8-1967

OZ 6

Richard Neville
Editor

John Wilcock
Editor

Follow this and additional works at: http://ro.uow.edu.au/ozlondon

Recommended Citation
http://ro.uow.edu.au/ozlondon/6

Research Online is the open access institutional repository for the University of Wollongong. For further information contact the UOW Library:
research-pubs@uow.edu.au
OZ 6

**Description**


**Publisher**
OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 28p

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

This serial is available at Research Online: [http://ro.uow.edu.au/ozlondon/6](http://ro.uow.edu.au/ozlondon/6)
We are rabidly anti-intellectual and punish all deviators with ostracism, ridicule—particularly if they are, nothing more ridic-
ulous than someone deviating from The Process— and expulsion. Of course, what else would we do with such trash? We can
never make up our minds whether or not we are desperate enough to keep the lurid everyone into The Process or primarily concerned with isolating everyone reproach. But if The Process is wholeheartedly anti-Semite, as it is, all the
Swastikas (ignore the hammers and sickles, excluding, of course, all our Jewish members, of which our Fuehrer is one. Jewish gets faintly bothered about this from time to time, but not to worry.

As a result of all this The Process makes countless enemies, draws persecution, condemnation and legal action against itself from every side, sustains frequent attacks by the press in many of the parts of the world, which of course makes it the safest, cushiest niche in town, just the thing for people too scared to be part of the establishment.

One thing surprises us. Your two sneaky would-be exposers managed to inveigle several several beard-
loosed loons with large assistance dogs.

I was approached by one bearded fellow who wanted to explain his reasons for living. I didn’t realise he was a religi-
ous man, and said so. The individual could find meaning in worship of an abstract super-
human, I wondered God, if he left hastily until

And another bearded fellow announced himself a religious organisation. I fell in. With the other poor sod didn’t want to get involved in an argument. They believed they were on the outside of a brainwashed society, but this fellow was the most brainwashed creep I had ever seen (apart from the pope).

You can acquire ‘The Process’ from an easy start. Communication lessons (3 gns and hour) learning how to talk. This is a racket preying on the insecure with inferiority complexes. Most religious do no mystic. It's a good money earned. The Process believes in ‘truth’, why don’t they speak it? If you want money to live at Xutl, their chosen paradise. Process are the most hypocritically stupid on the ‘god will come’ scene. The bloke even called me ‘bloke’, adding ‘sarky’. After, so as to communicate his feeling.

Yours faithfully.

J N Warne

6 Recton Road

Orpington, Kent.

Dear Sir,

Surely Auden is the first of the modern hippy generation five years ago that we “must”
love one another or die”, and, I believe, his home in Australia is surrounded in flowers. Also,
doesn’t Gandy come in it somewhere (plus of course, all the religious figures who have religion).

But, what really, is the flower-power crazed all about: from being an excuse to act mad and have a good time (which you can do without subscribing to any half-
formation philosophies from America); there are no manifest
ations and aims to argue about. Of course, it is the drug aspect
of the “movement” that gets all the publicity in the daily papers, but again, we get no worry. sponsorship to rant at his beads in reply. If people want to escape from an ugly
world and attain a realm of consciousness in which mundane conformity, policeman and politics do not exist, then good luck to them. However,
you don’t get change in the world if you attempt to escape from it all the time.

It’s not wrong to live for the moment, but transitory ex-
périences at Alexandra Palace or Hyde Park have no lasting significance. If the sincere
people among the flower people want to establish a loving, beautiful
society, then light shows and wierd dancing will not help. Let’s have a clear state-
ment of aims and some con-
structive alternatives to the existing set-up, or else the hippies will die out; and they will leave nothing to mark
their existence (The Beat Gen-
eration left some literature), except a few plastic flowers-
Yours faithfully,

John Whitman

The following were members of the Underground Press Syndicate as of June 1969:

ART AND ARTISTS: c/o Marie Amaya, 16 Buchanan Palace Rd.,

London SW1, England

AVATAR: 145 Columbus Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139

BERKELEY BARB: 2886 Telegraph Ave, Calif. 94705

CANADIAN FREE PRESS: Student Co-op Argo House, 53 Argyle,

Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

CONNECTIONS: 714 Cons Park Place, Madison, Wisconsin

CROCOTILE: P.O. Box 12488, Univ. Station, Gainesville, Fla. 32601

COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY: 26 Runyon Place, New York

COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY: 406 du Boce Ave, San Francisco

THE EAGLE: The American University, Massachusetts & Nebraska

Ave., Washington, D.C. 20016

THE EIGHTH VILLAGE OTHER: 105 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10003

THE FIFTH ESTATE: 932 Plum St., Detroit, Michigan 48201

GRAFFITI: P.O. Box 688, Philosophy, 17301

GUERRILLA: Artists Workshop Press, 4825-27 John Lodge,

Detroit, Michigan 48201

HEX: 4526 Roosevelt Way N.E., Seattle, Wash 98105

THE ILLUSTRATED PAPER: c/o Philip Bianchi, P.O. Box 541,

Reno, Nev. 89504

THE INTERNATIONAL TIMES: 102 Southampton Row,

London WC1, England

INNER SPACE: Box 212, Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011

THE LOS ANGELES TIMES: P. O. Box 145, La Jolla, Calif. 92038

Los Angeles, Calif. 90046

John Wilcock’s OTHER SCENES: Box 8, Village P.O.,

New York 10014

THE PAPER: P.O. Box 387, East Lansing, Michigan 48823

PEACE BRAIN: 3430 N Blaine Pl, Apt.2 (P) Chicago, Ill. 60657


PUNCH: c/o Paperbook Center, 568 Main St., Worcester, Mass. 01608

PROMETHEAN: Box 155, 48-62 38th Ave., New York

Satyrians, New York, N.Y. 14226

MODERN UTOPIAN: Tuts Uni. PO Box 44, Medford, Mass. 02153

MAVERICK PRESS: PO Box 782, San Francisco, Calif. 94103

NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND: PO Box 526, Dallas, Tex. 75222

THE RAG: c/o Thorne Drayer, 2506 Nueces, Austin, Texas

SEEK: 1224 S.W. Mair Rd., Portland, Ore. 97203

SOUNDS ON CAMPUS: Box 211, Village Station, N.Y. N.Y. 10014

SPOKANE'S NATURAL PRESS: P.O. Box 522, Spokane, Wash. 99204

SANITY: 3237 St., Lawrence Blvd., Montreal 18, p. Quebec, Canada

SATURDAY: Box 17, 340 Bathurst St. Toronto, Ontario, Canada

SAN FRANCISCO ORACLE: 542 Haight or Grant Ave.

The British distribution rights to Andy Warhol's twin-screen movie, "The Chelsea Girls", are held by Louis Scher who left his California home for a year and set up shop in London anticipating a long and profitable run for the four-hour film. A friendly bunch with British film censor Trevelyan however convinced him that in view of the current furor over drugs "Chelsea Girls" wouldn't even get an "X" certificate. So now the plan is, hopefully, to screen the film at the London film festival in October in an effort to make it "respectable" enough for a release afterwards.

In actual fact the film is more feasible for its technical experimentation (two vignettes shown simultaneously, side by side; acid-trip sequences shot under rotating colour gels) than its themes. The major provocation U.S. critics have spotted is that the others being still hung up on the kind of orthodox moviemaking that has had its day. All the indications are that we are heading into an era where social environments will be commonplace - film as moving tapistry on four walls and calling; strobe lights and coloured spots strategically placed; "instant newspapers" projected in homes; wall-sized television bringing live coverages at all times.

That some people deplore such a future is irrelevant because (a) it will never be obligatory to watch, and (b) there will always be more films than audiences. But two things make this prediction a certainty: the technological possibility and the profit potential. One sure thing about this society is that if there is money to be made, somebody will do it.

One of the factors that most of the "underground" movie visionaries have in common is that the people who put them down invariably spend hours arguing about whether or not they really have anything to offer. It should be self-evident by now that an artist who can provoke lengthy discussions about his work has obviously proved his capacity to involve an audience which, by standards, is a measure of art.

The British are so trusting. Where else in the world would the government ask people to voluntarily pay a license fee for having a radio or television set -- with virtually no way of enforcing the law against those who don't comply? Does the GPO have the right, for example, of coming to anybody's door and demanding to search the house for a TV set or radio? Surely not without a warrant. And can a warrant be issued to search anybody's home on suspicion that there might be such an unlicensed set? So it boils down to whether or not they really have anything to offer. It should be self-evident by now that an artist who can provoke lengthy discussions about his work has obviously proved his capacity to involve an audience which, by standards, is a measure of art.

Apart from the sheer arrogance of a government that not only heavily taxes your income but then proceeds to tell you where and how you can spend it, there's the idiocy of a people who do what they're told on the grounds that "respect" for the law is more important than individual liberty. To start with, the law is totally unfair penalising, as it does, the poor compared with the rich who can find a score of ways to legally evade it. Secondly, there's the tyranny of court officials; the endless, pointless arguments of lawyers; the irrelevant pomposity of magistrates and judges giving lectures to unlucky victims of a system that, once again, is loaded against the poor.

London's transport system is one of the best in the world but is there no solution to the endless lines that must form every night outside the locker booths of underground stations? As often as not the locker dispensing machines either don't work or make only specific change and it's too much to expect that people always carry the exact change. There is a solution, as it happens, and it's an obvious one: make all public transport free with buses stopping ANYWHERE to pick up somebody who wants to get on and both buses and subway trains running all night.

Here we have three ideas that only sound radical but actually make a lot of sense. It is unlikely that the money saved byabolishing ticket collectors, guards, machines, checkers, printers etc. would compensate for the loss of passenger revenue but it would certainly make life a lot simpler and any deficit could be made up by a transport tax on the more affluent car owners and the stores that benefit so much from the mass of subway passengers.

There is also, at this stage of history, no reason at all why transport should cease at the ridiculous hour of 11:30 P.M. For the London Transport Authority to maintain that there is no need for buses and subways to run later because nothing in open later is begging the question: if transport started to run all night, things would stay open all night. In any case, the present system is discriminatory - if you have a car or can afford to travel by taxi, you can get home at late as you like.

Recent visitors to the badly organized Dialectics of Liberation Conference - Stokely Carmichael, Allen Ginsberg, Emmett Grogan - have demonstrated that American is exporting not only murder, napalm, death and colonialism, but a more constrictive type of social revolution. But it seems significant that all the aforementioned find themselves increasingly caught in the trap of becoming more
Most of the production staff of the recent (mainly positive) ITV show about pot turned on in the course of the show's preparation. Even the young lady researcher who reported that it didn't do anything to her although she appeared to be ideologically converted... The people who invented the hoola-hoop, AM-0 Corp. of San Gabriel, Calif., recently reintroduced the gimmick in "a few test areas" to see if they could chalk up some more sales. But, according to one of the partners, "the trouble is that today's teen-age dancing has far surpassed the body movement of the hoop"... Philip Morris and other major U.S. tobacco companies have been promoting a special deal so that Americans at home can send cigarettes to servicemen in Viet Nam tax free ($10.61 for 100 packets). It has helped the Salgot black market no end... Most British restaurateurs offer you a choice of coffee "black or white?" and seem quite unable to cope with any variations on this theme... The N.Y. Times quoting a recent sociological study on hippies' homelife came to the conclusion that hippies' kids tend to ignore their parents rather than fight with them. "How can you rebel sexually against a mother who will be happy to fit you for a diaphragm at the age of fourteen?" one asked... The Indian government has been reading the 1,100 year old Hindu love manual, the Kama Sutra, and thinks it has discovered a contraceptive drug therein named the Pushali flower. Research continues... It was noted, with considerable irony, that on the anniversary of the assassination Bobby (Kennedy) visited his brother's grave in Arlington, Va., and delivered a speech on "Living Screen, a process being used at Las Vegas' Tropicana Hotel is a three dimensional screen made of elastized strips closely fitting together so that when a man is shown full stature on film he can step through his image onto the stage... Soccer is being introduced into American television in a special version that allows longer intermissions for fourteen minutes of commercials...
You asked me to tell you something about my involvement. It's a long tale, but it goes something like this:- I make pictures of female nudes to help people find themselves: they're not the sort of chick snaps that you take in ten seconds with a polaroid; nor are they the bunny cheesecakes that gulls the girls map. They're a kind of mainstream flow from the psyche to the id - and they're an attempt to search for, discover and trigger whatever it is that makes sense in each one of us.

Unfortunately the scene here sends the police with warrants to grab my negs and prints and cart them off to prison; eight detectives the other day charged through my studios and workrooms creating the kind of chaos that would make to think they were the FBI looking for the CIA. One of them, a kind of sub-leader, was Detective Sgt. Terence Beale, a soft-eyed pious, innocent sweetie who gained for himself some secrrity last year when he prosecuted the Robert Preece Gallery for hanging the Jim Dine Graffiti in sight of the passers-by in Duke Street. He told the magistrate that pictures of the male and female genital organs offended him - and that this was an offence under the Vagrancy Act of 1824.

A while later he showed me a reproduction of one of the offending pictures which Jim Dine labelled with the word 'nude'. I said this was an inaccurate anatomical description of the particular organ drawn, with a respectable Latin etymological antecedent in icunus', and Terence admitted he was learning. But a few weeks later he turned up again with seven chums and he said he thought my photographs were both indecent and obscene.

You asked me to tell you something about my involvement. It's a long tale, but it goes something like this:- I make pictures of female nudes to help people find themselves: they're not the sort of chick snaps that you take in ten seconds with a polaroid; nor are they the bunny cheesecakes that gulls the girls map. They're a kind of mainstream flow from the psyche to the id - and they're an attempt to search for, discover and trigger whatever it is that makes sense in each one of us.

Unfortunately the scene here sends the police with warrants to grab my negs and prints and cart them off to prison; eight detectives the other day charged through my studios and workrooms creating the kind of chaos that would make to think they were the FBI looking for the CIA. One of them, a kind of sub-leader, was Detective Sgt. Terence Beale, a soft-eyed pious, innocent sweetie who gained for himself some secrrity last year when he prosecuted the Robert Preece Gallery for hanging the Jim Dine Graffiti in sight of the passers-by in Duke Street. He told the magistrate that pictures of the male and female genital organs offended him - and that this was an offence under the Vagrancy Act of 1824.

A while later he showed me a reproduction of one of the offending pictures which Jim Dine labelled with the word 'nude'. I said this was an inaccurate anatomical description of the particular organ drawn, with a respectable Latin etymological antecedent in icunus', and Terence admitted he was learning. But a few weeks later he turned up again with seven chums and he said he thought my photographs were both indecent and obscene.

The whole business is a bit negative, because the words they use have got perverted by a kind of case law process that collects up every bit of legal nonsense and makes it sacrocant. According to the Lord Chief Justice, my Danae study - which I have in my collection - is indecent.

The Lord Chief Justice put it this way:

"It is an attractive point put forward by Mr. Straker that Just as 'obscenity' must be tested by the effect on the people to whom it may be published, so must questions of indecency relate to the people to whom they are published. Mr. Straker prides himself on being very careful in his distribution, as he puts it, in only sending photographs to people who, he is quite satisfied, will not find them indecent. It is, as I said, an attractive way of saying it, but unfortunately the Post Office Act of 1953 does not so provide."

ABUSE BY JUDGES

Now I report such attempts on the part of judges and justices to arrogate to themselves the right to say that a photographic study of a female nude is obscene as an abuse of words and authority, and a denial of a fundamental human right - the right to look- and a dangerous denial too, for by making it impossible for people to educate themselves, men and women were growing up to be ignorant and stupid.

Peter Watkins made the point at the National Secular Society's forum on censorship at Causton Hall the other day, when he said:

"It's a frank, artistic statement. I show two girls, one on guard, the other lying down, penetration. There's no teasing here, no titillation - it's a freak, aesthetic statement. I show a girl, one on guard, the other lying down, her pubic anatomy defined in detail; I show, imaginatively, in the background, a flash of light, a thunderbolt, a ray of sunshine - however you wish to interpret it. I should say you can use this picture to explain to any child not only the mechanics, but also the poetry of sexual congress."

The voice came again:

"Would you be prepared to give the explanation you've just given to a fourteen year old boy?"

And I answered:

"There's my fourteen year old son over there," So that's how I defended the picture, - but I can't give you a copy to print, because if you printed it in Other Scenes & OZ you couldn't send the paper through the post."

The Lord Chief Justice put it this way:

"It is an attractive point put forward by Mr. Straker that Just as 'obscenity' must be tested by the effect on the people to whom it may be published, so must questions of indecency relate to the people to whom they are published. Mr. Straker prides himself on being very careful in his distribution, as he puts it, in only sending photographs to people who, he is quite satisfied, will not find them indecent. It is, as I said, an attractive way of saying it, but unfortunately the Post Office Act of 1953 does not so provide."
Blue films by the yard

6

Suck it?

Vicious sex

After the tired businessmen, surfaced with vicious sex, had been seen off the premises and the last customer was cut for my friend-the entrepreneur, a large cut for the sergeant, the rent into the inspector's bungling trouble pocket) (the Constabulary set out on the second part of the open-ended entertainment, which consisted of touring the more "oriental" Chelsea pubs, chaste hanging up the birds, and including one or more of them to return for a private viewing of some of the films which were presumably stacked in alphabetical order on the shelves at Scotland Yard: Ape Man, Burning Betty, Chain Gang... and so on down to St. Barts (Church) and W (the Whore).
in the browser of these bumbling blokes or should residues some fitter of sexual interest in the charges of the bumbling sergeant and the insomniac inspector.

As far as I can remember, they were remarkably successful and sooner or later a mildly protesting female in a state of shock being sub muted to the film programme would be dragged towards the spare bedroom for a practical demonstration that the constabulary, contrary to slanderous allegations, are not entirely reliant on their truncheons when performing the act of love.

All this merrymaking had to come to a stop in time for Inspector X and Sergeant Y to stow away their gear in the Inspector's car and make it back to the Yard before their embarrassed colleagues were relieved by a less sophisticated team.

I often wonder what happened to those two enterprising policemen. I'm sure they went far.

Simon Watson-Taylor

---

What does **LONDON** need most?

A little anger. Everybody is so godamned polite about everything all the time. They're told to line up and they line up. They're told to obey orders and they obey orders. It's no unnecessarily done.

Why shouldn't they be?

Well they shouldn't be all the time. Don't accept rules just because they're there. Who made the rules and why? Do they make sense? These are the questions that people should ask themselves before blindly obeying everything. Freedom comes by taking it -- always has -- can be permanently yours until somebody offers it to you. American Negroes are the latest to find that out, but it's an age-old lesson.

You're not surprised that Londoners get out into the streets and start shooting policemen?

No, of course not, because Londoners aren't oppressed to the degree that American Negroes are. But they ought to get out into the streets and protest.

Also specifically?

Well, they can protest Wilson's fawning acceptance of Johnson's murderous war in Viet Nam. They could protest some of the banned silly regulations that the British have to endure such as being told they can't get a house or a telephone until the government sees fit to give them one or being told how much money they can take out of the country. They could protest some of the sexual issues concerning discrimination, such as the restrictions on coloured West Indians -- who are British after all... But there aren't enough jobs for the people here already.

That's the point -- there aren't enough jobs for anybody anyway looked at in that light. The restrictions on jobs for whites is in a discriminatory way -- because they're coloured and most British are white supremacists.

How about some more personal issues that people could protest?

Well how about just the freedom to be. To stand on the sidewalk and look at something without being arrested for loitering. To play a guitar in the park without getting a music license, things like this.

If people were willing to fight for simple issues like this -- in other words call off the official bluff and go to court about it -- they'd soon achieve a climate where they could do anything they wanted in this country.

All issues of freedom are Important. In my view Viet Nam is the main priority in the world today and if only Britain would raise its voice against America's murderous policy the war might come to an end a lot sooner. Too many British think Viet Nam is irrelevant. Of course, it's quite cynical of the politicians to say that the war is irrelevant when the fantastically rich are still fighting it.

Americans argue that British aid to the Viet Cong is helping the Viet Cong fight the communists. But if it helps them to force their own country to pull out of Viet Nam, it will help America and Britain.

Too many Britons refuse to realize that a so-called Socialist government that can never be silenced. You have a potent weapon that can never be silenced.

Well, you have a lot of power to be against the war in Viet Nam. They could protest some of the damned silly regulations that the British have to endure such as being told they can't get a house or a telephone until the government sees fit to give them one or being told how much money they can take out of the country. They could protest some of the sexual issues concerning discrimination, such as the restrictions on coloured West Indians -- who are British after all... But there aren't enough jobs for the people here already.

That's the point -- there aren't enough jobs for anybody anyway looked at in that light. The restrictions on jobs for whites is in a discriminatory way -- because they're coloured and most British are white supremacists.

How about some more personal issues that people could protest?

Well how about just the freedom to be. To stand on the sidewalk and look at something without being arrested for loitering. To play a guitar in the park without getting a music license, things like this.

If people were willing to fight for simple issues like this -- in other words call off the official bluff and go to court about it -- they'd soon achieve a climate where they could do anything they wanted in this country.

All issues of freedom are Important. In my view Viet Nam is the main priority in the world today and if only Britain would raise its voice against America's murderous policy the war might come to an end a lot sooner. Too many Britons think Viet Nam is irrelevant. Of course, it's quite cynical of the politicians to say that the war is irrelevant when the fantastically rich are still fighting it.

Americans argue that British aid to the Viet Cong is helping the Viet Cong fight the communists. But if it helps them to force their own country to pull out of Viet Nam, it will help America and Britain.

Too many Britons refuse to realize that a so-called Socialist government that can never be silenced. You have a potent weapon that can never be silenced.

Why? Because what right has a bunch of politicians to arrogantly say that you must ask their permission before you can communicate with people? That the pirate radio stations should do -- and what the government is afraid of -- is to criticize the way the politicians are doing for us doing their jobs. If you have a communications system and you use it politically, to get social justice, you have a potent weapon that can never be silenced.

A little anger. Everybody is so godamned polite about everything all the time.

---

In American West Indies

What does London need most?
Nepal is an exotic kingdom sandwiched impossibly between India and China. Buddha was born there. You can get high there on cannabis, opium and Everest. It is tiny, sedentary, backward — although, with the help of generous financial investment from Russia and America, Nepal is hurtling headlong into the 14th Century.

Hippies were dropping out in Kathmandu long before Haight-Ashbury exploded in ‘Time’. See these strolling high through the cobblestone byways, ‘creating mini symphonies at night-time concerts, spinning copper prayer wheels at the brooding monkey temple. Hippies happen in Kathmandu because it represents the opposite of L.A., Bob’s Deli Society. It’s ancient, austere, spiritual, tribal and, as the tourist brochure puts it, “the most beautiful place on earth.”

And yet there is one striking parallel with U.S. psychiatry and the hippies, being opportunistic, have probably not noticed. The suppression of its people by a non-elected but officially blessed autocrat, Nepal is ruled by His Majesty King Mahendra Bir Bikram Shah Deva and is considered by himself — and some of his subjects — to be an reincarnation of a Hindu God. He governs his people with a blend of ruthlessness, ineptitude and insanity which is as obvious as the trade-mark of all moral instruments of divine wisdom.

To make his autocracy more palatable to the purveyors of international Aid, he claims to have invested a brand new form of democracy called the panchayat system. The ‘panchayat’ is supposed to participate in the making of a simple advisory body with most of its members elected by the King — little more than institutionalised sycophancy.

Because King Mahendra is known to foster favours impecuniously, members compete to organize “accidental” confrontations with him. Indeed, accidental confrontations are the most his ‘subjects’ can ever hope for. The King rarely grants audiences to anyone — except craved Hanks Fugi with recurring Majesterial visions.

Because King Mahendra is known to confer favours impecuniously, members compete to organize “accidental” confrontations with him. Indeed, accidental confrontations are the most his ‘subjects’ can ever hope for. The King rarely grants audiences to anyone — except craved Hanks Fugi with recurring Majesterial visions.

For all his white-hot brilliance and fullsone flagrance, King Mahendra Bir Bikram Shah Deva, has human appetites. His land is poor. Coca Cola is unavailable.

There is another fragrance, of mind alert and agile. Alt. such is the fragrance of Mahendra, our poet, philosopher.

Broadcast
Blow, Zephyr, blow, with blaseode's high resoles
Over the jarring notes of mutual feuds, world without selfishnes.

And its not exactly a ball for Mahendra’s subjects.

For all his white-hot brilliance and fullsone Figurans, King Mahendra Bir Bikram Shah Deva, has human appetites. His land is poor. Coca Cola is unavailable. However, the King is not deprived. Every month a crate of this precious liquid is flown in for the Palace. The empty bottles later reach the villagers who fill them with a vile, sugary, scarlet liquid and palm them off to tourists. No wonder and faith of the burning romantic-the romance of not more passion for worldly beauty, the beauty of the troop and the fields, of the arena and the atmosphere, but the romantic alliance with the sun's benevolence forever, the owner who wants the world changed better to eat his heart's desire — a world without foods, a world without selfishness, a world pure harmony rule over the jarring notes of moral suspicion and apathy.

Speaking of His Majesty's idolatry, one is inevitably reminded of his poetry. It is a poetry denuded in the air, water, and soul of Nepal. In solitude is the voice of the Nepalese in the lilt of the themes of the Nepalese.

However, the King is not deprived. Every month a crate of this precious liquid is flown in for the Palace. The empty bottles later reach the villagers who fill them with a vile, sugary, scarlet liquid and palm them off to tourists. No wonder and faith of the burning romantic-the romance of not more passion for worldly beauty, the beauty of the troop and the fields, of the arena and the atmosphere, but the romantic alliance with the sun's benevolence forever, the owner who wants the world changed better to eat his heart's desire — a world without foods, a world without selfishness, a world pure harmony rule over the jarring notes of moral suspicion and apathy.

The newspaper also included a lengthy poem by King Mahendra plus a photograph, taken at night, of him actually composing the poem in the palace gardens, wearing specs. It is called ‘Karma, a Symphony of Power’, Every line with a Precious Bond’ which is about his wife. She, incidentally, in extraordinarily ugly, even for a Queen, and has never been known to smile in public.

An extract from the poem:

Here's a typical extract from one of many eulogies to Mahendra; this one titled ‘King Mahendra: Politician, Poet and Philosopher”.

We must never forget that King Mahendra’s poetry is at its best only in a reflection of the whole the essence of his life. His whole life has been great with the fierce and faith of the burning romantic—this romantic is a world without foods, a world without selfishness, a world pure harmony rule over the jarring notes of moral suspicion and apathy.

For all his white-hot brilliance and fullsone Figurans, King Mahendra Bir Bikram Shah Deva, has human appetites. His land is poor. Coca Cola is unavailable. However, the King is not deprived. Every month a crate of this precious liquid is flown in for the Palace. The empty bottles later reach the villagers who fill them with a vile, sugary, scarlet liquid and palm them off to tourists. No wonder

The original of Peter Sellers’ famous caricature in The House that Stood — a film banned in Nepal

**The King & his Coca Cola Court**

Richard Neville

The original of Peter Sellers’ famous caricature in The House that Stood — a film banned in Nepal

The King & his Coca Cola Court

Richard Neville
All drugs are dangerous, just like everything else, & just like everything else (almost), the danger lies not quite so much in the drugs as in how they are used. Even so, the drug scene -- dealing, being flamboyant & furtive simultaneously, trying to be HiP, trusting cops, &c -- is far more dangerous than the drugs themselves. But since we will take drugs, it behooves us to minimize the risks. The traditional & best way to do this is through knowledge. If you know what you're doing & doing it right, it probably won't hurt you.

What acid does is restore the balance of your senses. This can be pretty confusing. Suddenly you can feel & hear & smell & taste as well as you've always been able to see, as well as evolution designed you to, as well as any natural animal. Your brain, used to handling mainly visual data, is suddenly flooded with information from senses it has always up to now pretty much ignored. You change in a flash from a set of eyes mounted in a flesh & blood transportation device to a Whole Man, which is pretty upsetting at first.

You should direct your trips, most especially your early trips, with this in mind. Although acid has no value in & of itself will not make you good or holy or wise or anything else except high it can be used (& to take it all is to use it) in a valuable way. It can be an educational tool. You can learn something from it. Arrange to take your trip with someone else (also on acid) who is wiser &/or more experienced than you someone you trust, who should be able to answer whatever questions you may be able to ask, who knows what's happening & what to do about it if something has to be done -- whom you like well enough to share the intimate experience of acid with. A guru.

Avoid crowds until you're used to acid. Crowds can overwhelm you & even set up paranoid reactions in you. Avoid most restaurants & coffeehouses. Avoid people who are not on the trip. All these things can wait until you're at home with acid & know how it works with you. In the yoga of acid you must eventually experience all of these things & more, but that's the third phase of your course, & comes a long time after your earliest trips.

Bathe beforehand, otherwise you're likely to be acutely aware that you haven't. Don't eat for at least four hours beforehand, otherwise you're likely to be acutely aware of the digestive process. Spend at least an hour beforehand relaxing your mind & body & spirit, becoming calm & peaceful, otherwise you're likely to have a troubled trip. Provide your tripplace with things to touch, to feel, to smell, to taste, to hear, & eventually to do. Things for your expanded senses to experience.

Now comes the most important hour of the trip, the hour before you become high. This hour determines the shape & nature of the trip. I like to consult the ! Ching at this time. Cast the oracle & spend that time reading & meditating on what it says. For me this determines the intellectual & spiritual content of the experience. You should certainly do something analogous to this. Determine the course of your trip while you can, because once you're high you'll be too busy.

When the acid first takes effect, lean back, consciously relax, & let it happen. Do not be afraid.

While you are high use your sense. Give them real workout. Learn yoga & their language, You & the guru you have chosen to travel with can teach you to be real again, undoing The System's years of teaching you to be unreal, unaware, unconscious, useful only to The System. In this way you can become free, & freedom is what all of this -- acid, Haight/Ashbury, dropping out, the whole bit -- is all about. Otherwise acid isn't worth breaking the law for.

That's where it's at. Be with a beautiful person in a beautiful place doing beautiful things & being beautiful, & you will have a beautiful trip. Instead of thinking about yourself, be. Be what you are, what the moment dictates, experiencing yourself & the world without your intellect.

Rest a few days, at least, between trips. It takes an average of three days for your blood chemistry to recover from a trip, & until it does, acid won't have any effect. And you need the rest. Acid trips are more work than most jobs.

Finally, in as tranquil a mood as you can muster, drop the acid. It's good if you can do this with a certain amount of ritual, since the psychedelic experience really is a religious experience. (Any experience that restores you to wholeness is religious, no matter what metaphysic you espouse. Whatever makes you whole again is a true sacrament.)
As one of its side effects, acid stimulates the production of adrenaline, to which it is very similar. Fear is what usually stimulates adrenaline production, part of the mechanism by which the animal we are copes with & escapes danger. Now, what makes you human is your forebrain, those enormous frontal lobes, evolution's latest improvement on the original model-T brain that dogs & cats & monkeys have. Your hindbrain, however, is still that same old model-T animal thing, & what it does for you is keep your body running & your basic instincts/emotions going so as to leave your forebrain free for thinking. The hindbrain is an idiot. It equates increased adrenaline secretion with fear, but the equation is circular: fear = adrenaline, thus adrenaline = fear.

What acid does is stimulate adrenaline secretion & keep it stimulated for upwards of eight long hours (usually, in cases of fright, the secretion continues for only a few minutes). This can reduce you to gibbering terror unless you remember (it's easy to remember) that it isn't fear you feel but chemistry. Some people do get horribly frightened, despite the objective fact that there is neither anything to be afraid of nor any real fear. They suffer from an abstract, backwards fear. This is not necessary. Don't do it.

Your mind is yours, & you can do with it just about whatever you wish. You can remove the fear from the adrenaline simply by knowing that there is no fear & willing yourself to be calm. This leaves you with all that adrenaline floating about in your bloodstream, adding a prolongued adrenaline high to the effects of the acid. Adrenaline minus fear produces euphoria, which is a gas, baby.

Acid is a consciousness-expanding drug & should be used as such. A standard hip error is to devote trips to introspection, which is logically foolish & guaranteed to generate bad trips, at least in the early stages of the acid curriculum. Self-knowledge is even more important than you think it is, but introspection is the last step in the last step in the process of knowing yourself. (Here follows a digression from "A Handbook for Unicorns.")

'The way to know yourself is to know everybody else. You are different. A Martian couldn't tell you & anybody else apart.

'All men are more alike than different. They all have the same long evolution & genetic organization & physical structure, the same neural circuitry, the same kind of brain, the same chemistry, the same needs & desires, the same sensory equipment. We all have more experience in common than otherwise. The same language (way of thinking), the same general childhood history, the same kind of education. We've done the same things, read the same things, heard said eaten touched felt endured suffered craved enjoyed known all the same things, all of us. The differences are almost insignificant, no other race could easily detect them, & they startle us because similarities are invisible.

'Introspection — — delving into your own minute infinity — — is at best a vague adventure. How can you tell what all this subjective & symbolic data means? How can you tell what all this subjective & symbolic data means? How do you know what's real & what's just a subconscious smokescreen? How can you tell when you're fooling yourself? 'But if you first study everybody else & learn the elements of commonality, the billion things all men share alike, introspection becomes practical, because you have established standards for determining reality.

'Otherwise introspection is a solitary vice, a masturbation, a fearsome & unsatisfactory substitute for a real thing. Real people insist on real things.'

Acid is only acid, but a full course of trips properly taken will make you a better & freer, more real & loving human being. This seems to take something like five years, but results are visible from the very beginning. (What causes misinterpretations, not by truths or by anything true. Do not take any serious action on the basis of a bad trip. Remember, you are under the influence of a drug that will wear off. No bad trips are permanent. (No good ones are, either.) You can get out of a bad trip simply by waiting until you come down, if there's no other way available. Don't take a bad trip seriously (except to learn from it). It may be distressing, but it is not real. It will go away. You will not go mad or any other such newspaper-bullshit thing. Bad trips are produced by misunderstandings & misinterpretations, not by truths or by anything true. Do not take any serious action on the basis of a bad trip. It's useless to take more acid after you've become high, because it won't work. You can get the same effect from a saccharine tablet. Don't exceed the standard dosage until you've learned to handle the standard dosage.

Speed kills. It really does. Methedrine, amphetamine &c can & will rot your teeth, freeze your mind & kill your body. The life expectancy of the average speed-freek, from first shot to the morgue, is less than five years. What a drag.

Don't become a dealer. It's habit-forming, messy, unpleasant, dangerous & a drag.

Don't do anything to your body that your body can't veto. No needles. Consider the psychological & symbolic implications of sticking a needle into yourself. Do you really want to do that?

Don't let dope be the only thing you do, or the most important thing in your life. That's the quick way to be bored with having fun, which is a drag.

Be cool.

Chester Anderson
If you take a walk 
I’ll tax your feet.

The decibel level dropped suddenly in large blocks of flats; housewives stopped frying their Quiky-Snaky Cod Pieces; afternoon teenagers rose in mid-Jerk, and supermarkets fell silent. Only Promethean choruses of ‘We Shall Overcome’ lumbered across the author from Radio Caroline — but growing fainter and sadder and further away.

The kind of experimental and avant-garde pop music that Peel had been free to play will be particularly hit. We await the overwhelming boredom of Radio 1, putting out an up-tempo ‘musical accompaniment’ to dump and falling Autumn leaves. Peel does see the Marine Offences Act as a restriction of a basic liberty. He believes that pirates allowed artist and listener an unprecedented release from the demands and limits which The Establishment placed on Pop.

The farmers and the businessmen, they all did decline.

"I can see some of the arguments for the Bill - I don’t know how justified they are - the electronic things, that it interferes with other people’s signals and stuff like this. The logical thing for them to do, of course, would have been for them to license the pirate stations and bring them on shore. This is why it was so valuable, despite the fact that there

And then the kerosene is strapped across their shoulders.

"The majority of people who’ve been hired for this new thing, Radio 1 - I don’t know who they all are, but of the pirate disc-jockeys - they seem to hire the safe and the pliable ones. You’re going to get the Northern Dance Orchestra rendering ‘See Emily Play’ and Harold Smart Swings and stuff like this. I think when it starts off people are going to go to it. We’ve been led to believe we’re going to get some thing reasonably like the pirates - whether they were good or bad doesn’t really matter here - but that’s what’s expected and when it doesn’t come along people are going to be very angry."

Please don’t wake me
No don’t wake me
Leave me where I am
I’m only sleeping.

"But of course British people only seem to be angry for a very short period of time and then they settle back and accept whatever it is that’s being thrown at them with great vacant stares on their faces. This is the way that people have become conditioned to react. They get alarmed about something and they never stay roused. England’s so absurd you can’t get angry at it yourself. People seem to be getting progressively more illogical. It’s beyond apathy: it’s reached some ecstatic new state where there aren’t words to describe it.

In America - which is far from being the ideal country - I worked just outside Los Angeles for a time, and you could pick something up like fifty radio stations, so that regardless of how bizarre your tastes were there’d be something to accommodate you. That is just not heard of here - and I think people should be angry.

"Mind you, I also worked for KLF, this Gordon McClendon station, and he runs this enormous anti-everything movement on the station. If a song mentions the word Mind that’s a Drugs Song and if you mention Skirt well then that’s a Sex Song, so the poor guy found himself with an almost entirely instrumental station. I think even ‘Demol’ is banned out there (KLF is in Oklahoma) as ‘conducive to a permissive attitude to alcoholism.’"

The country music station plays soft
But there’s nothing, really nothing to turn off.

"And this is more or less the situation here. The BBC is a great fulminating mass creeping into the 1940s and out of the 1920s.

"You know I sent them a tape initially and word drifted back to me that they thought my programme was ‘conducive to a permissive attitude to drug-taking.’ Anyway, later on I went down there and talked with this person - who actually turned out to be quite aware of the things that were going on and it looks as though possibly I might be getting on there after all. The programme I’ll be doing is supposed to be the anchor programme of the new service and this bloke wants me to get back to playing the sort of experimental records I was playing on Radio London. He can’t start off right away by doing it because the BBC won’t let him; so we’ll have to build up to it gradually.

"But at the BBC it’s so different. There are great crowds of people all around you - girls to put on the records, officials to watch them doing it, producers, programme controllers, shop stewards and all the rest. You need a studio the size of the Festival Hall. The nice thing about Radio London was that you could just sit there on your own and get on with it, and play the kind of music you wanted to (well I could anyhow) and people could just let their imaginations run riot. I have this great hang-up about being shy."

Hey, you’ve got to hide your love away.

"I learnt a lot from the letters I got on the Perfumed Garden. You know, they weren’t the ‘Dear John, I think you’re fat, please send a pic’ sort. Basically the music makes the programme and I was fortunate to have the freedom to choose what I wanted to play on London. It wasn’t a question of converting people to one particular set of beliefs, all the listening or disc-jockeys, but of expanding them and increasing possibilities. This is why it was so valuable, despite the fact that there were some pretty distasteful people involved in radio. And the insidious thing about the non-pirate ‘professional’ disc-j is their incredible ignorance. They know very little about the music they’re playing and so their picture of what their audience wants is no more than a myth."

Sara Pound and T.S. Elliot fighting in the captain’s tower
While calypso-singers laugh at them and fishermen hold flowers.

"See Emily Play" and Harold Smart Swings and stuff like this.

Maybe Big L meant lots of money for its American backers, but you could always find a record you actually liked. And when the pirates scratched their armpits, at least you know that it didn’t come from the library of Special Effects.

The unoficial censorship that the BBC bureaucracty exerts as corporate scoutmaster will continue its sad-eyed vigilance against the Drug Peril-Boy Pearl-Red Conspiracy. Victor Sylvester will creep up on us unawares and bring back Aspidastrum Power. Down Your Way the Eversready Batteries are going to last a whole lot longer:

"The more the bureaucracy is 'humanised', the more completely it succeds in eliminating from official business love, hatred, and all purely personal, irrational and emotional elements which escape calculation." (Max Weber).
Nothing is happening
Mr Jones...

No one went wild when H. Wilson became our leader. I assume, probably justifiably, that you didn't either. But I entertained hopes, small modest, self-effacing ones. Marginal changes here and there, things would not surely be worse than they had been in the previous wasted years; if no improvement was registered once again the government would be composed of rogues and villains with no attachment to principle.

But our new leaders said they were Socialists, and Socialists are good men as we all know.

But nothing got better and everything worse, our new leaders were indeed rogues and villains and not socialists at all. All this was very disillusioning.

We observed from a distance that the nation, according to many reputable newspapers, was undergoing some form of crisis. Fat men with bald heads marched into important offices in Whitehall. Thin men made speeches deploiring the deterioration in the quality of our national fibre. Better fibre means perhaps the ability to offer more relevant and purposive help to our allies in their efforts to eliminate unwashed peasants hiding in smelly swamps in various parts of the world. All we have been able to provide so far, however, have been encouraging noises which sounded like so much slobbering on a pair of fat Texan buttocks.

If these people who came to power under the banner of Socialism have in fact proved to be imposters who are they? Agents of the Comintern? the CIA? hirelings of a worldwide Jewish conspiracy? No, I fear, humble Englishmen just like me or even perhaps you. But with a difference - humble Englishmen whose principal aim is the preservation of a number of large smug corporations run by men with names like Chambers, Robens and Beeching. When the Corporation proves inadequate in size a larger one is produced and a new captain of industry is constructed: Lord Melchett and the National Steel Corporation go together like Love and Marriage.

Thus these humble men, with a little help from their friends, have constructed a large edifice known as the National Interest.

For there is such a thing as Socialism and it does involve a rather different order of priorities to those of that humble man in number ten. It amounts to more than attacks on small drafty tramp steamers marooned around the British coast crammed with embittered colonialists, North Americans and elderly Liverpool Teenagers. Oh God! the irony of Caroline "exposing" the PRIVATE life of Wilson, as if sweaty fumblings with an elderly secretary could be any more boring than the exposure of his public parts.

What's Socialism? It's NOT succumbing to a grubby Racialist, John Hanson in Rhodesia; and flouting vast quantities of consumer durables to the Union of South Africa; and winning and dining villainous old gangsters from obscure Kingdoms and Sheikdoms in Arabia; and slamming on a pay freeze that differs only from its Tory predecessor in the amount of wool that has been pushed over the eyes of the worker, the supposed Labour Party Folk Hero.

It is in fact the elimination of fat smug corporations. The effects of this kind of action would be considerable and might even enable us to live without the wads of dollars that MAKE life with LEI the fun it is.

But under this So-called Socialist government it isn't happening.

Indeed, nothing is happening. We are all asleep. Public consciousness was asphyxiated with the second endorsement of Wilson just fifteen months ago and now we dream....in our dream comes nothing but wraiths in the night, the return of the vanished and almost vanished Tories. No one really wants them, but no one really minds them. They are after all there. Stupid yes, but certainly no more so than their opponents; hypocritical yes, and almost as efficiently, immoral but in the correctly uninteresting way. Turn over in your sleep and there they are....

Nigel Rourtain
Letter from a Greek Prison

As you know, this sad land is censored by the hot-eyed colonels who recently captured it, but I smuggle this random comment from the inside of the slam because they shouldn’t escape without having this view of their black deeds exposed. The operating methods of Greek fuzz have always been vile — violent nerve-shattering two-month “interrogations” in the station, mysterious disappearances in the night, sick old junkies hanged by the thumbs, smashed balls — all the insane trappings of the police state.

Once I lived half a year in a prettrial prison and saw maybe 200 accused go to court without a single not-guilty decision. They have it as they want it, apparently even the judges and juries are terrified. Foreigners inhale it too, the favourite tactic being to take a “confession” written in Greek, which said tourist can’t read, then fill it up with fuzzy fantasies and trick or beat a signature out of the man who then gets convicted of half the unsolved crimes in the country and doesn’t even know what they are.

Especially dangerous for heads here, as Athens is full of multilingual stooges, often bearded and hip-sounding, who seduce tourists to push or score or turn on, then bring a fuzz-trap to the rendezvous. Courts not particular here, any old piece of evidence will do the job. Greek prisons must have the highest percentage of foreigners of any country in the world. I suppose these dirty fuzz aren’t any sicker than anybody else’s cops but here they’re given more freedom to act out their psychosis by the military-monarchy-church-businessman syndrome which rules the place and protects its interests by holding the numbed masses in tightest fear and ignorance.

Same old story but worse here, as this has always been one of the world’s most selfish oligarchies, although in places like Dubuque, El Paso and the Pentagon it’s known as one of the lucky democracies. American military aid has saved from the dirty Reds. Fuck the ghost of John Foster Dulles. The rifles marching around these prison walls are American and if the CIA didn’t trigger this coup then at least it’s grateful, for the election it prevented would have been won by the Papandreou family which threatened to do such dirty commie tricks as build some schools, make the ob-scene-rich pay taxes, castrate the massive police force, throw the king out of politics and build a couple of factories. Sad, sad affair, the demise of the people’s choice, the death of the Left and the Center, too.

NAILED TO THE CROSS

An old lifer cornered me in the toilet the other day and whispered, “Papandreou went forward carrying the cross and the fascists nailed him too. Tell that to the good people in your country if you can find any.” So I found you and I tell you.

So now we have the military apparatus on top of the police apparatus, operating their own courts and prosecuting for thought-crimes, a true 20th century witch-hunt. This enormous medieval slam is loaded with the results of this new menace. A student bows before a public picture of the king and says, “We’re lucky to
have such a fine king," but the court reads his mind, says he was being sarcastic and pays five years upon his young soul. Another spends the night at his brothe-

er's house without the permission of the government gets three years, his brother disappears into exile. Those stories are endless, each sicker than the last, the latest chapter of Kafka.

Behind much of this is a system of false witnesses for this is a land where families quarrel and don't speak for generations, a bitter hung-up mentality full of my-

stical fuck-hatreds, the home of revenge and duplicity and this new dictatorship brings out the rat in every-

body. The military, like the fuzz, don't care; they need victims and when they don't exist they'll create them. So it becomes a completely schizophrenic nation where

almost nobody is speaking or behaving as he wishes, a country of madmen whose appearance is the only real and constant concern, words mean absolutely nothing, truth is death and therefore it is dead. Martial music and strident speeches rip out of the loudspeakers, military genius everywhere, including such gems as "We're saving you from Communism, Fascism and Nazism", whatever that means, and "Karl Marx was a stupid pig". Wow.

And these prisons are a long stepdown from Sing Sing. They're rat-infested and dark, totally without heat in the bitter winters, twenty-five crowded into stone rooms, hardly any food or medical care, no schools, sports workshops or libraries. Nothing. The all-con-

suming question is the simple one of survival and by sports workshops or libraries. Nothing. The all-con-

suming question is the simple one of survival and by

AS TO WHAT HAPPENS HERE, HAVE EXPLAINED THAT ASPECT elsewhere but I tell you that prisons are among the sexiest places on earth, beginning with the goonie-con relationship. Often ask the uniformed performers why they want to spend their lives pushing helpless men around and locking them in cells and if / get an intell-

gent reply they sort of say, "Because it takes a MAN to do it", so I say, "If this makes you a MAN, then we must be less than men so what are we, WOMEN or some thing?", and they can't follow it, but what it really makes us is eunuchs, less than men because we are castrated, and the power they hold over us, the con-

tempt they have for us, the self-esteem they derive from our plight is essentially due to the fact that they have heterosexual pricks and we do not. This differ-

ence manifests itself in all phases of the dance and dialogue. It can be resisted, but at great cost.

What is actually demanded is that you repent your big crime, and that you quite literally fall into some sort of love with your keepers. This is why narcotics viola-
tions have so much friction in all prisons and why they're so despised. They can never repent their deeds because they know very well they've done noth-

ing wrong (except some junkies who feel they've sinned against themselves) and thus they can only feel contempt or pity for their keepers which drives said keepers straight up the wall.

And the whole concept of "rehabilitation" is just as phony here as it is everywhere, for the qualities every-

body's schoolteacher said we were supposed to have — courage, conviction, creativity etc. — are the same

qualities which will get you completely burned in here. What they want to turn out of here are a bunch of walk-

ing zombies, too down and terrifed to do anything but obey even the dumbest orders for the rest of their pasty lives, a servile army of the spiritually lobotom-

ised. Anyway I've been denied parole three times and

it's clear I'm never going to get it, which is encourag-
ing. Let's fill all the dungeons in the world up with dirt and grow sacred mushrooms in them.

ARROGANT COLONELS
So these arrogant colonels are shamelessly determined to convert all the people into miniature reflections of

their one-minded selves, to "purify" Greece as they say. This means to eliminate whatever they cannot un-
derstand, which is everything that doesn't think their simple thoughts and fall in love with their prass and bearing, and it's clear that nothing here can stop them. They can only be toppled from outside, by a big drop in tourist support (already happening) and the frequent smashing of their embassy windows, which wounds

them deeply.

People can play the tourist here if they wish, but they play it at their deadly peril and every coin dropped here helps to perpetuate this black jazz. I've seen the blood they spill, plenty of it, it's red and it runs. Which brings up to the talking butterfly which once made it into this cave and told me it is aerodynamically capable of flying as straight and efficiently as an arrow, but it makes it around zit-flut-flit because it feels like it, which seems to be one of the more important things learned in this long walk into strange.

Time here in its mysterious vortex stretches folds and

snaps like the turned-on mind that it is, but the final realization is that eternity plus or minus a few years still equals eternity. So nothing is finally altered. It is truly possible to dance everywhere, even in the far

reaches of Lost. Your news from the outer world, your talk of the vast turn-on and the worldwide defiance of the forces of destruction gives proof that the count-

less casualties paying the price in faceless prisons are being revenged in the only way we care about: we continue to exist, and we multiply.

With love, peace and music.

(Name Withheld)
JAGGER SAGA

EVERYTHING Sey Krin writes (and) about New York newspapermen is doubly true about the Fleet Street veterans who, if anything, can be more ingenuously vicious than their Manhattan counterparts. The latest example of this is what one might call the Mick Jagger Saga had it not been, subsequently, reported by the Daily Telegraph, which ran allegedly malicious accusations against Jagger's drug habits and then, which did a libel suit, sent a police posse out to a party that was still underway to arrest the newspaper that can never be proven for certain -a disguised-as-cumite which ran allegedly malicious accusations against Jagger's drug habits and those who live in a liberal milieu.

In Manhattan newspaper (and weekly magazine) shops, you won't see a newspaper that you didn't see yesterday. Most newspapers, particularly the tabloids, are not known for maintaining quality and content. Most newspapers are more interested in selling papers than in telling stories.

The idea of someone reading a newspaper is seeing a story unfold. The idea is that they can be entertained by the story and that it will make sense to them, either in terms of the characters or the plot.

So, when a newspaper is reporting on a story, it is doing so in a way that is intended to be entertaining and informative. What you're seeing is a newspaper trying to sell its newspaper. That's what they're doing.

That's what the Daily Telegraph was doing when it ran the story about Jagger. It was trying to sell papers. And it did. The story sold papers. That's the point. The Daily Telegraph is not interested in telling the truth. It is interested in selling papers. That's what it does.

And if you look at the story, you'll see that it is full of inaccuracies and misrepresentations. It is a story that is designed to sell papers, not to report the truth.

The Daily Telegraph is a newspaper that is not interested in telling the truth. It is interested in selling papers. That's what it does.
Much has been written on the oligarchic aspects or organisations but next to nothing on the same features of "non-organisations". What follows is a comment on the non-organisation centering around R.D. Laing and on what happens in the social transformation of his ideas. Laing's work which is a moving protest on the alienating characteristics of institutionalised socialisation seems to have provided little resistance to the emergence of those very same tendencies in the resocialisation of his cult of followers.

Laing probably realises this only too well. "We are born into a world where alienation awaits us. We are potentially men, but in an alienated state, and this state is not simply a natural system. Alienation as our present destiny is achieved only by outrageous violence perpetrated by human beings on human beings". And then, "Sometimes it seems that it is not possible to do more than "connect the decay around and within us, than sing sad and bitter songs of disillusion and defeat".

The disillusion and defeat that I feel about the Laing movement (but not with him or his words) stems from a dilemma facing any liberating movement; The dilemma as Gene Debs the American socialist put it, "If you are looking for a Moses to lead you out of the capitalist wilderness, you will stay right where you are. I would not lead you into the Promised Land ... because if I could lead you in, others can lead you out.

The point is that when men are dependent on leadership for their liberation they're caught before they even start. The paradox is that in order to become independent through the action of a movement you have to be independent to begin with.

This is highly relevant to-day when for argument's sake we can say there are two opposed models of revolutionary or underground movement. We can characterise this duality as it exists in the present world in several ways: Marxists versus anarchists, activists versus dropoutes, Leninists versus acid heads, guerrillaterrvers external spiritual, versus internal, et cetera. This dichotomy also parallels that between the affluent societies and the "Third World".

What Laing is trying to do is have afoot in both camps. And this is the importance of his message. Whether he will end up with the best or the worst of two worlds is another question. One side is freedom and the other side is for movement.

Do you have to choose one or the other or can you have both?

The concern for individual freedom which was once the monopoly of anarchist theory has now become subject to the efforts of an existentialist anti-psychiatry (R.D. Laing, David Cooper and Frank Atkin in this country) and in a different sort of way, the acid head. Liberation - in the individual-psychological sense which was Laing's first concern - involved the study of the obstacles in interpersonal relationships which resulted in the diffusion and disintegration of one's wholeness resulting in the label "schizophrenia". Like the acid merchants this was a concern with "freeing the mind", but unlike them it was also a critique of alienated society - not so much a sick or hung up society but one of which you, whether you like it or not, are a part. And if you don't get it before it gets you, brother, then you're cooked. But how can you get it before it gets you when you are born into it?

In many ways Laing has moved on from a study of the individual in small groups and is now dealing with the question of society itself, with emphasis on what is to be done right now rather than a passive study of what has been going on. This transformation from the analytic critique to the prescriptive formula and the outwinding from the individual to the social system cannot be said to be a success so far. The reasons for this lie in the metaphorical nature of his concepts and their metamorphosis into a group culture.

The concepts of alienation, identity and self, for example, are not only inherently ambiguous but find their concrete application in a bewildering multitude of different states. If we try to pin down exactly what someone means when they use a concept like alienation we find it almost impossible because the term has a sneaky way of eluding any fixed categories. For instance, it is common practice to describe alienation in terms of powerlessness, isolation, meaninglessness and self-estrangement. But when we try to think of some concrete particular situation in which any or all of these things are NOT present we find we can't. This is because alienation is as multidimensional as the whole spectrum of any possible human experience.

Another, puzzling thing has been the literal acceptance of Laing's descriptions as though they were theories. Theories, I would submit, are propositions which have a general reference, are empirically grounded and contain implicit or explicit causal connections which can be tested. In contrast to this Laing's network of statements are, at their precise best, mapping strategies which only occasionally embody a suggestion of where to look for connections.

The real bite comes when we examine what happens to these ideas when they become part of a group ethos. I think it fair to suggest that Laing's work has become alienated over and against him. While he is an advocate of both internal and external prescriptions for revolution (let us say an "acid-marxist") he has become a leader, if only passively. Now while leaders by definition only exist in conjunction with followers the tragedy of this particular dialectic is that followers seem to need and generate leaders. Charisma for example, would seem to be as much a property of prophets as a property of those who project it onto the prophet and the phenomenon of power is also the phenomenon of compliance.

What we should try to understand are the conditions which have led to and perpetuated this state of affairs. Why is it that a brilliant set of speculations on "schizophrenia" has achieved the social configuration of a messianic movement? And what is more a movement that is retreating hot foot into irrationality and a mystification almost as great as that it condemns.

Part of the answer, in psychological terms at least, can be found in Laing's work itself. It starts off from the notion of the social origin of the self (you are what certain significant others think you are) and the postulated effect of one sort of leadership on personal development. Somewhere there is a "real you", a non-alienated you, awaiting its existential birth, but the others in your life are emotically determining what you shall become instead. The emergence of this true self only occurs in a situation we shall call freedom. But the catch is not only that you are fighting a losing battle in a war with others who have completely lost themselves in the same process, but that in a very meaningful way you need them and are dependent on them.

To understand the implications of all this for the particular context in which the Laingians exist one can start first of all by taking an issue with the way a group, their group, mangles ideas. One example is their theme of "phenomenology" - a general obscurantism which serves to control the group in the same way as Marx discussed ideology. In this case, however, the control is initiated by the controlled. For our purposes, phenomenology is the direct and spontaneous subjective experience of "a totality" in an anti-analytical way.

To begin with a totality is defined and selected by one's prior experience which determines the parts and their patterning from an infinitude of possible totalities.

Secondly this process of selection and definition is dependent on an intervening grid of concepts which the Laingians like anybody else (must) allow to stand between them and their field.

Now the important point is that the Laingians delude themselves into thinking that they take this intervention into account by looking for connections which can be tested. In contrast to this Laing's network of statements are, at their precise best, mapping strategies which only occasionally embody a suggestion of where to look for connections.

The real bite comes when we examine what happens to these ideas when they become part of a group ethos. I think it fair to suggest that Laing's work has become alienated over and against him. While he is an advocate of both internal and external prescriptions for revolution (let us say an "acid-marxist") he has become a leader, if only passively. Now while leaders by definition only exist in conjunction with followers the tragedy of this particular dialectic is that followers seem to need and generate leaders. Charisma for example, would seem to be as much a property of prophets as a property of those who project it onto the prophet and the phenomenon of power is also the phenomenon of compliance.

What should we try to understand are the conditions which have led to and perpetuated this state of affairs. Why is it that a brilliant set of speculations on "schizophrenia" has achieved the social configuration of a messianic movement? And what is more a movement that is retreating hot foot into irrationality and a mystification almost as great as that it condemns.

Part of the answer, in psychological terms at least, can be found in Laing's work itself. It starts off from the notion of the social origin of the self (you are what certain significant others think you are) and the postulated effect of one sort of leadership on personal development. Somewhere there is a "real you", a non-alienated you, awaiting its existential birth, but the others in your life are emotically determining what you shall become instead. The emergence of this true self only occurs in a situation we shall call freedom. But the catch is not only that you are fighting a losing battle in a war with others who have completely lost themselves in the same process, but that in a very meaningful way you need them and are dependent on them.

To understand the implications of all this for the particular context in which the Laingians exist one can start first of all by taking an issue with the way a group, their group, mangles ideas. One example is their theme of "phenomenology" - a general obscurantism which serves to control the group in the same way as Marx discussed ideology. In this case, however, the control is initiated by the controlled. For our purposes, phenomenology is the direct and spontaneous subjective experience of "a totality" in an anti-analytical way.

To begin with a totality is defined and selected by one's prior experience which determines the parts and their patterning from an infinitude of possible totalities.

Secondly this process of selection and definition is dependent on an intervening grid of concepts which the Laingians like anybody else (must) allow to stand between them and their field.

Now the important point is that the Laingians delude themselves into thinking that they take this intervention into account by looking for connections which can be tested. In contrast to this Laing's network of statements are, at their precise best, mapping strategies which only occasionally embody a suggestion of where to look for connections.
The next art form scheduled for liberation is television. Long a slave of film, this workhorse medium is beginning to find its wings.

"As collage replaced oil paint, the cathode tube will replace the canvas." These are the words of Nam June Paik, a Korean artist living in New York who has become the prophet of The New Television.

Paik uses direct electronic manipulation to produce distorted television images, some surrealistic and some abstract. He may adjust the interior mechanism of the set so that it shows a garbled but pleasing picture. Or he may use a powerful electro-magnet to interfere with the cathode ray beam of the television tube, making "crazed" electrons line up in op-art-like force-field patterns across the picture tube.

Potentially, the main instrument of The New Television is the videotape recorder. This is an instrument with which the artist can work and rework his material, instantly replaying what he has done, collecting images from various visual sources (commercial television, film, magazines) or producing his own live. Unlike film it allows him to be free from censorship. He can put anything he wants on tape. There's no Kodak Labs to return blank film if they disapprove. Making a videotape can be as private as writing a poem or painting a picture.

Television is like film, but it is not film. Film is light moderated by shadow, and the texture is of thousands of tiny grains. Television is florescent light, and the texture is of hundreds of horizontal lines. The quality of the image is different. The quality of the television image is of immediacy, and never of immediacy, and never of spectacle (film); of flow, and never of stability (film). With its electric presence, it is the medium of our time.

Few artists are using television at present. It is more expensive to work with than film right now. Presumably it can be dangerous without some electronic knowledge. But many artists are making plans for using television, and the cost of videotape recorders is coming down in a hurry. An equipment salesman here on the West Coast told me there may be a $100 recorder by 1975.

Meanwhile a sort of highclub in New York has already started using videotape for "underground television." People pay $1.75 to see a private hour videotape. Some of this is described as looking like a "psychedelic Today Show".

Sheldon Renan

author of the forthcoming "An Introduction to the American Underground Film" (Dutton Paperback, $1.95)
Hmm, four in the morning and it's my birthday, thirty-one or fifteenth same thing. Number one squaw has folded her tent and silently stolen away leaving the aura of a vanishing Hitchcock flavoring under my thumb. We had some fresh orange juice at the air terminal, and costume changes, and Dinner under the clock at The Big A (Alvaro's) with a Medicine bag with a comb in it and my oldest friend who filmed it all. I powdered her nose. and then the Hilton to bring the new day in. She's a crazy tearaway heiress on her way to being a boss woman. It's down to me.

Surrealist pillow 1500 words and PAUL BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND cooking taking me back to Chicago and Muddy Waters sipping an Old Fitz and coke. "Those kids over there sing from the heart" he says about this scene here. Small world. I'm going home I was born there. Lenny lives. All the spirits are out. THINK.

Those American cats that blew in last month weren't kidding about there being about twenty people in this town and papa's got a brand new bag. To bridge the gap between acting and expression. Whatever happened to strolling players actors are getting so hung up with the career thing they've forgotten what it's all about. They're playing parts or something dumb. Even the best ones are off playing that stale eight-note staccato bebop for a price. Pawns in other peoples' fantasies. Godard has some very hip things to say about that scene. And when I'm really cookin' out there in life almost in anguish and tongue firmly in cheek I scream "where are the cameras NOW?"

Movies are like five years behind fashion and pop and here I am a cinema child trying to freak out. And these young musician image beautiful people are going to replace actors, because they're the true expressionists. Coltrane lives. It's not easy. Gonna carry a camera fast draw one and everybody works.

Take your coat off and stay for a while

Freakout

Look at that stupid girl. being a good Christian mean. Let first stone. It is now time for the the third eyes floating around. news on the box They got their revolutionized mayhem. They but my neighbor next door has a gazebo Isn't Brian Jones too much man? And and Keith Richard and the backing voices on playing light years and back. Bird is a pop in the subway and Huntington losing three tanners in the phone box. What's happening in China today

Paisley Doctor robert. Jobtime High and Dry. Carruthers M15, must get that together, Scots Dunfries fantasy of disguises. Africa Brass. Nelson Algren in the neon wilderness. "the punks just squawkin' cause his knees are shaking" applies to this scene. Lucy in the skies with Diamonds and the burning of the midnight lamp, the moving finger writes the singer not the song, the songer not the singing. Breakfast at the Maze. Oxygen at Harrods Senior Service saw a film today in one of those moseleums called the a.b.c. and even the kids were bored, and the scene changes. simone and marike and apple juice capes. brian and suki back from marbella, olympic recording, and henrietta may be pregnant walkin' blues. daddy walsh with two godparents for his new ariel ring a ding ding purple tangerine snowflake eleven and the jolly giant. if i only had one hour for every second boy, would i cook, who wants yesterday's papers? just take it or leave it, it's just my life own up and christine had the word, looking as beautiful talking about the new toppling. groucho marx. caramel the moment you start playing the game that's the moment you have to be one step ahead of the game and it's called being even. who's been sleeping here. are you experienced? claire de loun.

And isn't Richard Harris too much. Ian keeps burning just keeping up the beat. ABRACADABRA, and the sweet sensation of getting it together with the help of my friend stargazers. Implosion

Ben Carruthers
**Shortcomings?**

Prolong the pleasure of intercourse with Suifan's 'Kwang Tze' Solution. This Chinese preparation is specially beneficial to men who suffer from premature ejaculation, and is Guaranteed to end mutual frustration and bring satisfaction to both partners. The Suifan's 'Kwang Tze' Solution is completely safe and reliable, as stated in Government Certificate supplied with each bottle.

**Special Offer:**
To prove our claim we will send you by return—and in complete confidence—a bottle of the 'Kwang Tze' Solution for only 2 Gns.

**Order Direct from Sole Distributors:**
Please Cross Cheques & P.O. & Payable to: Blacks International.

**Books for Kinks and Kicks:**
Candid, Exciting, Erotic.
Send S.A.E. for comprehensive lists.

**Display:**
"Danjac" 50, Parsons Green Lane, S.W.6. Telephone REN 2871. Evenings REN 3911.

**Send For D.U.R.E.X. GOSSAMER.**
Portsmouth (23366) 7/6 per doz. Post Free.

**Pregnancy Test.**
£2. Inquiries: Bell OZ Advertising: 1/6d. semi display. 2/6d. box no. Telephone FLA 6851.

**DUREX GOSSAMER.**
Completely safe and reliable, as stated in Government Certificate supplied with each bottle.

**Kwang Tze' Solution.**
This Chinese preparation is specially beneficial to men who suffer from premature ejaculation, and in complete confidence—a bottle of the Suifan's 'Kwang Tze' Solution is completely safe and reliable, as stated in Government Certificate supplied with each bottle.

**’Xtraordinarily Tall beautiful, Anglophile flower-girl sought by ancient nondescript 30's, salubrious, undeteriorated, non-indolent. Intentions: occasional scene-making. BOX Fl. (30's, salubrious, undeteriorated, non-indolent. Intentions: occasional scene-making, BOX Fl.**

**’MOSLEY - Right or Wrong?’.**
300 questions answered. 3/6 (including postage)

**’Mosley - Right or Wrong?’.**
300 questions answered. 3/6 (including postage)

**SILVER RINGS..**
Turkish Track Rings, from £1s
Friendship Sick Rings, from 20s
Semiprecious Stones, from 7s
Victoriana Barrels, from 8s
Also, Hand made & to order MOD WEDDING OR ENGAGE RINGS 10s 'off for two'
Admiral's Eye Designcraft, 33 St. Martin's Lane WC2 (COV 1742)

**Uninhibited performers wanted for 'The Troupe', new improvisation ensemble. Workshop sessions beginning soon. Contact Neil Hornick, 61 Constantine Road, N.W.3.**

**For light removals Dormobiles with helpful working drivers HAM 1466 or HAM 6351 Please quote this advert**

**You’ve heard all about it, NOW HERE IT IS!**
Super Art Tattoo the rage of the Continent & USA. Card contains a dozen multi-coloured, assorted, waterproof tattoos. (They remove with nail polish remover). Available only from:

**Turn on/Tune in/�drop us a fiver for a hot line to infinity/journey through the incredible landscapes of your mind/ kaleidoscopic moving changing image on which your mind projects its own patterns/stun yourself & astonish friends**

**This light machine is designed for easy operation and personal adoption/ works in rooms of all sizes - with full instructions. SEND CHEQUE/POSTAL ORDER FOR 5gns plus 5/- post & packaging with full postal address to ISETCO 13 Miranda Road LONDON N.19.**

**Films and Feelings by Raymond Durgnat**
Not the least difficulty faced by a writer on the cinema is that the medium he confronts is a hybrid of theatrical, visual and literary forms. All too often those who understand aesthetic theory dismiss the different tastes of most cinemagoers, and those who understand their tastes have themselves little taste for aesthetic theory. Through close attention to details of style and content alike in films which range from Cocteau's 'Orphee' to Westerns like 'Ride Lonesome', Mr Durgnat attempts to establish a common 'sphere of experience' from which to approach some of the aesthetic problems posed by cinema as an art-form. With 30 photographs. 45s

**Films & Feelings by Raymond Durgnat**
"So I'm back in business" says Maurice Girodias "Getting my Dirty Books out again at last - ".

He raises the spectre of a smile. Girodias has the wan, suffering look of a baroque saint, and seems elegantly weary as a diplomat who has spent a lifetime arguing at the Geneva Disarmament Conference. He is the greatest pornographer in the world, the single most dedicated provider of sexual delicateness for the Anglo-Saxon mental meat-market. He is now to be canonised in the first big-budget Dirty Movie.

"Girodias" says Mel Fishman "was the First Man on the Underground". Fishman is a Californian with a satyr beard, and is planning to make the first mass-audience blue film. The script is by Stephen Schneck, a not-so-underground novelist, and is being based - loosely - on Girodias' life. It is being called The Olympia Reader, and it was Girodias' Olympia Press in Paris - when Paris was still The City of Light. Remember? - which brought the waiting world Jean Genet, Henry Miller, Burroughs' Naked Lunch, Nabokov's Lolita, Donleavy's The Ginger Man, Candy, a homosexual number by Jean Cocteau, and a great quantity of delicious, untalented, hard-core porn.

"And now we are republishing. In New York" says Girodias, who is holed up at the Chelsea Hotel (favourite holing-up place which brought the waiting world Jean Genet, Henry Miller, Burroughs' Naked Lunch, Nabokov's Lolita, Donleavy's The Ginger Man, Candy, a homosexual number by Jean Cocteau, and a great quantity of delicious, untalented, hard-core porn.

"The first book will be Stradella" - and this, I recall from pubertal reading, is a good meaty stretch of thrashing thighs - "I own the rights on all my books, but always there is trouble with writers. The moment their book does well, they see that they can make more money on the straight market. All except Bill Burroughs. Having been through that junkie thing, he doesn't seem to mind ..."

"But Nabokov. He pretends that when he sent me Lolita, he did not know that I was a publisher of what he calls 'obscene novels'- I had already brought out Sam Beckett's Watt. And, anyway, people attack me for publishing obscenity for obscenity's sake. So what. I admit it? What's wrong with that? What are these analytical standards? Isn't this the worst form of hypocrisy?" Certainly Girodias is an ambiguous figure. Half hustler, and half freedom-fighter; impelled by a drive to make money. - "Why is publishing pornography different from other publishing? They think they can treat me like a convicted criminal. It's a business" - but impelled by an equally urgent drive to extend the frontiers of taste, and, in fact, time and time again losing all his loot through acts of wilful defiance - ("Maurice Girodias" an unusually tenuous Parisian poet intoned at me once "Will Always Go Too Far").

Girodias is now forty-eight. While he was operating in Paris, it seemed as if the heady mood of the thirties still hung over that moribund capital. The French Law disapproves of headiness, in any form. They busted him. Girodias started a club, a multi-layer cake of a place, including bars, sitarown places, an avant-garde theatre - it was, in fact, a fun palace, such as Joan Littlewood and John Calder never seem to get around to starting - but the theatre put on a production of De Sade. So that was busted too.

So he moves to Denmark. And the Danish Police, who have never taken it into their Viking minds to bother about the printed word before, bust his printing-press. So he hires a barge and send it across to England, loaded to the gunwales with sex books. Unprecedentedly, the barge sinks. Finally, he comes over to set up in London ("The Permissive Society", if you have been following the press), and he meets some beautiful people, publishers with thick, soft suits, and great affulent smiles, like the cat that got the cream ... They set up to acquire his rights - "And now" says the most fatly affluent, amably ... "Now we want to drop the Dirty Books Image!".

So now New York, and hoping for the best. Girodias sits in Fishman's suite in the London Hilton, and sips a Pouilly Fuisse moodyly - "A recent vintage. But good" - while Mike Wilson, who has been working on Science Fiction with Stanley Kubrick, plays some sitar, Fishman sends down for some hamburgers, and explains about the movie ... which is to be, well, partly biographical, but, interleaved, With fantasies. And frank, all so frank, no nonsense - The public is ready for Real Blue Movies, of a studio excellence, isn't it? Girodias looks a bit puzzled, and makes a telephone call to a lady in Paris. "The film" explains Fishman "Will be screened at selected cinemas, like the Plaza in New York, or even better, the Rivoli ... "And there will be special times, like in the theatre, except there will be effects impossible to duplicate in the theatre. Will it be illegal? "No, of course not. And kids? Kids shouldn't be up that late anyway". Girodias is still puzzled, but quiescent. Blue Movies aren't really his scene. His scene is Dirty Books. He telephones New York ...
Hippie language is, in terms of the English-speaking community and even beyond, pretty well universal. There are, however, and inevitably, local variants. The following are some of the latest in-terms or endoglosses used in London, S.W.1. To ascends the psychodelic curve (NB: psychedelic is a false spelling) that culminates in the definitive vision. Originally bum-come but, by assimilation, transformed into a form that comes off the tongue more easily. To attain an orgasm (both sexes) that does not involve the grosser forms of coition. As noun: such an orgasm.

The quiet note of jubilation sounded in gentle orgasm. Colour content of a psychodelic vision. Police or other repressive forces of the community. Not funny but frightening - like the utterances of the enemy. A pipe used for smoking marijuana. A cell where several hippies live but where also supplies may be obtained. To achieve the destination of a trip. Clearly enunciated, with the accompanying indication of something harmless - like a beer or cigarette, this can be used as a gentle rebuke to the enquiring fuzzy.

Used with some such term as group or force, is signifies the police. Evidently a compound of fist and the ular of constabulary, ular also being the Malay word for snake. And the whole word connotes a disease. The psychodelic visionary world. Also just THE LAND. A Liverpool importation. Marijuana that is in danger of confiscation. In need of marijuana. A Biblical revival, and none the worse for that. To indulge in pre-coital sex. Best used in the expression of a gentle wish: "I'd like to have knowledge of you".

A reefer. A trip embarked on in solitude. The sexual act when deliberate techniques of prolongation are used. The female breast. Pot when alight. For beginners, a unit of psychodelic experience. The night (from the Russian?). Marijuana. A trip (perhaps an attempt to translate the German hippies’ Vorstellung). British flower-children. Thus, ROSEGARDEN: a place of meeting. Hooked on hard drugs. The brain as a thoroughfare for trips. (Perhaps from Underground and its popular synonym tube).

A reefer. A trip embarked on in solitude. The sexual act when deliberate techniques of prolongation are used. The female breast. Pot when alight. For beginners, a unit of psychodelic experience. The night (from the Russian?). Marijuana. A trip (perhaps an attempt to translate the German hippies’ Vorstellung). British flower-children. Thus, ROSEGARDEN: a place of meeting. Hooked on hard drugs. The brain as a thoroughfare for trips. (Perhaps from Underground and its popular synonym tube).
We believe a lot of lies. We like to put myths between ourselves and what could be. So we convince ourselves that David Frost has no talent and that Katherine Whitehome is a raucous nymph and that the queen loves her Corgis more than Prince Philip. The myths exist as obfuscations of our achievement. Thus a lot of people, who for a long time thought that a revolution would be a good idea are announcing that the Hippies have the modern state on its knees. The world's turned on; the lock-stepched chessgames of the USA's iron and steel insanity defeated by our heads; its the psychedelic storming of the Winter Palace; Dictatorship of the Chemical Propagandists; The grownup revolutionaries have seized Flower Power like they used to get worked up about CND. It is a dev's that the better educated debs patronised the Aldermaston Marches. Now it's UFO between Finishing School and Merchant Banker.

Which is a pity. Because at the moment the hippies in England represent as powerful challenge to the power of the state as the people who put foreign coins in their gas meters. Alice Bacon's hairdresser is nearer to the counselors of state. For without a fundamental change in the economic system which at present controls our societies every dimension, the hippies will be forced to live like Jackals first to bowdlerise their own experience to make it intelligible, then, very soon, to make it commercial. Hippies without radical social forms like the Diggers and the Communes are unable to float off the surface of the society from which it derives its meaning.

What happens instead is that hippies confuse alienation from society with influence over it, and in formal demonstrations of their own impotence. Thus the first incision in the Golden Gate Park was in 10 monthsdesbaded to the Ally Pally "Love In" (El a Head) making two crooks, £5, 000, and a lot of people very unlovely. Leary begins as the Tony Appleseed of the mini cooper people now in transfers and back in the hands that the better educated debs patronised the Aldermaston Marches. Now it's UFO between Finishing School and Merchant Banker.

We choose between life as style, style as value, value as fact; the ethic of the strutting Beautiful Person attacking the modern state where it likes, not where it hurts. The alarm bells ring for nobody but ourselves; if you eat health foods, you must expect to look like a banana.

There's more ways to blow H. Wilson's mind than STP in the Sandtoft. The tactics of the urban guerilla in an over ripe welfare capitalism cannot be the same as a Fidelista in the Sierra Michel... But the point of doing the thing is to transform the values and aims of a society. The old folk's homes in the college aren't going to do this any more; the radical intelligentsia are too absorbed in the perfect simulation of Youth, trying to swallow time like Capt. Hook's crocodile; Progress Westminter style has all the pace of a Strider going uphill with the handbrake on. At least the Young see that what we are offered as social change from above is just a little more rouge on a very old whore's face. The Old Left is, in David Mercer's words, like a kipper, faced and gutless, if the hippies don't want to go that way, the this-sidedness of psychedelics must flower a thousand Communications Companies and Underground Press and Hippie Teleprinters, more Diggers (who are English anyhow) and King Street Communes, Free Schools, and youthplay in Happenings and Gatherings, take flowers to strikers and throw them at fuzz. As the corporate land of Wilson nudge itself into a liberal fascism with Labour Capital and Gnome Joined in a National Interest, so the need to eradicate dissent will grow and the Underground; strikers and psychadelics: droputs and demonstrators will bear the weight of the dissent. As the New Britain subsides into its white-between-the-mind, wet-between-the-legs crematorium, Albion Arise.

David Widgery
Snare-pictures: objects found in chance positions, in the form of disorder (on tables, in boxes, drawers, etc.) or as fixed ("snared") as they are. Only the plane is changed: since the result is called a picture, what was horizontal becomes vertical. Example: remains of a meal are fixed to the table at which the meal was consumed, and the table hung on the wall.

Snare-pictures squared (snare-picture of a snare-picture): the tools used to fix the objects to a snare-picture are themselves snared along with the objects at a certain "snared" moment.

In the "Grocery Store" at the Galerie Koepcke in Copenhagen in October 1961, groceries were recognized as individual works of art without being incorporated into an assemblage. They were stamped "Caution, Work of Art" and bore my certifying signature. Nothing else about them was changed, and the price was the current market price of each article.

Once the creation of objects through the imagination is accepted (at first the imagination was totally rejected), the false snare-picture enters. It consists of imagining and composing a situation in which the details appear to be a chance situation, so that the result cannot be distinguished optically from a real snare-picture. Example: a baby-pen with scattered objects and toys that a baby might have left in disorder, except that the pen was never used by a baby.

Working with chance situations implies the acceptance of chance as a collaborator after the initial result has been achieved, of transformations due to time, weather, corrosion, dirt, etc. Example: the rats who devoured the organic matter on two of my snare-pictures at Galleria Schwarz in Milan have been accepted as collaborators. Taboos have as their objective the preservation of traditions and forms, an objective that I reject: at the Galerie Koepcke "Grocery Store," sandwich rolls, in which garbage and junk were mixed during the kneading, were baked and sold as "taboo catalogues."

When the supporting element of a snare-picture represents something (if it is a realist painting, for instance) a relationship is automatically established between the snared objects and the supporting element. This relationship destroys the false perspective of the representation: a deliberate choice of added objects interprets, profanes and changes the meaning of the supporting element. Example of a dé trompe-l’œil: a romantic view of the Alps—a valley with a stream flowing toward the spectator—is augmented by bathtub faucets and a shower.

Chance and creation merge, the difference between the snare-picture and the false snare-picture gradually disappears, when the real snare-picture is multiplied by false ones. In the "art multiplier," a chance situation is fixed to a mirror, and the same situation is reflected onto another mirror joined to the first by hinges. In addition, the objects are reflected and multiplied in proportion to the angle at which the mirrors are set.

Everything is a snare-picture, anybody can choose a chance situation and make a picture out of it. To demonstrate this, I accepted an invitation to exhibit at the Danish "Salon de Mati" in 1962 on the condition that Addi Koepcke be allowed to choose and fix situations in my name. The copied certificate of guarantee was printed for the occasion.

The foregoing principles can be applied to the other arts. A conversation, snared on tape, between four persons, reproduced as was, became the play "Yes, Mamma, We’ll Do It," first performed at the Municipal Theatre in Ulm, Germany, in 1962. This true snare-play became a false snare-play when it was acted out on the stage; but it became a true snare-play in the second part of the play when the actors listened to the themselves speaking their roles in the first part and commented spontaneously.

During the group manifestation Dylaby (dynamic labyrinth) at the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam in September 1962, I transformed two rooms of the museum. In one, converted into a dark labyrinth, the spectators were exposed to sensory experiences (warm and humid surfaces, varied textures, sounds and odors) as they had to develop their senses to appreciate the environment. In the other room, a principle of the snare-picture (changing of plane) was applied to a whole room containing an exhibition of fin de siècle painting and sculpture. The real floor was "hung" with paintings, so that it was transformed into a wall; sculpture "stood" on one of the real walls, transforming a real wall into the floor, and the other walls shifted their position in relation to the new "floor."

In March 1963, a composite photograph of my room, composed of 55 individual shots, was exhibited as a snare-picture at the Comparisons exhibition in Paris.

In the Dorotheanum (Non-Profit Suicide Institute), at Dorothea Loehr’s gallery in Frankfurt-am-Main in October 1963, different facilities for suicide were offered in eleven rooms. (No one profited by the opportunities offered.)

In March 1964 at the Allen Stone Gallery in New York, I exhibited 31 "Variations on a Meal," extending the variations-on-a-theme principle of hard-edge art to include the collaboration of chance. Thirty-one identically set tables were transformed through the agency of the invited guests. The results were exhibited.

The "word traps" made together with Robert Filliou were an attempt to visualize proverbs and sayings. Example: "Raining cats and dogs," in which toy cats and dogs were fixed to the top of an open umbrella.

The exhibition of my hotel room. These principles developed in an unmethodical fashion, and are much less precise categories than they might seem as outlined above.

Daniel Spörri
The man described by Life magazine as "Europe's most admired young artist", Jean-Jacques Lebel has a remarkable capacity for upsetting the squares. A few years ago he was run out of Italy after a painting of his on show at the Milan Gallery was found to contain the words "Fuck the Pope"; last year his Happening near Marseilles caused consternation as an immense rubber penis arose out of the harbor accompanied by almost-nude swimmers.

This summer 3-3 turned his attention to St. Tropez, a once swinging Riviera resort now noted for gorgeous chicks sporting bare midriffs, exorbitant prices and a strangely bourgeois set of local morals.

Lebel had thoughtfully obtained the consent of Pablo Picasso to interpret the latter's only play, "Desire Caught by the Tail" and ambitiously planned to present this in a tent behind the Papagayo on the least visited side of St. Tropez's lovely harbor. The Papagayo's owner, a thoughtful looking man who wandered around dressed in kimono and smoking a foot long pipe, was only too anxious to host the performance, but the mayor had other ideas.

Irritated by a story in Paris' conservative Le Figaro to the effect that the play would include nudes, anarchistic viewpoints and a stripper actually pissing on stage, the mayor refused permission to the company who then proceeded to erect the tent at a crossroads about three miles from town in the neighboring village of Gassin.

"We thought it would be nice to bring all the tourists a piece of genuine art to liven their vacation and we get sent away" complained 3-3 in aggrieved tones. His disappointment was somewhat alleviated a few days later by the appearance at a Papagayo press conference of Le Figaro's female correspondent, author of the original story which had provoked all the trouble. Quite genially Lebel called her "a whore" and suggested that she might be happier if she returned to her supposed trade in the streets. The correspondent, not surprisingly, left in a huff and wrote another angry story about the production.

Two weeks before the show opened the cast and miscellaneous staff were frantically dividing their time between the Papagayo, the tent, an old villa in which some of the cast were billeted and the elegant, barely finished mansion of J-J's mother about 15 miles out of town. Here total nudity swiftly became routine and the succession of guests (including a novice correspondent from Time and staid reviewers from Le Monde) were stunned to be greeted by assorted nudists covered with art tattoos.

Living in the spacious, unfurnished house was al fresco style with foam rubber mattresses on the floor, canvas beach chairs and continual indoor picnics of yoghurt, red wine, bread and cheese.

By the time the show opened the chaos, far from resolving itself had become institutionalized. The play itself - a surrealist fantasy featuring such characters as The Thin Anguish, Big Foot, the Onion and Taylor Mead portraying a vulgar dog - was a prescient allegory of the artist's dilemma, but this was almost dwarfed by the subsequent happening.

In this, bare-breasted waitresses served wine to the audience, a car was driven into the tent and spray painted, girls changed clothes on stage in front of psychedelic films, two actors pulled down their pants and displayed their asses, a violin was dramatically smashed and a seemingly endless plastic tube slowly inflated and snaked back and forth between the seats.

At last report the event was fulfilling what seems to be the inevitable Lebel predestination: mysterious assailants had put two rifle bullets through the portable generator and the mayor of Gassin had forthwith prohibited future happenings.

Said 3-3: "We are planning to move events to the beach".
Displacement

YOU ARE PART OF A LARGER SPHERE!

I AM AN ENTITY... I BELONG ELSEWHERE......

YOU ARE ALMOST TO THE SHORE... TRY... TRY...

I DON'T BELONG HERE!

WHERE WAS I...........

PAIN... DARKNESS... PAIN

WHERE AM I??...

TO GO BACK IS OBLIVION!
YOU HAVEN'T MUCH TIME, TRY TO REACH THE SHORE!

NO!

YOU MUST NOT GO BACK!

CORONARY....

YOU'RE TRYING TO TRAP ME! STAY AWAY!!!

NO! DON'T SWIM AWAY! YOU DON'T REALIZE.....

CALL A PRIEST....

ESCAP ESCAPE ESCAPE ESCAPE....

POP!

WE'VE LOST ANOTHER ONE....

HAMA, 27
Printing is a ditto device. All media are extensions of some human faculty—psychic or physical.

Art is anything you can get away with.

We now live in a global village—a simultaneous happening.

There is absolutely no inevitability as long as there is a willingness to contemplate what is happening.
McLuhan has complained, fairly, about the literary bubble that attaches itself to the new medium, in which the very characteristics of the medium are seen as contributions to a sort-of, not a part-of, the medium itself. The same is true of television. In The Gutenberg Galaxx, McLuhan described television as "the new medium that has been the greatest addition to the printed book since the invention of the alphabet." He argued that television was not a new medium but rather a new form of communication that would change the way we think and see the world.}

This conclusion is supported by the fact that television was invented and promoted by TV and that cable is based on the same principles as the printed book. Thus television is a new medium, not a new form of communication.}

Many people believe that television has not changed society in the way that McLuhan predicted. However, McLuhan's ideas have influenced many other writers and thinkers, including those who have written about the impact of the internet and social media.}

The key point is that McLuhan's ideas about the impact of new media are still relevant today. Television, like the internet, is a new medium that has altered the way we think and see the world. As McLuhan said, "The medium is the message."
satisfactions of empathy and identification, of the mind's own selectivity, aren't separates them, he comes up with simple one-for-one correspondences between Certainly these processes influence each other. But since McLuhan never clearly eye-movements of literacy into the world around: emotional than the eye, and loses himself in a tangle of generalisations about radio for the eye. What's behind you may be nearer than what's in your field of vision, so the ear is more "jumpy". And that's why musical rhythms make you jump (tap your feel). Visual rhythms don't, and the eye is more closely linked to prolix information (look before you jump). Hence music has always been more interior than the visual art's. It can be more abstract because it's more open. Abstract painting in its, sophisticated development (technophenom. in requiring both formal centrality and cut-off of conversation?). Abstract painting in art when you've just made musican. Decorative patterns (as one finds in primitivism) are beat when one sees one's eyes never even see them (children look at things this way; decoration fascinates them). This also happens to be movement of reading, but it proceeds reading. What makes the Western adult so "illiterate" about patterns is nothing to do with reading. It's his habit of merely noting what a thing is, which he does because he lives in a world of utility and cause. He can't strore things for pattern (facilitating) his eye; he has a slightly better group of form; but all he really looks at is identity. The trouble with literate people is that they think bring the eye-movements of literacy into the world around.

McLuhan's (intuitively) distinguished Asian races or Anglo-Saxon from "European" types of sensitvity, and keeps implying the Anglo-Saxon are more literate than the Europeans. As the English and the Americans are less literate than the Scandinavians, Germans, French and Dutch, though more so than the Italians and Spanish, so what happens to the "European"?

He didn't skim around so fast, McLuhan would have had to call to his aid more conventional social factors: e.g. puritanism, mercantilism, the shifting of commodification other than information, even that dreaded Marxist notion, social class. Marx saw how technology (the means of producing wealth) interacted with the social process, and with human consciousness, and with human consciousness. After all, consciousness is an artefact, determined like other artefacts by all those factors working together.

In other words, technology, as a part of the whole social process, produces the industrial revolution which produces modern capitalism; and improved methods of producing and transmitting everything include improved methods of producing and transmitting information. The cowboys beat the Red Indians not because the cowboys had the telegraph and the Indians only had smoke signals; but because the cowboys had the telegraph + maps + the Winchester 73 + waggontrain + more men + more money, etc.

But McLuhan hasn't this. He reduces the history of society to the history of communications and the history of communications to the history of communicating information... What led to the downfall of the Roman Empire? Shortage of papyrus (p. 101). What causes today's civil wars? The press (p. 20). And so on and so forth (Of course at other times he allows non-informational processes a certain autonomy; and such contradictions would be more obvious if his style were less wayward).

No wonder McLuhan dangles his readers with a sense of being in the presence of a mind which is subtle, agile and amazing. He's striving to make information format, respectable, all by itself, for everything he can think of: foreign (Greek), Hitler (radio), psychoanalysis (photography), the switch from joke to joke (TV). Why has his bar, scrupulous, book, been uncritically accepted, where his first was, and it's a pity, ignored here, here a tiny circle of aficionados? First, McLuhan, then, will have transformed our thinking about the media at all. A common phrase his hypotheses. But now it's time for testing them, and I'm not at all sure that...
IF YOU ARE ARRESTED

You are advised:

1. To insist on telephoning the number on the front of this card for assistance.
2. To make no statements.
3. Not to discuss the matter with which you are charged.
4. To request that any property taken from you is packaged and sealed in your presence.
5. To be polite to police officers.

Facts arising out of

JUDGES' RULES AND ADMINISTRATIVE DIRECTIONS TO THE POLICE (Jan. '64)

1. You are entitled to telephone your friends or your solicitor. (7(a))
2. You need never make any statement unless you wish to do so. (7(b))
3. You should not be harassed by the police to make a statement. (e)
4. Reasonable arrangements should be made for your comfort and refreshment. (f)

dear Sir,
A few weeks ago i visited london. i found your magazin at betterbooks. i bought it but not knowing, that over here i would be offered a half an hour broadcast about the hippie movement. i am trying very hard to get information, in london and in san francisco, as there is none in germany. i liked your magazin; if i could get more information about the question how much politics, social structure etc. mean to the hippies, i could put down all the scepticism from the left. which regards the hippies as a reactionary group, a group which never brings to fall the political systems of the western world, but which never them even stronger, by being a undangerous and accepted outcast, more then once it was mentioned in your magazin, that this would not be so, that the hippies would know perfectly well, that without a radical political philosophy, there would only be a chance for a few thousand, for a few years to live quite freely - and not even that.
The feature will be broadcasted in october, i have to get informations very fast - i hope, that you will help me.
love cornelia vogel
6 frankfurt - main beethovenstrasse 3a Germany
Can anyone assist Miss Vogel?

The International Times

COPS POPS JEWS QUEERS
JAPS REAL NEWS
DREAMS & MAGIC

OZ writers Andrew Fisher and Michael Newman have made a comedy film 'The Adventures of X' on a BFI grant. The Evening Standard and Guardian critics raved after the NFT screening. Hire it for club screening, happenings. Recommend it to distributors, TV stations. X is a man who believes all the mailorder ads he reads and gets what he deserves. 16mm, black & white, sound, about 37 min. Get it from the British Film Institute, Distribution Department, Lower Marsh, S.E.1.

You can get it anywhere (almost)