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OZ 21

Richard Neville
Editor

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OZ 21

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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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AZ

8 PAGE COMIC SPLURGE
Pete Townshend Speaks
Living Theatre Shrieks
Bernadette Devlin Freaks Out
CHE's Consentual Sodomy
Murray Roman BURNS
Plant Your Own Pot
John Gerassi Lives the Revol-
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23 Princedale Road, London W11

**REX ORGAN, M.D.**

**TELL ME THIS, DOCTOR—**

MARIJUANA IS NOT DANGEROUS.

IN MY OPINION, THE ONLY

DANGEROUS PHARMA-

CINES ARE THE THINGS

THAT CAUSE WARTS.

AND YOU GET THE CLAP

FROM TOILET SEATS!

**IT'S A MEDICAL FACT**

**THAT TOADS CAUSE WARTS!**

**AND YOU GET THE CLAP**

**FROM TOILET SEATS!**

**IT'S A COMMIE PLOT!**

**LIKE OPEN VISITATION!**

**GREAT HOLY SHIT!**

**WHAT'LL WE DO?**

**POT IS AS DANGEROUS AS**

**MASTURBATION! IT CAN MAKE**

**YOU CRAZY! THESE DAMN**

**HIPPIES ARE CRAZY! THEY**

**DON'T KNOW SIMPLE FACTS—**

**IT'S A MEDICAL FACT**

**THAT TOADS CAUSE WARTS!**

**AND YOU GET THE CLAP**

**FROM TOILET SEATS!**
Dear Sir,

I am living in Bulgaria. I am eighteen years old and I live with my mother and my grandmother. I think this idea might interest you. Do you know what "an absolutely dull life" is? It is for me and for my friends. We've tried to have fun but they are not so much. Can you give me some advice or help me in some way.

Generation of 'The Sorrow Eyes'.

Luchezar Manolov

Tarnovo N24

Burgas, Bulgaria

Dear Editor,

my names ronald -- so what cool in a name eh -- and I was walking out this afternoon to do some shopping -- because you dope friends actually seen stuff like a good april sky -- I mean, don't come on to me about beautiful people because most of you guys have got faces like collapsed lungs -- and I saw a copy of your paper the one with the pecky chick coming on coy about fishing out that poor guys whang-dang-whang--some charm with him looking so pooped and useless -- on the cover. It was sticking out of a dustbin -- the mag I mean -- oh there in the grit of that and had out of lots of dustbins and we learnt not to be choosy so I snuck off to the post office and paid my old read and when I finished my world was pretty cloudy and I say its not healthy and I mean healthy, if all you guys got out in the open air and did some physical action, that's a start. What's more, I don't mean for bread either -- just a lot of football and walking or even climbing in some sort of a way -- I tell me there's not much of that in the smoke -- for a kick off, all that kind of stuff and your old stewing all this shit down the throats of kids like myself accept the ones who don't keep their bodies healthy. I know I look bored they'd cut off the old iron Dan if you told them there was a good game on in it some game. I know kids who drank breeza because they thought it was a cool thing to do. And there are these boys coming on about freedom and amnesty and that and legalising pot and ugh and weird sexual details and all this 'come to jesus' bit about hunger (bodies fresh) who are 'come to jesus' bit about hunger the ones who dont keep you mean, what is so much. Can you give me a look at the London Oz. Thanks for a look at the London Oz. As far as the political potential latent in the Australian censorship system, I go creepy all over. In brief, yes, we'd love to distribute Oz if you can get it through customs. But I wouldn't spend too much money on trying to get it through. Regards to all, and best of luck to London Oz from all at Whisper.

Terry Blake.

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sydney, Australia.

LETTERS CONTINUED P14.

THEATRE: The LIVING THEATRE will be in London the month of June performing Frankenstein, Mysteries, Antigone, and Paradise Now at the Roundhouse (tel: 485-8073); plus late-night intimate things at the Arts Lab.

Late at night and over the weekend Oz has a robot answering the phone, 229 7541. I, Box 3021 Sydney, Australia.

OZ darling,

Didn't they tell your gastronome about parasites? Anybody who has had one of your Trafalgar Squares knows what I mean. I bought one of your Trafalgar birds is liable to do themselves a decided NASTY. Pigeons from towns are poisonous. As most of your readers follow the OZ cookery column avidly, I foresee a sudden drop in your subscription numbers.

Suggest you print a bit saying catch 'em in the country. They are the only die of pesticides. Much nicer. Ask Hippocrates or someone.

Yours till the cows come home

Peter Samuelson.

Old Grove House,

Hampstead NW3.
PLANT YOUR SEEDS

Make a few copies of this letter (it would be nice) and send them to friends of yours. Try to mail to different cities and states, even different countries. If you would rather not, then please pass this copy on to someone and perhaps they would like to:

THERE IS NO TRUTH to the legend that if you throw a chain-letter then all sorts of cataclysmic and inescapable and outrageous disasters will happen. Except, of course, from your seeds point of view.

GROWING AND CULTIVATING POT

This should help you grow better quality plants to less time.

The first, thing in growing a better plant, basically would be to sow seeds of good quality. If your some of your friends have had access to good grass, use these seeds. After all, not all the grass we smoke does the same thing for us.

Select the largest seeds and place them between two napkins, blotting paper, etc. and add enough water to cover the napkins. Then cover the top or put them in a dark closet for two or three days, until the seeds have sprouted at least a half inch or longer. In the time it takes to sprout the seeds, you can prepare your garden. To do this, you can use one of two methods.

NUMBER ONE.

Use a flat wooden box like an apple box, tomato flat, etc. and add about one inch of gravel to the bottom. Fill the rest of the box with a good grade of soil or add a commercial fertilizer per manufacture instructions. Remember, too heavy fertilizer will burn the plants and retard or kill your charges.

Moisten the soil thoroughly, then level the top. Using a pencil or similar article punch holes two to four inches apart with inter-spacing rows. In an apple box up to 35 plants may be planted.

Plant your sprouts with the seed above the ground and the sprout in the soil. Tamp the soil firmly, but not packed, around each plant as you insert the sprouts.

NUMBER TWO.

The second method is to use small flower pots made up the same way as the first method and plant one sprout in each pot—a kind of a "potted pot." This method saves transplanting later. Though with adequate nourishment and light the first method is the easiest for both space and time. From here on, both methods are the same.

If you have a closet you can use it. A garage or any place where you can store your plants without them being transplanted on will do also. Then, when the sun is up or near noon, place plants to the outside. The little "incubator" of the wild boys young tender plants and unless some method of protecting them is taken more than likely you will only find straws and stubble to harvest.

LIGHTING.

New to the highways—grass grows from three to fifteen feet high so lighting is important. If you use artificial light you can keep the unwanted stalk down in small without sacrificing the lovely leaves. Simply by using a blue light for the first 30 days. You can leave the light on for 24 hours a day though 16 hours is as good. Plants don't need to sleep; the more light, the faster they mature.

Blue light keeps the stem from growing in height but will make a sturdier stem to hold our head factory. Get your lights (so many as needed to give good illumination) and put them on the lawn from the top of your plants. If the temperature at plant level rises above 100 degrees use ventilation or less light. At the end of 30 days you will have quite a garden.

At the end of 30 days, change to red bulbs and start the gradual cut down on the time you have the lights on, from 24 to 18 hours. After a week cut to 14 hours, at the end of that week, to 12 hours. Leave it at 12 hours. When the lights begin to flower. When the light is flower you will be able to tell the male plant from the female, the male will have larger and heavier flower structure while the male will be skinnier and usually taller. Some people smoke the male plant also, but it has nowhere near the strength of the female. Of the female plant, the top leaves and flowers are the best, but the whole plant, root and all, have the quality we are looking for.

HARVESTING.

When your plants are ready to harvest, you'll know by the flowers and seed pods wet the soil and pull the whole plants out, root and all.

---

PLANT YOUR SEEDS.
WAK KOMIX

A BRIEF SURVEY OF DA NEW COMIX!

WE BEGIN WITH "VICTOR VULGAR" MEETS "DA BLACKS, DA JEWS, AN' DA KKKK!"

CRACK!

VULGARS THE MAN CHEAP THRILLS IS ME GAME!

THINGS GO BETTER CACKA LOLA!

HOOTIE TOOTIE IDIOT!

OH GAARHHH! ITS SULPHUR DOME COMIC FROM DEETRITUS IT'ZN FUN FOR ACTION!

PACKED WID ACKTION LAFFS, FILM AND FUN!
WELL, WELL! IF IT AIN'T A NIGER BASHIN', A WHITE! LET'S BOMB 'IM!

HEY! SPARE KYL HATER HUN! TRY THIS PUT IN YOUR MOUTH!

WAT'S DAT FING?!

SHEEZ! I VAMOOSIN' FROM ALL DIS SHITTT!

I AM GOD! GET ME!

OH YEAH! WELL FOOG OFF!

WOO MURR '93

THE END
Fig. 673 — THESE TWO SPIRAL NEBULAE (TYPE Sc) — ONE SEEN IN PLAN AND THE OTHER EDGE-ON — GIVE SOME IDEA OF THE PROBABLE GENERAL APPEARANCE OF OUR GALAXY AS SEEN BY AN OBSERVER IN EXTRAGALACTIC SPACE.

PLATE 60. Second photo of North Pacific UFO.
The entities

We come now to the most astonishing part of the lady's story. For she claims that, standing in front of the landed UFO, there were three men about 2 metres in height. "They were wearing skin-tight shining black clothes, and black boots that were also shiny. Their suits also covered their heads, leaving only the faces bare." (See Fig. 4.)
HERE SHE COMES!

She's krazy! She's kooky! She's only wild sixteen!

Hey, my friend! Oh you kid!

MEANWHILE, back in some corner the lunches on!

Guys are still reporting to their jobs every morning...

Most people are still trying to get rich...

And the spaces have taken over the city... Dump!

Right as we're about to smoke some more dope...

I MAY BE NUTS BUT A SPEEDFREAK I AIN'T!

WHERE I WOULDN'T EVEN F**KIN' GIVE A F**K!

WELL, THEN! I DONT GIVE A SHIT!

LOOK, IT'S NOTHING I CAN EVER FIX...

ANY GUTS IN A CLAP, MARRY ME?

NO! NO! IT'S JUST A SENSE OF SARCASM!

IT'S THE END OF DUBITY--IT'S UNIVERSE!

WAP ON 'MATE! WHITE PEACE, SHO'G IS CLEVER!!

& R. CRUMB @

THE HIPPY HIPPY CARTOONS!
and sam laughed

1. I SAW YO' AD IN D' PAPER.
2. YES, I WANT A MAN FOR GENERAL WORK. HOLD THE LADDER FOR ME.
3. HOLD THE LADDER!
4. HO! HO! HO! HO!
5. "HAW! HAW!"
6. "PUT BACK THAT LADDER YOU RASCAL!"

San Francisco Examiner 1905!
'Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires' — W. BLAKE

'Brothers and sisters move forward, tell it like it is, shit, fight, burn, revolt, invade. 'Brothers and sisters move forward, tell it like it is, shit, fight, burn, revolt, invade. FIGHT, BURN, REVOLT, INVADE! — THE DEVIANTS

Agency: 01-493 7666

CAR CARE. OZ recommends the friendliest garage in London. Get your car repaired there — pay cash — and we'll人民网简直太美了...
Dear OZ,

Pete's letter (OZ 19) couldn't have come at a better time, when the whole scene is becoming fucked up with cynicism & violence. Whatever happened to freedom & hope?

Like, what do we get at the average demonstration? A load of bums, armed with cockneyed slogans & abuse for the police (some of them have stones instead of abuse). The police are sick, they need acid & hope, not stones. By adopting violent methods, one is lowering oneself to the level of the establishment one is trying to overthrow. Flowers up their noses will worry the fuzz much more than petrol-bombs; they're used to them.

Let's get ourselves straight: 'hippies' (you are hippies, aren't you) are essentially non-violent. The blokes who organise these demonstrations are 'communists' of the greyest, most conventional type. At a recent demo (March 9th) many of the demonstrators were chanting "Lenin, STALIN, Mao-Tse-Tung." Shit. What have we got to do with these shitted-up demos. What we need is hope-ins, be-ins, & smoke-ins on a vast scale, like the free concerts, except bigger & better.

This summer will probably be a fine one - why not turn it into one long demonstration? The streets are for free, the parks are for free. USE THEM. Be in them, fuck in them, smoke in them. If you're brave enough, they can't arrest 50,000 people. Get out your bells & beads, look beautiful. Sorry this is all a bit incoherent, but I have strong feelings on this subject. My apologies to Pete, if you publish this shit, for saying it much worse than he did.

Good luck with OZ.

Your Friend NICK.

---

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**Theatre**

*Antigone*  |  *Mysteries*  |  *Paradise Now*  |  *Antigone*

**Prizes**

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**Tickets**

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Tel: 01-485 8073

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Dear OZ,

Thank you for your letter of 14 April. At the time the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary* was first published (1933) no dictionary for general use - as distinct from dictionaries of slang - contained the word of whose omission you complain. Nor does it appear now in any of the serious dictionaries, including the main American dictionaries, immediately accessible to us. So far as we know it is to be found so far only in the recent Penguin Dictionary. The reasons for its long omission from the serious dictionaries are complex and you will hardly expect me to go into these in an answer that must be brief. In the main, I should guess that the permissive attitudes that now prevail are of such recent date that they have not yet had time to become reflected in large dictionaries that can only be revised and reset at fairly long intervals for reasons of cost. And to have included the four-letter words, until recently, in dictionaries meant for general use might have meant their being banned in this country and elsewhere. Even now their inclusion might still have this effect in some countries and, for a publishing house to be affected by such considerations does not necessarily imply that its motives are wholly commercial. It might well find that it would be a pity to restrict, by the inclusion of such sensitive words, the use of the scholarship and useful knowledge which a dictionary may otherwise contain.

In short, then, the question is vexed one to which no easy answer (other than the historical and pragmatic one given here) can be given. It will be under close consideration in our own future planning for a new edition of the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary*. You may be interested to know that this and similar words will be dealt with in the new edition of the Supplement to the *Large Oxford English Dictionary* now in preparation.

Yours truly,

DM Davin

The Clarendon Press
Walton Street, Oxford.
LIVING THE REVOLUTION

JOHN GERAS'1
So we call ourselves revolutionaries! Yet we — at least most of us white, middle-class, educated dreamers and drop-outs — have all the basic necessities we need to live more comfortably than ever before. We have more physical freedom, more sexual freedom, even more verbal freedom than ever before. At least in the rich capitalist world which we consider the real enemy and want to destroy. So, why do we want a revolution? And what kind?

Ask these questions to any 'traditional' revolutionary, one who thinks he is a 'Marxist-Leninist', and you'll get the traditional economic-political answers: the capitalist exploits the working class by blah-blah. But we're not working class! Yes, but we're intellectuals and the role of the intellectual revolutionary elite, conscious of the tida-tidum, is to papim papam. Why? Because that elite, realizing that it profits from the greed ... Ho Hum.

I don't know about you, but that's not why I'm a revolutionary. Sure, I can make those tedious analyses. Sure, I even think such analyses have to be made, as fuel to bring about revolutionary situations. In order to thrive in my kind of society, I know I've got to convince others to view it as groovy. And, in order to keep them receptive to my future, I've got to make them conscious of our present. So I guess I'll keep trying to explain why we live in a dehumanizing society, the direct and necessary consequence of capitalism, and its mode of operation, capitalist bureaucracy.

But that's for the squares. We know we're being dehumanized, and we know why: they need us to do their dirty work. And not just in Vietnam, either. For how will they get the gadgets and experts they need for our materialistic society? And who will rationalize their necessity? Who will explain their political value? You and me. They need us more than we need them. We're the ones who must think up these things in their labs, the ones who must explain their value in their books, the ones who must show their appeal on their television, the ones who must defend them in their courts. That's why we've got to go to their universities, join their factories, and institutions. Otherwise? Well, just imagine, as Abbie Hoffman (Revolution for the Hell of It) put it recently:

What would happen if large numbers of people in the country started getting together, forming communities, bustling free fish on Fulton Street, and passing out brass washers to use in laundromats and phones? What if people in slums started moving into abandoned buildings and refusing to move even to the point of defending them with guns? What if this movement grew and busy salesmen swasting under the collar on a hot summer day decided to say fuck the system and headed for welfare? What if secretaries got tired of typing memos to the boss's girlfriend in triplicate and took to panhandling in the streets? What if when they called a war, no-one went? people who wanted to get educated just went to a college classroom and sat-in without paying and without caring about a degree? Well, you know what? We'd have ourselves one hell of a revolution, that's what.

Obviously, if the modern world's universities came to a standstill — or if we all refused to get educated their way — the whole capitalist-bureaucratic world would collapse. And it would do so faster than with guns and barricades. (The corollary, which I won't try to defend here but is, to me, a simplistic truism, is that the dehumanizing society's most important and necessary weapon is the university.) This is true
not only because of what they teach us but of why as well. In order to make us "experts" they have to dehumanize us, separate us, compartmentalize us. We have to be segregated, pigeon-holed, divorced from another so totally that we cannot relate to one another (outside our own in-group) except through their institutions. What would happen to our society if a worker actually liked to sit and talk with intellectuals? If children were allowed to masturbate together instead of watching television? But that still isn't all. What our education system necessarily does is force us to enter and propagate the vicious circle which dehumanizes us — which teaches us that material achievements are the only valuable things in life. To make us "good" experts, we must prove our merit. How? By passing tests better than anyone else. By competing. In other words by considering our fellow men as our personal enemies. This is true in Russia as well as in America. We've got to "prove" ourselves — first in class, then in the army, then in the factory. Every value we have is based on individual achievement, on some rags-to-riches tale, on some poor bloke finding his god in the desert, overcoming his obstacles alone, struggling with his soul.

The so-called Communists are just the same. All Power to the Soviets! Yes, but later. First, let's be as good as the capitalist world. So Lenin rules. Then Stalin. Then what's-his-name. The Soviets can wait. They're made up of ordinary people, and some ordinary people are stupid and everybody knows stupid people don't count. Because they don't want to get to the moon first. And niggers don't count either because they love sex too much and are lazy. But they'll be okay when they get our values, when they understand that the meaning of life is to get ahead. Until then society can tell them how to live — with the police. I'll tell you why I'm a revolutionary. It's very simple: I just don't want that kind of a life. I want to live in a world where I don't have to stand while my boss or the commissar sits, where I can talk to a black man as an equal; where I don't get asphyxiated by fumes or killed by shoddy cars; where no-one wants to shoot me and I don't want to shoot anyone; where I can enjoy a painting without caring about who did it, just as I don't care who made the sun-set. I want to know what my neighbor thinks about the school where we both send our kids even though he likes music written by some guy named Beethoven while I groove to Jimi Hendrix. I want to be free to ask a girl to go to bed with me knowing that if she doesn't she'll feel free enough to say 'no thanks' and then we can still rap about a book we both read — and vice versa, I want to smoke pot if I like it. I don't want cops telling me where I can sit, but I do want to be able to listen to my neighbors, all kinds of people, and if they all feel that it's good for us all for me not to sit there, I won't and I won't feel my manhood is bitten off for going along with them. I know I can't participate in every decision, that I can't be everywhere at the same time and I don't want to — I'm lazy — so I want to be able to have some guy represent me there and another guy over yonder. But I want to be able to recall him anytime. I don't want to worry about food or clothing or a roof — I know the world is rich enough to give me all that — me and everybody else — and I'm willing to do my share of the work, but not for somebody else's profit. I don't want to accumulate property. I want free education, as I and the people I rap with think it important or pleasurable.

I'm no masochist; I don't believe I have to sacrifice myself in order to have a vacation or enjoy myself. I don't believe pleasure and work are antithetic; every man ought to enjoy what he does. I want free medicine, free transportation, free rent, free leisure, free theatre, free eye-glasses, free pot. I'll work, sure, I'll do my best, I can write — sometimes. I can teach. I'll do it, with pleasure. Or, if you all think it's a waste of time, well, I can make pretty good tables and dressers, with sliding doors that really slide. Maybe I can hoe potatoes. Why not? If a bunch of us do it together, singing, laughing. Well, not everyday maybe. So we'll take Mondays, you take Tuesdays.

Most important, I guess, I want to know what you think and feel, and why. And I want you to care about me. I don't care if you have an IQ of 20 and me 120 — that's luck. You have blond hair, I got brown. That's your human condition. If you have an IQ of 20,
you're just as much a man as I am, me with my potato nose and you with that straight delicate one. Your experiences are worth mine and mine yours. Let's rap, brother. Let's see what we want from each other, what we agree on and can do together. Let's run our schools together. And our factories. And, if after a while, there's no Spiro Agnew to pick up the garbage, and we agree that we want it out of our community, maybe I'll pick it up on Tuesdays if you can do it on Wednesdays.

I don't want customs, or passports, or work-permits, or foreign exchange. Of course, since we'll all be equals, we won't need any of that. True, there's always that guy, the one who invents a new way to fly and won't tell us unless he gets two cars to our one. Well, the hell with him and his invention. Suppose, though, what he invents is a pill that prolongs life for 50 years. We'd all like to live until we're 130. But then, what can he do with his invention? Together, you and I, we'll have fun. We'll laugh and enjoy ourselves and we won't have any reason to distrust each other, even if you do have a prettier nose and I envy you for it, and I have a higher IQ (which you won't envy since it won't get me more things). (I might have a prettier wife, though.) Still we'll relate. He'll be an outcast. Let him live till he's 130 — lonely and bitter. We'll die when we're 80. But it was fun. That's what I want. That's what a lot of people I know want. I got taught by having it. That's right, I'm a product of capitalist society. I've had the fancy home, the maid, the car, the expense account, the titles and the Bigelows on the floor. What I didn't have was happiness. I was bossed, cajoled, coerced, manipulated, pigeon-holed. I lived by the values of this society and they taught me to drive, drive for more, rush and rush some more. I was told not to think of happiness as a feeling only as a thing, a possession, a warm blanket like Linus always has.

It didn't work. I hadn't suffered from the Depression or World War II. I just couldn't befooled. And there are thousands, perhaps millions of kids today who can't be fooled either. Brought up under the material incentives of capitalism, we are the product of capitalism's greatest contradiction — that it simply doesn't satisfy. And so we can no longer be manipulated by capitalism, at least not for very long.

But we can be repressed by it. That's why we need a revolution. We are being repressed by it, by its police, its universities, its secret services, its apologists and especially by its myths, most importantly, the myth that change must be peaceful and that only we revolutionaries are violent (though even the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence can't stomach that myth. It says: 'Like most ideologies, the myth of peaceful progress is intended at bottom to legitimize existing political arrangements and to authorize the suppression of protest. It also serves to conceal the role of official violence in the maintenance of these arrangements.').

Let's settle a few things first. We want to throw out those in power to establish a new society. Now if you think that elections can change anything, you just aren't with it. Those who have power are not those who are elected but those who set up elections. What we must overthrow is capitalist (State or Private) parliamentarianism, not the Democratic or Republican, Labour or Conservative parties. We have as much right to do so as the Americans who overthrew the English, the French bourgeoisie who overthrew their aristocrats. As Abe Lincoln put it: 'This country with its constitution belongs to us who live in it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government they shall exercise their constitutional rights of amending it or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it.' But then, influenced by a life-time of debates between 'majority' and 'minority', you might say that we're the minority, and that there are a lot of innocent bystanders, too. For one thing, every revolution, the English and American included, was started by a minority, a tiny one at that. It became a majority only as it proved what it said. For another, we're the young. Among the young, we're probably the majority. In any case, the argument of numbers is irrelevant. If you feel strongly...
about saving your capitalist regime, defend it. But don’t call yourself an innocent bystander. There is no such thing. An innocent bystander in the American Revolution? To Hitler’s occupations? Or, as Abbie Hoffman puts it: ‘If you are a bystander, you are not innocent.’

So, we agree, it’s a fight to the finish. Well then, why doesn’t the Establishment hound us, arrest us, kill us? Because that is not what modern Capitalism is all about. It is not George Wallace, the KKK and Minutemen, the four colonels of the green beret calypso. No. The Establishment is IBM, Xerox, the Kennedys, the London and New York Times, Harvard University, LSE, the Courts — the liberal corporatists who, to survive, must maintain the semblance of fair play and reform-mindedness.

It is no accident that no modern, developed capitalist state has ever resorted to dictatorship, not even in times of trouble. For as long as the liberocorporatists can maintain such a semblance, protesters tend to remain isolated and un-polarized. Destroy the verbal meaning of corporate liberalism — silence the Times, arrest the Eugene McCarthy’s — and the whole structure becomes threatened overnight. It can then be maintained only by an armed phalanx who are just as apt to bump off the Kennedys and the chairman of Xerox, IBM and the universities (who are often the same) as they are to cut my head off. In fact, more apt to do so — for the colonels (or police chiefs, as would be more likely in America) have more to gain from liquidating the former — the loot.

Thus, it is no accident that in the French revolution of May-June 1968, the power elite did not bring in the troops to open fire on students and workers, even on May 29 when it could fear total collapse of the corporative state apparatus.

The enemy is not going to kill us all. Some, here and there, by assassination, but not all, and not systematically. It will repress us (and is doing it) by massive individual arrests, tying us and our resources up in their courts while, simultaneously, trying to buy off some of us here and there by paper reforms, changes in degree but not in kind.

(For, suppose that they did let us run our universities, what would happen to their counter-insurgency, biochemical and ghetto-control research? What would happen to their moon-projects, their executive training and recruiting operations, their future civil servants, media-men, computer experts?).

But let’s not kid ourselves their form of repression is the most efficient yet devised. It is far better than guns or clubs. Useless car-safety legislation or an amendment to lower the voting age to 18 is far, far wiser than HUAC intimidations. Indeed, the best thing that happened for the Second American Revolution is Mayor Daley.

Well, then, what can we do against this monolithic liberal corporativism which bathes itself from head to toe in a pluralistic myth? Lenin once gave this answer: ‘Give us an organization of revolutionaries, and we will overturn Russia!’ And he did. But with what results? Never mind what he said, what did he do? He got his organization — the revolutionary party — and with it the elite corps that went on to rule Russia, creating Stalinism, Czechoslovakia and the trials of Daniel and Siniavski. History has judged Lenin right. His methods were the only ones capable of overturning the Czarist State. And ever since, like scholastics mimicking St Thomas, ‘Marxist-Leninists’ have insisted that every revolution must be carried out in the same way. Yet Lenin wouldn’t agree. He would say, as he did, that conditions determine tactics and that tactics are subservient to the reasons for the revolution. His reasons were land, bread, freedom. His revolution never got the third, but two out of three is a pretty good batting average in any league.

Almost. Not in ours. We’re ambitious. We want a perfect score — or else forget it. But don’t, because we’ll get it. There are certain laws about revolutions. Not many, but a few. One is that a revolution is made by people, i.e.: a movement. The other is that it must (and does) function within two awarenesses:

1) the nature of the adversary;
2) the kind of structure, at least in general, which the movement wants to set up.

The first is easy: liberal corporativism, which we all know, or should. The second is harder. I’ve described my structure above. Other revolutionaries have other descriptions. But we all agree on one basic characteristic: that it be a humanizing society. That means that Lenin’s elitist organization is out. Also, then, is his ‘party’ as defined by modern day ‘Marxist-Leninists’. I put that in
Stalin gone mad; it is the necessary consequence of a revolution that did not trust the people for whom it object, to be treated as such. Once on the force will act as if man is an institutionalized his actions: every cop lives become manipulatable. The become chief whence he can have the cop's intentions may be, no matter how strengthening itself (once the value of man is relegated to second place it stays manipulation is a way of life, human the time he that he is being efficient in order to power to humanize the whole force, by consideration its theirs and will not work for their participation in it, the masses do not forget its principles in order to tochers (since they do not consider it theirs and will not work for its post-victory success), so is one that forgets its principles in order to strengthen itself (once the value of man is relegated to second place it stays there). No matter how 'good' and just a cop's intentions may be, no matter how much he believes in the rationalization that he is being efficient in order to become chief whence he can have the power to humanize the whole force, by the time he is the chief he will have institutionalized his actions: every cop on the force will act as if man is an object, to be treated as such. Once manipulation is a way of life, human lives become manipulatable. The Russia of today is not the fault of a Stalin gone mad; it is the necessary consequence of a revolution that did not trust the people for whom it fought. Because it was under attack from both a reactionary within and a capitalist without, it may have had no other historical choice. But that does not change the fact that today Daniel and Sinavski are in jail because Lenin believed in discipline and that Russians are stratified and compartmentalized because Lenin reintroduced material incentives with his 'temporary' New Economic Policy.

Our revolution, then, must not cherish the principle of efficiency. It must not build followers. It must not sacrifice participation for effectiveness. It must not judge what is relevant according to doctrine. Nothing that is relevant to you or me can be considered irrelevant by the revolution. The only way we will ever see a New Man is by valuing all men. Men not theories. Men not programs. Is this heresy, as the 'Marxist-Leninists' yell? To their scholarly dogmatism, perhaps. Marx himself however, was no dogmatist. 'Every step of real movement' he wrote, 'is more important than a dozen programmes.' By real movement, of course, he meant people.

No party? No ideology? No program? How in hell then, do we make this 'humanizing' revolution? By living it. By fighting for what's relevant to you, not to some scholar. Nothing that is relevant to you or me can be considered doctrine. Nothing that is relevant according to what you want. Stop trying to organize yourself. Begin to live your vision.

If we do, there's a great pay-off: once we win we won't have to worry about somebody having prevented the Revolution. Because the Revolution will be us.

John Gerassi, an American, is the author of Venceremos, a definitive study of Che Guevara. He has been the Latin American editor of Time and Newsweek, and prior to coming to London where he is now resident, he was Professor of Political Science at San Francisco State College. He was sacked from this post for supporting the students in their demands for administrative reforms.

On June 23-25, the Oxford Creative Workshop is holding a three day talk-in on THE ALTERNATIVE SOCIETY in Oxford.

To be discussed: How can a commune keep out of debt without compromising? How can spontaneity of vision be preserved in a switched off world?

For details: Brother Simon Tugwell, Blackfriars, Oxford.
WARNING: The use of "reds" or barbiturates for highs (lows would be more descriptive) seems to be increasing again. Seconal (secobarbital) and Nembutal (pentobarbital) are two commonly prescribed medications often used in suicide attempts. Barbiturates are also physically addicting & kicking a barbiturate habit is more difficult & dangerous than kicking narcotics.

Mixing 'reds' & alcohol can lead to a one way trip because the two drugs potentiate each other, i.e. 1+1=more than 2. In the case of barbiturates & alcohol the whole equals more than the sum of the parts. A girl in San Francisco died recently because she mixed booze with 'reds'.

QUESTION: I've recently heard that smoking catnip is very similar to smoking marijuana. Could you tell me if there is any truth in this or is it a big put-on by the catnip industry to get you to buy their product?

ANSWER: A recent story in the WALL STREET JOURNAL reported a surge in catnip sales around the country as well as an article in the JOURNAL of the AMA about catnip use by humans. A different kind of cat is using catnip these days & the WALL STREET JOURNAL notes that the price of the tabby turn-on is only 60¢ a lid. The AMA informants claim that catnip use by humans, as a tea for nervous headache.

There is a report from Puerto Rico (1945) that catnip was detected as an adulterant in marijuana.

A number of other chemicals have been established as being present in catnip (as citral, geraniol, nerol, camphor, citronellol) but of some interest is the content of ascorbic acid. "...the active ingredient, nepetalactone...is isolated from the Argentine ant, Iridomyrmex humilis. ...similar compounds are found in yet another, insect the stick insect Anisomorpha borisvoldi. ...the chemical is completely unrelated to any known family of hallucinogens."

Stalking further information I telephoned Alexander 'Sashe' Shulgin, the brilliant chemist who is best known to the public for his synthesis of STP (which was later illegally distributed in a dose form twice that "recommended").

"Sashe", I purred, "what can you tell me about catnip?"

He promised to send me some information in a few days and yesterday his letter arrived. Portions of it follow:

"The plant is called catnip or catmint (Nepeta cataria). Steam distillation of the plant yields a volatile oil (about 0.3%) that is mostly acidic (inactive). The volatiles seem to turn on members of the cat family only. McElvain screened his fractions using the lion as a test animal. There is some reputation of the use of catnip in humans, as a tea for nervous headache."

"There is a report from Puerto Rico (1945) that catnip was detected as an adulterant in marijuana. A number of other chemicals have been established as being present in catnip (as citral, geraniol, nerol, camphor, citronellol) but of some interest is the content of ascorbic acid. "...the active ingredient, nepetalactone...is isolated from the Argentine ant, Iridomyrmex humilis. ...similar compounds are found in yet another, insect the stick insect Anisomorpha borisvoldi. ...the chemical is completely unrelated to any known family of hallucinogens."

HIPPOCRATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press. $5.00. Dr Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o PO Box 9002, Berkeley, California, 94709. Mark your letters OZ.
"Which side are you on, baby?"
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I'm today's powerful young man, I'm today's successful young man. I'm not saying that in any egotistic way at all, but you have to face it. It is us and people like us who dictate the musical formula. we dictate changing hair styles, the way people dress. This is what art is; this is what our music is. It involves people, completely. It does something to their whole way of existence — the way they dance, the way they express themselves sexually, the way they think — everything. The world of pop and what it is achieving is unbelievable. I can’t see that someone like Benjamin Britten, sitting in his studio doing his things (which I very much admire) getting through to the same kind of audience and having the same kind of effect. For this reason alone, pop music and its effect is valid in an understanding of today's art. It’s crucial that pop should be considered as art. It’s crucial that it should progress as art and not return as it seems to be so desperately trying to do, to the kind of factory made rubbish that it was before the Beatles came along.

It’s very difficult to talk about pop music - since to start with there aren’t such things as pop music. There are many different kinds of music all called 'pop'. You can say that the sounds produced are the same as those of Donald Peers. They’re totally different, but they’re both called ‘pop’. For me, my kind of pop is the leader of youth; it’s being in the present. But the more you talk about it, the more confused you become. The more you talk about pop music, the more you talk about something which would be something which would upset us and our music. If I stand on stage worrying about the price of the guitar then I'm not playing music. I'm getting involved in material values. I don't have a love affair with a guitar, I don't polish it after every performance. I play the fucking thing. Our actual intention is to play out all the adrenalin and all the aggression and all the things that are in us. We communicate aggression and frustration to the audience musically and visually. We want to show the audience that we are frustrated characters, that we do want to get something out of our system and we do want to do it in front of them. I've written a thesis for Gustav Metzger — an auto-destructive lecturer; I said that our audience is numbed by seeing violence in the same way that they're numbed by seeing a car crash. It's a traumatic experience. But it does release basic tensions — people flying off the handle. Lack of control and basic abandon, which is something which people don’t particularly admire or respect in other people but which everybody has put up inside them. So our performance and music has got much more to do with art than people imagine. Much, much more to do with pop music than anything else. Outside of football, there's been very little real expression of how we feel since the days when people could run around with no clothes on hanging drums. It's all been sophistication and gloss. We're not out to blow people's minds, however. We're out to get through to them. It's too easy to blow someone's mind. All we have to do is to go on entirely naked or explode. Blow our top off or something you can always blow people's minds. You know these guys that come up and say, wouldn't it be a mind-blower if we got 6,000 million kids all dressed in red uniforms and had a big freak out in the middle of Ealing Common. Sure, it'll be mind-blowing, but what would it prove. At the moment, I'm very interested in getting complete control over my music. In other words, I would write a piece of music, arrange it, play every instrument myself, record it all myself, in my own studio, and any part of that needed singing, produce it myself and also distribute it myself. Complete control. The more control you've got over what you're involved in, the nearer the finished product is to what you intended. It will be good when every individual can make music in the same way that every individual can paint a picture. Think how huge it could be, instead of the grab music classes that you have in school now; you could have something similar to an art class where everyone actually makes music themselves. This could be huge.

There will be a benefit concert for the Fairport Convention on Sunday 26th May 1969 at 6 p.m. at the Roundhouse Chalk Farm. Family, Pretty Things, Deviants, have agreed to play at the time of going to press, and many other musicians have intimated that they will be there for a blow, all being well.
'Z' is for Zapple.

Introducing Zapple, a new label from Apple Records.

George Harrison: 'Electronic Sound.' (Zapple 02)

John Lennon/Yoko Ono: 'Life with the Lions: Unfinished Music No. 2.' (Zapple 01)

I'm interested in 'Zapple'. I'd like to know where my nearest stockist is. Also, could you please let me know what you'll be up to next before you get up to it.

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Send this coupon to JACK OLIVER (ZAPPLE) APPLE RECORDS 3 SAVILE ROW, LONDON W.1.
"Tommy", the Who's saga of "that deaf dumb and bilked kid", is a fantasy for our times. It's not didactic at all... there is no overall message. The final track 'We're Not Gonna Take It!' fades out into unresolved ambiguity... we're not going to take what? Is the cry a revolutionary or a reactionary one? Is Tommy, by this time transformed into a seer and prophet, fighting his disciples or leading them? Or maybe trying to escape from them, back into the realm of pure sensation he knew as a child? The answers aren't important. The open-ending keeps the fantasy alive, gives free rein to its charm.

John Peel, that otherwise sensible fellow, has already been trapped into making "better than" comparisons between 'Tommy' and Sergeant Pepper. A pity, since while 'Tommy' is probably an equally important "event" in the pop music world, the two are really incomparable in terms of the quality of what they attempt and achieve as music. Part of Sergeant Pepper's impact was the way it stood so obviously outside the existing pop tradition... so obviously apart, beyond the pale. 'Tommy', however, is a fantasy for our times. It's ephemeral and superficial: limited in time by the verse usually becomes ephemeral and superficial: limited in time by the verse. The open-endedness of the Who's opera, the way it was never a convention written for a score, the fresh and often found in a more natural and, in that it is really a distillation of the instrumental spirit of the whole album. Tightly controlled and yet at times disruptive, it's the spirit of calculated violence we've come to expect from the Who; a violence of opposing and contrasting elements, of sudden, unexpected switches of mood. Again, the Who have never managed it so successfully as here. The musical production on this album as a whole would be hard to fault on any score. One particularly nice point is that although there is extensive overdubbing it is always used, as where Townsend mixes acoustic and electric guitars, to intensify and augment the group's characteristic sound rather than transform it into something else. It shouldn't be too difficult, in short, for the Who to perform the entire opera live and one looks forward to them doing just that.

The songs themselves are concerned not so much with Tommy as with the people who surround him, the opportunists and the quacks, the people who use him and, in the case of his celebrated Uncle Ernie, who abuse him. Some of the songs have been called sick. They're not, of course, but it's interesting that the two which will probably be the most controversial in this respect, 'Cousin Kevin' and 'Fiddle About', are both John Entwhistle's creations. Townsend's songs, of course, constitute the solid backbone of the opera and his flair for the down-to-earth, almost colloquial lyric ('My Generation', 'I'm a Boy' etc.) is still in evidence. His lyrics always were provocative, now they are consistently and brilliantly so. Once more it's a case of the songs achieving a superior level of quality rather than presenting us with anything drastically new in structure.

Finally a word about the cover and Mike McInerney's graphics which really have to be seen to be believed. Every last thing adds up to make this album an experience you should try and take in.

Graham Charnock
The Children's Carnival will be held in Finsbury Park on Saturday May 24th (Whitsun Day). A procession will leave Finsbury Park via Upper Tollington Park at noon, pass through Camden Square and will return from there to the park. The carnival will include drama, dancing, puppets, mime, minstrels, a steel band, a jazz band, blues groups, pop groups, street meetings, smoke-ins, a barbeque, boating on the lake, happenings and a pavilion for refreshments. The Carnival (which will last a few weeks) has been convened by The Positive Movement.

Public Relations: Tammo de Jongh, 10 Lady Somerset Road, London NW5. GUL 1646.

NASHVILLE SKYLINE: By Bob Dylan CBS KCLS 9823

Somebody once said that when Bob Dylan first started his career he wanted to be Elvis Presley much more than he wanted to be Woody Guthrie. The trouble was that there was an opening for a Guthrie so he took the gig. Analyzing Dylan's motive is a common and generally fruitless pastime, and indeed, everytime one particular section of the audience began to believe that Dylan had committed himself to their trip, he promptly turned about, and accompanied by cries of 'Traitor' and 'sell-out' began to explore another music form.

In St. Augustine on John Wesley Harding Dylan sings - 'No martyr is among you, for you to call your own', and with this sentiment he has shrugged off, in turn, the patronage of the ethnic folkies, the peace marchers, the pop fans and the acid freaks. None of these changes are really so surprising when one takes the time he was almost certainly getting drunk for the first time, and pulling his first chicks to the sound of Buddy Holly, Elvis, The Everly Brothers, Chuck Berry and Gene Vincent.

All through his career there is this manifest desire to put down some rock and roll: the Wake Up Little Susie riff on Highway 61, the first time he got into Woody and Leadbelly and Big Joe zany 'call your own', and with this sentiment he has fans and the acid freaks. None of these changes have made much of an impact on music form.

Somebody once said that when Bob Dylan first started his career he wanted to be Elvis Presley rather than a conscious attempt by a rock and roll: the Wake Up Little Susie riff on Highway 61. Dylan was put down as country influenced, friendly good time rock, has fully mastered the country music style, excepting in the vocals.

Country music's influence on rock didn't of course begin with John Wesley Harding though one might think it so reading some of the musical papers in this country, but has been an integral part of rock since the beginning. Presley had his roots in C & W as well as blues; Buddy Holly and the Everly Brothers, only a few more; while even a negro R & B/rock performer like Chuck Berry wrote songs such as Memphis which have country and folk influenced, friendly good time music, even if the Springfield were at times a bit corniness one of the song's strengths.

The country instrumental, Nashville West, is like Dylan's, Nashville Skyline, pure fun. To show how the Byrds are still masters of electric rock with taste and still the best interpreters of Dylan, is probably the best version yet of Wheels on Fire.

One of the problems facing groups like the Byrds and the Flying Burrito Brothers is how to conciliate their liking for C & W styles with some of the attitudes and values to be found inherent in the music at its grass roots level. A problem that manifests itself in Drug Store Truck Driving Man a beautiful countrified number by Roger McGuinn, that is my favourite track on the album, and a track that shows McGuinn, (who wrote SD and Eight Miles High, the prototypes of electric acid rock), has fully mastered the country music form.

Country music's influence on rock didn't of course begin with John Wesley Harding though one might think it so reading some of the musical papers in this country, but has been an integral part of rock since the beginning. Presley had his roots in C & W as well as blues; Buddy Holly and the Everly Brothers, only a few more; while even a negro R & B/rock performer like Chuck Berry wrote songs such as Memphis which have country and folk influenced, friendly good time music, even if the Springfield were at times a bit...
Leg of Long Pig *
(Cuisson d’Enfant) Serves six.

Total cost: Nil. Perhaps 6d for a bag of sweets from Woolworths for use as a lure.

Ingredients: One plump school boy between the age of five and nine. Younger the flesh is too bland and lacks character, later the disappearance of pre-pubertal juices makes it tough and sneewy.

Method: Keep the boy (or girl) without food for at least a day. Then slit the throat and remove head, feet and hands. Allow the body to hang until the blood has stopped dripping. Remove one of the legs with a cut along the line of the groin, and saw it into six pieces, leaving the meat on the bone. Insert a clove of garlic into each piece of meat, season well with salt and pepper and sprinkle with thyme and marjoram. Put in a moderate pre-heated oven for approximately three hours. From time to time baste it with its own juices or with olive oil. The remainder of the carcass should be put in a deep freeze or left to pickle in a strong solution of salt and water, flavoured with herbs, spices, vinegar or wine and so on. It will keep a large family for at least a week.

The beautifully flavoured fat from this dish can be spread on slices of toasted French bread and makes a treat for the children at tea time.

* 'Do not forget that human flesh is edible, and of all animals, the human is the easiest to catch. Cook it well.' Instructions in U.S. Army Survival Manual, quoted in Berkeley Barb, April 5-11 1968.
TOMMY

WRITTEN BY PETE TOWNSHEND

by

THE WHO

double album triptych cover
12 page book in colour

DISTRIBUTED BY POLYDOR RECORDS LTD
It was the real thing that made my ring-a-ling ding...

Summer Time Blues
Words and Music by Eddie Cochran and Jerry Capehart

I'm a-gonna raise a fuss, I'm a-gonna raise a holler,
About a-workin' all summer just to try to earn a dollar,
Ev'rytime I call my Baby, try to get a date,
My Boss says, "No dice, Son, you gotta work late!"
Sometimes I wonder what I'm a-gonna do,
But there ain't no cure for the Summer Time Blues.

Ah, well, my Mom 'n' Pa-pa told me, "Son, you gotta make some money,
If you want to use the car to go a-ridin' next Sunday,"
Well, I didn't go to work, told the Boss I was sick,
"Now you can't use the car 'cause you didn't work a lick."
Sometimes I wonder what I'm a-gonna do,
But there ain't no cure for the Summer Time Blues.

I'm gonna take two weeks, gonna have a fine vacation,
I'm gonna take my problem to the United Nations!
Well, I called my Congress-man and he said, "I'd like to help you, Son, but you're too young to vote."
Sometimes I wonder what I'm a-gonna do,
But there ain't no cure for the Summer Time Blues.

Recorded on Liberty by **EDDIE COCHRAN**
Music of all Music Dealers and of the Copyright Owners—Cinephonic Music Co. Ltd., 8 Denmark Street, London WC2

Jenny Take A Ride
Words and Music by E. Johnson, R. Tenninan and Bob Crewe.

C—C—C—Rider see what you have done now,
C—C—C—Rider see what you have done now.
You made me love you,
Now, now, now, now—your man has come.
I'm goin' with my baby, won't be back for four years,
If I find me a new love, I won't be back at all.
Jenny, Jenny, Jenny, won't you come along with me,
Jenny, Jenny, Jenny, won't you come along with me,
Don't worry 'bout tomorrow, won't you come along with me,
Spinnin' spinnin' spinnin', spinin' like a spinnin' top,
Spinnin' spinnin' spinnin', spinin' like a spinnin' top.
So come along, babe, we're gonna reach the top!

Recorded on Stateside by **THE CHIFFONS**
Music of all Music Dealers and of the Copyright Owners—KPM Music Ltd., 81 Denmark Street, WC2

Shakin' All Over
Words and Music by Johnny Kidd.

When you move in right up close to me,
That's when I get the shakes all over me,
Quivers down my backbone,
I've got the shakes down the knee bone,
Yeh! the tremors in the thighbone,
Shakin' all over.

Just the way you say goodnight to me,
Brings that feeling on inside of me,
Quivers down my backbone,
I've got the shakes down the knee bone,
Yeh! the tremors in the thighbone,
Shakin' all over.

Well, you make me shake and I like it,
Baby, well, you make me shake and I like it,
Baby, well, you make me shake and I like it.

Recorded on Liberty by **EDDIE COCHRAN**
Music of all Music Dealers and of the Copyright Owners—Cinephonic Music Co. Ltd., 8 Denmark Street, London WC2

My Boyfriend's Back
Words and Music by Robert Feldman, Gerald Goldstein and Richard Gottlieber.

My boyfriend's back, and you're gonna be in trouble,
When you see him comin', better cut on the double.
You've been spreadin' lies that I was untrue,
So look out now 'cause he's comin' after you,
And he knows that you've been tryin',
And he knows that you've been lyin'.
He's been gone for such a long time,
Now he's back and things will be fine,
You're gonna be sorry you ever were born,
'Cause he's kind of big and he's awful strong,
And he knows about your cheatin',
Now you're gonna get a beatin'.

What made you think he'd believe all your lies?
You're a big man now but he'll cut you down to size!
Well, wait and see!
My boyfriend's back, he's gonna save my reputation,
If I were you I'd take a permanent vacation,
Le di la, my boyfriend's back! Le di la, my boyfriend's back!

Recorded on Stateside by **THE CHIFFONS**
Music of all Music Dealers and of the Copyright Owners—KPM Music Ltd., 81 Denmark Street, WC2

C'mon Everybody
Words and Music by Eddie Cochran and Jerry Capehart.

Well, c'mon, ev'rybody, and let's get together tonight!
I got some money in my jeans and I'm really gonna spend it right!
Been a-doin' my homework all week long,
Now the house is empty, the folks are gone.
Oo, oo! C'mon, ev'rybody!

Well, my baby's number one, but I'm gonna dance with three or four,
And the house'll be shakin' from my bare feet slappin' the floor.
When you hear that music your feet won't sit still.
If your brother won't, then your sister will.
Oo, oo! C'mon, ev'rybody!

Well, we'll really have a party, but we gotta put a car outside,
If the folks come home I'm afraid they gonna have my hide.
There'll be no more movies for a week or two; No more runnin' around with the usual crew.
Who cares. C'mon, ev'rybody!

Recorded on Liberty by **EDDIE COCHRAN**
THE GROOVY THING IS -
YOU'RE NOT ALONE...

‘The groovy thing is, you’re not alone and there are more of us every day’
All the time he’s talking to you, Murray Roman reaffirms his connection with hip society. He employs the generation gap to win your sympathy – I’m with you man – and he’s careful to stress the number, and the names, of the rock musicians he’s friendly with.

In the paper today it said that Jimmy Hendrix got busted for smack.
I don’t think Jimmy Hendrix was on smack ‘cos I was with him last Saturday night and I know when a man’s on smack and he wasn’t.

That doesn’t mean that he’s not worth listening to. Murray Roman, one-time manager of the Righteous Brothers, head writer for the Smothers Brothers TV show and comedian in his own right, is one of the funniest and most perceptive guys ever. As a comedian he’s more formidable than anyone in this country – he’s no Ted Rogers; rapping with the mums and dads; no mothers-in-law and Mick Jagger impersonations for him.

‘I wanted to relate to things that were making me laugh, making my friends laugh.’

If you’ve heard his first album ‘You Can’t Beat People Up and Have Them Say I Love You’, released on Track over here, you’ll know that all those things relate to five subjects – drugs, sex, rock, authority and revolution. Our kind of subjects, right?

The strange thing is, although his approach, and the content of his comedy, seem cynically calculated to appeal to the market he’s trying to reach – which is, for want of a better definition, the underground – when you talk to him you realise….. that, by a happy coincidence, he believes in 90% of what he says. In this interview he talked solidly for nearly forty-five minutes – he’d said it all before, many times, to all the underground papers in the States. When he came into the Track office, and saw a copy of O2, he pressed the Underground Press Interview button.

MURRAY ROMAN

‘(OZ) is a filthy paper published by filthy people. Drugs, orgies, police, loot, rape, gang-bang – fantastic! You could stand for Parliament on this platform and I know about 100,000 people who would vote for you.’

The world is becoming a divided place divided between pro – and anti-life people. Pro-life people are pro – being alive – anti-life people make cigarettes:

‘They tell you that your mother is filthy – not above the neck or below the knees, but everything else is fitlth! ‘Yes, but I came out of her……;

‘No you didn’t – she didn’t look.’

‘Let them promote – let them take all the capitalistic approaches to selling our lifestyle. Beautiful! They gonna have to hire us to do it.

Nobody’s going to sell a rock-and-roll record in this town without the underground press, because nobody is going to read the E.M.I. press bulletin about what ‘really good’ music there is. I hope they open 5,000 FM stations in London.

They’re going to have to have somebody to rap to the kids and it can’t be somebody who’s gonna do numbers like ‘Here’s a really groovy JUDY GARLAND record, and here it is – OVER THE RAINBOW – let’s hear it……’ – it’s going to have to be some guy who can say ‘Hey, here’s a record that I played last night and I really dug it and I’m going to play it for you today, and I hope you like it – it could be a good trip.’

English music made L B J resign – it’s true! The kids were listening to the music – one day they appeared in the streets. And one of the great opportunists – a brilliant man, but an opportunist – Bobby Kennedy – said ‘That many people really believe in Peace? – I’m gonna run for President.’

‘We have a mayor in Los Angeles who has the I Q of a plant – his name is Sam Yorty. After Sirhan Sirhan killed Kennedy he went on National Television and gave the address of Sirhan’s family in Los Angeles in case you were a maniac and wanted to kill them.’

President Nixon makes these statements – ‘As I’ve said before, as I’ll say again, what I’ve said many times before is that I stand today where I have always stood’, and you sit there and if you’re a little smashed you say ‘It’s a put-on man – I tell you someone put acid in the water of the city and it’s a hype.’

‘The fantastic adventure of Anguilla – thousands of British troops conquering one snotty-nosed black kid with a goat. Officers standing on hills, glasses peering to see if they could find a frozen, rusted, double-barrelled shot gun to send to the Queen – They were armed Your Majesty, – with skin.’

‘Our Pueblo incident is just as heavy as your Anguilla – it’s hysterical. The US navy sent the ship within 12 miles of the North Korean coast when they had been warned that they were liable to be attacked. On board they had 4000 lbs of classified material – information about NATO. The captain didn’t want it – what did he want information about NATO for? – but the Navy forced him to accept it.

When the ship was attacked, somebody said ‘What are we going to do now?’ – they didn’t even have an alternative plan, they didn’t know what they were going to do and to destroy the classified equipment they had one paper-shredder and a pair of pliers and the guns were frozen and didn’t work…
It’s one of the great sagas of American Naval History.

‘The United States is a country dedicated to saying ‘Well, we made a terrible mistake in Vietnam but we’ll keep killing them until they admit we weren’t that wrong.’

‘The Press in this country distorted the whole Cornell University trip. The filthy, foul Manchester Guardian – it’s supposed to be a fair paper.

Alistair Cooke wrote an article from the 21 club about what was happening in Ithaca, New York, 460 miles away.
Nobody reported that the black kids never went into the building with those rifles – that they didn’t collect the guns until 12 hours after they had been in there, and the reason that they got rifles was because they heard that 200 white men were coming in cars to kill them. The University officials didn’t capitulate at gun-point and, what’s worse, none of the ammunition the black kids had fitted the guns they
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carried. They were scared - how old were they? - they averaged between 17 and 18½ years old. Scared, dead scared in a big, empty, draughty fucking building and the night before, in front of the Fraternity House, the Sorority House, where there were twelve black women, somebody burned the Cross. What were the kids supposed to believe - that they were beloved? I want to tell you that if I were at Cornell, and I were black, and somebody told me that there were 200 white men coming to shoot my ass I’d get me a double-barrelled shot-gun myself and say - ‘OK Whiteface, you come and get me and I’ll take your ass with me’ The Manchester Guardian reported it as ‘Armed Black Militant Students Force University Authorities to Capitulate’. For six months those kids had tried every legal recourse to get a black studies programme and when there was nothing left they occupied the building - twelve of them.

‘If it wasn’t for papers like OZ nobody ever read the truth, and maybe nobody ever reads the truth anyway. The America that Alistair Cooke writes about from the 21 Club is the America he saw once in a movie with Betty Grable - who is a star here and nowhere else. Noel Redding’s a star - if Betty Grable went into Madison Square Garden she wouldn’t even draw my mother if you gave her a free ticket and Noel Redding will draw 21,000 people and jam it to the rafters - so who’s the star? Donovan will fill the Hollywood Bowl - Betty Grable couldn’t even get the usher to remain. But what I’m really talking about is what Mr. Cooke thinks is a star and what Mr. Cooke thinks is America. ‘We worship Bob Hope. Bob Hope himself has never had a funny thought in his life - which is already funny. His script-writers have... Every year Bob Hope goes to Vietnam and entertains the troops and all of America falls to its knees and sucks Bob off. We as tax-payers pay for his trip as he takes along 50 broads and other entertainers and they fly over first-class with Army camera men shooting film of the whole thing. I don’t mind that - Bob’s a big star - but then six weeks later N.B.C. has a show called ‘Bob Hope In Vietnam’ and it was sold for half a million dollars. Now for half a million dollars I would be willing to go away every year and entertain the boys anywhere they wanted me to - to the fucking South Pole. And yet we pay for everything - the hotels, the expenses, and a delta chimp of our finest troops to make sure the Vietcong don’t shoot Bob’s balls off. ‘Let’s stop talking about drugs - we’re helping them. Timothy Leary should have shut up - ‘Give it to kids....’ - Oh ‘Shut Up. There were no laws against it in the States until that loud-mouth got on the tube. What with Timothy Leary and Jerry Rubin we got enough trouble to last for years.’ ‘If you make a statement you make a statement that helps us all, you don’t act so that every uncommitted American says ‘They’re all filthy - they’re crazy - they run around in their underwear.’ I’m going to start to wear a suit, but I’m going to be who I am because I know who I am, and that’s the difference between us - I can sit and look at myself in a mirror and I like Me.’ ‘I’ve never heard anybody who smoked dope to say ‘I can lick any man in the house.’ cos if somebody says it at any party I’ve ever been at they say ‘Go ahead and lick me man - I’ll sit back and unzip myself, Fred, he wants to lick you first.” ‘Maybe we shouldn’t wear uniforms - maybe that’s where we’re going wrong, like if the Vietcong wore signs around their necks saying ‘I’m a Vietcong’ they wouldn’t have any trouble figuring out who was who in the villages. Like, if we walked along the street together, and a policeman saw us, do you think the thought would ever cross his mind that we smoked dope? All you have to do is to get into a category and then they know who you are. You’ll only upset them if they don’t know who you are.’ ‘I’m cool all the time - I wouldn’t let them have that shot at me. I’m too smart, why should I help them? Let’s go and give ourselves up and we’ll see who comes with us. Man, don’t you see that they’re taking us one by one? - and that’s how we’ll fall. We’re all ashamed - ‘Did you hear so-and-so got busted?’ - ‘No - where, when?’. Just like in Munich - ‘Did you hear Bergstein got taken by the Gestapo?’; ‘You’re kidding - when?’. And everybody said after the war ‘How come the Jews never fought back?’; ‘How did they do it? - load them into cattle cars, pile them into ovens, stuff hot lead up their asses?’ The answer is - they did it ONE BY ONE.’ ‘If we’re going to fall let’s all fall together - at least if they put us in jail we’d know everybody.'
In New York today, some actors and actresses are lobbying their union to ban nudity from the stage. This is an inevitable reaction where sex, rock and drugs are part of the movement, & where black & white don't just denote skin but symbolise polar areas of thought. There are bridges everywhere in Manhattan except between lifestyles & the way its inhabitants think, feel & act.

Not surprisingly, then, that on 24 March Che, the play that took the puritanism which still grips most Americans to its opposite and logical extreme by having actors fuck on stage, was busted; & its entire cast, author, director & 16 year-old stage hand, were charged with public lewdness, consensual sodomy, impairing the morals of a minor, & conspiring to commit the same.

On Saturday 25 April, Che illegally re-opened where it had started – the Free Store Theatre on Cooper Square – thus giving a few more avid readers of Screw, Pleasure, Rat, Other Scenes, Nyrs, etc, to say nothing of the Morals Squad, another chance to see it.

After an evening of organised boredom with the Performance Group's Dionysus in 1989, I have no illusions about Che. Written over a period of two years by Lennox Raphael, a West Indian from Trinidad (who, to quote him, is ‘the product of a good fuck’), Che is an explicit and coherently extended sexual metaphor of the body politic and its convulsions. A complicated series of sexual games-opens between Che, who is a general symbol of revolutionary energy; the President of the United States, naked except for a star-spangled Uncle Sam topper & a red-white-and-blue cord tied round his waist: Mayfang, the lesbian ‘angespy’, representing variously the new technology, the Military and the CIA; the ‘viciously delicious’ Sister of Mercy, who is a composite of the real Che Guevara’s Tania & the Catholic nun who was photographed washing Che’s wounds & smiling over his dead body; & Chili Billy, son of King Kong.

‘King Kong was the first sign of sanity in America after that freak Thomas Paine,’ Raphael thinks. ‘I wanted to use King Kong just to provoke us to dig the ape in all of us, the beauty of the Ape.’

Neither the President (played by Paul Georgiou, whose body carried rather more conviction than the rest of his acting) who tries constantly & unsuccessfully to seduce Che (Lavinia Bernarduzzi, no Mayfang) (Jeanne Baretich, sinister in silver lame with a clear plastic dildo slung round her neck, Mattel submachinegun under arm, plastic nipples & steel wool crutch, who has a go at everyone) – ever have orgasms.

Che makes it with ‘the chosen citi’, Sister Mary Anne (Mary Anne Shelley, with the best off-off Broadway), who comes with everyone, even whilst being beaten by Mayfang, & again – very violent – when ravished by the fur-suited and priapic Chilli Billy (David Zaslows). The fucking scene between Che & Sister Mary Anne is inevitably the most notorious moment of the play, but it is also the best. They screw in various positions on the Star-Spangled Bedcover, beneath a slow strobe which increases its tempo with the lovers. This was mime: Bercowitz didn’t have an erection. But my reservation about the sexual mime in Dionysus didn’t apply here. Why? Because, the scene was not so obviously choreographed, because it was not ‘removed’ from the audience and, being so skilfully and realistically performed, the symbolic functioning of its reality was not impaired.

The end comes fast & savagely. The President declares. ‘On my Dicker-Dick is Capitalista’, and Che, disregarding the warning never to bite the cock that feeds you’, bites it while blowing the President. Whereupon the anquished and outraged embodiment of Western capitalism grabs Mayfang’s handy machine-gun epigrammatically bellows ‘Fuck you... motherfucker!’, shoots Che & his bride of Christ, & collapses sobbing on the prime object of his lust, the body of Che. ‘I worked on the premise,’ said Raphael, ‘that Che was killed because he bit on America’s pride & expansionist ecstasies.’

This, of course, is a simplification of the action, even in sexual terms. There was much group-groping, blowing & invitation to burglary. There are some hilarious moments, as when the President, in a desperate and contorted attempt to locate the ‘real me’ by orgasm, tries to suck himself off; although in the first half-hour or so the constant bombardment of snap-lines (‘Mudpack my passion’; ‘I seek the real me in the debris of your lust’; ‘Semen surrounds my teardrops’; ‘We are the nature of our games’; ‘Pain has its own reflection’) is lightened only by tentative fingerings between Che & the President & a bit of half-hearted dildo-sucking from Mayfang, as Lolita with her popsicle, threatens to overbalance the play by making it toowendy. Raphael has packed so much into it that the temptation is to get hung up at this or that point, deciphering the significance of a single detail instead of flowing with the action. It is a 100-minute one-acter without any breathing-spaces.

A source of confusion on the night I saw it was that no-one at all got a hard-on (though the cast had made it five times before, according to Bercowitz and Raphael – whose paternal advice to his actor went, ‘Do it if you can & if you can’t it doesn’t matter’; and the critic of Screw reports seeing the Presidential prick semi-erect after leaving Mayfang’s lips). Thus it was often uncertain whether limpness had political implications or not. In the end, this ambiguity didn’t matter.

The metaphor worked & in a single viewing it is possible to extract the implication that established power always tries to assimilate to itself subversive forces; & if it fails, has those energies crushed by the occasional servant of both modern technology, which, being simply a tool, wants to be used by (or come with) either.

The Foreplay note to Che indicates Lennox Raphael’s motives & sympathies: ‘Writing is revolution when done in the interests of revolution;... the revolution is being revolutionised because it is also an ecstasy of who lays whom.’

& even though Raphael stated in an EVO interview with DA Latimer that... "The play is intended to displease Left & Right, & provoke people to dig what’s happened to themselves. The way we destroy ourselves with our power games, the way a big powerful congestive country like America could gang up against Cuba, for example. The way we could consider that morally right. The way we rationalise, moralize, the violence in Vietnam, North & South, very functional.'

Che works both as revolutionary event & as revolutionary theatre. (Assuming Abbie Hoffman is right when he claims that confusing your enemies is the primary act of revolt.) It is a play where all action takes place in terms of the functions of the human body, & the breaking of social & theatrical taboos which has confused the straight press, at least, is not gratuitous. The obscenity is structural. Though there’s nothing technically new in Ed Wode’s production, Che is one of the first convincing images, in art, of the counter-culture’s belief that sex, politics & violence cannot be dissociated in revolutionary contexts. 'Revolution is a wolf howling in the vestibules of your passion.’

The night before I left New York, Che was busted again, for being performed in an unlicensed theatre – a legal point which applies to almost every off-off Broadway production. A pity; but the enforced rest may give the cast bigger & better horns in future matiness. The script is to be issued by Raphael’s own newly-formed publishing company, Hotwax.
Peter Buckman

There's some corner of a foreign field, that is for ever England, where only the houses may vote in local elections, & such houses are in the personal gift of local councillors who don't give them to people likely to vote against them. The government of this same field, that is for ever England, since 1922. Called the Special Powers Act, it enables the police to arrest without warrant, imprison without charge, & arrest anyone who does anything calculated to be prejudicial to the preservation or maintenance of order in Northern Ireland & not specifically provided for in the regulations. You may wonder why any British government would permit a corner of its field to have such arrangements. That is the question Bernadette Devlin asked in Westminster.

The civil rights movement in Ulster, like any radical movement anywhere in the world, is trying to organize support on class lines. It takes a lot of bloodied heads before people realize that there are those who exploit and those who are exploited. In Ulster the problem is complicated by the religious factor: people are denied houses & jobs because they may be Catholic & the council who represents 100% Protestant. But the movement for which Bernadette Devlin is just one spokeswoman is an afterthought for Catholic, but just as much the exploited. Seen from England itself the notion sounds absurdly old-fashioned & doctrinaire. But it's way ahead of the separatist movement, where at least in the South as well as in the North, & in England too. That's the only way we'll get through to the Protestant working class & convince them it's a peaceful way. We need to dress up. Bernadette spent her maiden: "I don't think directly, because you're dealing with political backwoodsmen. Vietnam doesn't mean anything there. But indirectly, yes. The Irish student too realized he was just part of a sausage-factory: the campaign for the election let him see that it is possible to organize a radical movement. It's a stepping class.

Chichester-Clark isn't going to make any difference: he's just another square. But we don't want union with Eire either: we want them to organize and demand their social justice. And in England too - it was very encouraging when I went down to a building site & talked to the Irish workers. They were ready to go & do something.

Has your movement learnt anything from American experience?

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What about Westminster?

I suppose I compromised myself by standing, but I don't expect anything from it. It isn't the principles of the cause. The English workers should bring pressure on Westminster if we can. In Stormont I keep on trying to organize support & arrest anyone who does.

Can you organize to prevent this? You've talked of a Citizen's Army.

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Do you foresee extended street action?

Yes, because what the government is offering is only tokenism. Chichester-Clark'll be out soon, & then the question of the ex-Deputy of Ulster will come in like a blinding light, & he'll give us one man-one vote. But God help anyone who wants anything more - there'll be strong government, Faulkner the Fascist, but an extremely clever one. Westminster will just look on & make noises. My function there is just to make sure they don't forget they have the ultimate responsibility.

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The Plot is the Revolution
The Ritual is the Vision

WHEN
Frankenstein: June 4, 5, 13, 14, 16, & 17
Mysteries: June 6 & 7
Paradise Now: June 9 & 10
Antigone: June 11 & 12

All performances start at 8 p.m. Approximately six weeks in each production. First and second weeks schedules above, Second two weeks schedules changed. Also individual and special events at Artists Lab, 182 Drury Lane W2 during month of June.

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Julian Beck.
Antigone
After Sophocles/ after Holderin/ after Brecht
a new translation by Judith Malina.

Permutation:
A meditation the purpose of which is to lead to levitation. If it succeeds the play is consigned. If it fails it becomes a victimization.

Paradise Now
Voyage from the Many to the Che, Guerilla Theatre, through visions, orgies, trance to Rite of I and Thou, The Street and the Open-ended possibility of Change and Permanent Revolution, Vision of the Landing on Mars, like the Rite of New Possibilities. Ritual tells us the Content of actions. Paradise Now goes from ritual to vision to action.

STUDENT: Well, what can I do? I'm just one man.
SBI: [with a lot of passion! That's what you've been made to think. You've been made to think that you're an amorphous, hybrid thing. When you're a movie there's always this group of guys up at the ranch who have no names. They're just waiting there to be called to fight. And they're the abstract, hybrid form - the boys back at the ranch. And that's what the people are. [Screaming] And you've been made and trained to think that.
STUDENT: That's violence.
SBI: No, I'm getting hot; the blood is going through my brain right now; my mind is red; my blood is going to my head; there's more air in my brain right now; my consciousness is expanding; and I'm alive. Steve Ben Israel.

APRIL 13, 1968
It's total crap: what is that? I'm just getting hot; the blood is going through my brain right now; my mind is red; my blood is going to my head; there's more air in my brain right now; my consciousness is expanding; and I'm alive.

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... all the ways of earth are the ways to heaven/
Eric Guitkind, The Absolute Collective

HOW?
How much a night in the theatre has changed us is perhaps the wrong question. Perhaps the right question is, What, if anything, do we know after this experience that we didn't know before in terms of what we're going to do from now on? That's change. I think really the only change is the change that leads to some kind of change in action or activity. Of course this includes the Intellectual Process, but our theatre is no longer purely intellectual theatre. But if the audience is already radicalized, then we have our next question: How can we as theatre now serve you as students or you as audience or you as people twenty-five years younger than me? In Paradise Now we try very much to give the stage to the audience so that we can learn just that. But even Paradise Now is set up from problems we thought six months ago were the pertinent problems, problems we thought of in France in a very specific political milieu. Here we're surrounded by another political milieu. If the question is, Have you the Mysteries changed you? or, How have you felt moved? let me amend the question: How can the theatre serve the revolution? That's what I want to know from you. That means you have to be the revolution too, you know. We call upon you to be the revolution! Judith Malina
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