a broad coalition of concerned forces—the Bronx chapter of the Young Lords Party, Think Lincoln (a community organization), Health Revolutionary Unity Movement (a citywide organization of Puerto Rican and black hospital workers) and a number of New Left doctors at the hospital (who were associated with the Medical Committee for Human Rights and Health-Pac). Other young doctors who think that medicine exists to serve the people rather than to swell the egos and pocketbooks of health professionals have since joined the Lincoln staff.

Secondly, when the police eventually attacked barricades that had been set up in the occupied building, the occupiers had the good sense to avoid a shoot-out. Their purpose was far too serious to indulge anyone’s sense of machismo or ultraleftism. To have had guns and to have used them would have confused the issues and interfered with continued community and public support. Force, yes—the occupation of the building, the erection of barricades, a subsequent take-over of a portable X-ray unit to take it to the streets where the people were. But self-indulgent trashing of the hospital or offing of pigs, no. So strong was the community support, that all charges against the invaders were dropped.

Like everything else that anyone does, this continuing experiment in community action and control has not accomplished instant revolution. Preventive medicine, itself, requires not only the availability of doctors and medical tests to detect lead-poisoning, TB and other slum diseases, but new and better housing, new working conditions, access to proper food, effective garbage removal, community control of police so that they will protect people instead of property. But a community that gets itself together on community control of one area of its life sets an example and creates dynamics that can extend to other areas as well. Lessons learned from the confrontation of Lincoln hospital and the continuing attempts to force local institutions to serve the needs of the people can be extended to other communities all over the country. In addition, such activities train and prepare a network of politically conscious, self-reliant groups to take part in nationally coordinated activities for national objectives.

The movement was weakened last spring by a lack of experienced revolutionary cadres on the campus and among those who had recently left the campus. SDS had dissolved into several elitist sects, isolated from the students and isolated from reality. The Weatherpeople had left a heritage of confusion and dismay, from their October Days of Rage. In May, they were busy building bomb factories instead of relating to the upsurge of popular revolt. They had lost faith in the power of the people and had turned instead to the power of bombs. On the other hand, the failure of the New Mode to take a clear lead in the development of massive militant actions had created a tactical vacuum in which the only alternatives seemed to be adventurist violence or the old tired games of reform politics and mass rallies.

The Weatherpeople have indicated that they learned something from finding themselves isolated and impotent, as a result of their narrow preoccupation with violence. The questions are: did they learn enough, and what have the rest of us learned? Will we move beyond petitioning the government, without succumbing, in our turn, to machismo attitudes and actions that isolate us from the bulk of the American people? We need to undertake actions that will, at one and the same time, reflect and deepen our basic humanism, broaden our base and intensify the conflict.

BY DAVE DELLINGER. Reprinted from Liberation Magazine and London OZ.
The beautiful woman has adorned the pages of magazines from the beginning of the printed word. In expensive clothing to nothing she’s been used like thickly coated butter as a tasty morsel for the visual medium.

As a practical lesson in Women Liberation, High Times has decided to decorate its center spread with a beautiful man. Raise your eyes women; gawk, perve or be repulsed. Get to know the 7000 types of male rib cages, buttocks types, shoulder widths, leg shapes and genital size. Get an idea of ‘the body of your dreams’. Women, as he is digging yours you should be digging his.

DOUG ANDERS
MALE OF THE MONTH

Doug is a member of Tribe, a living theatre group that really live theatre. Tribe all live in a large airy mansion in Toorak where it is hard to tell where rehearsals and and live begins.

Doug founded this group in Melbourne after having a similar thing in Brisbane. He is a dedicated actor but feels there is more to it than dress rehearsals. It is not unusual to arrive at the Tribe house to find a room full of people half tranced involved in a humility exercise. Many of the Tribe rehearsals revolve around magnifying and experiencing the humanness we all take so much for granted. Doug will select a topic such as hate and each person will respond, but not individually as playing a roll, but in his reactions during whatever normal conversation he is carrying on with another person.

Doug, though the founder, refuses the leading roll. All members of tribe are equal in authority. Suggestions for the future and ideas on the present can soar form as man as twelve mouths. Yet this would be one of the only large democracies whose decision making doesn’t dwindle into petty personality interjections and flagrant communication breakdowns.
THE GOVERNMENT GONE UNDERGROUND

FREE THESE FILMS

If you've got a film or an idea for a film which you know nobody in the world would help you finance because of all the usual reasons, your pessimism is ill founded. There is money waiting for you. There is someone who believes in you and who will give you support for your visual fantasies. This friendly hand is the Australian Experimental Film and Television Fund. (To be known from here-on-in as the Fund.)

The Fund was set up as a money granting and lending body for films which would probably have little or no commercial value. In a fit of unusual compassion the Gorton Administration decided to allot $100,000 a year for this purpose. So far 110 films have received finance from the Fund

Rather than being simply a glossy promise the Fund does, to date, seem to be fulfilling film makers needs. First off they do grant money objectively. The film or idea for same need only fit into one of three categories.

a) Experimental films, extending the frontiers of cinematic expression in content and technique.

b) Purely technical experiments.

c) Experimentation with the medium of film, by applications with little or no experience, showing talent.

Secondly help doesn't just end at the cheque book. If you want to sell your film to commercial outlets they encourage it and lend a hand. They also have representatives which take these films overseas and throughout Australia in order to sell them. The Fund has had one festival so far this year with help from the Melbourne Film Festival and hopes for this type of festival throughout Australia every year. Naturally as with most plans initiating them takes longer than thinking of them. A festival may not reach your
town for some time. Also all films sponsored by the Fund can be lodged at the Vincent Library for distribution, or hire.

Leave it to say maybe the Australian Commercial Film Industry is still a little less than a dream as a national past-time but the underground film industry has a tentative foot-hold on growth. Hitch your wagon to an Australian Experimental Film and Television Fund Grant. Some great stuff has come from others that did!

The good part of our story ends here. Now on to the ever present bummer.

Your chances of ever seeing these films sponsored by the Fund or others of a like nature are minute! Most theatres refuse to pay for their shorts thus use those sweet sticky films done by advertising agencies about the best place for a holiday or Queensland’s dairy produce or New Zealand, the unexplored island. Also the heavies in the film distribution scene don’t see any value in this type of film at all.

So we, the public, are left with the ultimate irony. Australia would be one of the only countries with a government body providing money and finance to the underground film, yet this government good turn turns out to be no big deal. What good is even a million dollars sunk into great movies when their future lies in filling shelves of a library?

To free these movies three solutions come to mind.

1. Film lovers in diverse areas should align themselves with the Fund and show this type of movie in their city or suburb as an alternative to the flagrant mind inhibitors shown in every other theatre. Overseas experimental movies are available as well. Hiring a hall doesn’t cost too much if it is the right one. The ‘art film’ theatre has proved very successful overseas.

2. Write letters to all your local theatres demanding the abolition of the brain insulting shorts on New Zealand and Queensland, they alternate every week, and insist they show at least one short of experimental nature and send them the Vincent Library address. (C/O Australian Film Institute, 53 Cardigan Street, Carlton Victoria 3053.)

3. Hire them yourselves and show them in your clubs, parties, homes etc.

Here is a list of titles and directors whose films were shown at the Experimental Film and Television Fund Festival. Three of these are reviewed in depth later. Remember there are approximately 110 films which are being kept from you. Free These Films.

THE SKY AND THE IGLOO GAGE
Denis Oram
John Lord

AUSTRALIAN HISTORY AFTER IMAGE
Bruce Petty
Anthony Airey

HOMESDALE THE MACHINE GUN
Peter Weir
Michael Thornhill

ANYHOW JAM ON HIS FACE
Murray Williams
Peter Kingston

THE SAMARITAN KIND A CITY’S CHILD
Anthony Kovacs
Brian Kavanagh

TO NOFREITI POSSUM
Sandra and Yoram Gross
E. George Schwarz

BAYSIDE AMUSEMENTS NONE AS YET
Bill Clements
Terry Martin

WILLY WILLY PRUDENCE : AGE 19
Gregory J. Ropert
Geoff Burton

“ OR FOREVER HOLD YOUR PEACE”
Kit Guyatt, Chris McCullogh, Ian Dunlop,
Brian Hannant, Arch Nicholson, Malcolm Smith,
Dick Brennan, Douglas White

TELELOGIC TELECAST FROM SPACESHIP EARTH: ON BOARD WITH BUCKMINSTER FULLER
Michael Glasheen
Story and reviews by Macy McFarland

WILLY WILLY
AUSTRALIA 1971
DIRECTOR: GREGORY J. ROPERT
23 MINUTES

A whole film shot through a densely vasoline coated lens. First an old man (Chips Rafferty no less) fascinated by an image tripping, falling, falling, falling. Cut to a young boy in pink overalls drifting through a field of long hazy grass to suddenly happen upon a brand new 1971 Carrosel. Amazed he trudges to his spinning fantasy land. Several playful, weird hours later a misty lady appears on this empty field with this merry-go-round.

Together they play spinning cat and mouse on the bedazzling spotless, organ music spewing horse and cart whirler. Jumping off, they crusade through this absolutely natural psychedelic field, her always one slow motion leap ahead of Mr. Pink. Mesmeristically she disappears. Cut back to the old man, bleeding, reaching, touching his imaginary tractor in this spotlessly romantic tall grass euphoria. End of Film.

And this entire mental Morris Dance to the worst Johnny Farnham type music imaginable.

AUSTRALIAN HISTORY
AUSTRALIA 1971
DIRECTOR: BRUCE PETTY
18 MINUTES

This film was: ‘A compressed history of Australia, narrated with satirical overtones to a series of cartoons with limited animation’.

The animation was adequate. The dialogue was brilliant. Petty’s historical account is subjective extrordinaire. Examples (though not verbatim): 1) The Australian culture and its traditions became threatened when the Americans discoved advertising. 2) When the Australian began exploring the great outback and found nothing but Aborigines and a 200 million year old culture so began the literary era of the great Australian Nothingness.

3) The first to arrive on Aussie soil: the respectable government official and the lowly hardened criminal. Slowly through the evolvement of Australian history these rolls changed.

Almost educational and certainly enjoyable.

TELELOGIC TELECAST FROM SPACESHIP EARTH;
ON BOARD WITH BUCKMINSTER FULLER
Australia 1970
Director: Michael Gasheen
28 Minutes

Fuller and psychedelic technological camera techniques run neck and neck in this film. Inadvertently this is a blessing. Fuller has so much to say he has had to devise his own vocabulary. With so much visual going on one needn’t feel guilty about not understanding a word of what he said.

Technically a brilliant use of the video. Each shot into explaining with ‘key’ images what Fuller was expounding. Seeing how Fuller never says anything ordinary, these shots were dazzling and optically astounding. A batch of oranges slowly drifted together in three dimensions against the softest of blue background; the earth spins its very fabric to cloudy oblivion all with the spliced video negative image of Fuller speaking monotonously away about the universe and its energy expending systems: synergy, entrophy, etc. The film approximated a happening in total involvement.
ALBIE THOMS

YOU SEE IT, YOU SEE IT NOT: the Australian Cinema

Something that isn't in the history books at school: the Australian Cinema. Few people know it has a history, least of all one that could be written about. But it's now all down on paper in a book by John Baxter, *The Australian Cinema*, published by Angus & Robertson in Sydney and selling for $1.80.

Up till the publication of this book there were only rumors of a former film industry, with some short film clips anthologised in two fascinating documentaries: Tony Buckley's *Forgotten Cinema* (1967), and Alan Anderson's *The Pictures That Moved* (1968).

Now, possibly as a result of those films, a series of early Australian talkies is being shown on national television. A significant part of our cultural history is thus being fed back into our contemporary culture, and the ramifications in terms of interest in indigenous film productions should lead to renewed feature activity in an industry that was almost eliminated by American and British take-overs in the early thirties.

The film situation hasn't changed much since that time, with most cinemas still monopolised by Hoyts and Greater Union. But Australian production companies, resurgent as the result of the expanded market created by local television and the protectionist laws that banned import of foreign-produced tv commercials, are returning to feature film production. These features are not related directly to Australian audiences, as overseas control of cinemas ensures that returns from Australian cinema screenings will not cover production expenditure. So they are being made for the international television market which consumes feature films at an accelerated rate not possible in cinemas.

The immediate future of the Australian film industry seems to lie in these low-budget quickies, co-produced with American money and imported stars, directors and production supervisors. Film unionists are happy for the increase in work available for Australian technicians and actors. But Australian directors and writers are unhappy at being ignored in favor of imported personnel, and have mostly responded by going overseas.

Which leaves us with an Australian cinema that doesn't relate to our own community, made by visitors with little comprehension of our complex socio-cultural environment, for an international market starved of genuine information about our country. The Australian government has made some small attempts to combat this without resorting to the rigid protectionist policy that led to the flourishing and imaginative tv advertising industry. Its Commonwealth Film Unit has entered a new phase in which it is making dramatic films that explore wide areas of Australian consciousness sadly neglected by the profit-motivated film industry. And its Australian Council for the Arts is subsidising exploratory activities which might lead to genuinely creative film in Australia and the development of film as an art form before it is made redundant in the immediate electronic video future.

John Baxter's book outlines the history of Australian cinema in simple terms riddled with value judgements that reveal a predilection for the mass-market esthetic developed and propagated by Hollywood. Its illustrations give an insight into some of the styles and genres of Australian cinema, though as documentation it is severely limited by minimal details of the films mentioned, and lacks sufficient information or documentation of anything other than who directed the movies, their stars, and brief outlines of their stories.
I'm very dubious about committing this review to paper. I'm sure there must be something very psychological about my appreciation of George Formby, English music hall entertainer of the 30's. Perhaps I'm perverse. Often when I've got a set of friends relaxed and dazed listening to records, I get this evil desire to 'hit' them with Our George and while they reel back with compulsion or, at best, amusement, there am I actually enjoying him. Like reading Silver Surfer comics, or watching WC Fields movies. Or old Elvis. Absolute corn. By the earfuls. So hilarious in their unreality.

George is the suburban simpleton who can never make it with chicks, spends a lot of his time daydreaming about how it would be or about the things he lacks. 'Why don't women like me?' is one of his. He also spends a lot of time in envious peeking. No Jagger "Midnight Rambler" this.

I 'discovered' George for myself when I was handed a "Best Of" album to review by EMI (Decca SPA 50). On it you'll find George singing about the things he sees "When I'm cleaning windows", how eventually he's got to make it 'cause "You can't keep a growing lad down" or bleary eyed "Swimmin' with the Wimmen" or "Sitting on the ice in the ice rink".

The sound, a puny, very English voice with ukelele fills and breaks, backed by a distant muffled music hall orchestra.

ED NIMMERVOLL

Of late, the music world has woken up to the sound of the South American flute. This album is the second in a series of three by Los Calchakis and there are a couple of other series done by other musicians. As yet, and as usual, to get a copy you'll have to place your import order as up till six months ago no record shop, much less a record company had ever heard of this sound. Apparently, Festival have one volume under their wing.

It seems the sudden awareness of this thousand year old sound is accredited to Simon and Garfunkel. Their number one seller a few months back, El Condor Pasa, was a direct lift of both the melody and the players from an album called The Flutes of the Andes. Apparently the tune had been around for a thousand years before it became popular.

La Flute Indienne contains fourteen traditional folk numbers from six South American countries: Peru, Equador, Bolivia, Argentina, Columbia and Mexico. Naturally, the flute is the predominant instrument but several selections contain percussion and string instruments as well.

The music produced by the Los Calchakis borders on the undescribable. The flutes can sound lonely and haunting and they can bring sunshine into every corner of the tone happy mind. The people playing these instruments are obviously enjoying themselves. Besides the occasional "EE HA", the instrument is left to convey the mood.

One whole tune is played by what sounds like a big empty bottle. The deep dark and not always spot on notes add an air of humor. While the rest of the tracks rely mainly on the flute, the harmonies, when there are several flutes, dazzle the ear.

Each track has a vivid story behind it. They are all explained on the back cover, though a knowledge of fluent French is vitally necessary for interpreting.

The original flutes played in these cultures were made from the tibia of their enemies, and the drums made from their skins.

Though modernization has changed the material of these instruments, this album still contains musical sounds even the most learned of musicians will have trouble identifying.

MACY MC FARLAND
records

RON NAGLE
BAD RICE
WARNER

Who is this guy and what the hell is he doing?! I love this album yet I don’t know quite why—I hope I find out while writing this review.

Ron Nagle would be the ugliest guy I’ve ever seen and the photos inside the album are a complete suburban trip—his lyrics follow this theme thru, like he’s Randy Newman’s older and squarer brother, in fact he sounds like a cross between Newman and Elton John—! Nagle plays piano, Jack Nitzsche produced it. All backing musos are good (and new to me) plus Ry Cooder plays roaring bottleneck on a few tracks.

The album is an arious mixture of flat out rockers, “Chuck kicks in her head with his wing tips and says...” and wierd ballads (check out Frank’s Store). .....Marijuana Hell is a highpoint.

“Matilda loved to paint, she’d done the patron saints on a mural, crossed her bedroom wall. She’d sold a bust of Christ for a premium price but now she don’t paint at all” —“here why not try one of mine”—“now she tries them all the time.....” Just maybe he really believes it!

KEITH GLASS

PLEASE NOTE: Records reviewed here would have Buckly’s chance of ever getting a go anywhere else. They are records only those people who spend hours hanging out a record shops ever get to know. It is our view that it is time the PROMOTIONAL RECORD CAMPAIGN is ignored and records for their own value be heard. There is some very good stuff going down that isn’t Rock which can still blow your mind. Don’t read our record reviews if you are just looking for something to show your friends as we’re only going to give you music they’ll have to HEAR to appreciate.

books

IN THE KINGDOM OF MESCAL
George Schafer, illustrated by Nan Cus. $5.15

The text is based on ancient American Indian symbolic forms and tells the story of a boy who longs to get behind the appearance of things To go where the tongue forms no more words and to enter the magical kingdom, one needs the pure Heart of a Child.

The simplicity, truthfulness and beauty of both the text and the colorful pictures of this book enable us to explore “the time-space problem” with the vision and heart of a child.

“And when people were sad and sunk in darkness he showed them the tiny light high up in the sky and taught them the dance of the Mother of Life...He gave them the key to men’s hearts which is loving-kindness and that clarity of mind which would help them find the right way.”

THE MOTHER EARTH NEWS
Volumes 1 to 9

Here it is folks — the definitive ‘out of the down-pipe and back to the land” publication. After all the earth IS our mother, and Mother Earth News cares about treating her with due respect. Mother also cares about people, which is nice (as the two are very closely related). So it’s really helping the earth take care of its people by encouraging people to take care of their life source. And it’s really a practical helpful and illuminating magazine, containing in its nine issues interviews with Bucky Fuller and Rene Dubos, articles on the World Game, shelter, dome, food, work, communes farms, ecology, growing and making things, becoming self-sufficient, even powering your car with chicken manure. And that’s hardly a start! Mother Earth News is the sort of warm and personal and “caring for” magazine which may really do some good for this tired and misused old planet we all live together on.

DOMEBOOK TWO
$4.50

The production and design are superb.

ALEX MORTON
All books available at the Source Bookshop.
Alfalfa Sprouts

Alfalfa sprouts are the sprouted seeds of alfalfa, obviously. They are vaguely like the bean sprouts used in Chinese cooking. Their food value is highly respected in health food circles in the U.S.A. by those who believe in the “Live Food” theory.

The Live Food Theory goes like this: Since the more you cook food the more of the “life force” (vitamins, proteins, lecithin) you kill in it, raw foods must be the healthiest foods. The fresher the food, the better, since it retains more of the “life force”. Since alfalfa sprouts are still alive when you eat them, they are loaded with “life force”. Especially since they are the seed of the plant, the seed containing all the vital elements of the initial growth of new life.

Alfalfa seeds are hard to buy in the Melbourne area. I know they can be purchased at health food stores in the Sydney area. If you can’t get the seeds at your local health food store, each of you budding health food freaks/cooks should deluge your respective health food store owners with orders for the seeds until your non-

Now I’ll tell you how to grow your own sprouts.

Get a one quart, wide necked jar. Place 1½ tablespoons of alfalfa seeds in the jar, then fill the jar with cold water. Cover the jar opening with a paper towel, secured with a rubber band. Let the seeds soak over-night, for about 24 hours, preferably. Then remove the paper towel and pour the water and seeds through a fine strainer (a tea strainer works well). Rinse the seeds by holding the seed-filled strainer under slowly running cold water. Rinse the jar clean of the stale water.

Gently replace the seeds in the empty jar by inverting the strainer over the opening of the jar and tapping the strainer. Replace and secure the paper towel. Shake the jar so the seeds don’t stay in one lump, or the seeds in the middle will begin to get slimy rather than germinating. Every 24 hours (or 12 hours, even better) rinse the seeds in the same manner. By the third day the seeds should have all sprouted. They will become too bulky for a tea strainer, switch to a large strainer. As they grow they will become tangled. When rinsing, pull them apart into smaller bunches of sprouts so air circulates properly between the sprouts when replaced in the jar. Keep the jar in a warm dark place for the first 4 or 5 days. Then place the jar where partial sunlight shines. By the 7th day the sprouts should be about 2 inches long, each, with two tiny bright green leaves (like pot sprouts).

They are ready to eat. They will keep in a plastic bag in the refrigerator for about a week. You can eat them in sandwiches instead of (or as well as) lettuce, use them in salads, or even in your scrambled eggs.

Macroburgers

Macroburgers are quite popular in health food restaurants in the U.S.A. They fulfill the desire for “a good ol’ hamburger” without actually being one. They taste much better, too.

When I cook the brown rice (2 parts water to one part rice) for my macroburgers I don’t cook it quite as long as I would if I were using it as a side dish. I like the rice to be just the tiniest bit hard on the outside still, making the burger a bit crunchy. Cook the rice for 30-35 minutes instead of 35-40 minutes, on low heat.

2 cups cooked brown rice
3 raw eggs
1 small brown onion (minced)
1/4 cup chopped almonds
1 small green pepper (minced, optional)
1/4 teaspoon thyme
salt and pepper to taste

Mix thoroughly in a large mixing bowl. Take about one-third cup of the mixture in your hand and shape into a patty. The patty will be rather crumbly, not to worry. Place the patty in a preheated frying pan with about one-eighth inch of polyunsaturated oil (the pan should be hot but not smoking. A large pan should fit 3 or 4 patties). The pan should preferably be covered while the patties cook, but it is not a necessity. When the patty forms a crust on the bottom, turn it over and cook it on the other side. About 3 to 5 minutes on each side. As the patties cook, keep shaping and flattening them (round and flat) with an egg lifter.

When the patties are cooked, serve them like hamburgers, between 2 slices of good bread with mayonaise and lettuce (or alfalfa sprouts) and tomatoes and other goodies.
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readings

readings

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we would like to run this type
of page for every state. since
our staff don’t have wings we

are unable to sell to you in
person interstate. if you would
like a head shop box send
completed artwork to size—
2½ by 1½ along with $5.00.
our talent will cost you $1.00
extra. to have artwork reduced
or enlarged costs $3.00.
themes the facts, now
get your box in gear!
High times is a monthly publication. All contributions should be sent to Box 79, Carlton, 3053. Contributions are paid one week after publication.

Mistakes are a human trait so here's a list of last issues:

* The Sirius article was by Margot Huxley
* Poem—apparently by Michael Rudd, though maybe it's yours. So let us know—there's a great deal of confusion over this one.
* Chastity photo was by Ray Strong
* Any disastrous lay-outs—look here... no one here takes the blame cause layout are done by GOD.

Staff for this issue!!!

Editors & Layout—Colin James, Macy McFarland
Editorial: America—Phil Frazer
Advertising—Perry Cleary
Art—Bob Daly
Photography—Ray Strong
Cover: Comix—Pat Woolley
Cosmic Comix—Green Man
Comix Contributors: Mike Kalsell, Kit Walker, Bob Daly, Green Man, Ernie Althoff & Jan McNaughton
IT'S THE KEY TO HAPPINESS MATE!
Not last night...

but the night before

3 black cats came knocking on my door

One had a fiddle

One had a drum

One had a pancake stuck to his bum.
The Continuing Story of William...

1. Remember—only the words and pictures are superfluous!... now read on, dad.

2. This is William’s mum.

3. This is William’s mum.

4. Willy was a unhappy child.

5. The other children knew he was different.

6. So, he wouldn’t play, he just paced his bedroom.

7. His mum and dad didn’t really care—or notice.

8. In fact, nobody loved William at all.

9. Soon William hated everybody and everything—except....

10. ...reading. He read and read.

11. When he grew up, he took to writing.

12. He wrote book after book....
13. ...all rejected by the publisher's.

14. Then came his final fulfilment—death in splendid obscurity. Critics were adamant.

15. However, his manuscripts were re-discovered. The critics were adamant.

16. He was venerated in the schools.

17. Avant-garde film directors were inspired by his works.

18. Soon, everyone was unhappy—except....

MORAL: Anybody who'd read to the end of this drivel must be a real sucker! Reincarnation is impossible and there's really no hope for despicable twists like William.

19. ...WILLIAM!! (who had been reincarnated)

20. The end.
THE OFFICIAL

DRUG ADDICT TEST

WARNING!
IF YOU ARE STONED, NOT UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES
FILL IN THIS TEST!
THERE IS A DANGER OF YOUR WITNESSING SOMETHING
DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH!
IF IN DOUBT ABOUT ANY OF THE QUESTIONS, JUST REFER TO
SECTION 2, PUNNED TO THE BACK OF THIS PAGE.

SECTION 1

IT'S NOT REAL! ER, IT'S JUST A BIT OF FUN, GO AHEAD
AND ENJOY IT! JUST FILL IN THESE SMALL DETAILS FIRST:
NAME ...........................................
ADDRESS ...................................

A) ARE YOU STONED/TRIPPING? YES □ NO □
B) IF YOU ANSWERED NO TO Q.A., TURN TO SECTION 2
Recognise any friends?
C) CAN YOU SEE ANY POLICE MEN IN THIS
PHOTO? (THERE REALLY ARE SOME THERE!)

10 POINTS
D) CAN YOU FIND YOUR WAY HOME THROUGH THE MAZE?
(DON'T STOP TO TALK TO THE FUNNY OLD SPEEDFREAK!)

E) I ALWAYS FEEL LIKE THIS, WHY DON'T YOU?
F) PLACE A MAGNIFYING GLASS OVER THIS SPOT AND YOU WILL
SEE THE PAGE EXPAND TO TWICE ITS NORMAL SIZE!!

G) IS THIS THE FACES OF TWO WOMEN OR A HYPODERMIC
NEEDLE OR A CANDLESTICK OR SOMETHING ELSE?

T A K E A D E E P B R E A T H A N D READ THIS OUT LOUD & FAST!

YES □ NO □ ON □ OFF □

I THINK I'M GOING TO PARTY!

CHECK YOUR SCORE ON SECTION 2.
MRS. MOTHER'S

COSMIC COMMODITIES

"N. MY MOTHER SAW THAT YOU KIDS KEEP FIND MRS. MOTHER AN' BRING 'EM BACK FOR THESE COSMIC COMMODITIES!!!"
WHAT MOTHER IN
SE SENTIR
TRES DEPASÉ.

WHAT D'YA
SPOSE OLD MISSUS
MOTHER'S UP TO
NOW?

HOPPIN' HORSESHIT
GANG, WHAT D'YA
SPOSE OLD MISSUS
MOTHER, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

I'LL BET YER
CANT WAIT FOR
THE NEXT MISSUS
MOTHER... CAN YA
MOTHERS?
THE CONTINUING STORY
OF
MRS. MOTHER AND HER
FUTURISTIC BOUNCING
Balls

OR
'TRES DEPASSE DANS LA
COUR DE FERME,'

STARRING MRS. MOTHER AS 'ST JOHN THE BAPTIST'

©1971 - GREEN MAN

OK MOTHER,
GET YOUR BALLS
TOGETHER AN'
COME WIT ME!!

RIGHT MEN
GET OUT AN
BRING HER
IN!!!

ON A CHARGE
OF VAGRANCY.

AND WHAT DO
YOU PLEAD,
MOTHER?

GUilty

GUILTY

GUILTY

GULITY

HONEST
BUT
STILL NOT
UNBIASED!!!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
OF THE JURY,

CONSIDER, WHEN YOUR JUROR IS

ZARITA

TOM
YLVUS

HONEST UNBIASED

TUBB
UNIT

UNBIASED

AH YESS,
BUT NOW I CAN
UNDERSTAND IT!!!

HEY WAKEY!!
MRS. MOTHER,
YOU FIN DREAMIN'
FAIRE LE JOIE DE QUELQU'UN - CELA FERA MON AFFAIRE!