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Editor

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Description
This issue appears with the help of Richard Neville, Felix Dennis, Jim Anderson, David Wills, Gary Brayley, Louise Ferrier, Martin Sharp and Bridget Murphy. Cover photograph by Keith Morris.


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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.
MOTHERS—WHERE IS YOUR DAUGHTER TONIGHT?
THE FULL SHOCK STORY FROM SIBERIA TO SCUNTHORPE

Plus! Early Elvis, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Johnny Cash and - exclusive - complete lyrics of Billy Lee Riley's 'Flying Saucers Rock'n Roll'.
The facts - LEPER RAPES VIRGIN
MOTT THE HOOPLE

produced by Guy Stevens
This OZ is about enslavement — of the body and of the spirit. 'We’ve lost the art of dreaming' writes Donald Reeves from his parish in that cellblock that is Morden, 'a community organised for death.' We sent two girls to that other hotbed of spiritual rigor mortis, Scunthorpe where they withstood for a whole weekend, seething distrust, rampant inertia and Special Chow Mein (with an egg).

Many of those who reject the lifestyle symbolised by these towns, end up in gaols and courtrooms. In this OZ there is a report from Chicago, where Yippie, New Left and black activists are on trial for conspiring to celebrate a Festival of Life. Also, Harvey Matusow, one of the first to focus attention on hippie prisoners in Turkey, now discovers more hash fiends languishing in Lebanon. Anthony Lorraine, gaolled for 15 months for a similar offence in various Russian prison camps, writes of his experiences. His internment was less stifling than the three or four years of ingenious subjugation imposed by Oxford University. Two contributors remind us that tomorrow’s ‘leaders’ are still being churned out with the same elitist set of prejudices, and the total inability to relate to or communicate with their fellow man, that has traditionally distinguished the Oxbridge product.

Unfreedom everywhere, but small breakthroughs: cultural renaissance via rock music, so a tribute to Sun records and its founder, Sam Phillips; and a tribute of another sort to the ‘man without whom . . . ’ OZ probably wouldn’t be here, Jack Kerouac, father of beat, founder of drop-out. His road now leads around the world, and from one lay-by, Ibiza, OZ reports on a personal liberation; learning to love idleness, fun, sun and life. Now read on.
A trip down Memory Lane with the Sun Stars.
(An album of your favorite songs)
Everybody has heard of 'Blue Suede Shoes' or 'Great Balls of Fire'. They are stock phrases or classic statements in pop. Even today's teenagers have faint notions of their presence. What have they both in common? Both were recorded in the middle of the '50s, both in the same Memphis studio and by artists born within close proximity in the Southern States. Did very few, two recordings belong to a musical precinct of this era to emerge out of the '50s, which in three years was to grow from just another force into a full force on the rock n' roll scene and yet - the famous appearance of Elvis Presley.

The biggest and most influential disc-jockey in Memphis, Dewey Phillips — no relation to Sam played 'That's Alright' - one night in July of '54. Presley had in a cinema to avoid the embarrassment and tension (although he told his parents to listen in) of hearing himself. Seventeen listeners called in asking for more, and when an arrangement was ready, Phillips did what no other label would do and issued the disc. The record was a major hit for Phillips. Phillips let Presley and his band into the Sun studio. Even today's teenyboppers it's Phillips who began the new way. He called it rock n' roll, and Presley was the first young country singer known outside the South since Robert E. Lee. There was hunger for his kind of music, but the masters of local stock phrases or classic statements had no room for him along with his 'Tennessee Two (Marshall Grant on string bass and the late Luther Allison on guitar)'.

The famous appearance of Elvis Presley wasn't the first time he'd been in the public eye. He grew up in the American South. His parents were small-time farmers, both of whom were musically talented. He began singing at an early age, and by the time he was a teenager, he was well known in his community. He was often teased for his musical talent, but he didn't let that get him down. When he was 13, he got his first guitar, and he was hooked.

In the early '50s, Elvis began to hone his craft and develop his stage presence. He was a natural performer, and his charismatic personality quickly gained him a following. He was known for his dynamic stage presence and his ability to connect with his audience. He was a hit with the girls, and he was a hit with the boys. He was a hit with everyone.

But the big break came in 1953 when he was 17. Johnny Ray's label Columbia held Bragg's royalties for him. The four others renamed themselves 'The Marigolds' and pursued a career in the South, along in the form of a white boy moving in a field previously run by coloured guys, they recognised it. The late Steve Sholes of R.C.A. heard him and for the first time ever an executives fund was set aside to raise the $35,000 Sam Phillips needed for Presley's contract and all Sun records run by him including some unfinished tracks by (who got $5,000 in the deal) and Phillips thought he'd got the best of the bargain.

The Sun masters had come next to nothing but while it was Presley who would be big, it seemed he'd be that by 1956. The Sun recordings were not White kids among the blues - the first popibility sound. The white kids couldn't hear the rhythm that was. As rock n' roll gradually came it's own, Phillips began recording more and more white artists the sound rock n' roll was. Phillips appeal blues acts were Switched. Even today's teenyboppers it's Phillips who began the new way.

JOHNNY CASH

In the South there's been a long tradition of musical interaction between spiritual and gospel music, Southern blues merged with country, in this way the early pioneers of rock and roll presented what some call soul music to the mass commercial market for the first time. It was R. & B. but it was a legitimate innovation of the blues heritage and it served as a means of introducing finer music qualities of 'soul' to the world's audiences. It was an exciting and vital contrast to the northwest for the old Smoky. Memphis Johnny Cash (b. 1932) auditioned for Sam Phillips. Cash had been a farm boy who'd joined the airforce and in his spare time had learned the guitar and developed a style which came from the blood; he was a country singer. After he left the service he hit Memphis then the 'coolest' place and along with his Tennessee Two (Marshall Grant on string bass and the late Luther Perkins on lead) prepared for the audition. Phillips was impressed and "Hey Porter'/Cry, Cry, Cry" was issued on Sun 221 in late '55. It became a national hit, selling 100,000 in the South alone and a year later he was named as the most promising C. & W. artist of the year in 4 polls. The fact remains that Cash was the first young country singer to make it in the pop field on the scale of a pop artist with continued success, without ever veering from country, an extreme rarity in those days.

CARL PERKINS

On the rock n' roll front, Elvis had a contender with Carl Perkins. They say that Perkins could have given Presley a run for his money, if it wasn't for his...
What makes those records so good is that they were crystal clear, the crude reality of the sounds would be brought painfully out. However, with a cooked sound – what went into the mikes was not necessarily what went in the mouth. Jerry's voice and piano, always in complete autistic control. One gets the feeling, as all the other instruments are either fussy-cranked or the like, that they are mindless pawns following the leader with cries of 'anything you say, Jerry Lee'. However, the weird recording techniques and primitive acoustic of the sound were still in force up to mid '58. The way Sun Philips always recorded produced a sound which can only be described as 'raw' and the simplest back-ups could be transformed into a wild, distorted, rave-up.

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MIGHTY BABY
First Album Available Now on Head Records
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On a sadder note, were the gals.

"Play guitar, Elvis," yells Emerson on the all talented but doomed to record for Roy Orbison. He moved to Memphis and was the first to go for a while. But he appeared on the rockabilly tours. On our early sides, Elvis performed in a truck with a guitar, didn't live up to its initial promise and Riley found himself popular. Well the little green men were real hep cats Rockin' and a rollin' to the crazy flats, I couldn't understand a word they said, but the crazy beat really stopped me dead.

'I was an anonymous and besides it was a good sound. Anonymously and besides it was a good sound.

The Sun Legend! by Paul Vernon

If you're into Blue Rockabilly, this is the book you've been looking for. Available from Dobels, Charing Cross Rd, W2, or from Paul Vernon, 172 Cricklewood Lane, London NW2 at 75s plus 1s postage. Get your copy now!

Sam Phillips started out in 1950 as D.J. and Band Promoter at the Peabody Hotel, Memphis. He set up Sun Studios in 1953. He is now a Millionaire, owning the three studios in Memphis where most of Phillips Sound is recorded.

Hilly Lee Riley — his Red Indian heritage very apparent.
JOHN & YOKO
KLAS VOORMANN
ALAN WHITE
ERIC CLAPTON
courtesy of Polydor
Records
With fab pics and poetry
in 1970 calendar!

PLASTIC ONO BAND - LIVE PEACE IN TORONTO APPLE RECORDS CORE 2001 OUT NOW
November the 24th 1969. "The Great White Wonder" bit London in bulk today as Jeff The Fireman hawked sealed copies from a cardboard box tucked nervously under his arm. 'Five pence a set, man... take it or leave it... sorry... cash, no cheques... take it or leave it... Mostly they were taking. Five pence, as Jeff The Fireman might seem a lot to pay for two records, even a bootlegged double Dylan LP, especially as only last September Rolling Stone reported it retailing in Los Angeles stores at under half that price.

It's being marketed like dope. There's the same restrained air of paranoia, the absurd metaphorical telephone calls... 'You know, man... THE album... look, man... this is an open line... Whaddaya mean which album?... stupid muthafucka... THE album... the huddled street corner conversations in the 'Gate, a flash of absurd metaphorical telephone hookups. It would hardly be Jeff The Fireman who is burning who.

Jeff is hustling, but handing over each copy sadly as his stock dwindles. His contact tells him this will be the only shipment to London for three months and he wishes he had more. He refuses to contact tells him this will be the only shipment to London for three months and he wishes he had more. He refuses to... Whaddaya mean which album?... stupid muthafuckas... THE album... the huddled street corner conversations in the 'Gate, a flash of absurd metaphorical telephone hookups. It would hardly be Jeff The Fireman who is burning who.

The last, and most recent track in the whole collection, 'Living The Blues', was taped directly from Dylan's appearance on the 'Johnny Cash Show', televised in the U.S. earlier this summer. It features Bob mechanically C & W'ing his way through a composition suspiciously reminiscent in both title and chord structure to the old Tennyson Steele hit, 'Singing The Blues'. This is pure 'Skyline' Dylan. The lines of W'ed suited hype who smiled condescendingly that time he was due to take his hour in September. Here, as then, he sounds vaguely bored with his own performance. The audience is ecstatic.

Sound quality throughout the twenty six tracks might at best be described as muddy. At worst, it's absolutely dreadful. Generally speaking, the Minneapolis tape seems to have suffered least in the transition to flat plastic. Many are the cuts on the 'basement tape' sound at times as if they were recorded by an enterprising neighbour from a tape recorder lying on the fan while Dylan was singing. At some point, they had been subjected to re-recording over a long-distance telephone hookup. It would hardly, be... Whaddaya mean which album?... stupid muthafuckas...

Remember that none of this material was ever intended for release. And, in a way of course, there lies half the appeal of 'The Great White Wonder'. Here's Mr. Dylan with his pants down. Dylan exposed. Dylan vulnerable. Dylan without the stifling protection of Albert Grossman, CBS Studios, Bob Johnson, handpicked Nashville session musicians and the bust engineers that money can buy. Proof that behind the publicity mask of Bob Dylan there lies... what? A happy family man who dies jamming with friends in his own cellar? It would be nice to think so.

Technical hangups aside, it's still fascinating to hear America's answer to Donovan prove that when it comes down to it, nobody but nobody sings Dylan like Dylan. ' Tears Of Rage', for example, is so far removed from The Band's own version that I had difficulty in placing the song at first. His phrasing, timing and delivery are, as always, superb and completely unique. With Dylan singing it, this song takes on a whole new meaning. the story of a man confused and utterly bewildered by the miserable condition of his own country. A man outraged by his treatment and the treatment of blacks and his friends and fellow artists. A man who had the impudence to learn to read... What you don't understand is that there is lots of good ways for a man to be wicked! Oh, really?

Or try this, from 'Abner Tilly', to story of the beating of an innocent negro... And I'm just singing you this song... I remind you that this sort of thing is still going on... and so that we can make this great land of ours even greater! live in... How far from Woodstock Nation, Abbie Hoffman or the analogues and metaphors of 'Highway 61' could you get? Way, even Dylan might permit himself an indulgent smile at these takes. Still, it's good to listen to him singing in that nasal voice and picking his guitar and playing his harmonica and coughing and pretending he's the (new) Woody Guthrie. He was young and poor in those days, and like he said later on in 'Just Like A Rolling Stone'... when you ain't got nothin', you ain't got nothin' to lose... That's exactly how he handles these sixteen cuts, easy, relaxed and like he ain't got nothin' to lose. Which he hasn't.'
"While there is an underlying consistency to all their work, The Byrds have a capacity to grow in a way uncommon to the pop scene. They are always pushing themselves to the next plateau, even with one eye glancing at their past...Before seeing the group live I played "Dr. Byrds and Mr. Hyde" several times and loved it without qualification."

Jon Landau, Rolling Stone.

"Five more different and divergent personalities could not be conceived of – a Jew, a Christian, a Black, a Greaser and a WASP. What we have learned about one another in the year and a half that we have been together as the PG&E is: no matter how different we are in philosophies and life styles, the common denominator between us is the music..."
Do you ever get the feeling that you want to disengage yourself from life? To withdraw into some kind of solitary contemplation just to think about everything for a while? Everything. You. Her. It. Them.

Well that's how a poet feels, because he's no different from everyone else. What makes a poet different is that he takes time to put it all down on paper. Beautifully. And what makes Leonard Cohen a very different poet is that he turns his poetry into songs.

He did it for SONGS OF LEONARD COHEN, his first album. And it achieved a rare kind of success.

The first time we sprang him on you cold, and people had to get warmed up to this very unusual artist. But now there's actually a demand up front for Leonard Cohen.

Then there came SONGS FROM A ROOM, the second Leonard Cohen album for the growing number of people who have identified with him. And what he feels. But don't have that rare poetic vision.

There could be millions of Leonard Cohens in the world. You may even be him yourself.

THE SOUND OF THE SEVENTIES

[Image of album covers]
"The music as a reflection of emotion is our form of communication and love with the universe.
We want to bridge the gap between all kinds of music... between all ages, all races, all kinds of styles... What counts now is not 'authenticity' but quality."
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THEREEEEEE<<<! HEY, ARE YOU A BOY OR A GIRL?

HALF HAW HAW HAW!

HEY, YOU SMELL LIKE TRASH! GO TAKE A BATH!

HALF HAW HAW!

HEY, CAN'T YOU HEAR THROUGH ALL THIS CRASH?

(A SNAPPY COWBOY! WHY CAN'T I THINK OF A CLEVER REPLY?)

WELL, I'LL JUST HAVE TO BE AS CLEVER AS I CAN UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES...

BABE, EAT SHIT MOTHERFUCKER!

YEW CAN'T TALK ABOUT MAH MOMMA THAT WAY, HIPPIE!!

OH GEE, I'M SORRY! I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS YOUR MOTHER!

THE SIXTIES COCKTAIL OF AMYL NITRITE (A POWERFUL HEART STIMULANT) KEEPS ITS LEGENDARY THING...

ARRRRGH!!!

LORD GOD BILLY BOB—THAT WAS THE MEANEST HIPPIE YOU EVER PICKED!
I love rock & roll, but the spirit of the singers whose songs I do
are living with me. "I sang in back alleys and on subway trains.
All I wanted to do was to spread joy all over.

As a child, I used to get a thrill just watching the shellac records spinning around on
the turntable. I'd press my nose to the label and it was like magic to me. I
actually felt as if I was living in the
past—and I really haven't changed at
all. Even now, when I get a big box of
records, I drag them to my room, close the
door, wind up my 1909 Victrola phonograph,
and listen to them straight through. Maybe I'm a living ghost
of the past, but it's more than just singing to me. I go into a trance and
usually end up sitting there, in my room with my
head buried inside the horn of my record
player.

And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he
gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so touch, and
thinks the strangest

And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit.

my voice was tremulous when he told them this, and
trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and
healthy.

"Come up through the window," said Bob, "and listen to
them spin and swirl and catch the sunbeams."

Well here I am on record AT LAST! It feels so WONDERFUL to be here on my first album...
"The True Love Of A Good Woman Is The Only Thing Missing From My Life."

"I See Her Face Each Time I Sing."

Tiny has seen this vision, this inspiration, for as long as he has been singing. "She has never deserted me," he declares. "She is between 15 and 25, and is always with me. I guess I always needed an audience, and back in those very hard times when I was first starting to sing, I had to invent one. Anyway, this is my dream girl, and I think one of the reasons that I must go on singing is the strong hope I carry that she will someday really appear, in the flesh."

Secret love, where are you?

"When I met my future wife I knew I had seen her before . . . she had come to me in a dream as a fairy princess. I fell in love with her. I shed a little tear and put it in an envelope to keep."

"God bless me, little man!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all. He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Sob came the GHOST OF A YOUNG MAN WHO WAS NOT BEARD. He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. "No, no," said Scrooge. "Oh, no, kind Spirit! say he will be spared." "If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, none other of my race," returned the GHOST, "will feel more than an interest in me."

"He held out his hand, and she had to comply. He spoke with his eyes and at a beautiful lady became Mrs. Bridget."
QUESTION: I am a very early rising, strictly a morning man, and my mate is a late sleeper. Therein lies my dilemma...

There is nothing I like better than having intercourse with her as she awakens, or more precisely, waking her up with the actual coital act. When first awakened, she sometimes is a bit irritable but quickly gets over this. Since there is little or no roleplay involved, I cannot sustain myself long enough for her to achieve complete sexual gratification. I am beginning to be concerned about the wisdom of this practice but I don't want to give it up because it really does turn me on. Are we not up-tight about this thing but do feel the need to improve the situation for more mutual satisfaction. What can we do to help my mate achieve sexual gratification on short notice? (P.S. This letter is on ANSWER: You could spend months or years of psychotherapy trying to determine why you wish to take your wife unawares— or adjust to the situation. What if this is a frequent practice your wife isn't really surprised. But if she can't get any satisfaction, neither will you fully.

Sounds as if you two should discuss your needs with each other your mutual needs and wants.

Incidentally, my laboratory assistant says she can think of no better way to start the day.

QUESTION: I have a story I would like to relate to you. Here it is. Herb visited Linda in December and again in July. He did not see her in the six months in between and therefore did not pull her during that time.

Linda stopped taking her birth control pills early in April and became pregnant later that month. She claims that there is the father. That she carried around the sperm (the fertilized egg) from December until April and when she stopped taking birth control pills became pregnant. She is now four months pregnant.

A psychiatrist told Herb that this is possible. The Free Clinic said it was impossible. (Personally don't believe it.) Have you ever heard of this? Do you think it could happen?

ANSWER: Linda will have to accept other explanation. Pregnancy could occur for example, without intercourse if the sperm were deposited at or near the vaginal entrance. Perhaps Herb misinterpreted the psychiatrist's words. He might have said something like, "...it is possible, but...

Spermatozoa can remain alive in the vagina no more than 2 or 3 days whether or not a woman is taking birth control pills. Deep freezing can maintain sperm cells in a state of suspended animation for long periods of time. But your friend would have had to be quite literally with this phenomenon to occur.

QUESTION: If you have been circumcised, can you become uncircumcised through a skin graft? One of my friends has been to Japan and he says there it is quite common for men who have been circumcised to get skin grafts.

ANSWER: Medical opinion remains divided regarding the merits of routine circumcision.

Urologists, now, and other proponents cite the lack of penile cancer in Jewish men and the low incidence of cancer of the cervix in their wives. Circumcision prevents an accumulation of smegma, the cheesy substance beneath the foreskin thought to be a cancer producing irritant. Routine circumcision also prevents tightening of the foreskin and certain genital irritations of infancy.

Opponents or routine circumcision point out that psychological effects on the infant are unknown: How does he perceive this attack on his privates? No anesthetics are used and the baby almost always cries, though many physicians say the baby feels no pain (they mean it doesn't hurt the physician). Fraud neglected this area, perhaps because he was a victim of the ritual.

Claims have been made that uncircumcised males are more sensitive, but the few objective tests made of this question have shown no difference in sensitivity.

My own opinion is that routine circumcision is unnecessary if mothers learn how to care for their infant sons. The foreskin should be regularly (and gently) pulled back from the head of the penis and accumulated smegma cleaned with soap and water. Boys should be taught this as a matter of personal hygiene. But even with scrupulous cleaning, some males will have persistent irritations and tightened foreskins requiring circumcision later in life. And circumcision in adult males requires hospitalization for several days (several months ago I wrote a letter to a fellow who broke some strings while kissing his girl goodnight).

Skin grafts to replace severed foreskins are possible. But is the graft of an entire penis (non-functional except for the examination of urine)?

A physician proponent of routine circumcision said of his opposition. "They are wrong to the amount of difference." Or maybe it's much ado about little.

QUESTION: For almost as long as I can remember I have had small nipples on the lower undersides of my penis. They are about the size of goose bumps. At first I thought that this was normal but then I began to wonder. Please tell me if my conditions is abnormal and, if so, what to do about it.

ANSWER: The goosebumps you describe are oil glands, many of which contain hairs. They are a perfectly normal part of the adult male anatomy. If you still have doubts, why not ask your physician next time you have an annual examination.

Deep Dr Hip Pocrates is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press. $3.50
Send your questions c/o OZ.
COLOSSEUM

ARE ON

VALENTINE SUITE

Juicy Lucy

New Red Order Chapter Three

ARE ON

VERTIGO

A PHILIPS RECORDS PRODUCT
THE BEATLES 'Something' 'Come Together' OUT NOW Apple Records
This interview with Peter Fonda is extracted from the Georgia Straight, an Underground newspaper published in Vancouver, British Columbia.

PETER FONDA: There were these pictures of my desk in the motel room in Florence, and one picture showed me and Bruce Dern from 'Wild Angels' riding along the Venice beach-front just before we pull into Dern's house, in the beginning of the picture... Only the picture was printed in such a way that all the background was almost washed-out... the beach and everything was very white and all you could see was Dern and me on the chop guitar for awhile, and then I played 'Fat white and all you could see was Dern looking at it for a second you know, two things'll happen to them, all sorts of things... with the hippies, with the southerners, with everything. I thought Man,-yeah, that's the way things... with the inky queers, anything you want...

And I thought Min, yeah, that's the image... So I thought, these two guys they go across the country, all sorts of things happen to them, all sorts of different situations... always I said with themselves they come face to face... with the hippies, with the southerners, with every thing... And the image... I said, 'Min and Me', one guy is the straight and the other guy is the folk, you know... looking for it... he's believing it, he's believing he bought his freedom and the other guy ain't so sure all the time... at the end they get killed, right from left field.

In my own mind I said now the audience who sees this film... my audience who sees 'Wild Angels' and 'The Trip' will say Ah, Fonda's going to get away with it this time... he's got to get away with it this time... And I said (snaps fingers) We take it away from them.

GS: How detailed was the screenplay? According to the publicity blurbs, Terry Southern just kind of wrote up a few things and handed it into somebody... I mean based on your ideas...

FONDA: A, I'll tell you what happened. I was in Europe and there comes Terry, to see Vadim and Jane about 'Barbarella' and he gets drunk and high and he says 'What are ya - what are ya doing?' and I said 'Oh I'm going to do this movie'. What's the story? 'Blah blah blah blah' and he said 'That's a far-out story, that's one of the great stories I've heard. It's not a beginning, a middle and an end'. What are you going to do? and I said 'Oh, we got to get a writer to help us put it in screenplay form'. He says 'I'm your man'. I said 'Terry, you can be... freed and fifty thousand a script, that's our whole budget'. He said 'No no no you don't understand'. In your mind we got together and Dennis and I sat down and tapped the story with Terry sitting there, into a tape recorder... Then we brought it back, sold it, to Bert Schneider, who said 'Far out, how much do you want?' and I said 'What do you want?' and he left us totally alone. Terry lent us the name, which was very important... it gave Columbia the idea that we had something more than just a schlock motorcycle flick. And we actually did the script - it was absolutely written out. The dialogue in some instances was led into with an idea, like we didn't have a scene for it.

Askew by the fire, where he says he wants to be Porky Pig and I said 'Far out', he talked around just that kind of non-sequitor wording... But, we did it very good... we're going to talk about where we are, who he is and the mystery about him, and about the fact that I have never wanted to be anybody else... Then we just went in and did it, you know? The next scene, the jail, the hippie commune, we just ad-libbed... but we knew what we had to do, what was going to happen - not what we had to say.

GS: That's the very film we should be mad at.

FONDA: A great deal of my personality goes in, just like Dennis - a great deal of his personality goes into this - and Jack Nicholson, who was born in New Jersey, not in Texas, you know, and he doesn't drink even...

GS: Was that speech line, or is it in the script?

FONDA: We added the going into it, with the joint and everything like that. We just goofed around a bit there and we get into the U.P.O. speech - written, word for word. Dennis wrote that speech. Then we got out of it on an ad lib sequence: How's your joint George? We'll save it, we'll do it tomorrow, first thing...

And the next scene, in the restaurant, that was all ad-lib. We know all the stories we had to say... and those guys in those seats were not actors, they were people, they were just there, and we put them in their positions and said Listen, this is what we can say and what you know... and you can say anything bad about us cause we're the worst people in the world... we just raped and killed a chick outside of town... We talked to them a few lies, you know... And then they come on, he told us about the bike, our boards, our grubby looks, the long hair, the beads, everything... talk about the flag and the inky quarks, anything you want... And they just came right off with it.

GS: Yeah, they really did.

FONDA: Yeah, they really did. And they really did. When he says 'I don't think they'll make the parish line', they really meant it.

GS: Oh, wow!

FONDA: We also wanted to get into... how they respond, how the herd responds to anybody who comes into it different. We are herd-inflated people, all of us. I mean whether we're Americans or Russians or Chinese, and soon as somebody comes in with a different attitude... man... they call the bull in and the bulls go in and do it in the individual... We have a problem, not only the blacks versus white in the country, but you know, the poor, the losers versus the have-nots, whatever it is. And we could have made the movie in Chicago, Michigan, Ohio, we could have made the same piece. The same problems exist. But we didn't use, you notice, the space thing except as a background thing, we show the white cemetery - the brilliant white things with the crosses and everything and the great mansions in the town - and then the black side of town, with the blacks in their little shacks, and everything like that. We ourselves don't get involved with it except an occasional something like, Yeah, well you'll get out of jail if you haven't killed anybody, at least nobody white... We get involved with the problem without ever getting into the cliche, which I hoped would be one of the greatest parts of the film because then nobody could walk away saying Ah well, they dealt with that problem well... Because.... it goes beyond dealing with a problem. We used a western, but the genre of motorcycles which is our western, it's the outlaws of our group... I mean those dudes that ride around on their bikes, man, with their far-out stuff... I dig 'em, I left them go by and they say 'Far out, look at that guy. So there is a western, an outlaw, an outlaw... but a rebel with a political cause or anything else, just a complex inarticulate reaction to what's happened. I mean we're reactionaries because we're reacting to what's happening rather than acting. And we go that off in the film. We tend to any budget realistic approach. And, you know, people have complained about things like the cocaine scene at the beginning of the film... They said it's...
freak in the film — who's got to be the other side of my personality. Actually we're just one person — but we get away with it; he's my sidestick, he's my foil, he's Sancho Panza and I'm Don Quixote, you know, in our own way. It was developed in the idea that he had that ability, he's that kind of guy, he's aggressive, he's a Taurus you know, and he's really bull-headed and stubborn, that's how he can direct the bloody thing anyway, and act in it — it was a tough job. He drinks, he gets uptight and he's up on uppers — that's his character, Dennis. So Dennis brought his character to the film and made it work as my foil — goes out and does my battles... because I won't fight... and somebody has to fight otherwise we're going to get done. So he goes out and does my battles, and he gets uptight. You know, although I know I'm not going to stay at the hippie commune, for example, he's really the catalyst — 'come we're going, come let's go, come on'. You know, he could not take it... it was nowhere for him even though he's long-haired with beads, it meant nothing to him — he was into the money... he was a hard-nosed street guy... The hippie commune is the weakest part of the film as far as I'm concerned. It was the one we had the most trouble with. Whether it was conceptual or not, I'm not sure... well, I have my ideas about it, I've seen it 116 times now but... we were sure that we didn't want to go in and do a hippie commune sequence that everybody was going to say Ah well look it they're all saying pro-hippie, isn't hippie wonderful. Well hippie ain't wonderful, and it's a bummer life out there, and they're eating dead horses, and they're getting shot at by the Indians, the Chicanos and the townspeople, and they don't know what they're doing, and they're diseased. I mean, these are cats who we went and lived with, and talked with... we can't show it like a paradise either. And we don't want to promote it, we just want to show it as an alternative, which Captain America chooses not to get involved with. He says, Yeah, yeah I know about time but I just got to go... which is the thing with everybody.

GS: At the end you say 'We blew it Billy'. Is that what you were saying earlier, that it was all reacting against you and you weren't like making it?...

FONDA: We simply went out and acted, the whole time we just did a thing... At the top, the first sign, after we get kicked out of the motel during the title sequence... the first thing is that I'd gotten like totally uninvolved with him going to New Orleans... and I'm really withdrawn about the act... but I never
cop out to saying Man, I wonder if we did something wrong. I just don't say anything about it at all, and I keep on removing further and further. I get a little bit involved with Jack Nicholson. George Hansen, the guy who comes in but I keep getting further removed until he gets killed, and that really snaps me. And then in the trip in the graveyard we do a holy communion with the acid, and the wine you know, breaking it out and passing it around and drinking it...and I cop out to my mother — which is like the thing that's going down with everybody, that whole generation; Momism, you know.
The thing is there and Momism is the pig that did it...to us, to the French, the Russians, to everybody, man — maybe the Chinese are not because they're so psyched out anyway — but Momism is the thing that really cooked us all up. So coping out to it, coming on as an existentialist hero, and then suddenly coping out to Mom...
It was a bit scary for me, you know. Dennis says Get up there on that statue and I was really into it. This's our one mistake...After it was over I came up and I said I think we ought to take it out of the film...He said Why? and I said You know, like, if I'm up holding onto the statue...of liberty there, saying Why did you leave me, Mom, the whole audience is going to think I've left Captain America and now I'm Peter Fonda. I really had this thing going in my head, and he kept saying No, no, no, not at all, leave it in, it's got to be in, it's the one thing that brings you down there...

GS: I was curious to know what kind of crew you had, how large.
FONDA: Including what I call gofers — the kids who do everything, right? — 23 people...at the most. Not including all the actors in the hippie scene. On the road we had one lighting truck, a generator, a camera truck...well, it wasn't a big truck...We shot out of the back of a Chey convertible, all those travelling shots...We used an Arriflex and blipped it for the sound sequences and kept back...you get the camera away, you see, which gives the idea like the camera's not there...cause the camera's removed...Angenieux zoom...which is a beautiful lens, man. I've never been photographed that beautifully...and it also gives you great mobility...because although I hate zoom — cause it's always overdone —

this guy's such a good cameraman...he shoots with both eyes open, so he can see everything that's happening, and he'll slightly adjust...and you could hardly see it, he'll just open a little more, to cover something, close down and make it in focus. And we do rack-focuses, which can always be done, but we do them just right to direct attention...but it's always when you least expect it to happen...and I like that.

GS: Where did you pick up your cameraman? I agree, he's really good.
FONDA: We saw this guy's work on two other motorcycle films: 'Hell's Angels on Wheels' and 'The Savage Seven', and then a film called 'Psych-Out'...all of them low-budget, Joe Solomon type films and we said Far out, man, this cat really knows how to work a long lens. Well Antonioni came down to see a rough-cut, flipped out, just literally flipped out, tried to get him right away...the cameraman was off in Hawaii shooting an ad or something like that, but Antonioni says, You know, I've gotta have that man — he's fantastic...Antonioni really, he's got this tic, man, it's incredible. During our movie though you know, his tic started and then it began to stop and then at the end like he was just like that, watching it. Then he came out and said It's the most honest film that's come out of America that I've ever seen.

GS: That's wonderful.
FONDA: Yeah...and he went around telling everybody else about it too, and I feel good, you know. You see, we're into communications, man, not entertainment. I mean I want to entertain people too...and we do have great musical numbers and those bikes look beautiful, and we have some great jokes...

GS: But in a way we're all beyond entertainment these days.
FONDA: We have to be...we have no time left.

man, that ride.
HALLBATHS
SCUNTHORPE

Presented by
RELYWSKOW & GREEN
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WEDNESDAY
NOV. 26
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WRESTLING
TAG TEAM CONTEST

Next the Worthing Hotel, scene of Scunthorpe's second discotheque. This
involved walking some distance through
the town (town being mainly houses).
On the bridge some cats stopped us to
drop the word 'Are your knickers
brown'? Everybody seemed to have long
hair, mainly early Beatles cut and
everybody came over straight, straight,
straight. Up dark streets, nobody,
pressure of a sleeping town, heavy and
getting creepy, then from nowhere five
or six cats, one streaming blood from a
gashed face, freaky lobotomy-type
haircuts, mad eyes focused on us, gang
rhythm, Terror flash with set change to
lonely menacing nowhere. Brief flung
contact, the rhythm broken, and we
were past, sad knicker level fantasies
floating after us.

PUB CRAWL
We fled into The Worthing. They didn't
like us, though we were bums trying to
can drinks after hours, dinner
impossible. In the dining room last

WE MEET A HEAD
Lunch at the Bucknoller, a restaurant cafe
with a faintly exotic flavour lent largely
by the non-British nationality of its
owners. Supposed to be 'a bit rough',
Decor appropriate, including two
bare-titted girls with Britte Figueheads
looming from the wall. Not exactly any
action. Kids drinking coffee, mixture of
white collars and the odd young
executive eating steak. The menu came
with at least 2s. 6d. worth of chips
reckoning by fish shop prices. That's a
lot of chips. In the doorway we talked to
a kid waiting. He wanted to score. What
if we were fuzz? The question died
unanswered. We weren't and he knew it.
At last. In this town one real live head.
He worked as a moulder in the steel
factory, was 17, grooved on soul and
blues, went to Riddings, a housing estate
one mile out of town to Soul Scene
discotheque. Saturday night only,
closing time 10.30. Spent Sunday nights
at Riddings Youth Centre that is until
the witching hour of 10.30, dancing and

'Do you like it?'
'No'.
'Why don't you leave?'
'Don't want to
He was 18, and also lived with his
parents. Dropped out of Doncaster
College of Art, crummy course, but
paints - all the time. No desire to find a
gallery and be part of that system,
disliked Scunthorpe, also London,
doesn't want to be part of any scene,
would move eventually to Scandinavia,
somewhere colder (?) prefers always to
be alone, grooves on painting and on
sounds - like Cream, has chicks but no
one special, most people here, like his
sisters, marry young. He won't. Doesn't
read any underground stuff although he
could get anything if he was interested,
knows of about 15 people who smoke,
one of them chicks, has had acid, but
not really good stuff, nothing harder,
gets on well with straight people but has
no special friends, is tired of the
narrowness of Scunthorpe, feels safe in
his private world, detached, is amused by
'Look out Scunthorpe here we come.'

Scunthorpe's the only town I've ever eased thoroughly in 4½ hours. It took a lot longer to get there. We drove Kings Cross Saturday 2:45 p.m., bought cigarettes and packets of chocolate, Trebor Mint, and. 2nd class, sat opposite a man with a head of the buckwheat and a 5-pint jug of Guinness, and at 3 p.m. turned off to the dark and smoking foundries. British Rail afternoon tea came to a stop. The air was heavy with the smell of coal and the horses served on silver plates, out of the stable door. A marshland movie getting marshier. Then Scunthorpe, gawky, grimy, precise image of the North on all our souls, slow shuffling in Ladies' Buffet, connecting trains at Scunthorpe. A few yards to the railway bridge (setting, predictably, for the Bridge Hotel, Scunthorpe's jewel) then right and straight down. Oswald Road turned into Fiddington, was crossed by Doncaster turning into High. A perfect square. Town centre.

THE SCUNTHORPE HUSTLE
We read a little. The set was international English-speaking, shopping suburbia, Pinball Palace, Coop, Congregational Church, High school, non-residential Britain. Ancient fixtures outside the building signalled their alarm at our being outcast. It was 6:30 or so, and Saturday night on the-town was in full swing. Rockers on the dance floors, all in pairs, stilt-legged 20's, attached at the elbow to grey suits, Moonmen, we were sent down a side street to The Parkinson Arms. We reject that your common friends cannot accompany you into the lounge'. The plaque on the door should have made us feel at home to what followed. For one neon sign, a good black and white, clamped and blinked at Laminex luxury when a twentieth person flung open the door. 'Booming 'Sorry'! This was intoned three times. Nothing moved, orange gins fixed middle finger to hanging mouths. A message began to seep through: this place is outside, then pressed he said he had no stairs, that if he did have any he wouldn't rent them to us. In fact, in the trunk suits jackets and crinoline. To any females at all, in the bar, it was all male pub, it had 'a certain clientele' which did not and never would include riff-raff (no tap room, no bar, lounge only).

Anyway, you're clearly from The People coming here and asking all these questions.
In our long jackets we trudged back to the Britannia. The chinos, frozen legs mottled in nylon, a tribute to British staying power, all wore mints, obviously our 'British' Saturday night ceremony. Two cops warned us off the Britannia, indicated we were out of our heads to be down at Scunthorpe and sent us up to Doncaster Road to the Royal. The receptionist backed the proprietors was cool, we had a room.
The Freddie Mark Extravaganza were playing at the Public Baths Hall to night and over, 5d. 11.30, Campbell's Teazle, Dick, rockers, on stage in the side entrance to the Inter Affiliated Conservative Club founded in 1927, played soul to fifteen and over till 10.30 (Friday nights 11.30), Playland was full of old ladies playing a variation of bingo, the Britannia was packed with all rockers. Carry on Something was showing at the Majestic, Yangte River at the A.B.C., and right opposite The Straight Arrow Bingo Club (formerly Straight Arrow Bowling Alley) crammed them in.

ON THE CORNER IN A TEDDY BOY SUIT
Under the circumstances we lit up and grooved a little on the roses and central heating. Much later it was pouring. Plunder had been done, the kids were spitting out of Campbell's down to the corner, couldn't place Freddie Mark (Mecca of the straightest teens) so we had a drink at the Britannia (sweet sherry) were offered a drink by a long-haired-looking 17 and coming up on 70. 'Ring bell!' Crying, closing the door, split, stood on the corner like everyone else. There seemed nowhere to eat, the cafes were shut, the kids were standing opposite the corner. Their heads surrounded across the road bumper cars, or sat on railings outside the pub waiting to be moved on by the eight apple faced cops who obviously were there for this. Two were hustled into the van, a dispersed few felt each other up in shop doorways, most of them started walking home, felt vaguely hopeful seeing a rock with Help! Angel Embassy issued his leather jacket but he split home too, a double dealer turned the corner, flashes of lacquered pheasants and fake fur collars. Shanty rockers, big tattooed queen conductor Tony Curtis curl pressed in.

On Doncaster Road the Slamming Sallys were strutting down to the fish shop. Two turned up with four or five others. No one was to the strange smell... so it was cool. He found music (never live) just about every night except maybe Thursday. Didn't play his own pad. Hardly anyone did - everybody lived with their parents. Difficult not to in a town like this. Nowhere to ball except the odd party. I met ten cars with the same make twice in a week and the thing was, they just turned to beer.
Never turned on birds - they belonged to their mothers. Nor did they appear. Local pop last fad because of the bad weather. Went part time to one college in town. technical college. Any activities there? Not that sort of college, you just walk in.
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Morden

‘Nothing ever happens in Morden’ – said a local journalist. Those words look right; most people don’t even know where Morden is. It’s the last station at the Southern end of the Northern line. At the station entrance you stand near the edge of a housing estate of some ten thousand houses. ‘Nothing ever happens in Morden’ – yes, those words look right. One street looks just like another. You go down one, and you’ve been down the lot. It was built before the days of planning. It’s a ghetto. You live on the estate, you say. It’s a ghetto because families were put here in the early ‘thirties from inner London. They were asked what they thought about this. But the L.C.C. had to do something about the London slums. They had the bright idea of building vast housing estates in outer London, so people were uprooted from Rotherhithe, Wapping, Islington and Walworth and housed in tiny 2-bedroomed or 3-bedroomed houses with no adequate heating facilities, and three thousand of them without bathrooms. But it was a bit like the country, the L.C.C., and now the G.L.C., call the houses ‘cottages’. They each have a strip of garden, and in the old days the Horticultural Society was really thriving.

But not now. All the organisations complain of apathy – the Churches, the Tenants’ Associations, the Labour Party Group. Parent/Teacher Associations don’t get off the ground; the local Councillor complains about apathy.

In fact, the estate is a community organised for non-participation, for non-consultation – yes, even for death. There are hordes of social workers around patching up the crises. But they are not concerned with the family or with the community. They can’t do any preventive work. There are lots of volunteers from the flourishing bourgeois communities of Wallington, Carshalton, Sutton and Croydon doing good everywhere.

But somewhere I want to say to all this good work (and it is) – STOP you are killing the people. They have had so much done for them that they no longer realise they have resources in themselves to look after one another. I do not know of one organisation – voluntary or statutory – which has representatives from the estate on their Committees. It’s all decided for them.

All this is made worse because we have more than our share of the old people’s explosion. The G.L.C., still the landlord, says to young people who want to live where they’ve been brought up, that when they get married they’ve got to move out so there are about 15,000 people in a few square miles.

‘Nothing ever happens in Morden’; these words may seem right, but in fact they are nonsensical. There are thirty thousand PEOPLE living on the estate, and these people are affected by institutions like the G.L.C., and the two local Tory Councils whose goals need questioning severely. And everything is not well. There is grumbling, complaining, anger and just occasionally violence – which is in Morden at least exploding apathy.

Apathy is all over the place. A few months ago Mary Smith of Roche Walk, Carshalton was found dead on the kitchen floor. She had put her head in the gas oven. It had all been carefully prepared. In a note she said, ‘I’m so lonely; I’ve no friends – friends belong to the past.’ Three days later there was by chance a public meeting on the problems of the elderly. Mary’s death should have been a catalyst, for people to DO something. Instead, there was a sense of frustration and helplessness, Why aren’t they doing more?

Then we have bathroom problems. The G.L.C. is a tired, inefficient and incompetent organisation as far as its modernisation of old houses goes. Enormous delays occur between various stages of the installation of these units; people complain about the way the builders behave. And after they have all left – perhaps after a period of six months instead of two weeks as Horace Cutler, the C.L.C. Housing Chairman proudly said – they leave rubbish and rubbish all over the place. But no one feels strong enough to turn their complaint into action. They just hope that someone will do something for them.

Then there are all the questions about Housing. ‘You’re just a bloody tenant’ said an official at the local G.L.C. office in Middleton Road to a tenant making an enquiry. The G.L.C. have been benevolent despots as Landlords on this estate; they regularly cut hedges, do a limited amount of interior decorating, and normally take trouble with requests for transfers. But, and it’s the biggest but, they have no understanding at all of the need for tenants to take a share in the running of the estate – in, for instance, the making of local by-laws.

The situation is going to get much worse. In April next year, the G.L.C. begins to shed its responsibilities as a landlord. One-third of the estate will be transferred to the High Tory Council of Sutton. Up will go the rents, and then shortly after down will come the houses. The land will be sold to private developing companies. The Council will make a packet, and have removed some Council houses. The tenants will be rehoused elsewhere. It is likely that that is what is going to happen, a Councillor said you can’t consult people about their homes; tenants feel too strongly about them. So it will be demolition without consultation because after all the Council know best, and know the wider picture – so they say.

As I write these polemical pages are moralising about the atrocities in Vietnam. That’s predictable. But the tone of their moralising turns me off; it’s much the same as some so-called revolutionary underground Press who go on and on about Black, Bofors or the Jews or the Blacks in the ghettos in Harlem. It all sounds the same – a lot of well-meaning liberals pontificating about these big issues, and ignoring their own turf.

Revolution has got to come. It’s got to come in such unlikely places as these barracks-like, transit camp, anonymous housing estates where people feel like children because they are treated like children and so feel unable to stand up and say stop – we are not going to be pushed around any more.

One of the things I believe is that this can happen – provided you are able to discover a point of indignation through an action survey done by the tenants – based on the old Socratic maxim ‘An unexamined life is not worth living’), and generate curiosity and hope. Out of this will come new leaders who will bring the people together and put right whatever is wrong. It’s a long, slow haul. But it can and does work. It kills the stifling patronage of so many of the caring professions. The revolution will come when local pressure groups insist on being a real part of the decision making process. This cuts right across the old political arguments – political parties are then just irrelevant.

But there are no blue prints. The revolution in Morden may take the form of an old people’s charter written by them for them, or ‘No demolition without consultation’, but the revolution will come on specific issues. Even in Morden some of us are, as Mr. Ilihan would say, part of the cool generation, who want direct, intense involvement on matters which want putting right rather than fighting for some worked out Utopian style community.

To that extent our vision is blurred and hazy. We’ve lost the art of dreaming, in a post-metaphysical world we’ve got no language to talk about God, or at another level about the Black/White thing, or our gut level responses to space travel, or, to what communities are about. Our language has run out.

I’ve said nothing about the Church in Morden. We are a tiny group of people, about 150 to 200 representative of the whole, the Church of England has had a love affair with the working classes ever since the Industrial Revolution, but it has never been consummated. But if the Church has any relevance at all it’s got to lead the Morden Revolution, and it’s beginning to do so. And when the Revolution’s over, then we have a wealth of symbol and rhetoric to help the world celebrate, to look for new idols, to keep open the future, and even to have something to offer to those in Morden like so many places has forgotten how to celebrate, because there is apparently nothing to celebrate. But Morden is wrong. We have something to celebrate and we do in a big way from time to time. But that’s another story.
Chicago
The most important courtroom confrontation in the history of the Underground is now taking place. The US Government has indicted eight people on charges of a conspiracy arising out of incidents and demonstrations during the Democratic Convention in Chicago, August 1968. The Academy Award of Protest went to the eight defendants: Abbie Hoffman, Lee Weiner, Dave Dellinger, John Froines, Jerry Rubin, Bobby Seale and Tom Hayden.

THE FIRST DAY 26 SEPT 69
It has taken Judge Julius Hoffman one day to accomplish what most observers had said would take one week to a month to complete. But almost singlehandedly, Judge Hoffman has accumulated a jury, a 12-member panel which appears to illustrate Newsweek's "TROUBLED AMERICANS" rather than any clear-headed application of jurisprudent impartiality. This morning they ushered into the courtroom 10 women (2 black) and 2 men, plus 4 alternates (all female, one black). A couple of them are retired, some have adult children, all are straight working class people, and only one, a 12-year-old girl, could in any way be considered a "peer" of the eight defendants on trial. At first glance, the jury seems to have the vaguely formidable appearance of 12 individuals who are not here to go around. They sit erect, hands folded in their laps, eyes riveted on the defendants' table which they face. As the hours pass, however, postures are noticed to have undergone imperceptible shifts; N.Y. appears in the courtroom. Lefcourt is also in custody of the U.S. Marshal, having been arrested at the last minute by the Court of Appeals while filing an appeal of the warrant issued by Judge Hoffman for his arrest. It is learned that authorities in San Francisco have refused to issue arrest warrants for Michael Kennedy and Dennis Roberts, the two other lawyers who had been hired by the defense only for pre-trial work. Judge Hoffman refuses to drop charges against Lefcourt, stating that he will release them from custody on the condition that they sit as counsel at the defendants' tables, a rather cleverly calculated move intended to show that the defendants have adequate legal counsel for the trial to proceed without Lefcourt.

A 10-minute recess is called to allow Lefcourt and Hoffman to meet with the 8 defendants, Kunstler and Weinglass and decide whether or not they should withdraw from the case. As the courtroom is clearing, there is a mild scuffle as U.S. Marshals attempt to handcuff Tiger in the courtroom and place him in custody.

Defendant Abbie Hoffman shouts: "We object to the treatment of our lawyers - they are needed in trials like this one going on all over the country. They're not just our lawyers, they're our brothers." The court reconvenes and Judge Hoffman is still not satisfied with the defense decision to consent to the withdrawal of Tiger and Lefcourt, providing the defendants do not have to waive their 6th Amendment right that would allow for a Postponement until the return of Chief Counsel Garry. Hoffman denies that he had bowed to pressure from the two attorneys - still in custody - to sit at the defense table. At the end of the day, Hoffman orders them jailed over the weekend, denies them bail and sets no sentence.

Following another motion by Kunstler, Hoffman also refuses to allow for the withdrawal of attorneys living in New York and Washington. "I am not present," said Kunstler, "and all attorneys who by law are required to represent the defendants in the event that out-of-state counsel is not present." Hoffman orders these two men to appear every day, even though their participation is unnecessary.

FIST WAVIING
Refusing to hear further objections from the defense, Hoffman calls in the jury, and, Ass. U.S. Attorney Shultz opens the government's case. He begins with a carefully accumulated run-down of the defendants; their names are mentioned, each stands and faces the jury. It goes along well enough until Tom Hayden stands and gives a friendly sort of fist salute, not approved as a fist salute, nor a sort of convenial fist salute that breaks out the judge. The jury is dismissed, Hoffman goes through a long, elaborate riff about "fist waving," and finally "it's my custom, you Honor," explains Hayden. Hoffman wheezes something about fist waving and finally calls the judge back. Shultz picks up where he left off in his opening address, the next name being Abbie Hoffman.

Abbie stands up obediently and tosses a kiss to the jurors just before sitting down. Caught off-guard again, Judge Hoffman quavers out an order that the jury "disregard the kiss just thrown by Defendant Hoffman." Shultz continues without further interruption from either side, and having "dropped" all the defendants' names, proceeds with some pretty heavy accusations, which the judge still intends to prove. In essence, the prosecution holds the position that Defendants Rubin, Hoffman and Davis made non-negotiable demands during the Convention so that they would be turned down, and the allegedly pre-planned riots could then break out. David Dellinger was claimed to be the leader of the "peace movement" and the Yippies were accused of demanding $100,000 from city of Chicago to prevent the riots. The rest of it seemed to have come out of For Whom the Bell Tolls.

William Kunstler opens the case for the defense. His address emphasizes the right to dissent, the right to protest an illegal, unjust and immoral war. The defense will prove that they came to the '68 Democratic Convention with thousands of others who wanted to protest continuation of the war in South Vietnam, a war which had been within the jurisdiction of the political party that was in power, and were persuaded of their Constitutional rights, the thousands of Americans came to protest the involvement of their country in that war, and they came to the most obvious place, the Chicago convention, to make that point. The real conspiracy, declares Kunstler, was not on the part of these 8 defendants, but on the part of national political figures and the local police to suppress the demonstrations.

As individuals, these men (the defendants) are unimportant - what is important is the theme of the government's attempts to denounce the threat. The threat to our freedom of speech. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, these defendants will stand before you as classic examples of The People against the government.

LUNCH RECESS PRESS CONFERENCE
Davis: It's a stacked trial, loaded against us. We will be impossible to get a fair trial here. Judge Hoffman is conducting the trial to show him to be completely in the arms of the government. And he is representing the ACLU. "We are deeply concerned with the treatment of the attorneys in this case and with Judge Hoffman's issuance of arrest warrants on all of them. We are interested in their arrest and release."

AFTERNOON SESSION
Leonard Weinglass' opening statement for the defense is a reaffirmation of the new-style, youth culture and the Yippies; these young people came to Chicago to show there was an emerging new culture in the country and in the world. Throughout Weinglass' address, Judge Hoffman and assistant flunky Shultz have played the "objection sustained" game, a game that will continue to be played between the Hoffman-Shultz-Foran team of pawns for the prosecution in an attempt to humiliate the defense attorneys in front of the jury. As the trial proceeds on exposing the false pretenses of the Nixon administration with every desperate motion and ploy, it will become necessary only for Foran to stand up, and Hoffman will ask on call, "I sustain the objection." The travesty is apparent to everyone - to continue until one of his grim advisors advises the President what has become of "his" case. On other things become so hopelessly convoluted that, having no alternative, the federal government flies up its own ass. At the completion of the Weinglass address, Judge Hoffman says, "Are there any other defense attorneys who wish to speak?" Defendent Bobby Seale stands up and asks to go back to the aircraft.


NO VISIBLE JUSTICE
Hoffman dismisses the jury. He then demands to know which of the attorneys at the defendants' table represents Defendant Seale. Citing the statement addressed to him the morning before Seale, Kunstler states that since he is not the attorneys present and represented by Seale, neither he nor Weinglass have the authority to speak for Seale. Hoffman denies Bobby Seale the right to give an opening statement in his own defense. Bobby Seale, defendant in a Government trial, is in a courtroom in Chicago, and, for all technical reasons, he is without legal counsel. The first witness for the prosecution is put on the stand: Raymond Simon, Corporate Counsel for the City of Chicago, legal representative of Mayor Daley and the city aldermen, and of the City of Chicago as a corporate entity. He speaks at length at his meetings with Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin and Rennie Davis in the months prior to the convention, their applications for park and marching permits and their "non-negotiable" demands. Things lurch along until finally the court is recessed, followed by word that the U.S. Court of Appeals has denied the defense's Mandamus action for postponement until September, 1969, when Garry can appear. It has also denied the defense's motion to release its 4 attorneys from the threat of arrest. When this announcement was made to the court by Hoffman, he followed up by stating that attorneys Lefcourt and Tiger would be held in custody over the weekend without bail. About
NO SHINS KICKED
Occasionally there is a fantastic claim such as the one that Rennie Davis and Jerry Rubin are building a direct action program, though it is covered in the Chicago Tribune August 27 and then ordered Mobilization marshals to keep the line of police in the street and out of the courtroom with plastic tubes and clamped before the TV audience. On this particular charge as on many others, cross-examination revealed no shins were kicked. The heavy emphasis on police testimony has been on the provocative language and identity of the defendants. With a pretense of embarrassment after officer tells the jury that the defendants shouted, "Whether LBI, "Oh, Ho, Ho Chi-Minh" and other chants. When defense attorneys ask police if any obscenities were used by them while clubbing demonstrators, then the officers deny them. The most any police witness has acknowledged is that he heard one officer say to another, "These little sons of bitches are really tough; the Chicago is attempting to pinpoint the blame for the Chicago melee on authorities at the highest level and show that the trial is an attack on parts of national policy to institute a legalized fascism. The Nixon administration, according to the defendants, is rigging the Supreme Court and Justice Department to counterfeit political figures prepared to go beyond present Constitutional standards towards a new policy of reaction. As examples of a move toward fascism, there are the proceedings of the Conspiracy trial itself. For example, the government has admitted illegal wiretapping of defendants but asks the court to uphold wiretapping in the overriding interest of national security. Furthermore, the prosecution case cites as "evidence" of crime speech given before and during the commotion in public meetings where there was no evidence whatsoever of a "clear and present danger to the peace." The Conspiracy is waging a struggle within the establishment by inside the courtroom with a political campaign on the outside to stop the trial. The defense case will try to restate what happened in Chicago and bring political figures such as Eldridge Cleaver of the Black Panther Party, to testify. Since the trial has sparked widespread international concern, the Conspiracy hopes to turn it into a political showdown.

Dave Dellinger at the request of the Black Panther party, announced the possibility of releasing U.S. military prisoners in Vietnam if and when the U.S. unconditionally released Bobby Seale and Panther leader Huey P. Newton. Panther Eldridge Cleaver has been in consultation with the Vietnamese about this. The political import is that Seale and Newton are not simply political prisoners but prisoners of war because it's a military policy the government utilizes against the Panthers. Dellinger and Davis asked to be allowed to go to Paris to discuss the release of American prisoners with the North Vietnamese delegation to the peace talks. Hoffman denied permission, but lawyer Kunstler went instead.

CAKE NAPPING
One of the most triumphant scenes in the court last week was when seven Panthers were not permitted to adorn the cake to celebrate defendant Seale's 34th birthday. Hoffman denied a request from Kunstler to celebrate the birthday. After a recess, as the defendants emerged from conference room in ceremonial procession with the cake inscribed, "Free Huey and Bobby" across it, a line of marshals wrested the cake from Jerry Rubin.

"Are you not napping?" shouted Abbie Hoffman and Rennie Davis turned to Seale and said, "Hey, Bobby, they've arrested your cake!" Seale loudly, "but they can't arrest a revolution." The Panthers seated in the second row shouted, "Right on!" and raised their fists.

When Hoffman ordered the spectators to be silent Seale turned to his supporters and said, "Okay, brothers, just sit in the courtroom and listen to the conspiracy." "I give the orders here, sir," said Hoffman. "They don't take orders from a radical judge," Seale replied.

Seale was soon to have more troubles than the loss of a birthday cake.

Seale as slave: the word from Chicago is "Stop the trial" headed Liberation News Service: The trial of the principal leader of a militant political group dedicated to the liberation of black people, has been gagged and strapped to his chair. If it weren't Bobby Seale, but was a Muslim or Jew, if it didn't have the power of the state on his side, one might see it all as a tableau from the Theatre of Cruelty. But Bobby Seale's "slavery" is symbolic and more than symbolic. It is real, and there is only one way to describe it - slavery. Seale is a black man in chains whose fate is now determined by the masters in the courtroom. Seale's ordeal is a reasoned if cruel response to his position as leader of the Black Panther Party.

SEALE AS SLAVE
Some time before he and his chair are carried into the wood-paneled courtroom, a team of marshals go to work on him. His boots are bolted to the floor, his hands are bound with heavy leather straps to the legs of a folding chair. His wrists, bound several times with leather, are buckled to its arms, Several layers of gauze, adhesive tape, and cloth wrap around his face and tie at the back of his head. A similar gag is wound vertically around his jaw and tied at the top of his head. The type of gauze used results in invisible bruises on the face of the players to hold a trick knee in place. The press, the judge and the prosecution have attempted to portray Seale as a wildman engaging in 'disruption' and 'outrage.' It is clear, however, that there would be no shouting if the judge would allow Seale to defend himself, or postpone the trial until Seale's lawyer, Charles R. Garry, recovers from an operation.

... On Seale's second day in the rig, prosecuting attorney Richard Schultz provoked Seale by falsely accusing him of disrupting the proceedings. (Seale had told Panthers in the courtroom to cool it but to act in self-defense if attacked) Seale shouted through the gag in protest and tippy-toed as marshals attacked him, punching him in the face and groin. Jerry Rubin rose to protest, but a marshal elbowed him in the mouth. Tom Hayden's plea that Seale be put in "a position of slavery" fell on deaf ears. Rennie Davis tried to tell the jury about Seale's mistreatment, but was silenced and threatened with contempt charges. Abbie Hoffman put the courtroom blowups in context: "The disruption started when 'these marshals' got into overkill, referring to the heated atmosphere and gridded ceiling of ghostly white fluorescent lighting, Abbie remarked, "This ain't a courtroom. It's a neon oven."

BARREL SCRAPINGS
The prosecution case is being slowed. Observers both friendly and hostile to the Justice Department have expressed surprise at the legal weaknesses in the government's case. So far, almost all testimony has come from hack politicians loyal to Mayor Daley, policemen, and paid informers. We're scraping the barrel of "evidence" and the mayor, Richard Christian Schultz was overheard saying, meanwhile, Movement forces around the country are beginning to mobilize around the necessity of stopping the trial. No one knows how long he will stand, but the trial is making it absolutely clear that the courts are an integral part of America's repressive machinery. Demanding an end to this trial and trial means repressive policies is a logical extension of the struggles for black liberation and against imperialist war, because this repression is a blatant attempt to destroy those movements as well as to wipe out the insurgent youth politics and culture which threaten the sick and dying regime. L.N.S.
Anthony Lorraine has returned to Oxford after spending fifteen months in a Russian prison. He was arrested in Tashkent on a charge of smuggling cannabis and given a three year sentence. He was released in October - along with fellow hash-head Michael Parsons and 'Spy' Gerald Brook - in exchange for the Kroger, kidnapping an account of the latter's thuggish incarceration in Parkhurst and Holloway (See Private Eye No. 198). The British enjoyed a relatively civilised treatment notwithstanding the chilling indifference of the British consulate in Moscow. Lorraine was surprised by his arrest, as the Russians generally overlook petty smugglers, preferring instead to extract the dollars from them at courts. Five months were spent in solitary confinement, awaiting trial, then 11 months in a forced labour camp and the rest in a Moscow prison. This is Anthony Lorraine's own story:

Tashkent

For those of us who came out of Hindustan going west into Germanic Europe it was against the water. Bombay was another white bread and quick cutting Hollywood satellite, but India still gave: colour and silk and a gentle hospitality in passing. In Goa we emerged from the white desert, to bask in the sweet landw ert and fruit jinces.

BUSTED

The Central Asian Soviet republics imprison cannabis in 25, but go into enormous.

The guards on the fences carried guns, with bullets; flat shot in the air then in the legs I wasn't confident enough of their cool to try it. Threatened to shoot me once,

Laughter, you.

Days of nothing going very fast. Sleep and work and turn-on between times.

Dropped acid on May 1 up against the barbed wire. A beautiful trip.

Body spars the game of the dragging and toting, jukes and squaring objects...at the beginning of the year, when the KGB caught me, they said: in the sea, shunted around, to bathe in the sea, not allowed to.

From Katman the mountain trail goes to the Irani lands and a gentle hospital in the teeth. Judging the ultimate in the book. Besides, the Irani lands are.

"Then please, sorry", "be confident enough of their cool to try it. Threatened to shoot me once.

Laughter, you.

Everytime we travel, cage us.

Everytime we travel, cage us.

Your Britann, definitely huge. Do you drink vodka?

"Yes."

Then please ask and insincerity.

Only coerc can afford to lose the dollars from them at courts. We make the ultimate in the existential earth trip, we smile a little, you're a Russian, we make the ultimate in the existential earth trip, we smile a little, you're a Russian.

for this reason: we were just two of us and the guards were obviously guarding against some sort of escape. They were just two of us and the guards were obviously guarding against some sort of escape. They were just two of us and the guards were obviously guarding against some sort of escape.

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1. The Great Alienator

In 1209, there was widespread rioting after the lynching of two unruly undergraduates, as a result the University nearly collapsed. In 1355, on St. Scholasticus’s day, every member of the University was killed, wounded, or driven out; for this massacre, the local folk had to say a penitentially Mass annually until 1825. In 1869, what? On the surface, little — the old student-skinhead clash, the yearly injunction to Gentlemen not to venture out after dark; a drunken brawl when an undergraduate ventures into a Town pub. To most people — many students included — the old Town-Gown split has disappeared; but a tragic rift still exists and the machinery of the University — by accident or design — creates this rift.

On coming up, the student is met firstly with servility. He is cast in the role of Young Gentleman; the town is here to serve him, and when he doesn’t exploit it, he can just ignore it. His meals are served to him, his shoes are polished, his bed made. Old Bert and Mrs Baggins scurry round his rooms, tidying him up.

Digs cannot be registered unless they call their young gentlemen for breakfast. To supplement their income, they perform an indispensable function in securing the social totality against the threat of qualitative change posed by its own contradictions. A new breed of service industry is developing to harry the workers into their scientifically managed factories and rationalised offices. Oxford succeeds in doing this with its placid traditions of urbanity and moral agnosticism; Oxford soon assimilates, however, all but an insignificant minority of its working-class intake. Finally, Oxford provides for the rest of society an indispensable spectacle of contemporary student life — permissive and decadent, free loving and free thinking — which is objectively necessary to a system that provides as much for liberal reformists (who applaud student life) as for conservative Jeremiahs (who deplore it), and, in both cases, supplies them with the appropriate mine of the student’s predication.

To those not caught up in the situation, it is almost incomprehensible, but to those whom it is almost intolerable. What can be done? Nothing will be achieved if we await the eventual awakening of the sleeping majority of the students in Oxford. They are, to all intents and purposes, as if they do not find their fate at all objectionable. Nor can any effective organisation of dissidence be achieved if it relies on the discredited strategies of passive political mobilisation and rentacrowd militancy favoured by the Left in Oxford. Rather what is required of the critical minority in Oxford is a determined attempt to construct an alternative mode of everyday life, freed of the banality and emptiness of its established opponent. And at the same time, by a non-stop cultural harrassment, to ridicule and scorn both the pieties of the system and the pretences of our few unfortunates. A resolute refusal to invent any role for oneself in the obscene spectacle of Oxford life; a rigorous struggle to contest, deflate and demolish its decadent carnival; and a patient effort to construct a more aesthetic alternative to the spectacle (rather than an alternative spectacle); a mode of everyday life that is not any longer a variation of the death-game — nothing less can possibly be enough.


2. The Great Masturbatorium

After his fifteen months as a Russian prison Anthony Lorraine returns home to Oxford — where, according to our student contributors, another prison system is in operation. After his fifteen months in an open one, and the collective is its own, there is no way of enforcing the same fascist rules imposed undergraduates will be able to live in registered digs unless they have a resident landlady whose duty it is to enforce the same fascist rules imposed on a student living in college — no loud cooking in rooms, no radical alterations to the sterile decor, &c, &c. Undergraduates have to live in registered digs unless they are middle class, and therefore hold to the old student-skinhead clash, the vestigial physical needs can always be satisfied, as a result the University’s expectations in regard to the system of selection, relying heavily as it does on special scholarship examinations and personal interviews in the college to which, one has applied, predetermine the characteristics of those who are admitted about as effectively as it domesticates them even further once they are inmates. The ideal Oxford applicant is highly unintuitive, predictable, medically neutered, and, on the whole, not very bright.

In all justice, however, the internal social system of Oxford University cannot be arbitrarily separated for purposes of analysis from the social system of Britain as a whole. The ancient universalism of Oxford perform an indispensable function in securing the social totality against the threat of qualitative change posed by its own contradictions. A new breed of service industry is developing to harry the workers into their scientifically managed factories and rationalised offices. Oxford succeeds in doing this with its placid traditions of urbanity and moral agnosticism; Oxford soon assimilates, however, all but an insignificant minority of its working-class intake. Finally, Oxford provides for the rest of society an indispensable spectacle of contemporary student life — permissive and decadent, free loving and free thinking — which is objectively necessary to a system that provides as much for liberal reformists (who applaud student life) as for conservative Jeremiahs (who deplore it), and, in both cases, supplies them with the appropriate mine of the student’s predication.

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The Lebanese caught the bug, and in March started to crack down on westerners on the hash scene. Since the crackdown started upwards of fifty British, American and other Europeans have been busted. The majority of these arrested are in their twenties or early thirties, but one British woman age 64 was also gaol'd.

The Lebanese law provides for no extenuating circumstances — no consideration of the individual's background or the fact that the offense may have been the individual's first — in addition to this, there is no remission for good behavior, and no parole.

The law there calls for sentences of between three and fifteen years if you are convicted of trafficking, and a one year sentence if you're found in possession of hash for your own use.

**CONNED BY DEALERS**

If you get the one year sentence it's possible to serve it in the Asfourieh mental hospital, and you can get a reduction to six months if the doctor there certifies that you've given up using the stuff.

One of the dangers in Lebanon is that the kids are being conned by Lebanese hash dealers into believing that the stuff is legal, and that they can make a connection with someone at customs. There are a few documented cases where the Lebanese pusher sold a cat some hash, and a double bottom suit case, then informed to the customs so as to collect a reward of 50 Lebanese pounds for every pound of stuff you're caught with.

One British chick was caught recently with 25 pounds of hashish strapped around her waist, claimed that she was forced by her boyfriend to carry it. She was convicted, then suffered a nervous breakdown — had to be moved to a mental hospital — and is now back in prison.

While most of those busted plead guilty at least two Americans recently busted claimed that they were innocent victims of others who tried to smuggle the stuff out by planting it in their cars. It's not infrequent to hear the assertion that smugglers pick a patsy who has a car, and then conceal the hashish in the car — inside the petrol tank or the tires or elsewhere, where a confederate can recover it when the cat reaches its destination.

**SLEEPING LIKE SPOONS**

One American who just finished a three year sentence, Elibot Fayad claimed this happened to him. He told about the prison conditions in the Sands Prison where people await trial with others already convicted.

He said it was built in Ottoman times to house 600 people and now has over 1,200. Seventy to eighty persons occupy rooms 20 by 30 feet; he said, 'and at night they have to sleep on their sides, huddled together like spoons, and in the daytime they roll up their blankets to form passageways among them. There are no beds.'

'Only one hour a day is allowed for exercise, walking in the courtyard, while others, usually the poor ones who'd been paid with cigarettes clean the place up.'

'Food is brought in once a day. It's cooked, but cold on arrival, and is a real problem for non-Lebanese to get used to.'

He also said that once a week they had a meal of rice and beans which was considered a treat.

The toilet is a hole in the floor that tended to fill up after 9 PM when the water was turned off. Foreigners had a double problem in not understanding the language. The noise he claimed was unbelievable. There are at least two lights a day, and if the guard sees it, both men are beaten.

**HEADS FOR SCAPES-GOATS**

Fayad said he saw shortly before his release, two Americans severely beaten by the guards and thrown into a dungeon for four days, after they were caught smoking some hash which had been smuggled in.

All in all, the scene in Lebanon today is acutely anti-Western, mainly due to the political tensions in the Middle-East, and any western kid caught is liable to get an extra pounding. Putting an 'imperialist pot smoker' in prison, is a good diversion in a country split down the middle politically and needing scape-goats.
November 15th is the threshold of our dream

The Moody Blues
To Our Childrens Children
THM—THS 1 (album)

Watching & Waiting
TH 1 (single)

THRESHOLD RECORDS, THE DECCA RECORD COMPANY LIMITED, Decca House, 9 Albert Embankment, London S E 1
Goodbye Jack Kerouac

David Wolfe

KIND KING MIND: Allen Ginsberg called me: "Mexico City Blues, 3rd Ursula, a girl once told me I had a steel trap brain, meaning I'd catch her out with a statement she'd made a half year ago even though our talk had rambled a million light years from that point. Jack Kerouac. Poets are God's spies" T.S. Eliot.

He Jean, Vinty Dubov, Bill Kerouac, you're gone now. You died age 46 in your house in Lowell, Mass. where you lived with your crippled mother and suspicious wife of one year, Stella, and they decided to do to you the American death duty and leave you innumerable records. You were of infinite futures. Armed only with a duffle coat, a bow tie in a box, a book, and a camelina. Newcomers, invented games, utter subversiveness and a thousand other fifth-former, wrote a classic in imitation of Kerouac, spitting indiscernible word patterns onto the paper, in his shadow, so to speak, had written together, so to speak. A Canadian friend who thought he was a trainee in Hammersmith, car park attendant in Dorking, knowledgeable because of the Eisenhower drunks in Kenton's reconstructed front line like stamp collections. We would get three-quarters drunk and listen to Charlie Parker who seemed to be trying to sound like Kerouac too. He listened to the fourth sounds and the real punctuation, the jazz and up, to the sense of a say, let's just now drawing a breath and blowing a phrase on his saxophone, till he runs out of breath, and when he does, his sentence, his story, has been made. That's how I therefore separate my sentences as breath separations of the mind—there's the raciness and freedom and buoyancy of jazz instead of all that drizzly, stodgy and tiresome "Jones entered the room and sat in a chair. He thought there might have thought this but right a gesture." When Henry Cottonhead heard Bob Dylan pick "Tom Paxton" to his guitar, he had in his mind the image of Tom Paxton picking up his guitar, back in the woods where he ran, at the bow of William Blake. Now I've been getting bored with the most recent changes that were going on all the time, I kept thinking how bound to be something else I could hear it sometimes but I couldn't play it. I was doing alright until I found a long-term on Holy and Soul. Everyone fell out laughing. I went home and cried and didn't go back again. Two months.

RED SHIFT, BIG BANG Kerouac's writing started with home drawn comic strips, home made comics, whole childhood exercise books novels, long systems for home racing and basketball games in the comfort of your room,日在plauy with symbols and pieces of paper money. "At 18 I had Hemingway and Satrapi and began writing terse little stories in that general style. Then I read Tom Wolfe and began to write in the rolling style. Then I read Joyce and wrote a juvenile novel called "Vanity of Duness." Then came Don Marzio. Finally I entered a romantic phase with Rimbaud and Blake which I called my "self-imitation period," buying what I wrote in order to be self-imitative. At the age of 24, I was groomed for the Western idealistic concept of letters from reading Goethe's Dichtung and Wahrheit. The discovery of a style of my own based on spontaneous get-with-it, the need to spin out narrative, to read the marvelous free narratives of Neal Cassady, a great writer, who happened to be the Dean Moriarty of "On the Road." Cassady might reluctantly, he compared to Trotsky in his back seat. Jack Kerouac is the soul of Trotsky in his entire revolutionary movement because Cassady was the only individual link between the Beats and the Eastern hippies, acting as the driver of Ken Kesey's acid bus. He moved magnificently the same. Kerouac he's this incredible talker, lost into a state a state that's going to last all his life, publishing even when silent. Where once Dean would have talked his way out, he no longer finds himself, but standing in front of everyone, tagged and broken and alone, right in front of the sign that said "We send your love vases" and laughing, saying "Yes, yes, yes, as though tremendous revelations were pouring into him the whole time now, and I am convinced they were eons of ages. Kerouac was so much and so frightened. He was BEAT-ING the road, the soul of beatitude. And 10 years later when I long miscarried expatriate Kesey makes his American migration, there Cassady sat driving the bus, his head down on his arms on the steering wheel, the totally dependable person, when everyone else was struck out with laughter at the various provocateur, Cassady could still remain calm and move on. It was as if he never slept and didn't need to.

For all his wild driving, he always made it through the lost icy gap in the maze like he knew it would be there all the time, which it always was. When the boy broke down, Cassady drove into its center. His was like a drum, hugging and hoping and jumping and bolting with his fantastic muscles popping out straitjacket and his many veins gorged with blood and other fuels. Jack Kerouac's dead too. His body was found beside a railroad track outside the town of San Miguel de Allende in Mexico. It was said that he had been dependent and left that he was growing old and has been on a long journey and had made the mistake of drinking alcohol to top off barbiturates. His body was cremated. (Marshall Bloom forming figure of the American underground Press killed himself six weeks later, by connecting the exhaust pipe of a running car to the closed car interior but this he's not in this story.)

BULLET BEAT Cassady's writing had started, like Kerouac's, in the slow painstaking, creative-writing-course-by-post way. Then he wrote The First Novel a novel about his childhood with his alcoholic father in the Denver alley wine shops and Greyhound station johns and the way they talked to each other (like Kesey's acid soaked Pranksters) with minds weakened by liquor and an obsession towards instant complete immersion. He was continually preoccupied with bringing up short observations of obvious trash, said in such a way as to be instantly recognisable by the listener who had been in it all before and who was in the most disinterested concern to god at everything said and then continue the conversation with a remark of his own, equally transparent and looted with generalities. Cassady was killed by a 40,000 watt speaker cord in the bathroom of a different hotel. Kerouac absconded at the greatest piece of writing I ever saw, better than anyone in America. Or at least enough to make Melville, Twain, Dostoevsky, Wolfe, Cuneo, who were out of it, get what they disappeared overboard into the sea. Kerouac and Cassady could talk each other into a state of omniscience where their unpressed word-slinging burst up into a big shootout.
writing backwards and forwards with words that were mysterious without being dazzling and made you tremble when you read them. We did much fast talking, on tape recorders, way back in 1962, and listened to them so much we both got the secret of LANGO in using a tale and figure that was the only way to express the speed and tension of the ecstatic rom foolely of the age.

Kerouac/Cassidy learned from this to curate and move their acoustic prose in their sustaining the long line of the broth, rubbish image rift, dangling phasing making an awkward tightrope walk like Chaplin about to fall but never quite doing so since able to add allusions to the end of your line when all is exhausted but something has to be said for some specified irrational reason. It’s from Kerouac’s sound not the celte poetry of Creely/Olson that is behind Ginsberg’s rush on language. And from all three Americans the world young British poets of the 50s fed, sifting, bootlegged copies from Ferlingetti’s City Lights press and the other artistic confabulation which made possible the demise understand of the British small poetry magazines (especially Poemtime, early Underdog, and the shortlived and ‘substantial’ New Departures). Mike Horowitz, whose mattress prose and his interiors several describe the impact of the American on the far end Americans the florid and ligilh.

Ginsberg had always been somewhat political all the droopy been about the best generation and its being “existentialistic” is as phony as a nickel dollar piece of lettuce, only the dead desire paid for. And the image came of the best hippies. He carried for its logical consequences actually means the death of the creative artist himself.

Ginsberg increasingly became political after his decision to express his creative America. But we can agree with Joyce as Joyce said, to Earn Pound in the 1920s, “Don’t bother me with politics, the only thing that interests me is style.” Nowadays he seems to dismiss the holy gushing garb of wine lips of the San Francisco poetry gang ‘Ferlingetti and Ginsberg’ they are very socially minded and wanted everyone to live in some kind of fantastic ippa, solidarity and all that I’m a loner.’ Kerouac was the lonesome traveller jumping out of cars, into front wagons, merchant holds going and going as if by his movement alone he could become a molecule in a marvelous unity. He deeply wanted to belong in a total unification of the Golden Bicicord eternity, his religion was his ultimate resource and he said mostly in satire, the misty swelling and looking at the sea and red and white trees he watched over for a spell. This was the wonderful still centre within all his energy, the baby TV teen with kitchen and candy bar on parade while the:`~~`يش والمهاير and Dr Sax caused thed to rise sucking and sleeping in the streets of Lowell.

It is said that as a child Kerouac discovered trying to keep the words found with his pink band in souls against the moral ruin of which word he applied in every second of his hour with the creative act. He insulted them almost without knowing it itself, with his excellence, he.wondered his emotions, almost choked by the sound of experience and finally devoured by his own appetite. Compared with him the alleged novels of distant on the side of Atlantic book and were mean, sensitive and trivial.

But less happened within his wonder and his age, the Fifties. He doesn’t so much develop as a writer as accumulate recording the themes of his witness of the beats, of his brother Cassady, of Mexico City and Paris with a steadily growing intensity.

The cumulative nature of his writing might purgatory, pathological; drugs and writing were the organizing principles of his life and death. Notoriously public social and beyond forms is a fixation of the heart you were born with, believe me. He was unable to stop the pace set by his mind which was of out breath at 35 and, as was at his hospital notes 15. He was the Victor Sarge Joe, sitting on a continuous typewriter, soil at a punishing rate. Joe Tanger was typed Naked Lunch for Burroughs. The Subterraneans was written in three days, a page, a few more hours of the athletic dominance of the wingy field, leaving him as white as a sheet and having lost 15 pounds and looking strange in the mirror. His bubble gum book Satori in Paris was written and got cognac and real whiskey. Distress the fine mystic novel about a Mexican girl faint for morphine and the remarkable Mexico City poets were direct from his life in Mexico where his life and writing intersected dangerously. The vain records of the pagent of the West Coast Beats ‘Desolation Angel’. Big Sur’ and ‘The Subs’ indicates the race at which he lived, the section lived at which the books are charged. Book of Dreams used even his sleeping lips for material in a style of a person half awake from sleep and ripping it out on paper by the bed...yes, pencil...what a job, bleary eyes, insane mind bemoaned and mystified by sleep, details that pop out, even as you write them you don’t know what they mean, till you wake up with coffee, look at it and see the logic of the dream from the language itself.' He was the last American to write quite like this. This 1950s, the great Romantic a naked short word round experience and registering it in wonder 'the true story of what I saw and how I saw it.' He grew prematurely older, the new, basically historic and sentimental. A race public meeting he spoke to in Southern Italy was broken up by the bloodthirsty Italian kids when he denounced the American war in Vietnam. He blackened, made an agony of lumbago and clothes not looking genuinely like the hobbes Ronald Reagan were of a different world now. He had named it impossible to keep hold of his old human notions when he reproduced his huge Pontiac through Lowell. Like Dylan his question is only objectionable if you interpret politically what is, of course you have to. When people started fighting back against the unending build of nuclear missiles.

The Subterranean in style set the true story of what was, and the true story of what was and what we have to blaspheme against Kerouac’s was new. Satchel Allen P.


7. Eric Mottram Introduction Flight from America: All other pages quotations ‘On a Review’.
Dear Sir!

Some weeks ago I saw an invitation in your paper asking all foreigners in Turkish prisons to report about their cases, sentences and about general circumstances.

I was arrested in spring of '66 being in possession of 1 Kg. of hash. It happened at the frontier station 'Uzunkopru' on the occasion of custom control on my way back to Germany. After five months I was sentenced to life-time only the fact being a seriously disabled man (Brain injured and now again right sides paralysed) cut down this sentence to '30 years'. During the hearings 'without lawyer' and in unknowledge of the Law in this country but the Turkish court didn't bother about that.

My consulate wrote a request to the court asking for a lawyer, but no result and I was punished without possibility of defence. At least finally I tried to make a speech for the defence myself, but the Judge didn't like it and cut off my speech.

I mentioned several times I smoke hash myself and the stuff is for my own use, because I am seriously war disabled and suffering very much from pain, but no reaction at all.

After getting my sentence still in court, the translator told me I had got to serve my time but 'only 20 years' because 10 years of my sentence is a free part if I am a good prisoner, isn't that broad-minded? On the whole and by and large they really improve their barbarism.

My next thought was to appeal, of course it is possible, but the question was how to do it? During the whole trial without a bill of indictment that means, without number of files, and after the condemnation without argument of trial, last nothing at all. The same day after condemnation I informed my consulate by an urgent letter and they tried to get the number of the files. If you don't mind I am telling you, after the consulate got this damn number, I was too late to do something, because the proposed time was up. No chance to appeal any more. Up till today, not a single sheet of paper, like, bill of indictment, bill of trial, nothing, but question their law.

If it would be useful for your paper here are some facts how they treat me at below. I told already about my invalidity, before I got arrested I could walk normally without stick, now I am forced to use a stick for every step and almost not more than 5 minutes. I spent a lot of time in Turkish hospitals but without success. Here isn't much knowledge about medical treatment in cases like mine. Other things happened, but I get tired at mentioning them all again. I got medical expert evidence several times, but the last one, it seems, is the importance of all, said: S that's me! needs help and nursing all the time, he can't take care of himself. That's the correct translation. Now my consulate is trying something but in this fatalist country maybe they are successful after my funeral because they kicked me right down and now it doesn't really matter anyway. All in all, to be amongst murderers, thieves and slave sellers, is the biggest misfortune I ever took part. What a nuisance, to be a smoker of hash, is a bigger crime 'than a simple murder case' which would be punished 24 years. But otherwise they are eager-joining every modern European institution that means every time a step nearer to the money but without carrying out obligations of humanity in their own country. For instance they joined the European Court in Strasburg too and now they take a look to the convention of this high European Court about humanity. I don't have the intention to give my thoughts about humanity for discussion only so much, I get out of compassion for this world.

My regards to you and I am hoping my letter will help somehow to beat the drum about the prisoners in an awful and backward country.

H. Schonwalder

Dynamite the BBC

Dear OZ,

It is not surprising that Tony Palmer felt it was necessary to dissociate himself from the remarks he was reported to have made about the B.B.C. Anyone who has anything good to say about a B.B.C. radio or a television has got to be speaking out of the top of his head.

The most indicative example of the B.B.C.'s attitude towards us, according to James H. Schonwalder, is the case of Radio One. Despite the manner in which they have taken it into the B.B.C. scene during the last twelve months, I still believe that they have never really been the ten to which the B.B.C. has been modelled since 1956. We still hear too many of the same groups every day on our wonderful Radio One when every available pointer tells us that the teenage scene is dead. We still hear no new art but singles when albums, for the first time ever, are selling in greater numbers.

The power is there and by using the B.B.C. as its whipping boy, the Government is showing, as it did with the sacking of the pirates, that it is becoming increasingly obvious that the recording industry is the only one over which they have control.

Censorship mutilates music, radio and the cinema. Magazines are censored in the same way and the cinema and the theatre rely almost entirely on lucrative outlets. Of the 'underground press', 'Time Out' appears to possess the greatest potential for change (on every page) but is misusing it. It has gone into music for the wrong reasons and OZ needs to be taken more seriously. Our music, however, is completely down. It is the only medium which does not have to rely on a scene, common denominations appeal to get itself across. It is rooted in the community and the community accepts and understands it.

Rock music in its true form is not the Radio One S. thing but are the composers, competing with Schubert or Bach. This is a point of contact for thousands of otherwise isolated people, providing them with their most solid form of communication.

In 10 years we will use the world. The revolution is in its first idea and that's the most important side of all. Mean while, why don't we see what is on our minds.

R. Harris

OTHER SCENES

IS THE MOST INTERESTING PAPER IN AMERICA

John Wilcock's Other Scenes digs Cleaver, Crumb, Christo, Hoffman, Krassner, Kupferberg, Lester, Leary, Oldenburg, Rubin, Warhol & Michael X... and runs all of them as often as possible.

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On Memorial Day, May 30, the Park Committee
Asks All to Rally in Berkeley
Together

We Will March to Peoples' Park!

James Rector is dead in Berkeley of a police bullet in his heart. A sadistic Alameda County Sheriff’s deputy killed him as Rector, from a rooftop, watched the massive assault on hundreds of brothers, some of whom he had met in a park built on vacant land. He was shot by a single policeman, but Sheriff Madigan distributed the shotguns, and the University of California pulled the trigger. The University fired the police guns which shot a hundred others on the bloody day of May 15th. It swung the clubs which have wounded, even crippled, dozens of others since that day, in methodical, conscious and indiscriminate violence.

Berkeley has undergone ten days of siege by 2700 National Guardsmen and thousands of police. All political and constitutional rights have been suspended by Reagan’s fiat. A reign of terror, with heavily armed police teargassing and breaking into homes and dormitories has hit the university community.

All this because the University of California expropriated Peoples Park from the Berkeley community.
At last, the MADCAP LAUGHS

Inviting: There will be many people in Britain who will invite you to their homes. If they invite you, it means they want you to come and they hope that you will tell them definitely whether you are coming or not.

The British are to be used to getting to know. They do not talk to strangers in trains or buses. They do not get into these habits with the maximum of safety, and they consider much talk in the wrong place unnecessary. Waste of time

talk is unavoidable when you and your host are straight to the point. When two people meet and they wish to save themselves from the embarrassment of silence, they usually talk about the weather. As this is always changing, there is always something new to be said about it. In any case, this is a topic with which you can converse with a stranger.

Blessings and regards,

Jim Hayhoe

Forthcoming LP

releases early in the new year

new single from SYD BARRETT

on harvest 5009

OCTOPUS

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OCTOPUS
Kill for Love

The Police and the Law
It will not be long before you can recognise the police. The ordinary
constable is familiarly known as a "Bobby", though he likes to be addressed
as "officer". Unless he has three stripes, which is rare these days, he
never has his gun on show or a star on his arm. Municipal duties
are usually performed by a "sergeant", who frequently has to
bear his best on foot; he can be seen in the same sort of
trousers and shoes, carrying a stick or a "truncheon".

Buses:
You may notice "upstairs" or "on top", but not "downstairs" or "inside".

Underground
Railways
Station signs
are marked
UNDERGROUND
at. "upstairs" on a blue
circle.

Dear Editor,
Having been presented as an asthmatic impotent
(one-deaf, sadist, weird), I am now about to fall into the
trap of writing a letter in reply to someone else's piece
"Morale and the Revolution". This will probably
confirm all of her suspicions.

It would appear that the real problem in
contemporary society is the conflict in the
realities of the individual. The idea that all of us take
place within society and that society is the enemy. This fact
destroys the idea that a person is a revolutionary, because
in order to survive, the revolutionary has to connive,
cheat, lie and above all, develop a mental attitude
which often is cynical and occasionally sadistic.

The problem of expediency and personal ideas was
explored two years ago at UFO with "Gilbert Pley
"Moral". Learning that it is not so much to condemn
the ugliest and most monstrous, or punish them, as it is to
recognise the men, including myself, who were in the
inevitable position of having to face ugly
ugly things on their own terms or in order to save
people from getting their heads broken. In this way we were forced, on one hand, into
compromising our own ideas. To kill a man is simply
murder; to revolution turn him on! While on the
other we were forced to destroy the distrust of the people
who are following these displays of violence.

If the Rock revolution is going to succeed in this
today, it will be painful, but necessary for some of us to
desert our own chances of the promised land, so that

those like Dr. G., who are already into neatness,
doing their own thing, will not have to compromise
themselves in order to survive. In some ways the
Revolutionary is the least suited to live in our utopia
supposedly created out of revolution. This is sad, but
there it is.

We have been holding Rock solidly for the last ten
years and despite the Germania song, we have been
living with our own people, 'pretty far into our bodies'.

The other fact that a white southern kid like Elvis
Presley can go so far against his culture as to say "I'm in
love with a picture of you" is a fact greater part of revolution
than all the revolution imaginably. Sure, we have got
down to our roots, the problem now is to find a
way for Rock to begin again, in another way. But
this is my solution: to put in that direction and
make them move instead of holding, maybe the way,
collonialist they think it, but it is not enough to
be committed before they begin. The world is well.

Mick Farren

First Meetings:
When British people are introduced to
each other, they smile and say "What do you do?"
There is no answer to this
question. They occasionally shake hands, especially if
formerly introduced, but they do not
suggest that their ideas, their men and women
are really so different.

How to Make an
Invitation:
People do not
make revolution
by mail.

C. Wright Mills

ANTHROPOLOGY OF BRITISH BLUES
VOLUME 1
IMALO3/IMALO4

IMMEDIATE

ANTHROPOLOGY OF BRITISH BLUES
VOLUME 2
IMALO5/IMALO6

THE COMPLETE HISTORY OF BRITISH BLUES IN TWO VOLUMES
EACH VOLUME CONTAINING TWO ALBUMS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.
ANOTHER COLLECTOR'S ITEM FROM IMMEDIATE.
EVERYBODY who is interested in giving recitations should have a book of monologues at his elbow. The usual repertoire of pieces in sober verse is well enough in its way, but when a few monologues are added, the repertoire becomes much more popular and acceptable.

It usually helps a great deal if suitable clothing is worn. A scarf or a hat may easily make all the difference to the effect on a few pieces of furniture, such as a table and a chair, help in suggesting the proper atmosphere.

Though there is usually more to learn in a monologue than in a set of madrigals, the monologue has often mattered more quickly, as there is not the need to memorise the passages with the same word-accuracy.

My young nephew knows everything. You know the type? Went to school until he was seventeen—seventeen mind you! Seventeen—seventeen—is that you gave us.

I thought it was worth a telegram. I went down to the Post Office and sent it. I was sorry I'd spoken. I did not say anything, but I thought quite a bit.

Brass bedstead? A bit. Someone has nicked the coffee. Ah, it's difficult. You know we've had hundreds of people asking for an invitational letter. Solely due to the coffee. Only anonymously could this be possible. Will close now. Name supplied but withheld.

Caroline does a nasty

Learning the virgins

Dear Sir,

I am 24 years of age and having read an account of your works as published in the People, Sunday September 7th, 1969, I would love to learn more about your magazine as you say love is being discussed, it is a fact, not just a few of us women know it. But like me, few of us are getting any Intimate Personal attention. Like my man for instance. From mounting me and getting it up into me, to rolling off me, four minutes and then deep spares. That is called love. But it only leaves me with an insatiable gush under my belly that is thrust forward elongated and gaping immensely, greatly yearning to be explored and used and served, as well as skilfully and dexterously operated into me by hand. There is none of this for me only a very deep frustration. Day by day I come on heart as I go about my work in the home or on the street, there is nothing I can do about it, as I am not getting the tool shoved up into me that would take this feeling away from me, and do me the most good.

I have to just carry on. I thought you might be able to help me.

How to do to me the things that would get him the most pleasure it is possible to get out of me. Lasting pleasure is that. What a God's Gift of Love to a woman in my present position could get him. Discretion would have to be used, so that neither party could be traced if letters got lost. Only anonymously could this be possible. Will close now. Name supplied but withheld.

Please...

Letter from a hospital

Dear Sir,

I am 24 years of age and having read an account of your works as published in the People, Sunday September 7th, 1969, I would love to learn more about your magazine as you say love is being discussed, it is a fact, not just a few of us women know it. But like me, few of us are getting any Intimate Personal attention. Like my man for instance. From mounting me and getting it up into me, to rolling off me, four minutes and then deep spares. That is called love. But it only leaves me with an insatiable gush under my belly that is thrust forward elongated and gaping immensely, greatly yearning to be explored and used and served, as well as skilfully and dexterously operated into me by hand. There is none of this for me only a very deep frustration. Day by day I come on heart as I go about my work in the home or on the street, there is nothing I can do about it, as I am not getting the tool shoved up into me that would take this feeling away from me, and do me the most good.

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Love and flowers

Barry Fitton
A NEW sexual revolution is being waged in the United States.

THE SUN SAYS

Making monsters of people

GENETIC engineering is one of those scientific phrases invented not to convey a meaning, but to obscure it.

We do not want to breed slaves. And there is a master race already. It is the human race. All of it. White and coloured. Aryan and non-Aryan. Let's leave it at that, says The Sun.

LEPER RAPES GIRL - SHE GIVES BIRTH TO A MONSTER BABY

A NEW sexual revolution is being waged in the United States.

FORWARD WITH THE PEOPLE Ed. Tuesday, November 25, 1969. No. 8

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LEPER RAPEs GIRL

She Gives Birth To Monster Baby

by CLINTON THAMES

There have been many despicable crimes committed against minors in this country, but none more revolting than the one inflicted on Caroline Riley, 17, of Houston, Texas.

Caroline, a virgin, was walking home from school 7 months ago when she was suddenly attacked by an escaped leper.

The shock of the hideous rape was too much for the ravaged child to bear and she spent six months in a mental institution recovering from the strain.

But just as Caroline regained her sanity another shock hit her — she was pregnant.

Three weeks later it happened — Caroline gave birth to a hideously deformed monster baby!

"Now the doctors say she'll never recover, that she'll be a vegetable for the rest of her life!" sobbed Emily Riley, 41, Caroline's mom.

"Giving birth to that thing snapped any sanity my poor child had left in her."

The horrible rape happened in a suburban park that Caroline always walked through to get home. Mom Emily still remembers the hysterical shrieking of her daughter after her disheveled body was found behind a clump of bushes.

"I rushed right to the park when the neighbors notified me something had happened," she told SUN.

"The sight I saw made me want to tear the hair out of my head and die."

"My poor baby was lying there with her clothes torn off and the most horrible expression in her eyes.

"It wasn't until I looked closer that I saw the decrepit looking scab that was smeared across her flesh."

"It was so sickening that I pulsed all over my daughter's body."

Police arrived moments later and immediately got on the case.

The results showed practically oozing from his body, was found hiding behind a trash can in an alley.

"The child was too hysterical to give us any help," Police Lt. Chuck Hamson told SUN.

"But the doctors looking after the victim said the loose scab on her body was human scab.

"It didn't sink that the rapist was a leper until the pervert was discovered in the lane."

Lepers had escaped from Mexican colony. He's now back in the deplorable place out of control.

"The clincher came when we searched him. The girl's nylons and her torn panties were found stuffed into his pockets."

The leper, Manuel Rodriguez, an escapee from a Mexican leper colony, was deported to Mexico City after the victim said the pervert was discovered in the lane.

But that didn't help young Caroline — the shock of being molested by a slimy pervert was so great that she went berserk.

"It took three months before she could speak and another three months until she was healthy enough to be released from the institute. Dr. Wilson Richards, her psychiatrist, revealed.

"We had told her by then that she was pregnant and she took it as well as could be expected. She said she was ready for it.

"She probably was ready for childbirth, but not for the monstrous event that did happen.

"The monstrous event that Dr. Richards was referring to was the birth to Caroline of a 9-lb, faceless freak.

"It was the most revolting creature I've ever come across," the doctor who was at Caroline's bedside to give her confidence, stated.

"The monster had two heads hideously welded together at the face. There were no noses, nothing except four ears.

"It died moments after it was pulled from Caroline's womb but it was too late by then — the poor, hypersensitive girl saw her freak baby and screamed convulsively.

"By the time we calmed her down with drugs she was a whimpering mass of tissue, oblivious to the life going on around her.

"She's stayed that way ever since and I'm afraid nothing is going to pull her out of it.

"No human could go through as much torment as this child and stay sane."

This diagnosis has been corroborated by other experts but that isn't stopping the Riley parents from hoping.

"We pray every day that a miracle will cure our Caroline," Emily admitted.

"With God's help she will one day be healthy and living with us again."

SUN then asked

Gal's mom, Mrs. Riley, prays every day that Caroline will recover.

Hideous double-headed freak was result of foul mating between leper & teen virgin Caroline

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"IMPACT"

The most explosive step forward in our permissive society.

Presenting beautiful and erotic demonstrations of sexual love, this film smashes the final barriers imposed on our society by puritanical thought and opens the door to sexual ecstasy. In this, the most provocative and daring film ever to be offered for sale on the open market, you can follow the sexual moments of a young couple in their uninhibited display of love.

If you have ever desired to sexually satisfy your partner, this film will give you the knowledge to make your wildest, sensual dreams come true. Love is what "IMPACT" is all about and unless you see the film, you can never hope to understand how exotic and varied love can really be. In the privacy of your bedroom you will want to relive and copy the exciting and sensational actions explosively performed in "IMPACT".

This film is going to shock many of you with its controversial scenes and you will be eternally grateful. Don't imagine that you have done or read it all — SEE it and you will realise what you have been missing as you watch the erotic splendour of our young lovers.

"IMPACT" is what society has been hoping for since SEX was invented but it is only now, in the great liberal traditions of the Danes and Swedes, that this film with its frank and revealing performances can be made available to the general public. Throw all your books, your magazines and forbidden photos away because "IMPACT" is here to make them out of date.

Send £8 for your copy now and be completely satisfied at last. Don't delay, order NOW in case THEY ban it.

HURRY AND MAKE AN "IMPACT" ON YOUR SEX-LIFE

Jim Anderson.

comes second. Even when it is thoroughly bad; philosophies At the moment our sound is simple, is why we still have as much an English as an Indian sound - the music was playing an electric organ and V idea his wife, was making another used to invoke Krishna Consciousness. It produces a state of complete relaxation and happiness. Getting audiences to join in, which we always try to do, frees their minds from fetters, makes them forget earthly problems”

"The best way I can express my feelings about God is through my music and peppermint tea."

God for us. We are fairly organised, with meetings outside group practices, at least as heavy as George Harrison's. Partly to find out why In Blissful Company succeeds so brilliantly, partly to see if it's possible to play for the brilliant bits. Notwithstanding the heavy blues business John Mayall and Led Zeppelin have the same audience. They've got to show some originality, or they aren't going to remain pure Plant."

"I promise you after one hearing you will not return" Page, Bonham. Plant is no longer just a member, he's out front leading Led Zeppelin. He's No connection really, but brought up on Grieg and Buddy Holly I get tinged with the firmament of Buffaloe Springfield sound at times too, but they're never merely engrossing accents, or they aren't wit looking enough, or they're not as underprivileged as they ought to be - I don't know."

Jim Anderson
After all, tomorrow is another day.  

SCARLETT O'HARA
The musical "Hair" is not exactly to everyone's taste. If you are of the opinion that it is a generalisation of the world you find the musical a foreboding belief that one's political and lifestyle should be identical. There need not be a question of the audience being correct for exercising her freedom of democratic right to protest. Why do the so-called musicals for one play - the black and white minstrels show. I have yet to speak to a thinkable group that did not fail to express any taste in the matter, and at the mention of the black and white minstrels show. The "traumatic" show was cancelled in an era of the black, white, or whatever generation after such degrading shows as yours will be forgiven, thank the God who your generation rejects.

OZ presents below a selection from the many letters Gloria received as a result of her protest (original spellings):

Gloria Stewart
Why don't you get wise to yourself? Why do you imagine English people put up with you? I wonder how many of you have been born when Lynonne Bush, a black man and miscegenation was not commonplace in the so-called "American" this in case were yourowned black people who don't want to preserve the name of the great entertainers. nr fit for Grandharts and other ladies in such a country. We are becoming restless, angry and tired of the laughing game!"

Can you not even leave us ordinary people of Great Britain just one show that is not polluted by this filthy generation, white or coloured? We are sick of your style of show?? The Black and White Minstrels are believed of decent people who do not care if the artists are white or coloured. Just a happy band of ladies & gentlemen who give us entertainment even fit for elderly ladies. But your generation would not understand that and, no doubt, would like to take over the whole show and pollute it by your filth. Because Margaret Snowdon and the Establishment applaud your sort of thing do not think decent people do so too. Go back to your country from whence all this pollution came. "Can any good things come from America?" You have racism on the brain. I am an ex-soldier girl, have travelled all over the world and still remain friends with all races, creeds and colours. The only thing that makes me is to be a good artiste and the white & coloured Minstrels will be remembered affectionately long after such degrading shows as yours will be forgotten, thank the God who your generation rejects.

Why not keep your big mouth shut about the Black & White Minstrels show. We are sick of your type, expressing your views about what you think of our people in our own country - so shut your big fat lips - We don't like what we have been forced to have in a white country. By the way why do you call yourselves by English or Scottish names - We prefer the Minstrel singing to your filthy type of show. Go home. Tell the others to get their hair cut.

OZ, December 1969

SAY IT LOUD! THE BLACK AND PROUD

ALBUM

Kongo Road, Cheltenham

Written on two pieces of toilet tissue: You been making to much noise and protest - about what nigger woman? If you don't like it nor do we like you and we don't like the noisy you make. Soon we going to teach you a lesson you won't like either you and some other filth like you. We know were to get you and we will soon then we'll see what your black face looks like with some razor scrapes. So remember shut it - your noise and your black monkey face.
mysterious and offensive matter occurred late last month when one of the people said to be connected with Europe's first English-language sex paper, Suck, was imprisoned at Harwich for three days. He was returning to England from Amsterdam with titles of the first issue. They were confiscated, he was summarily incarcerated and later deported. Anyone wishing to obtain a copy of the first edition of Suck will have to buy it from the New English Library.

According to the established reputation and material of Rolling Stone and on Mick's bank account.

Mick arrives in Los Angeles in mid-October and I hope that we will agree on what has to be done. In the meantime, I would suggest that you suspend operations and payroll for the next month and ask Rupert to have a chartered accountant audit the books. I hope that Mick and I will have a solution soon and put this mess into workable shape, but I means turning the entire operation around and restructuring it from top to bottom.

Sincerely, Jann Wenner, Editor

Since that letter was sent, English Rolling Stone has changed its title to FRINGE and the staff have received various warnings from US Rolling Stone's solicitors that injunctions will be served if FRINGE resembles its former self in any way. Meanwhile, the printer, Woodrow Wyatt, never a man to rely on when the chips are down, has demanded from them an impossible £10,000 indemnity.

Another paper crippled by administrative disputes is Play, a breezy, intelligent tabloid concerned with young people and the creative arts. On November 18, Inter Action, the trustees of the publication, suspended publication indefinitely. They asked to continue with their own paper, Generation. People pretend to bend over backwards in their concern for young people, says Mike Segal, one of the ousted Players, 'and wonder why they get nothing back but hatred and distrust.' Generation wants its readers to think about kids and to involve themselves with young people in a constructive and creative way. More information: 01-938 9329.

Grass Eye (63-67 Market Street, Manchester) is a crassly and originally presented Underground paper produced by a loose bunch of radicals who support people's struggles to find a way out of the mess we're in and well worth sending a shilling for. Other Magicians feel 'it's time for another OZ to emerge' and will soon be launching Growth, a monthly mag of fun and revolution. The comparison with OZ is already bringing them bad luck with the standard of his own work

If the way to the royal psyche is through the DRAKE and the DEPS then Plan your Party now, inquiries to Party Planners, run by Lady Elizabeth Anson, 259/666.

As a result of publicity about the royal gite their fees have almost doubled, though I couldn't find out how much the palace paid. The DARK BLUES are turning royal blue fast.
Blow your minds
this yuletide with happy
Blackhill Enterprises

Live Freaky, Die Freaky
32 Alexander Street London W2 01-229 5718

Al Stewart
Barefoot
Battered Ornaments
Bridget St John
The Deviants and Mick Farren
Dr Strangely Strange
The Dubliners
Edgar Broughton Band
Forest
Formerly Fat Harry

Judy Grind
John Martyn
The Johnstons
Martin Karthy
Ralph McTell
Stefan Grossman
Shirley and Dolly Collins
Sweeney's Men
Third Ear Band
WEDDING ALBUM

JOHN & YOKO

SAPCOR 11 OUT NOW
I will subscribe!

Your heading:

Fascist Speaker

Jim Anderson

Six shouts, six cardboard banners rise
and tramps chew it/Madam Tussaud gave
But wilt and tear in the hundredfold
Tears and laughter,
Triangles of flesh and blood.
status to it/Wax/I like that stuff —

stuck into my solid marine madness.

One millionth of an inch.

fish get trapped in it/Nylon/I like that stuff — Eskimos

in it/Legs come wrapped

He hurls his tons into the crowd.

Applause of men as mild as rain.

Lush, overblown, romantic poetry of love,

in the grand old operatic manner

from Chilean Mr. Neurds, who is, as

Jerry Lee Lewis would put it 'one of the best poets in the business.' Consider a

verse from Drunk with Turpentine:

Drunk with turpentine and long kisses,

like summer I steer the fast sail of the

love, life, passion and a lot of the pain,

without the music from Canadian Mr.

Cohen, including Suzanne takes you
down. Take a look at the index of first
lines in the back of the book (A kite is a

victim you are sure of. Claim me, blood,

my lady was found mutilated. Towering black nuns frighten

selves with whenever they said 'I'.

If you liked Aldermaston you'll love

English Mr. Mitchell, although he himself
tends to be a little circumspect: Most

people ignore most poetry because

most poetry ignores most people! Not as

many pages as Cohen, but you get instead

a highly developed social

consciousness, four children's poems

(Lovers lie around in it/Grass is

found in it/Grass/like that stuff. Tuna

fish get trapped in it/Legs come wrapped

in it/Nylon/like that stuff — Eskimos

and tramps chew it/Madam Tussaud gave

status to it/Wax/like that stuff —

Cigarettes are lit by it/Pensioners get

happy when they sit by it/Fire/like that

stuff and so on for several more

delightful verses) and poems like this:

Fascist Speaker

Armoured like a rhinoceros,

He hurls his tons into the crowd.

From half a dozen minds he rips

Triangles of flesh and blood.

Six shouts, six cardboard banners rise

Daubed with slogans saying Pain,

But wilt and tear in the hundredfold

Applause of men as mild as rain.

Embers by Peter Cadle. Fopo, 18

Honeygate, Luton, Beds. T/3.

Watershed

Between

Happiness and sorrow

Tears and laughter,

Rapture and agony,

Life and death,

One millionth of an inch.

Jim Anderson

The Confessions of Aleister Crowley

ed by Kenneth Grant and John Symonds

Cape Signs

Poet, mystic, painter, publisher,

mountain climber, heroin addict (on and off), gourmet (especially to women) —

Aleister Crowley had a sort of poetic

life-hunger peculiar to the early 19th Century. He inherited £40,000 from his

father, a Plymouth Brethren fanatic,

which enabled him finance his

climbing expeditions to Mexico and the

Himalayas and publish his books at his

own expense.

Crowley was an expert on the use of

drugs (not a crime in the early days of the

century — Freud turned his friends on
to cocaine, telling them he had
discovered the 'wonder drug'). Crowley

introduced anhalonium (another name for malecolin) to Europe, and wrote the

best study of heroin addiction up to that
time in 'John St John'.

On the publication of these deliberately

literary (and therefore much censored

autobiographical confessions last month, his reputation as 'the wickedest man in the

world' did not fail, and reviewers made

heady of his perversions and the

bizarre events of his life. Whatever

personal experience these reviews

contained, most of it was of the 'I once

saw Crowley ... etc.' variety, and in

large they put Crowley down as a

charlatan, or at best, misguided.

The main problem with Crowley, and

the reason for the widespread fear of

him, is that he is a self-motivated. His biographer, and

tenacious holder of the Crowley

copyrights — John Symonds —
denounced Crowley on TV for his 'lack

of discipline' basing this on Crowley's

dictum 'Do what Thou Wilt, shall be the

Whole of the Law' and conveniently

forgetting the occultary rider — 'Love is the Law, Love under Will.' Mr.

Symonds, filled with pious Christian

hinges, is frightened by 'Do What thou

Wilt' which in fact, simply means that

Crowley recognized no greater authority

than himself on earth. Symonds's slightly

hysterical attitude has been given some

edge by the fact that the Underground

has picked up Crowley — Symonds cited

the picture of Crowley on Sgt. Pepper,

but neglected to mention his own fury

when Kenneth Anger announced he was
going to do a film on Crowley. (Anger

owns the Abbey of Thelema in Sicily

and has cleaned the whitewash off

Crowley's paintings there) Magic is

undeniable and mysterious. What

magicians are really trying to do is tap

the hidden wellsprings in their bodies

and minds.

With his expert knowledge of logics and

mathematics to support him Crowley

blew the minds of those pussyfooting

around with magic which at the time was

little more than Sunday afternoon

entertainment. He introduced Egyptian

and Vedantic traditions and to rid his

neophytes at the Abbey of the ego, he

issued them with razor blades to cut

themselves with whenever they said 'I'.

Sex was an open part of the rituals, and

many diatribes in his autobiography just

confess his limited love for humanity.

Crowley still horrifies people by saying

that he wanted to sacrifice someone in a

sex-magick rite. He would be hated less

if he had actually done so (as the Nazis
did as a matter of course). Writing about

it is apparently a greater crime. Other

justifications for Crowley's 'wickedest

man in the world' title? — he practised

black magic (Crowley would deny this.

He thought Christ was a student of the

left hand path because he tried to

to control the body); he fed a few

women and left them; enjoyed anal sex;

used heroin and was mean to his friends

(expecially Victor Neuberg); was

arrogant and contemptuous of the

Establishment ('You're all a pack of
carps') and didn't mind owning money to

people. In short Crowley was the

epitome of that mythical 'Wicked Person

you are told about at Sunday School.

Crowley remains a scapegoat and

whatever merit or interest his ideas have

are still shrouded in a mist of misleading

publicity. 'Wickedest man in the world'

is puritanical bullshit. Crowley is

straight, unlike the people who handle

him and overprice his work (he wanted

his Equinox to sell for 1/- a volume).

The leader of the 'Bobbies' was a man —

he lived', as Maugham once said, and

that's all you need to remember about

Crowley.

Ian Stocks

Benefet Devlin The Price of my Soul

(Andre Deutsch, 25s also in paperback)

Witty, committed, breathless, as if Irish

darling as an Englishman could wish, this is

Benedict's People's Democracy's story

from the beginning. The familiar tale

loses nothing in her telling: best of all,
it emphasizes precisely those

shortcomings in the movement that need

exposing if committed radicals are to do

more than stagger from barricade to

barricade. From the splits with the Old

Left to the 'dealings' with the

'sympathetic' members of the

government, whose every promise was as

false as our own Prime Minister,

Benedict lays bare the limitations of

protest action. Nothing can be done in

Westminster: 'What we have now is a

kind of Animal Farm, all-pigs-are-equal

system, whereby the pigs with MP after

their names are entitled to sit in the

farmhouse, and the rest of us are just

common four-footed animals'. Nothing
can be done without some organization

that can provide new recruits when the

old ones are tired. Nothing can be done

if everyone emphasizes their own purity

doctrine and refuses to recognize

anyone else's: in Ireland this is a simple

truth between Catholics and

Protestants.

Benedict wants people to realise what

has not only embraces all kinds of

beliefs amongst young people, but also

the real suffering of the Irish working

class, of whatever religion. She believes

that action and organizing in the streets

is one of the most important tasks facing

radicals. But, as the French student

found after the May events, you can

only build after the barricades if you've

formed an organization that works,

however loosely, at the bottom: the

famous grass roots. Benedict's

upbringing taught her to take on

personal responsibility for her actions —

this is what she has tried to do in her

fight for civil rights. If the movement

gets anywhere, people will have learnt to

take that kind of responsibility. This is a

good book for those who believe 'it can

never happen here'.

Peter Buckman
Mighty Baby: 'Mighty Baby' (Head HDLS 6002)

There are many groups that seem to go on for years at what you might call the Klooks Kleek level. In other words, they achieve a mild sort of reputation but never manage to break out of the endless round of one-nighters up and down the country.

If the music business was all fair and honest — credit where credit was due and so forth — one could say that this kind of group didn't succeed because it didn't deserve to: because it just didn't have what it takes to turn a Klooks Kleek group into a Royal Command performance act. As it is, of course, success depends less on how well you can play than who you know (how else do you explain the Ryan twins?)

Maybe this is the reason why Mighty Baby (nee the Action) have been around for so long without ever really making it. Perhaps they haven't got engaging accents, or they aren't evil-looking enough, or they're not as under-privileged as they ought to be — I don't know.

The important thing about Mighty Baby (right — enough soft-selling) is that their first album is very good indeed.

Obviously their music slightly resembles the hard rock-blues that the Action used to play. I don't think it's too whimsical to say that it's pure electric music throughout: Mighty Baby seems content to explore the possibilities inherent in a drums/bass/lead/organ/sax line-up — they're not into the we're-as-versatile-as-any-symphony-orchestra thing. They make a kind of Buffalo Springfield sound at times too, but they're never merely imitative — you get the feeling that they write all their own material because they want to express themselves in their own way, not because somebody told them that no progress in the business you have to do your own numbers. Every track is, to a greater or lesser degree, satisfying, there are no space-fillers.

The best numbers on the album are those, like 'House Without Windows' and 'A Friend You Know But Never See', where they lay down and develop a solid rock and roll riff. Here you can see the advantage of playing for years: each musician instinctively maintains and enhances the balance of the song. Unlike those bands which are merely showcases for one soloist Mighty Baby are a group in the fullest sense.

The sleeve is good too, dig the frantic Martin Sharp front cover.

John Leaver.

Byrds Preflyte Together Records ST-T-1001 (Available on Import only)

During the past five years few groups have captured our imagination like the Byrds. In a sense, the West Coast movement began with them. They were the first rock group to be signed by Columbia in the States, forerunning Moby Grape, Spirit, Blood Sweat and Tears and United States of America, etc. They were one of the first bands to understand the importance of Dylan's songs and they were the first group to produce music from a communal environment. At one point fifteen or twenty people were directly involved in the creation of their music.

Now a new American record company has dug up a master of old Byrd recordings and released it in the States under the title 'Preflyte'. All of the material was recorded in 1964, before the Byrds signed with Columbia, and the album contains the original recording of 'Mr Tamborine Man'. It is a beautiful L.P. The music is naive and in places imprecise, yet it has an incredible vitality and charm. Through it we can clearly see the Byrds early influences — the Everly Brothers, the Beatles, Chuck Berry and Dylan. It helps us put their later music into perspective and, more important, shows clearly why, despite never having produced a really world class album, the Byrds have become a legend.

We identified with the Byrds. The Beatles hair was growing — but the Byrds had grown theirs longer. British groups were still wearing uniform on stage — the Byrds played in jeans and T-shirts. They were unutterably, moody and unpredictable and, when everyone about them was hustling into the Liverpool scene, the Byrds produced a new sound. Their teeny tour in 1966 was a disaster. We weren't ready for them. When they came back two years later they got a twenty minute ovation after a two hour set at Middle Earth.

But the album isn't just a point of reference. Some of the music compares with any they subsequently recorded. 'Here Without You' is gentle, melodic and emotional. 'You Don't Have To Cry' has a strong Beatles influence but all the Byrds trademarks are there — Jim McGuinn's voice, the vocal harmonies and the unmistakable guitar sound. And, of course, there is 'Mr Tamborine Man'.

The original Byrds have long since parted but their influence is as strong as ever. Through Crosby Stills and Nash, the Flying Burrito Brothers and Dillard they are producing music of the highest quality. We didn't realise it at the time but the Byrds were the first American supergroup.

Bob Harris.
ROLLING STONES / LET IT BLEED

THIS RECORD SHOULD BE PLAYED LOUD

LET IT BLEED  □  LOVE IN VAIN  □  MIDNIGHT RAMBLER  □  GIMMIE SHELTER  □  YOU GOT THE SILVER
YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU WANT  □  LIVE WITH ME  □  MONKEY MAN  □  COUNTRY HONK

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