Description


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

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USA 60c.
DENMARK 3Kr.
HOLLAND 2G.
GERMANY 1.8 DM.

Khatmandu and Marrakech
Hairy hippies
The Soft Machine
Andy Warhol
The MC 5
Michael X
Jerry Rubin yippie
Destroy corporate capitalism
Whatever happened to Gandhi
Join the students and see the world
And the seven canvases by the door of the elevator? Parts of them, but I really don't know which parts exactly — anyhow, it doesn't matter, as long as I sign them — they aren't beautiful or anything like that, just interesting.

Sort of the world within the plastic? What? Something Avatar said about you — Avatar? It's a NY paper, small but quite good, about the best in fact — just after you were shot, they said that, whereas most pop artists took the world and painted the plastic, you took the plastic and revealed the world within — would you agree with that? Well, it's nice.

About Solorax; I could shoot you now, anyone could take the... Would you No, but someone else might, I really... You have a new book, a, it similar to your pop-up, fold-down, peep-off thing, your first book? Commercially, how did your first book do? Sales weren't bad; reviews, well... Getting back to the question of themes... Forget about themes You say you don't have a message, or at least don't know what it is, but why do you make films? As you say, why not? I mean I don't know, it's just... well, why not? True enough. There seems to be a trend among what have been called the angry, young film-makers, like Godard, who are trying to say 'Look, this is only a film,' to take films out of the hands of a few with the camera's eye, and let every man make his own life. As Godard said, 'A thousand films from a thousand men,' that anyone should and can make a film about life as they know it. Do we? If you say: anyone can do it but only a few do, but when you paint your signature onto a canvas someone else has finished, aren't you saying the same thing? I don't know what it's saying or if it says anything.
I see, well, I don't really, but... what are you doing now?

We just finished a film... it's Viva fucking Andy, a guy for two hours, but we can't show it.

Not even at the Garrick.

Whirr Whoosh Click:

Andy, do you see, how are you? You look well... Andy these men are from the ad agency and they... they can explain.

Yes, uh... well, we saw your posters at the Museum of Modern Art and we like what you do... do we have a client who needs an ad, a poster for a display and we thought you might well like to do the job. If you're interested... here, let me show you...

What's that?

It's the idea our boys cooked up... you see, wait let me show you, where's a plug?

Here's one... you don't mind do you if we just unplug it for a minute... it's a good idea, we've already sold it to an airline. Now our artist drew up this idea, and we'd like you to think along the same line... how do you like it?

Andy, dahling, how are you? You look... Oh... well Mr. Warhol, what do you think? We've already sold it to an airline. Now our artist drew up this idea, and we'd like you to think along the same line... how do you like it?

No, not really

If you just think about it, we'll give you a line... how do you like it?

Uh, sure

Oh... well Mr. Warhol, what do you think. Now I said, we've seen your things and like your stuff, you certainly know what you are doing, we just wanted to give you a few ideas, know what I mean?

Uh, sure

It's nice.

What about you, don't you like it?

Not really

Oh... well Mr. Warhol, what do you think. Now I said, we've seen your things and like your stuff, you certainly know what you are doing, we just wanted to give you a few ideas, know what I mean?

Uh, sure

If you just think about it, we'll give you a ring in a day or two... Uh, could I keep this?

Sure, where can we put it

Here I'll take it

Well Andy, I've got to go too, call you later

Bye

Did you really like the poster?

Uh...

Will you take the job though?

We need the money, law suits and the like. Today's been a bad day. I've had so many interruptions, today's been a bad day. I've had so many interruptions, today's been a bad day. I've had so many interruptions, today's been a bad day.

No, we borrowed it

We need the money, law suits and the like. Today's been a bad day. I've had so many interruptions, today's been a bad day. I've had so many interruptions, today's been a bad day. I've had so many interruptions, today's been a bad day.

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Uh, sure

You sure?

No, we borrowed it

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Will you take the job though?

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You got the recorder working again? I'm really sorry about that

Andy, after all this time, and I'm not even talking to you. Andy, I want to be in one of your films

Yes, uh, what do you mean

Oh, Andy, I feel just like last year's flower child... that's why I'm wearing a headband, and this shirt is Indian, I mean India Indian

It's very nice, I don't think I've ever seen one in blue before

What's your name?

Lazarus, what's yours?

You men call me Billy

Do those two call you Billy?

Oh, they've been taking care of me, and when I told them that I knew Andy, well they brought me down right away. They've been very nice to me

I see

Andy, after all this time, and I'm not even talking to you. Andy I want to be in one of your films

Sure, uh, what do you mean

Oh, Andy, I feel just like last year's flower child... that's why I'm wearing a headband, and this shirt is Indian, I mean India Indian

It's very nice, I don't think I've ever seen one in blue before

No, you don't see them much any more. I could get use for you...

That's okay, I'd never wear it

How about the bells

They're nice too

Andy, I feel like I want to take off all my clothes and run naked, you know what I mean?

Uh, sure

And I want to be in one of your films like all those other nice people

Oh, I see

I just know you'd understand, you always did... you know, uh I forgot your name

Lazarus

Oh, I know a song about Lazarus, by that Indian girl Buffy St Marie

Yeah, that's the one... do you know it too?

No, but why don't you sing it and I'll record you

But you said it wasn't working

It's not, but I'll turn it on, here

No, I couldn't sing... what was it about

About sixty-three

Oh, I'm late... can I use the phone... thanks. Oh, damn, he's not there. I've got to leave Andy, but here's my number and when you need me just call

I'm always at home. Bye.

whirr whoosh click
Dear OZ,

You published a small article about Gary Butler and his girlfriend Kathy in your issue of 17 to 20 December last year, in reference to a raid on their flat and him being charged with illegal possession of a drug, which resulted in him being sent to H.M. Borstal Institution, Feltham. We would very much like to print unsigned onslaughts, because our main practice is that of keeping Beavertown smut-hounds and totalitarian witch-hunters theret for a mag like OZ which proudly pins up the banners of sexual equality which implies equality of wealth and cultural liberation (which implies commitment to your own words and things theret). Michael Kustow.

San Francisco's great music paper
For this experimental format OZ
The Underground, LarsbArn
California:
the camp are pasted over with
typies from other places. The
York, 10003.
Distribution: Britain
Moore-Harness Ltd. 11 Lever
REN 1330
Durgnat, Germaine, David
Dear OZ,

Artists: Martin Sharp, Bob Hook,
Research: Jim Anderson.
Phillipe von Mora.
Fletcher Watkins.
London W8,
February 1969

Goodchild,
restaurant. The walls of
Jacky Lawton,
swipe cabbages and everybody
does what they have to — there
for hash. The cabbage swiping black bulls
that's by the river — there are
does what they have to — there
for hash.

The cabbage swiping black bulls
the wall.
The same principle applies to
of the cultural revolution makes
stays the lotus living on the Ceylon
and good for that — also the Star
restaurant. You can also stay at
places all over town to stay.

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so possible.

We suggest we would still need to
up the banners of sexual ecstasy
in India standing rusting on the

The whole idea is ludicrous.

Love and bewildermnt,
60 Fairholme Road,
London W14.

Deary OZ,

Just a word or two hundred to try
and put right any people who think
that if we all follow David
Steele's reasoning in 'smash
cash' we will attain a
beautiful world.

There is nothing wrong with
money as a means of buying and selling
and as an encouragement of the
monetary system that is its downfall — NOT
Can anyone honestly believe
that there will ever be enough
money to give everyone in the
world what they want. Sure,
everyone has the right to a house,
food, education, etc .
and good for that — also the Star
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up the banners of sexual ecstasy
in India standing rusting on the

The whole idea is ludicrous.

Love and bewildermnt,
Dear friends,

From the Bay Area to New York, we are suffering the greatest depression in our history. People are taking bitterness in their coffee instead of sugar. It's a common problem, not an individual one, and people don't talk to one another too much any more.

It is true that the crisis of 1965 seems almost like a childhood memory. Then we were the conquerors of the world. No one could stop us. We were going to Black War. We were going to wipe out racism. We were going to mobilize the poor. We were going to take over the universities.

Go back and read some of the early anti-war literature. Check out the original hippi-dipper poetry and manifestos expressing a sense of the revolution's expectation of immediate success. Wow, I can still get high on it.

And it is true — things have become since then. The war roars on, the San Francisco scene is gone, pot and acid are being challenged by speed and mescaline, and young men and black shit, and white racism is stronger than ever.

America proved deaf, and our dreams proved too small. Generations of our brothers have become inactive and cynical.

Still, our victories since 1965 have been enormous, if you take a broad view. We defeated the Democratic Party. Our history has been marked by a series of great battles: Berkeley, the Pentagon, Colombia, Chicago. We are stealing the youth of America right out of the kindergartens and elementary schools. We are the most exclusive and powerful plane of heaven.

It is just because we are striking so deep that, in every phase of the movement, arrests and trials and court appearances and jail have bottled up resources, sapped energy and demoralized the spirit.

This has happened slowly — not the way many paranoid expected, the knock on the door, and concentration camps for thousands of us. Clane that shit out of your head. That's not The Revolution, man. The American Way is to pick one off here, one there, and try to scare the others into inaction.

So:

Huey Newton is in prison. Newark is in exile. America's courts are colonial courts, where White America punishes her black subjects with concentration camps. Every black man in jail is a political prisoner. In America we have Race and Class Justice, pure and simple.

And they have picked off the Panther leadership and driven it into jail and exile without our burning the fucking country down in rebellion.

Oakland Seven are accused of conspiracy Which means organize a demonstration which effectively challenges authority and the courts arrest you for conspiracy and tie you up in endless judicial and concentration camps. For 3-to-6 year sentences for refusing the draft.

And we are left to face alone that we can do in the privacy of my own home that does not go into some secret Big Brother tape recorder.

We are willing to try anything.

Campus activists are executed and arrested.

Participants in any campus outbreak are now expelled or suspended from school. Individual students are arrested on assorted misdeemeanors, if not on felony charges for conspiracy.

Students quickly forget the court cases left behind, and the euphoria of an arrest turns sour in the hearts of those who could have gone alone.

When one comes off on campus, the liberals scream — but gradually the liberals get tired and go to sleep.

Cops and courts never sleep. Waste resisters are behind bars.

The anti-draft organizations are in shambles. Individuals are left alone to face the actions of the government.
SMALLS


One case from Newcastle-on-Tyne sent us 36/- P.O. for subscription without including name or address. Who was it?

Oliver Footo where are you? Write to Ron Mularey c/o OZ.

Man would like to meet young girl. Any colour for friendship. All letters answered return post. Write Box No. 2 OZ 18.

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG MAN, 21, LONG BLACK HAIR, BLUE EYES, BORED TO TEARS BY THE COURTS. He is a Graphic Designer and his JARGON, SEeks LADY ABOUT 40 IN TOUCH WITH EIGHTIES APPEARANCE AND IMATERIAL, FOR SINCERE FRIENDSHIP. Box No. 1 OZ 18.


PATSREC (CLAIROYANT) - Tarot Readings by post plus 70p for each question by post (no callers), s.a.e. please to 56 Laburnum Road, Taximoves, London N10. England. LIGHT REMOVALS. Dormobiles with helpful, working drivers. GUL: 692-3. Taximoves. Please quote this reference number.

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Two Virgin's wish to make contact - Phone/Write 3 Savile Row, London W1. 01-734 6252. John/Yoko.

FREE BOOKLET. I AACG. 610 E. SCHWARTZBERG, 610 E. 15 NY USA.

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SUPER FEMALE MODELS in 'interesting' poses for 45/- inclusive post. Stars with or without name. Limited edition of 22.
ALL THESE PHOTOS WILL QUOTE FOR YOUR EXPECTATIONS, OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED, sent by first class post in plain sealed envelope. Cheque or P.O. to B.G. PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT 70, 7B DRYDEN ROAD, OXFORD STREET, LONDON W1. Sorry no lists.

The yuppies were the most public of sex, anarchic and fearless conspiracy the world has ever seen. It made LBJ very uptight to realize that in June 1969 a youth-rock festival was being held in Chicago the same week he was scheduled to be renominated. LBJ knew that the one group in the country which had done the most to laugh at him and make him look silly were the hippies. They had dropped out. Bobby Kennedy looked like he was going to get the nomination and through his yuppy put the yip on the shelf. On June 5, Simran announced Kennedy, and yippe peeled back, as unreal as ever.

On June 13 three New York narcotics deliveries, carrying a million marijuana warrant, stormed into my Lower East apartment, angrily tore a Castro poster off the wall, and arrested me for alleged possession of three ounces of marijuana. They spent 90 minutes in my apartment questioning me about yuppies and Chicago and going through my personal papers and telephone book.

The search warrant claimed that on June 10 an infamer was in my apartment with me and saw dangerous drugs. The only people in my apartment on that day were my closest friends. People who use corruption to get high, invented an infamer to get a search warrant. I am still suing Kimmell is now attacking the warrant.

A Red Squad detective later told a New York Post reporter that this was the first time in the history of LBJ's administration that TOTTENHAM TELEPHONE would consent to be let into offices. But we had other ideas, and so did the Vietnamese. The anti-war movement became part of a massive youth movement, student demonstrations spread across the country, and in the summer of 1967 America's ghettoes burned. The solution to rebellions became for LBJ a military one, and his administration turned the problem over to the FBI, CIA, Red Squads, the cops and the courts.

I guess I began really asking for trouble so

The management theory behind the conglomerates that route through the courts, and even the courts, I helped organize the youth festival and demonstration in Chicago in opposition to the Democratic Convention.

I was then accused of a wild assortment of felonies punishable by 2-15 years in the penal system.

The yippies were the most public, most powerful and controversial socio-sexual arbiter of our generation. No blood flowed in one of the most ominous happenings. Jerry Rubin... was walking west on Washington ... A girl (Nanci) was with him.

An unmarked car with four policemen skidded to a stop besides Rubin. Three people were there. One of them, Jerry, I want Rubin, one called as they grabbed Rubin. The girl screamed, 'We haven't done anything! We were just walking.'

I heard Rubin speak, and he was obscene and revolting. In America a man may be arrested for obscenity or vulgarity. Rubin was grabbed off that street and rushed to jail because of what he thinks.

This is the way it is done in Prague. This is what happens to candidates who finish second in Vietnam. This is not the beginning of the police state, it is the police state.'

I was holdout Jimmy and a political activist, you are a longhair and a political activist, make him look silly were the hippies. Anyone who was there during that time, including people with photographs or films, and especially people who saw me during that time, please contact my attorney: Frank Oliver, 30 North LaSalle, Chicago, Illinois, 60602.

When I come to Chicago for court appearances the press treats me like a second class citizen. The Judge has officially restricted my travel to Illinois. (Illinois) The court system, of course, is under Democratic control. I am going to be able to buy a one-way ticket for me to five years in the Illinois state pen and revenge for Richard J Daley.

Remember the legend of Spartacus. The Romans slaughtered all the slaves, but the moral example lives on.

When the Roman Army came to kill Spartacus, they faced a mass of thousands of slaves. They demanded that Spartacus step forward and kill them, but no one did. 'I am Spartacus!' shouted one slave. 'No, I am Spartacus!' shouted another. 'No, I am Spartacus!' shouted the crowds. 'I am Spartacus!' shouted the courts.

With love, Jerry Rubin

(A little help with my friends, including Martin Kohn, Arthur Naiman, Stew Albert, Gumbo, Jim Petras, Steven Dan, Steven Krebs, Rubin Palmer, Ken Pitschford.

Pussy-Cats - A Brand new Set of Five Superb Female Photos in 'Interesting' Poses YOU FOR ONLY 15/-.

A Set of Five Superb Female Photos for ALL OCCASIONS.

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HISTORY DEPARTMENT FORUM is a magazine about the experience of English and American youth. We have a special treat...

The girl screamed, 'We haven't done anything! We were just walking.'
These days there's only one place for an active man or woman. JOIN THE STUDENTS
AND CHANGE THE WORLD! Vietnam talks . . . non-proliferation treaties . . . negoti-
atations and relief in Nigeria and Biafra . . . the world is threatened with peace.
JOIN THE ARMY . . . AND go to sleep.
There are only 7 actual wars in the whole world . . . and most of these are piddling border skirmishes kept going for publicity purposes, and in which you are not eligible or welcome to fight anyway. But for the man of action, the world still has room. The battlefronts have shifted, that's all. The seat of war has moved from the man of action, the world still has place for an active man or woman.

In the final analysis, universities depend for their achievements on the human factor—on the intelligence, versatility and strength of character of their student leaders. So, for more than an academic interest in revolution, become a student. Look at what the new student is doing already in the first weeks of 1969, and you will see that somewhere, somehow, there is a rewarding place for you. The year is off to a whirlwind start. YOU as a student, can keep it that way.

London: Forcible removal at the London School of Economics of gates erected by authorities to restrict freedom of student movement. 26 arrests. Confrontation with police at Bow Street. Successful occupation of ULU by students forced re-opening of LSE, closed by director Adams following student protest.

Paris: Occupation and sacking of Rectory following meeting to protest against refusal to show films of the events of May and June. Fighting with police, who charged a group of 1000 students. 200 arrests. National Union of French Students has called for mobilisation against police provocation.

Besancon, Nantes, Vincennes, Caen: Occupations, strikes, violent clashes with police and authorities. Boycott of examinations for university committees of staff and student.


Prague: Following upon the death by fire of student martyr Jan Palach, thousands of students have demonstrated their solidarity against the new regime.

Madrid: Demonstrations following upon the death of a student while under arrest have led to the imposition of a state of newspapers, threw up barricades, and clashed with police.

Barcelona: The university is closed until further notice following disturbances in which authorities allege that militant students ran-sacked the rectors office and attempted to throw him from a window. The students were protesting against the arrest of several of their leaders.

Tokyo: Hundreds of students held out in the university's Yasuda Assembly building for two days against 9000 police. At one stage students held most of the university buildings. The final police assault took eleven hours. Elsewhere, 1500 students sealed off a square mile with petrol-soaked barricades. A total of 443 students were arrested. The students were protesting against close defence ties with America.

Kyoto: 500 students batted down gates to help colleagues in occupation of campus buildings. Clashes with rival students. For the past year in Japan, students have occupied more than fifty campuses.

Dacca: A march of 5000 students to pray for the soul of a student shot a few days earlier. Barricades raised and thirty injured. Police and army have fired on crowds, and several hundreds have been arrested.

Rawalpindi: Six students were injured when police opened fire on student demonstrations. Student violence has created political unrest all over Pakistan.

San Francisco: Mass arrest of 483 students, following demonstrations and strikes at State College. At Berkeley, violent demonstrations involving hundreds of students resulted in the departure of Ronald Reagan's limousine under a hail of eggs and rocks. At San Jose State College, students stormed campus buildings after faculty members threatened with dismissal after participation in a strike.

Los Angeles: At UCLA (as at the San Francisco campuses) a continual state of unrest amounting to revolution. At New York Queens College, Brandeis University Massachusetts, Swarthmore College Pennsylvania, the story is much the same.

From Montreal to Mexico City, from Brussels to La Paz, students demand radical change. Revolution is being fomented with tactics of confrontation developed in the streets of Chicago last August.

Can you fit into the brilliant, brash, fast-moving action-filled world of the NEW STUDENT? It is all happening for the NEW STUDENT in 1969.

The Universities need you. BE THERE. JOIN THE PROFESSIONALS: and be a step ahead.

To: RVS

Please send me full particulars about how I can become:

[ ] Full time [ ] Part time [ ] (Tick which is appropriate)

Revolutionary Militant Student

Date of Birth: My educational qualifications are/ will be:

---

A Time to fight:

Berlin: SDS, I-Berlin 15, Konrad Adenauerstrasse 14 West Germany.

England: Tom Fawthrop, C/o Sec - Soc Hull University, Hull.

David Triman (Exeter University) 128 Alderman's Hill, N 13.

David Adelstein, C/o Sec - Soc London School of Economics, Houghton Street, Albury, London WC 2.

Revolutionary Socialist Students Federation, 59 Fleet Street, London WC 2.

Madrid: (Revolutionary Marxist Zengakuren) C/o P S U, 81 Rue Mademoiselle, Paris 15.

Engel: J C R (Jeunesse Communiste Revolution) C/o Rouge, B P 201, Paris 19.


United States: N C C (Students Non-Violent Co-ordinating Committee) 360 Nekan Street S W, Atlanta, Georgia.

Young Socialist Alliance, P O Box 471, Cooper Station, New York, 10003.

S D S (Students for a Democratic Society) 360 Nelson Street S W, Atlanta, Georgia.

Japan: Kakunomi Zengakure, (Revolutionary Marxist Zengakuren) which is a splinter group of the National Federation of Students' Self Governing Assos. Yoshimasa Yuriyama, 1-2 25 Minami, Nakano -Ky, Tokyo.


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These organisations are active within individual campuses. There are splinter groups and even more radical independent organisations. E.g. at Berkeley, contact third world liberation front or Black Students Union.
OZ has lost its printer. Not because we're broke. Not because we're busy organising demonstrations lose printers. But because on October 20th 1968 this item appeared in, for God's sake, the News of the World. There was no printer. But because on October 20th 1968 this item appeared in, for God's sake, the News of the World.

The streets of our country are in turmoil. The universities are full of students rebeling and rioting. Communists are seeking to destroy our country. Russia is threatening us with her might, and the republic is in danger. Yes, danger from within and from without. We need law and order. Yes, without law and order our nation cannot survive. Even we and we shall restore law and order. We shall by law and order be respected among the nations of the world. Without law and order our republic shall fall. (Excerpt from a campaign speech made in Hamburg in 1935 by Adolph Hitler.)

We wrote to the distributors who used to handle Australia OZ and asked if he could sell London OZ. This is his reply: 'Many thanks for your letter. I was sorry to hear 'Oz', Aunty', had finished, however the fact that it had to be tamed down in the past twelve months, handicapped it salewise but at least, kept all concerned out of the courts, I suppose. Regarding your suggestion of the handling London OZ believe I would really like to say yes, as I think it would sort quite well here. However the issue carries my printer's name, but Mr. Wyatt, your distributor at headquarters at Batham confirm that it was printed at Middlebrough by an associate concern. Mr. Wyatt doesn't have company printer who does lack a close interest in the management of this company. He can hardly have been aware of the true nature of OZ. How can he be to be shocked by advertisements which otherwise appeared foreign for the formula of the drug LSD. Can have clamped down solidly on the obscene poem of or the dirty picture. Or of the advice to pot smokers? Clearly not.

Then we read in the new weeks News of the World this:

Mr Woodrow Wyatt, MP, tells us that the North Riding Publishing Co Ltd (otherwise known as North Riding Publishing Co Ltd) printed the orphanges issues of OZ. This one is the last.

We were officially notified of this decision some time after the News of the World. There was publicity about our problem in the press. We wrote an angry letter alleging breach of contract. As a result Woodrow Wyatt & Co (the old Release office.)

Mention notes that the North Riding Publishing Co Ltd asked that it continue printing OZ. We pointed out amongst other things that OZ had the money to pay promptly, and we had never been prosecuted and that we brought in overseas currency. But the answer was not to give us the "underground" magazine OZ in future.

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Every member of the party must know these verbatim by heart. And apply them daily. Each member must report any violation of these rules to their leadership or they are counter-revolutionary and are also subjected to suspension by the BLACK PANTHER PARTY.

1. No party member can have narcotics or weed in his possession while doing party work.

2. Any party member found shooting narcotics will be expelled from the party.

3. No party member can be drunk while doing daily party work.

4. No party member will violate rules relating to office work, general meetings of the Black Panther Party, and meetings of the Black Panther Party anywhere.

5. No party member will use, point, or fire a weapon of any kind unnecessarily or accidentally at anyone.

6. No party member can join any other army force other than the Black Liberation Army.

7. No party member can have a weapon in his possession while drunk or loaded off narcotics or weed.

8. No party member will commit any crime against other party members or BLACK and BLACK people at all, and cannot steal or take from people, not even a needle or a piece of thread.

9. When arrested Black Panther members will give only name, address, and will sign nothing. Legal first aid must be understood for each member.

10. The Ten Point Program and the Black Panther Party must be known and understood by each Party member.

11. Party communications must be done by the National and Local.

12. The 10-10-10 program should not be known by all members and also understood by all members. All Finance officers will operate under the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Finance.

13. Each person will submit a report of daily work.

14. Each Sub-Section Leader, Section-Leader, Lieutenant and Captain must submit daily reports of work.

15. All Panthers must learn to operate and service weapons correctly.

16. All Leadership personnel who suspend or expel a member must submit this information to the Editor of the Newspaper, so that it will be published in the paper and will be known by all chapters and branches.

17. Political Education Classes are mandatory for general membership.

18. Only office personnel assigned to respective offices each day should be there. All others are to be in the "underground" magazine OZ in future.

The Newsagents usually keep them under the counter until an enquiry is made — then they may sell them.'
MICHAEL X

I've always made it clear to anyone coming on physical with me I have only one thing to do—that is die. I know how to die and it doesn't bother me.

Anyone coming at me I am prepared to kill him.

The beginning of the Muslim celebrations and I was on a 30 day fast, which rather confused them, I was supposed to be in for punishment and they didn't have any rules to guide them in my situation. The government came to see me and talk a number of times while I was there for a month. It told him how I'd like to talk to the other prisoners, maybe I could learn something and they could learn something from me, I could give them other ideas to help them in the way of just sitting in the prison factory all day and then in their cells at night. He came on very understandable and said he'd like to help. He was one of the reforming kind wanted to have new ideas, but then he'd say, you're in prison and there are certain rules we have to go by.

At Swansea I was placed in the execution wing, where the murderers are. I passed through a few prisoners on the way and a lot of things happened in all of them. It was rather nice in a way in the execution wing sleeping where hardened prisoners had been—outside was the block where their necks were wrapped off. My wife looked over the cemetery too, where they are buried, except it isn't a cemetery but a big lime pit.

The whole prison is a company of all those dead souls, rather senseless. So the economic plan for them is going to be different than Mr. Callaghan's. We have liberated the young people in their limbs, like in dancing, they can go out now and shake the selves, walking the street has changed a lot, the culture is different, their clothes are not dreadlocks and t-shirts anymore.

All the young kids today, the revolutionary ones running around saying we are going to change the system, when I look at it I don't see the change. They say it will evolve out of us. Well that's not a good enough answer for me, I want to be damn sure of it and break it down to what I am building towards I want to see. I know what is the alternative society, our society has a value system that is quite different to the European value system. The Europeans on the other hand has looked and tried at all kinds of things, like capitalism, colonialism, socialism. We see the alternative society, what it is, one must be careful what one calls another society is, people may say that that isn't very much but it appears to me like it's all, so I get a different perspective. When people say the area you live in is dirty and degrading I don't believe them because where I live that is home. I can't go measuring my home by anyone else's, which is the main thing you have to look at.

I am not like the Black Panthers in America. I don't want to chase round getting a gun because a gun means a bomb, and I don't see why anyone would want to support us or be with us if our ultimate aim is to take the police's fingerprint, put the button and put mise by in its place. Surely the function is to dismantle that machine which is there.

The Black Eagles are completely different to the Black Panthers. Any influences that I have is from the Nation of Islam. We have lived in our communities, we are not looking for any support from any other place, neither do I want to fight anybody. I'm most certainly going to defend my home against anybody. Like anybody else they will be supported if they have a case, but they won't be to come out of them because each one complements the other. It is in the interest of each one of them, because otherwise they'd crumble into each other. I don't want to be the one to dismantle the function of the police, to make us into a threat to the world. Powell talks about us being a threat to the very core of nationhood, and he's just a complete fool. I don't believe in the white community, they say it will evolve out of us. Well that's not a good enough answer for me, I want to be damn sure of it and break it down to what I am building towards I want to see. I know what is the alternative society, our society has a value system that is quite different to the European value system. The Europeans on the other hand has looked and tried at all kinds of things, like capitalism, colonialism, socialism. We see the alternative society, what it is, one must be careful what one calls another society is, people may say that that isn't very much but it appears to me like it's all, so I get a different perspective. When people say the area you live in is dirty and degrading I don't believe them because where I live that is home. I can't go measuring my home by anyone else's, which is the main thing you have to look at.

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Dear Dr. Schoenfeld,

Regarding your column wanting about literal blow jobs—

Your recent article in Psychiatric Journals carried a paper on an unusual accidental death of a woman following Fellatio.

We heard it on the news and read it in The New York Times. It was a tragic event in the life of a young woman who had been an active participant in the so-called "sex on demand" movement.

The paper was written by a team of researchers from a major university, and it provided valuable insights into the potential dangers associated with this sexual practice.

I am writing to you to ask if you would be interested in publishing a similar case study in your column. I believe that your readers would find it informative and thought-provoking.

Thank you for your time.

Sincerely,

[Name]

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Photopotes

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions.

Write to him at PO Box 5002, Berkeley, Calif. 94704. Mark your letter: G.

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Sexology Magazine (a useful source of information — don't be can ever climax through intercourse! Therefore I write to you to ask if that would help me reach a climax (except through other positions too) but I'll be damned if I to remove the hood, but I am also because I have a hooded clitoris.

problem — I am unable to reach a climax (except through intercourse!) because I have a hooded clitoris. Three syllables does never heard another word for this figure of speech!' That's just too

ANSWER: I doubt that a well-known positions (and other types too) but I'll be damned if I to remove the hood, but I am also because I have a hooded clitoris.

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Part One. The Analysis.

There are three aspects, I think, to any good revolutionary plan. One is a comprehensive, overall analysis of the present-day American system. You've got to realize that the corporation capitalism of today is not the 19th-century individual capitalism that we know and love. The three aspects are closely intertwined, and all three must be.

First, you need a comprehensive, overall analysis of the present-day American system. You've got to realize that the corporation capitalism of today is not the 19th-century individual capitalism that we know and love. The three aspects are closely intertwined, and all three must be.

Second, you need to generate relatively detailed blueprints for a post-industrial America. You've got to show people concrete plans that improve their lot either spiritually or materially. This is the task of the revolutionaries, not the bureaucrats. This is the general social system, which used to be enough of a plan, however general, but which today only leads to mind instead of Russia, deading bureaucracy & 1984. And there's no use boring them with vague slogans about participation & a certain logic, a certain order of priorities, in the manner I

Third, you need a plan of attack, a program for taking power. For make no mistake about it — rent strikes, anti-nuclear testing from the U.S.A. The world moves, even in America, and you need a program for taking power. For make no mistake about it — rent strikes, anti-nuclear testing from the U.S.A. The world moves, even in America, and you need a program for taking power. For make no mistake about it — rent strikes, anti-nuclear testing from the U.S.A. The world moves, even in America, and you need a program for taking power. For make no mistake about it — rent strikes, anti-nuclear testing from the U.S.A. The world moves, even in America, and you need a program for taking power. For make no mistake about it — rent strikes, anti-nuclear testing from the U.S.A. The world moves, even in America, and you need a program for taking power. For make no mistake about it — rent strikes, anti-nuclear testing from the U.S.A. The world moves, even in America, and you need a program for taking power. For make no mistake about it — rent strikes, anti-nuclear testing from the U.S.A. The world moves, even in America, and you need a program for taking power.
Joseph Strick to Film Pollard in Naked Lunch Rumours

When the Corporation sends out their hipster to make a film on Pop he has an easy job on his hands. The previous week he could have been finishing a documentary on PRIMITIVE DANCE & THE NEUROLOGY OF ECSTASY. But the change to a new subject will not be too difficult because Pop has become the kind of cultural compendium where all the birds sing. No editing problems. An image of the Queen (Elizabeth) waving from a balcony is as acceptable as a Russian tank on fire. Total consciousness, baby, and long live Marshall McLuhan.

Our hipster opens with a close shot of Donovan, the shy mystic smile/Cut to blurred focus corn field/Dissolve to cotton, Vietnam/Cut to pop singer who says yeah/Donovan, the shy mystic smile/Cut to Negro in Fairisle sweater whose brightness disguised hounds with chocolate drop eyes to come padding to the door, but Paul met me in a hangover. In the background I heard Bartok (Yes, I did say Bartok!) playing a polystyrene club designed and built by Ian Knight and Kellelbow. The journalists who are so determined to put Cecil Taylor on record). There they played their first L P with Tom Wilson (Produced by M.B.) and started playing with them. Daevid Allen was doing Jazz/Poetry, Electronic music and Indian-influenced material. They ran through the usual little black book of names and ended up with the Soft Machine, a group which began playing tighty-controlled pop tunes before moving into looser improvisational work. Club and College gigs piled up in the first year, the journalists and consumers use the name of a group like the Soft Machine as credentials of their complete cultural awareness. This Cabalistic (and cattyly — cabalistic) air surrounds this particular group. They have so far escaped the full treatment from all the journalists who are so determined to communalize the esoteric. (Pop is such a sweet comforting model of the democratic process. Anybody can make out, they don't even have to change their accents. And Kenneth Tyrion might offer his high-cotech.spitie by way of a blessing. e.g., The Beatles are true Marxists in their control of the means of production).

Nobody has made any "all-human-life's-chores" claims for S.M. music. Not yet anyway.

Ten years ago the present members of the Soft Machine were (their own words) obnoxious little Hippies in Canterbury. They listened to a lot of Mingus, Cecil Taylor, Weben amongst other classical and modern musicians. They played together at intervals over the next five years but did not come together as a group until the Daevid Allen Quartet was formed (The group was mentioned in Downbeat at the time as part of the stirring of avant garde jazz in Britain). Their drummer left a straight pop group, the Wild Flowers, to join the quartet. The organist, Mike Ratledge, came down from Oxford, minimized an application for Ph.D course and started playing with them. Daevid Allen was doing Jazz/Poetry, Electronic music and Indian-influenced material. They can through the usual little black book of names and ended up with the Soft Machine, a group which began playing tightly-controlled pop tunes before moving into looser improvisational work. Club and College gigs piled up in the first year, the obligatory commuting up and down the coast. Then a combine of promoters (Victor Herbert, Jean Jacques-Tabet, Althus Zonen (director of film Who's crazy?) with The Living Theatre) got them to perform at the Picasso play, La Death attrapa pas la quanse. French television shows followed, gigs in Rotterdam, the occasional live British show. David Allen, lead guitarist, was banned from the country for work permit reasons (he later left the group).

During this time they attracted the attention of people not directly concerned with the pop world. American composers such as Earle Brown said "The S.M. are playing the music I want to write." Mark Boyle provided the light-shows for the group's work from the beginning. They came back from France, move with M.B.'s Sensual Laboratory to Edinburgh, followed him to Paris for the Biennale where M.B. won the sculpture prize. There they played on a happening called "St Genevieve et le tobogan," accompanying the dance of Granella Martiner. An American tour with Hendrix followed. They worked there for three months. In New York they recorded their first L.P. with Tom Wilson (Producer of Mothers), the Animals and the first man to put Cecil Taylor on record. There was another three month tour, again with Hendrix.
The group have returned to this country where they are working on the second LP. They hope to avoid live performance and tours after the American experience, with the exception of possible Continental tours with Ronnie Scott & Roland Kirk. They are at present rehearsing for the LP. A new bass player has joined the group.

The first LP has not been released in this country. Copies were available in the import sections of shops like Music Land in Brixton Street, Soho.

Mike Ratledge, organist with The Soft Machine

The interview prefaced the text below with the fact that he had no opinions on any subjects. It was "ridiculous to attempt an interview." The tape recorder was switched on. The interviewer gives the impression of being both stupid and innocent — which is quite genuine. For him, pop begins and ends with the Four Seasons & the work of Phil Spector — a fact of no particular relevance.

F W: Are you an Underground group?

M R: That can mean two things. Are we regarded as the subject of cultism in the Underground? The answer to which may or may not be true, is not for me to say. The second thing is whether that is desirable. I would say that some of us wish to be a cult in the Underground. The Underground is basically what Taylor Mead described it as — "Doing something for nothing." And that's what's turned it out to be. When you're asked to do an Underground benefit, and the promoter starts talking to you in terms of the art you're offering, you know very well that you won't get any money for it, you'll even have to pay your own expenses. It means no organization, the stage will be a shambles, the PA will be hopeless and everything else. But good things have still come out of the Underground. The U F O was good when Hoppy was running it. It was well run. But the Underground is usually shambolic.

F W: Would you like to be associated with the Underground, move out, make a lot of money, a lot — like Hendrix?

M R: I'd like to have the position of Hendrix in terms of his work schedule and what it's doing to him. I'd hate to be on the road month after month, working every night and never revisiting. I mean, still playing numbers like Hey Joe after three years to an audience that shows it doesn't listen to what you're playing because the applause at the beginning of a number when it identifies it is louder than the applause you get at the end. That's all they're interested in.

F W: Off-stage sounds like a nightmare. What's like that?

M R: Exactly as they say it is — working with Hendrix it is anyway.

Another advantage the States with a pop group is like a luxury purgatory. You stay in Hiltons, then a Cadillac Fleetwood takes you to the airport, first class in the morning. Another Cadillac Fleetwood meets you, takes you to the hotel. You wash, the Cadillac Fleetwood takes you to the gig and back to the Hilton. You sleep. In the end it completely destroys your sense of geography. You've been manipulated like a piece of baggage. You have no control over the direction your life takes. It's like those experiments where they deprive rats of control over their bodies. In the end you suffer from depersonalization, loss of identity. It sounds heavy but it does happen like that. There is no longer any 'I' that travels, the travel subsumes you, there is no such thing as place because air travel's pretty much the same as a foot in America is constructed in such a way that it denies any individual differences from place to place. This is the blueprint for America.

F W: Alright.

M R: What do you mean alright? I haven't finished yet.

F W: O K What about American groups?

M R: There are the Mothers and the Spirit. They're a two- or three-piece group that I was interested in, or impressed with at all. (pause) There are four types of groups. Firstly, the group that has technical proficiency on their instruments and have got ideas of their own. The Second has ideas but no technical proficiency. Then those that have no ideas of their own but have the proficiency. And lastly, those who have neither ideas nor technical proficiency.

F W: But they have publicity.

M R: Yes. The Mothers and the Spirit. The group come into the first group. There are thousands of other groups that have either technique or proficiency. Or blues groups doing blue arrangements better than the people did them originally. Then there are weird underground groups in places like Chicago who have ideas but no proficiency — like the M C Five. But most are not worth mentioning because they are so technically bad.

F W: What about the Doors?

M R: The Doors I can't really see, except as a sociological phenomenon. The Doors are a chance for all the little tellyboppers in the States to think they're digging something avant garde when they're not at all. They have got all the symptoms of being avant garde. They've got the proselytizing lyrics, the sex figure of Morrison who masturbates on stage, so he's really iconoclastic and you're worshipping an iconoclast — who is not actually moving the art forward in any way. They go into old blues riffs, none of them are proficient, they have no authority on stage, their sound is appallingly weak. In all the ways that pop music has broken through in five years, they don't possess any of these features that caused the breakthrough. Hendrix contributed a new searing sound. But they have no sound identity. They're contributing nothing musically.

F W: Groups like the Jefferson Airplane — how do they fit into the scale you just suggested?

M R: The J A and the Big Brother Holding Co are big colt figures on the American underground.

I've never seen the J A live, but apparently they're much better than on record. They're too tidy on record for me and the soloists aren't what they're reputed to be. They have strong voices sure. But there's still a blues tyranny in America basically. To be a substantial hit you have to be a blues group. B B & T I C are not an avant garde group. They're just a big, super-charged, super-blues group. You read in the papers in England about the avant garde in America, their names when they hear them they're just blues groups.

F W: You started as a straight jazz group and moved into pop. This isn't typical, because the usual group starts with blues and ends up with avant garde reputation. But you never were a blues group.

M R: This jazz/pop thing is very difficult. There are two types — the jazz group that goes into pop, and the pop group that goes vaguely into jazz. Don Ellis and Wes Burton have gone into pop. And in a peculiar way they tend to lose something. Whereas pop groups going into jazz don't. Jazz groups going into pop tend to misconstrue what the actual excitement about pop is. They tend to simplify their structures, because it's pop in the sound. The excitement of the sound is something which somebody like Don Ellis hasn't got, or Gary Burton, they lose both ways. Whereas pop groups in jazz, if they're any good, maintain the excitement of the sound. The best example of this is the Mothers, although they're not really a Jazz/Pop group — there's no such middle stream. But they use devices as in jazz, and they have jazz soloists. But they still have the tough rock sound. The Spirit is another example of this.

F W: Do you have a tough rock sound?

M R: It's tough. I don't know whether it's rock. It's very distorted and individual.

F W: If somebody who manufactures hits (like Spector used to) came to you and asked to record for him — would you?

M R: No, because I don't want to calculate a hit ever. It's chancy. So you'd be left recording something which is neither a medium nor a rock'n'roll hit. The only thing to do is to do what you really like doing. (pause) Supposing Jim Webb came up to me with a song and said, would you do a better example? I wouldn't mind doing it if I liked the song — but not as the Soft Machine. That would be unfair on what little public we have. So I'd love to do something with other people whatever music they play. If Kevin in the group did a pretty-prettiy single I wouldn't mind playing on it with him. But not as a Soft Machine. It just confuses the consumer.

F W: How do you react to pop journalism?

M R: The basic trouble is that all journalists are outside us. They don't play instruments, they've certainly never played in a pop group. They probably, until recently, haven't listened to pop music, not until the Beatles. They're not equipped in terms of musical knowledge to do any kind of judgement. They confined themselves to saying who they liked and didn't like that would be acceptable. Unfortunately, they try to give musical reasons. And it's a wholly artificial musical reason to become a series of cliches that people bandy around, which usually have no relevance to what it is they're talking about. A specific instance is Tony Palmer who claims qualities for The Orson whose ballads are not blues, but they expand the structure of common pop song chords, whereas they're still using blues structures basically, and more than any other group around. It's the same for all groups designated avant garde. It reminds me of the beginning of jazz where they tried to make jazz respectable by comparing jazz musicians to Stravinsky & Schoenberg & Bartok. But this is confusing the form because it has its own syntax. To make cross-judgements is confusing. It doesn't respect the identity of the medium. Tony Palmer's writing is a real criticism in terms of theatre. Thereby you miss the basic point of what cinema is. So Tony Palmer and the rest of them — when they talk about the Beatles being better or as good as Schubert or Schoenberg or whatever are too far from it. They make Pop special and different from these people. Cross-judgements simply confuse rather than illuminate. Apart from not being really desirable.

F W: So how would you evaluate the Soft Machine in your musical terms?

M R: It's difficult. We're using a lot of things that modern jazz is now using. The most recent numbers use time-signatures like 13/4 and 9/4. We're tending to get more onto a completely compositional basis and not the idea of the
cyclical song that's repeated. We're getting away from the idea of a song as a repeated structure A B A. And more onto song as a straight fifteen structure A B A. And more onto song as cyclical song that's repeated. We're getting sound inasmuch as we're jazz/pop or that we're classical. That simply confines it. We have a straight pop sound inasmuch as it's very abrasive, direct and immediate.

Most criticism tends to be based on this pointless comparative system. To say we're like Coltrane or like Cecil Taylor doesn't really help all that much.

F W: Well, you particularly sound like those people to me.

M R: Sometimes it might. But I know that everyone in the group has liked Coltrane at some stage, and the group feeling he got was something one liked. But I prefer to think that we had assimilated it. Because what makes it worth talking about us, or any other group, is what makes them different from the people they've been influenced by.

F W: Is there a pop-emusician who even approaches Coltrane as a musician? I'm sorry.

M R: Certainly not in the terms of technique. But they have things which Coltrane doesn't have, and vice versa. I personally don't think that pop has got to the stage where I'd either listen to any pop group than Coltrane. I'd rather listen to Coltrane any day. You see, you idiot, I don't see that there should be this exclusive choice. Everybody tries to set it up in terms of exclusive preferences.

F W: What of the present claims for pop music, claims which I find pretty screwy, that it is the complete reflection of our time, pop singers being its best interpreters.

M R: As Maclntyre would say -- That's either trivial or false. Either you make it tautologically true in terms of retrospective criticism that every artist has always reflected his age -- he has no choice. Or it's false because certainly the people one meets in the pop world have no motives in those terms of expressing this thing.

F W: Some of them make these precious claims for themselves.

M R: So do a lot of other people. We all over-estimate our importance, and quite often this is necessary to survive. If you didn't think that you were doing something worthwhile you'd never do it, so again that's inevitable.

F W: I think pop music's importance is over-inflated. Why is there this importance attached to it?

M R: In the last ten years it's been possible to get a lot of money from pop. It was always true of people like Presley. But now the 'star' thing isn't so strong. Today it's friends next door: who make a record and become successful or make money. There can't be a person living who doesn't know through somebody or other a pop group that's actually made a lot of bread. So it draws more and more people into it, like supposed intellectuals and everybody else. There's this possibility of so much money to be made. And in the early fifties there was a beginning of a whole concern with the gap between the cultures. Michael Tippett used to have a big thing about the high brow and low brow culture. With this concern the gap began to narrow. At the same time things were becoming more available.

F W: So if poetry made people a fortune, we'd probably now find thousands of poets -- is that what your reasoning?

M R: If you could make a huge amount of bread from writing poetry it would work this way. Money means a/ you'll be a social success b/ you have dozens of chicks c/ it means amazing publicity d/ money must imply a huge audience because nobody makes a lot of money without a huge audience e/ it would have to involve a personal confrontation.

If all these conditions were satisfied you would find poetry practised by thousands of people.

F W: What about you?

M R: I'd do whatever I like doing. It sounds strange but I don't do things for economic motives. I fantasize about doing things for money like robbing banks, or huge advertising cons, or writing a 'con novel. But I never do it.

F W: Why not?

M R: Because I'm too fucking lazy, and I have no real conviction that they would ever work.

Both questions and answers ran out at different points in the interview. To start things off it was necessary to establish what the Soft Machine were NOT doing.

As below.

M R: There is nothing to connect us with people like Cage in terms of operational procedures. We don't use chance methods like throwing the I Ching, or L.B.M. random charts, or throwing coins or that stuff. Occasionally we have written a piece which is written by chance in that every note and the rhythmic structure of the piece was written by chance. But that's not our basic working procedure.

F W: You play a long number though called WE DID IT AGAIN! What was that all about? For five or six minutes, or more.

M R: Everybody in the group saw it in a different way. Robert saw it as a chance to do soul drumming for thirty minutes or whatever it was. Kevin saw the whole idea of the repeated figure as being spiritual liberation, the ultimate effect.

F W: Being boring?

M R: It was his idea that if you find something boring, a basic Zen concept, then in the end you find it interesting. And there is something in that: if you listen to something repeated in the same way your mind changes the structure of it each time, the car either习惯化 or forces a change on its own, which is similar in a way to the stuff Terry Riley's doing. I saw it mainly as an irritant source.

F W: For yourself or the audience?

M R: I saw it directed at the audience. And the only times I wanted to use it was when I felt like saying fuck you to the audience. But Kevin wanted to use it at any time possible. And Robert saw it as a gesture too. Kevin saw it half way between this spiritual liberation thing, and showing how hop we were. These ostentatious techniques. I saw it as an irritant source though mainly.
Pending enquiries into the granting of a full licence to Middle Earth at the Roundhouse, Chalk Farm, the club is at present searching for temporary alternative venues.

For full details watch the Musical Press or enquire at Middle Earth offices. 01-229-1438.

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The MC5 kick out the Jams!

The MC5 album will be released here in a couple of months, on Elektra 74042. While you’re waiting for it, buy a pair of stereo headphones. On the day, invest in a considerable sized piece of dope. Put the volume on full through the headphones; then, as he hits ground:

**KICK OUT THE JAMS, MOTHERFUCKERS!**

The MC5 are now the band of Trans-Love Adventurers from which a violently radical demonstration may have for you will be burned and self-annihilated. Call in the police. Put the double.

Hit it. KICK OUT THE JAMS.

Rock and roll is no political instrument. It's автономно powerful. Politics is a phase and an inspiration to rock and roll. Rock and roll's form autonomously toward energy release and focus. In the competition of energy scenes these forms are, in fact, more efficient than those available to the American Revolution.

**Kick out the jams, yeah, kick out the jams. KICK EM OUT KICK EM OUT**

The rest is our affair. Whose else?

At a lower energy level, Jim Morrison has this quality (and his own personality). And, like the Doors, the MC5 are going to be very big in America in 1969; and hardly known in Britain ("Cos in sleepy London town/There's just no place for a street fighting man"). And, like the Doors, the MC5 are an enormous hype; much like Christ. They are a youth band, with the utter lack of hesitancy of 20 or 21. They will probably become a teeny bopper band. Good. Then, They'll zero straight into kids' heads. Rock and roll never destroys: it creates mental autonomy. Grow up with the MC5, and no-one will ever pull a fix on you; no politician will masturbate your mind. Sandy Pearlman, describing the recent MC5 riot at Fillmore East in Village Voice:

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The rest is our affair. Whose else?
EXPRESSWAY TO YOUR SKULL
Buddy Miles Express Mercury 20137 SMCL

"The Express has made the bend...He is coming on down the tracks. Shaking steady...Shaking FEELING - Shaking LIFE!...enthuses Hendrix on the liner notes. But something went wrong at Sunset Sound, Hollywood, last October. Something that probably doesn't notice live; not with a thousand watts of crashing Wrap It Up it wouldn't; not with the demented High Priest of the Electric Church storming the stage like a berserk Sherman tank it wouldn't. But it's there, the question mark, there on the album, the nagging doubt - Is Superspade really a spade? Can he make it on his own? Is Buddy Miles really James Brown, Arthur Conely and Otis Redding rolled into one monstrous, ugly genius. Bloomfield used to say he was. A lot of people used to 'know' he was. But on Expressway To Your Skull that's just not what comes across.

Of course he's good. Of course he can play superbly. Listen to the only instrumental on the album, Funky Mule. Here, as on no other track, the band is incredibly together. Miles is in his element, effortlessly displaying all the qualities of the gasy, funk drumming that made his name in the Flag; a masterful display of technique and emotional feel. Here too, Jim McCarty on guitar breaks out to solo brilliantly, the snorting repetitive brass of Herbie Rich Marcus Doubleday, Virgin Genuales and Bill McPherson piling up the pressure, forcing the pace; and all the time Buddy is there, pounding, thrashing, filling like he owned eighteen limbs. On this track the seeds sown in the ashes of the Electric Flag reap a rich harvest. So why doesn't it all work? It doesn't work because Buddy can't sing like Redding, Conely or Brown. He has a good voice, but it's just not that good. And it doesn't work because Buddy is superspading three quarters of every number. The other members of the Express hardly get a look in. It's sad to see a brass section as competent as this reduced to unimaginative honking on tightly reined riffs and used only as a vehicle for B M's grunt-grunt vocals. Their solo potential is enormous and amply illustrated whenever the opportunity arises. Like at the close of Wrap It Up where the whole band merges into a free-form cacophony of discordent 'Coltrane' one tater for a moment the promise of what hopefully is to come.

Perhaps it would be as well to remember that Expressway To Your Skull, now over four months old, was recorded pretty soon after the groups formation - perhaps a little too soon after - since which time, if the Atlantic grapevine is to be believed upon for once, they have been, 'going thro' changes'. Let's hope that one of those changes is related to material. By the fourth cut I was beginning to pick up on another helping of 'Good God Almighty...Uh...Uh...My baby's comin' back/back down the railway track...Yes she is...ohhhhh...Yes she is...nah, nah nah, nah, nah, nah'! especially as the album only consists of seven numbers. The Buddy Miles Express is a great band, all it basically lacks is someone who can tell Buddy Miles when to button his fat pussy and make way for the machine gun he uses as a left hand.

Felix Denuts

BRIAN AUGER & THE TRINITY
'Definitely What' (Mammalade 608 003)
There are two types of group in London. To see one type of group you get stoned and go to Middle Earth; to see the other type you get drunk and go to Blues. Brian Auger & The Trinity fall into the latter category.

Brian Auger's image used to be in the same bag as that of Zoot Money's in the days when he had his Big Roll Band, did numbers like I Go Crazy and took his trousers off on-stage. On Definitely What, which features Brian Auger & the Trinity without Julie Driscoll, there are some good examples of Zoot Money's slightly anarchistic type of humour. However, although two numbers on the album (George Bruno Money and John Brown's Body) show signs of this type of influence - one is, in fact, dedicated to Zoot Money - the other show that Brian Auger is making a determined attempt to break away from leaping music. To this end the group is augmented on many of the tracks with brass and strings. Sometimes the arrangements work - on Far Horizon, for example where the brass creates a moody, controlled backdrop to the reflective vocal - and sometimes they don't. Day In The Life, for example, goes on for too long without enough variation. Bumpin' On Sunset on the other hand,

'Love Chronicles'. Al Stewart. (CBS 63460)

If Al Stewart's first album, Redditors Images, was less than perfect it was because of the over-produced, anything-and-everything goes musical arrangements. Love Chronicles is his second album and, if anything, there seems to have been a reaction in the opposite direction; now the arrangements, by comparison, seem positively subdued, with suitably restrained drumming and, on most tracks, a rather unambitious mixture of acoustic and electric guitar. One mandane linking phrases like a dog worrying a well-chewed bone. All in all, then, nothing very exciting, and it all serves to highlight Stewart's voice, ever-dominant, which unfortunately doesn't always live up to this showcase (albeit a slightly dusty showcase) treatment; its nasal quality sometimes irritates (some of the tracks sound as if Stewart had a head cold when he recorded them) and its poppy sickness
memorable only as the first pop LP to feature Graham Charnock.

There are six tracks on this album. In Brooklyn, Old Compton Street Blues, Ballad of Mary Farrar and Life and Love and You Should Have Listened to Al are all longer than usual and the sixth is the eighteen minute magnum opus Love Chronicles itself. Described variously as a love story (by Stewart) and a sexual odyssey (by his publicists, who are prone to that kind of thing), this is in fact a confessional song about sex which subtly and creditably avoids the conceit and sexual-bragging of Don Juanism. It's tender, its thoughtful and it's an original experiment in pop music to compliment the admired genre writing of the other tracks.

It would be a pity if this album became memorable only as the first pop LP to feature the word 'fuck', when there are so many other good and equally memorable things about it.

Graham Charnock.

CRUISING WITH RUBEN AND THE JETS

The Mothers are doing something different. Perhaps the cynicism has disappeared or the irony become more subtle. Zappa always gives the impression of being forever at play inRuben songs he is doing just this. None of the hard acid freakout here.

The impression that the record seeks to create is of nice quiet kids singing nice quiet little rock songs. The big bad freaky boys don't do it anymore anyway they do it in a different way.

This is a missed opportunity of music this is 'greasy love songs of cretin simplicity!' They sing these they say because they like to sing these, and they're nice. Good writing and funny justly humorous articulations of parodied virtue. The shadows of the fifties when we used to hold hands and ride in space ships, play hool in Vietnam and throw coins in the fountain of love.

The mothers are singing harmonious space age rock and roll with dweeb — droop/oh with a television set on and no cigarette but no ice cream and make it in the parking lot. Desert is the grooviest chick around and jelly roll gum drops are cool. Memories are trivial, only experience is meaningful. Time is present; glazed with the spectacles of everything. So the beat goes on.

So where are the ticket stubs to the chemical gardens for nifty shit people? Are the ashes faced heroes of all the grooves sitting on the bindhills parted fore and whisking for true love through the bars of the narrative the 7th cap on the left.

Bryan Willis.

TIM HARDIN LIVE IN CONCERT. MGM Verve Forecast (VLP 0010)

'The song this' says Tim Hardin as he drops the opening notes of Misty Roses. He's damn right you do. You've heard this first album. You've heard it at the Albert Hall if you went to his first concert in England last July. You've heard it if you were at the New York Town Hall on April 10th last year: you'll hear it again if you buy this new LP.

It's a beautiful record with sound that washes over you like gentle water tears in rasping protest at a pain so personal that it excludes the listener. But apart from an enigma to be Lenny Bruce, the songs on this album are no more new than Don't Make Promises was when released last year to coincide with his English concert.

How long can you play that song again and still get the same applause? From the claps wedged in between each track of Tim Hardin 3 it seems he's still getting it from the fans. A tribute to his ability to weave new magic with old songs. But it isn't enough to break out an amalgam of elderly with the tinkle of a hippy bell from the drummer, Donald MacDonald, and one new song.

Private sorrow may be the melodic device of poets, but we look to poets for constance Tim and Hardin gets booked down by his invariable appetite for excess. He pours out his love-songs with the same generosity (self-indulgence?) as rum and cocoa cola and as with rum and cocoa cola or whatever, you either dig it or turn on or off. Presumably there are those people who are so dedicated to the Hardin myth that they dig his music from here on out. But Tim Hardin sells Tim Hardin's pain and glory, Life and Life Only, with Koppelman and Rubin, and he's in dire danger of drowning in it. His tribute to Hank Williams is both elegant and moving.

We know you've been places he's been, Tim — but Lenny Bruce was a brilliant comic head not just a tragic figure and the words to song don't match the strength of the music.

I know Tim thinks Misty Roses his best song, but its the fact that he can erupt out of a mandolin introversion into something funny/witty as Smugglin Man which makes him great.

The thoughtless humour of should produce more than just one song and its time he wrote something new.

Terry Reid had just returned from his phenomenally successful tour of the States when he recorded the following interview for MOZIC last month. Accompanied by Pete Shelley on organ and Keith Webb on drums this nineteen year old former member of Peter Jay's Jaywalkers had been electrifying American audiences for the past three months, playing alongside, and holding his own, with established names like Country Joe And The Fish, Buddy Miles Express, Procul Harum, Jeff Beck, Caned Hall and The Cream.

Reid's music is not 'progressive'. It is joyful, uninhibited, hard core soft rock, brought across with a combination of naivety and sweat, (it is not usual for Reid to pass out on stage), and aided by the group's ability to exactly gauge an audience's mood and adapt their performance accordingly. If Reid was a painter he would be Constable; if he could write he would be Fleming.

How exactly did you come to get your present band together?

Well, I was with Peter, (Jay), for around two years playing hard and mostly on the road, when I got to this stage where I felt like I had to get a band of my own. I guess every musician wants to do that at some point, and that's what happened to me. Must be about a year or so ago, Christmas before last, and I met Keith through this organisation ... Pete came in just before the tour, so really he's only been with us for just over three months, but already he's got his own thing together as it turned out I was bloody lucky, both these guys are fucking good musicians.

And the US really helped us, almost forced us, to develop musically. You know, America is a great place for making a band; or breaking it of course.

Did you notice any immediate differences between audiences here and those you played in the States?

Differences? Oh yeah, there are differences alright. Like sheer quantities, you know? That theory about everything over there being bigger is definitely not a hype. It's not a hype, it's a way of life. Like for instance here, in Britain, you might play to a few hundred, maybe even a few thousand in the Albert Hall or Wembley, but in the US that would be ridiculous. You get used to playing to thousands, six thousand, ten thousand even twelve thousand and that could be in almost any major city. The Cream show at Madison Sq. Gardens pulled over 21,000 and at the Miami International Pop thing there were almost five times that over a period of three days. I mean 100,000 people is a lot of people. I would say size was the major difference.

Then there's this other thing you know. Take here; if you're top of a bill but you play say medium to well, you're still almost certain to go down better than the rest of the show. It's almost a tradition. But that doesn't apply so automatically over there. Kids will listen to you; you get more of a chance. We found time and time again that if you play well and play for your audience you can steal a show. Jeff Beck is one old.

Do you think maybe that's why you did so much better in America than you have done here, up to now? Yeah, that was one of the main reasons. Bang-Bang helped too of course. Were you satisfied with Bang-Bang? Well, that album was produced with the tour in mind, it was designed to coincide. We needed something to take over with us, that was why it was only released in the States, and consequently the whole thing was rushed. We didn't spend enough time on it and I . well, lets just say it wasn't as good as it could have been. Anyway, it certainly won't be released in Britain now, although I understand that it has sold well in America. We'll be recording a new album for release here in the very near future.

Your producer, Mickie Most, has been quoted as saying, 'There is no art in gramophone records'. Do you agree with that statement?

I don't think that you can say that. I'd be prepared to, like, to accept that a small proportion of today's pop, say one or two of McCartney's songs, might in a hundred years time be recognised as... art. But
RELASE has moved to 50 Princedale Road, W 11, Tel: 229-7753 (as before).

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MAGNET PHOTOGRAPH

TOO

FD
**GAME**

Angelo Quattrocchi in Paris, end of January:

Kids are forced out of schools and beaten, while you are told of Che Guevara, Vietnam and other shows. High school kids rebel to their teachers-jailers. Daily they perform the rite of the next revolution, by desecrating authority. The armies of the state beat them up. Unmask a teacher, you'll find a copper. The show retreats further into the land of unreality, where soap bubbles ads are reaching paper cunts. Here, we ignore those who want to die stupid. Breakfast, tube, job, telly, sleep, breakfast.

In university-factories, in factory-universities, there were the assembly lines of the canned minds your waste. Or, in the churches-supermarkets where they buy time of your life and give you survival in exchange, for boredom. The king is naked, shivering. Strip the king and strip the teachers and strip the manager and the banker. In the caverns of housewives' minds the rats are squealing. Omo is washing their life away. The rattling of coins exchanged from dead hand to dead hand has for too long covered the gentle and piercing cries of organs. Much has been learned. The millions of private tragedies, exposed to the sun, have revealed the nature of the collective fare. Who can endure it? The more I want the revolution, the more I want to make love, the more I want to make love, the more I want to make a revolution. Do not drop out. Drop in. Drip in. Fuck your neighbour, fuck him well and slowly, with determination, on the common pavement, then together you can go shopping, for fun. Don't listen to those who want to teach you how to make a revolution, or how to make love, they are dry priests. They sell you Marx in grocery shops, as long as you stay quiet. Lenin you buy at the chemist, as long as you wait till tomorrow. Here, in Paris, we amuse ourselves by designing their ads, laughing to their faces, playing with the rat, which, when prodded, takes always the shape of a copper. Not before long, it will be time for the festival again, when we'll take over their concentration camp factories and their universities, releasing them finally from their long fear.

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From Action, newspaper of the movement in France.

What has made the bourgeoisie tremble, what gives them cold sweat? France is melancholic. Like always, politicians lie, but without much conviction, out of habit, excusing themselves for using too trite devices to mask the truth. Because truth is too clear: the bourgeoisie are done in, dead. Big trusts still control the state, De Gaulle their servant, the cops are at every corner, stolid as ever, sinister clowns perform daily on tell, reciting rosaries of irrelevant nonfacts. Uncouth managers of ignorance, called professors, administer carcasses of myths, handling dollars of examination papers. It is undesirable. But something bigger, an innocent blinding reality is laid bare to stupefied millions of citizens: the bourgeoisie has the power, but it stinks. Even its faithful servants murmur it in private, only they console themselves with the knowledge that it stinks elsewhere too, the american and russian bourgeoisie stink as much. It is a cancer, which May has revealed, suddenly, and forever. The ruling class is drowning in shit. Hiding its head in its own vomit, where it's choking to death.

All that helped its digestion is now filling its throat, its knowledge of itself, its discovery of its unreality, the realization of its absurdity. A student, despite his parents, a student refuses to stuff himself with solemn lies and questions the teacher, when the workers refuse to be conned by their leaders who betray them, when artists don't want to be clowns anymore, then the cracks in the wall become so big that even the moles see them.
Running your fingers down the backbone to the front and clip off the tails. Next, dispose of them. Split the fish with the knife and the emotion passes to the 'invisible international', the gentle people who are supposed to be everywhere and will effect a universal change of heart once they solve the problem of asserting their will without coercion. But as you can see already, merely to expose is to expose. This new revolution, while relatively (not wholly) guiltless of philosophically justified brutality, is nevertheless characteristically anti-intellectual, historical and obscurantist. Ideology, pandered down to a mood-adjusted minimum of 'ideas' and nothing more as a result of analytical determinants, attains a new currency, like butter left in the sun. Anyone can have a go. If you feel young and all the world looks wrong, you're in. The residual daftness of the bourgeois, though vociferous, is determined by rejection of mores rather than analysis of class-function. Classic Left figures like Grass in Germany and Passolini in Italy were not necessarily the freest students and the most intellectual revolutionaries by accusing them of being bourgeois, but they were part of their fact were — well-heeled sons and daughters of daddy and mum. The revolution as a whole, rather than having 'objective intellectual enemies' in the old Stalinist sense, has only objective intellectual enemies — people who feel broadly what the revolutionaries feel but think differently about the revolution. It's a sweet set-up. If you want a revolution, no matter how much of a bastard or idiot you are, you're part of this most popular of all popular revolts. If you don't want one — in whatever manner you don't want one — society is merely coherent — it is not society with its own uniqueness to protect and concentrate the inevitable explosion. But if you do want revolution, no matter how much of a bastard or idiot you are, you're part of this most populist revolution of all — and don't want society to be replaced holus-bolus by a new and artificial society of its own. Of course, the bourgeoisie, though vociferous, is not systematically challenged. They are not subject to being totally changed any more than it is subject to being totally described. This is not a mud-country where you have to break up the ceiling in order to make furniture; nor is it a high-rise country in which the bourgeoisie suddenly falls into the basement to re-emerge, black with despair and as a new revolutionary subject of analysis, and thus to be replaced by another. The historical strength of the classic Left in this country has been its practical resolutions that society can be, and has to be, treated bit-by-bit even though an intellectual commitment to an ideology apparently insists that anything less than a total upheaval is meaningless. The revolutionaries, these newest of new nouns, not only the failings and writing off all actual improvements achieved over the last century as a movement of historic importance for which nobody is responsible and for which credit needs considering. Have we been able to present this strength as a weakness, and to suggest that a great number of honest men and women have been wasting their time? This is a persistent and extremely painstaking failure of the imagination, usually acceptable to concede but in the case of the better part of this generation, I am sure there is the sameulosity. This revolutionary generation, overwhelmed by the fact that a lot of people are still getting hung up on the maximum nonsense for anyone who suggests that a total solution might hurt even more people and hurt them worse. If you need all or nothing the man you hate most is not the man who offers something, but the man who offers something. Suppose you accept the premise that Vietnamese children are free from the stigma of being 'bourgeois — because of something intrinsically murderous in the American capitalist system' and accept further the premise that the British system boister the American; and the further premise that the overthrow of our system is a required gesture against the American system and on behalf of those children. Then the man you hate is likely to be the man who tries to break down this chain of consequence — the man who says that the collapse of British society has an absolute virtue independent of the welfare of Vietnamese children and that to contend otherwise is simply to be rhetorical. A man talks like that is bound to be confused, since he seems either the most self-consciously generous of all youthful sympathies — the sympathy that Heinrich Boll bad, or the sympathy that Clive James bad, whereas there is a soil in prisons I am not free,' says W. H. Auden, and, not much more, is to the credit side of the ledger. On the debit side the entries are densely packed and piling up fast. Leaving aside the greater part of the Underground which is content to enjoy its practical existence in a thoroughly and leave to drain for a few moments before dipping in flour or breadcrumbs. Fry the fish in olive oil, not butter (you can use cooking fat of course but it does tend to taste greasy), until both sides of the fish are brown.

By this time the potatoes should be nearly ready. Chop these into flat scallops and removing fish from pan, fry for two or three minutes to flavour. When serving pour a small quantity of the fat over fish and potatoes to molten. Don't worry about removing bones, they are edible. This meal is nourishing, delicious and dirt cheap. Try it.

Golden Rule
Don't buy the ingredients too cheaply and do not forget to soak the fish in a little cold water, if you don't like it.
Typically, I was a day too late for the first night at the local cabaret bar in Marrakesh, Morocco, on Christmas Eve. I was waiting on the main drag for my friends to join me, my heels freaked out on acid punch and a potent repertoire of improvisation, including scents of honey, cream, coffee, yoghurt, chocolate, pomegranates and other mysterious substances compounded into a fudge with the leaves — not the buds — of the kef plant and which offers a strongly faithful impersonation of old fashioned Western LSD. Some of the more voracious Chinese tourists who casually trimmed the leaves of the stereotypical "brothers of eternal love" and me and I met as soon as my bags were unpacked and he took mine. Slightly to his crash pad in the Mellah, the Jewish section of town which has remained in its Kemennane — walkie, as it turned out, Lee's residence.

Upon arrival Lee flourished a keffie, a head covering that was not uncommon among the insert cadavers who littered the crash pad floor. He said, "Not well exactly, but the philosophical change of life was sudden and immediate, you can see," in快捷英文, "confused homage to abstract expressionism, a quiet Australian wrote my name, 'South Beach,' " and he lived by the absence of his stolen satchels, gay striped blankets, the priceless sandalwood, baskets, and carpets. Or bathe, like an epileptic faggot, ordering someone to go to Kathmandu, although as I was leaving there for London, I was 1967, remember. Lee Pied Pipersed the foot hills. When the driver lost wind, Lee decided to drop out to Kathmandu, Nepal. The decision was not entirely out of the last Oz) came to town and I quickly caught some of his best friends rolling heads, and the galloping clove-foot gentleman, who wears a saddle, whips around a tiled courtyard, with orange and sandalwoods, baskets and carpets. Or bathe, like an epileptic faggot, ordering someone to go into the dream, somehow strayed into the dream, somehow reached a deal, but marjoon has a way to barter. Perhaps we could have spotted some Western flesh and was intrigued and fled. The madman stepped on the face of a leaping clove-foot man, who was sent to the Dreamland Hospital. Apart from this hard core beat community, mystical and moneyless, the scene splits further into s) the Paris healthy, East Village, Haight Ashbury, and others. It's a slow city, artists, writers, filmmakers, theatre members and pretty blacks who live in the Haight Ashbury, Tchaikovsky's, per night huddling high around Beatleful cassettes and Indian cymbals. Lee had lived in Morrocco for a year and he somehow scrapes together enough money for a house, and he lives with friends with many Moroccans and a gifted guru to those passing through. He knows the Tibetan Book of the Dead, the Book of Tai, Sergeant Pepper virtually by heart, has renounced wordless possessions, uses water instead of Andrax and probably has the unhappiest chromosome this side of Timothy Leary. For some of his entourage the going is too tough. Three weeks after the Love In, in London could still mouth one sentence "I don't know," and the last I saw of her was winking aboard the Casablanca bus with friends who were shipping her home to hospital. Apart from this hard core beat community, mystical and moneyless, the scene splits further into s) the Paris healthy, East Village, Haight Ashbury, and others. It's a slow city, artists, writers, filmmakers, theatre members and pretty blacks who live in the Haight Ashbury, Tchaikovsky's, per night huddling high around Beatleful cassettes and Indian cymbals. Lee had lived in Morrocco for a year and he somehow scrapes together enough money for a house, and he lives with friends with many Moroccans and a gifted guru to those passing through. He knows the Tibetan Book of the Dead, the Book of Tai, Sergeant Pepper virtually by heart, has renounced wordless possessions, uses water instead of Andrax and probably has the unhappiest chromosome this side of Timothy Leary. For some of his entourage the going is too tough. Three weeks after the Love In, in London could still mouth one sentence "I don't know," and the last I saw of her was winking aboard the Casablanca bus with friends who were shipping her home to hospital. Apart from this hard core beat community, mystical and moneyless, the scene splits further into s) the Paris healthy, East Village, Haight Ashbury, and others. It's a slow city, artists, writers, filmmakers, theatre members and pretty blacks who live in the Haight Ashbury, Tchaikovsky's, per night huddling high around Beatleful cassettes and Indian cymbals. Lee had lived in Morrocco for a year and he somehow scrapes together enough money for a house, and he lives with friends with many Moroccans and a gifted guru to those passing through. He knows the Tibetan Book of the Dead, the Book of Tai, Sergeant Pepper virtually by heart, has renounced wordless possessions, uses water instead of Andrax and probably has the unhappiest chromosome this side of Timothy Leary. For some of his entourage the going is too tough. Three weeks after the Love In, in London could still mouth one sentence "I don't know," and the last I saw of her was winking aboard the Casablanca bus with friends who were shipping her home to hospital. Apart from this hard core beat community, mystical and moneyless, the scene splits further into s) the Paris healthy, East Village, Haight Ashbury, and others. It's a slow city, artists, writers, filmmakers, theatre members and pretty blacks who live in the Haight Ashbury, Tchaikovsky's, per night huddling high around Beatleful cassettes and Indian cymbals.
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