**Description**

**Publisher**
OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 48p

**Comments**
Please be advised: This collection has been made available due to its historical and research importance. It contains explicit language and images that reflect attitudes of the era in which the material was originally published, and that some viewers may find confronting.
This whole freaky facade is constructed from products of American abundance.
Don't love the old order or the things which keep it going. If anyone loves the old order it is not the Father's love that's in him. For everything that's in the old order—the hankering for physical comforts, the hankering for material things, the emphasis on status—is not from the Father but from the old order itself. And the old order, with its hankerings, is collapsing, but he who lives by the will of God moves into the New Age.
Neil Rock has travelled the international pot trail longer than anyone can remember. He is a trader, bringing boots and sewing machine needles to Indians, returning with trinkets and beads which he threads in Ibiza, adding chunks of amber from Morocco, and so on. Scores of destitute hikers have been given shelter by Neil, who is well known not only for his generosity towards fellow overlanders, but for his knowledge and participation in the customs and mysteries of the countries he visits. Below is a hurriedly edited, inadequate transcript of Neil's recollections.

It seems to me I've been through
4 or 5 changes in my life. I've been various things from a workman to a business man to a layabout to a musician to a jeweller to others to whatever. I have always thought there must be the possibility of 12 distinct personalities within oneself one for each month—
for each astroglogical change, so that each month one should have different presen-
ces of energy. It could even be 16 because there are four seasons. About 2 years ago I was in India in a place called Hardwar. As I was going along I saw 4 men sitting on a rope bed and they had a chillum. As I had some hash I sat down and had a smoke. Nothing was said, the chillum went round for about 10 minutes and then one of them spoke, "the old man speaks English" and at the end of the bed on the floor was this old man with white hair, combing his beard. He said, "it is possible to live 12 lives within one and you're in the last change now, go with God". I just got up and walked away.

The first place I experienced anything like this was in the River Ganges at Benares. It was about 4 years ago and as I went down the street to the bathing platform for the first time I realised that I knew where I was—that it was very very familiar. On the way down to the steps near the water I came across a dwarf—a hunch back cripple with a wedge-shaped head and a row of dots going from the centre of his nose up to his forehead to his hairline, like round moles in a straight line. He held his hand out, I gave him a cigarette, and as I passed it to him it seemed like I'd left behind all the ugliness and evil in the world. In front of me was this water with all these people, bathing, washing and worshipping. They burn the bodies a few hundred yards away. At the same place they throw in cows, all children under 7, all holy men, mothers with children and office workers. I walked off the steps onto a rowing boat and into the water. Within 3 days I was absolutely white. I'd been in the sun for 2 years and I had colour but after bathing in this water twice a day for 3 days, I was white down to the underside of my fingernails. I'd lost all my colour, I'd been cleaned right out. I was revitalised. The water breaks down everything in 2 days, animal or person. Yet in the water there is just silt, weeds and carp.

After this I visited Nepal. There I went to a temple commonly known as the Monkey Temple, the temple of SwayambuNath, the home of the White Buddha (Trijogna). The word nath is a suffix which means 'home of the spirit'. This word applies to all buildings built in the reign of King Ashoke the man who was the guiding spirit of Buddhism in India. They all have the suffix nath. The first words of swayambu, of bodhi of badra, or citla is the power of the particular Buddha which inhabits it. Swayambu was the only one of the 11 buildings built still in its original condition. In the woods which are on the side of a hill there are 6 or 7 buddhas spread out—3 in a line on one side and some higher up on the other side. At the top is a large brass buddha, surrounded by all kinds of copper and brass utensils.

It was night time. I went there with someone else and we were both interested to see what was there. I happened to stand on one of these copper seals. I looked at it and thought of it as a terminal. Well, my body turned green all over. I stepped off it and onto the other one and I turned red all over. Then I stood in between them. There were hundreds of bugs flying in the air and I watched them fly through me, going through my hands. I turned to the person who was with me and said, "Have you seen?" and he said, "I'd rather not speak about", and we both just stood there and looked at each other. When I moved everything stopped, back to normal. I was on the plaques or between them my whole cell structure had definitely changed. I had very strong vibrations coming from the building, pulsing out, and I walked up to the bell and began to play on the lip of the bell—like a conga drum just quietly and they had a chillum. As I had some hash I sat down and had a smoke. Nothing was said, the chillum went round for about 10 minutes and then one of them spoke, "the old man speaks English" and at the end of the bed on the floor was this old man with white hair, combing his beard. He said, "it is possible to live 12 lives within one and you're in the last change now, go with God". I just got up and walked away.

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He then made a motion to me, over his shoulder, pointing at the temple, with his finger, as he
did this he also clenched his one fist in his hand strongly, without words. Then he pointed at himself and raised his hand to his forehead as if in a salute and put his hands together like in prayer and knocked on his head and he put his hands together again in a salute and pointed at himself again and then back over his shoulder, as if saying, "You have to live with this, you have to obey it, and live by it." He then made a motion, as if he had had some dreadful thought, like a swear word or something. Immediately his whole vibration turned to agony and this sound came out of him "owowowo" as he did this he pulled himself back in to where it seemed he was inaccordance with his surroundings. I felt he had tried to tell me that as long as he lived he felt the vibration of this thing it was OK but when he moved away from it, he didn't live, Rightheously, he lost something.

After arriving, the man from Benares—a man who was running an orphanage. He ran it entirely alone except for the help of old religious guardians in his circle, with a rope bed and a few clothes. He told me he had done this on the instructions of his guru, and he had conducted himself with his life. He asked me if I would go to Rishikesh on the Ganges in June the next month where he would tell me to be present at a meeting between 3 dawn he was to go to the now dead guru. The meeting was to decide what to do about the land that the guru's estate owned and his murder. I arrived, the man from Benares, a doctor in philosophy, introduced me to 2 other men. One was the most fantastic person I ever met in my life. He had on the instructions of his guru, built a whole city. He had had the education, his family had had the money, and he had been instructed to use it all. He became the 2nd largest clothes manufacturer in India. He now has interests in towns, oil, steel, etc. He constructed a beautiful temple in the city and a private park for the use of wandering retired holy men. The third man had been in the city for 25 years and was responsible for the well being of all who came to visit the park. He and 3 staff and their wives. One was in charge of going round checking at the mango tree to frighten the crows off. I stayed there in the park for awhile with this man. All these men impressed me as being not actual keepers of the peace in themselves but some strong guardians of it. They had made their lives to defend it. After the meeting I went down to the river to bathe. After bathing I was sitting on a stone column at the side of the river thinking of these men and immediately this phrase came into my mind "guarding the peace." Obviously I should be doing the same. As soon as I heard the sound an armchair, in the shape of a serpent that was keeping everything calm. It was its job to lie there and make sure everything stays calm. I got the impression that it is something we are ever upset, that would come out of the water. At that moment (I've always been a visual) I thought I'd have to examine this thought in my head. I got up and went down to the water's edge and stood there on the steps. I moved the water. It was dark and in front of me in the water I could see these rows of lights, small lights moving backwards and forwards. When I stepped into the water over my foot I stood on the back of a huge carp that was under me. As I moved closer I realised the lights were phosphorescent lights or dots on the back of the carp. I took my foot off it and I stepped back out of the water and the fish formed a big semi-circle in the water in front of me. I stepped into it in the water. With my first step a snake came out of the water on my right hand side and kissed me on the ankle. I was so surprised, I doubled it so much I began over and asked it to come and do it again. It came back and kissed my ankle again and then went back into the water. After this the fish disappeared. I walked back up the steps where I met a man carrying a spear and a torch and he said to me in a very simple English, "You have to obey it, and live by it." Then I turned off the boat and walked up the riverbank to the mainroad to leave, a group of the fish carp came near the river's edge and stood on their heads in the water, about 2 feet of their bodies out of the water, in a lotus boat 3 or 4 feet. Then I left. About 9 years ago somebody gave me a book by a man called Paul Brunton called a Search in Secret Egypt. In it he mentioned going to the great pyramid and that he believed that generally called kings chamber the burial chamber in the Great Pyramid was not so on. And on checking I found various pictures of archaeological sites I discovered all the burial chambers in the pyramids are underground and located in the exact centre of the mass of the pyramid. I've the same distance up down and sideways, in and in the chamber was a large room. It had been sealed chamber for a body it wouldn't have had air hole surely. There's a stone coffin like shaped in the room, it's granite, it rings when you step in. I believe the pyramid stands on the world's longitudinal and latitudinal centre of land mass. I visited it in Egypt early in the morning. There was no one else there and the guy who locks the iron gate to it at night was there and he offered to take me in. There's a lower chamber, the Queen's chamber, which has been sealed off by the Egyptian govt for the last couple of years. People have been used for archaeological digs although the American used a stereoscope on it and found nothing in the top of the pyramid. I went in and walked up these steps where you have to bend over, the slabs on the walls are amazing up to 28ft long, solid stone, 6ft square, no mortar, just laid together. The guy came into the chamber with me and he said "This is the king's burial chamber and this was where he was buried" and I said "Yes." And he raised the candle he was carrying towards me, looked at me, then walked away and stood in the doorway of the chamber. Immediately I got into this stone coffin shape and lay down and screamed my arm. When I did, the whole of the walls vibrated the sound back to me. It seemed like the sound had gone right round the room and gone to one point in the top of the room. It seemed like the whole of my skull had split open and there was nothing but stars, darkness, planets, no me or it. At the echoes died down I came to being back aware of where I was again. I walked away and left.

I think all these experiences, these encounters with sources of psychic power, happened to me just as a man who was an immigrant to India standing in front of me. And I believe they are there for anybody to find and use. The man who built the city built by the man on his guru instructions met a man who came up to me and said "Excuse me, do you have 2 minutes for me to talk with you?" I said "It depends what about." He said "Well I'm a magician but I swear before God that I do no evil, I'm a magician in London so everyone else I eat food. I said "OK." So he said "Well, the price for a good meal would be 2 rupees, 20 cents, and for 2 rupees I'll tell you your name, your age, date of birth, your last name, your mother's name, and your girlfriend's name. I said OK, he said "I think of a fruit and a number." So I thought "7", "apple". He looked at me, wrote on paper, handed it to me and it said "7", "peach", "9", "apricot". "Now I'll give you the rest of it if you like", I said "OK." He said "Your name is Neil, 17/6/1936, 30 years old, your mother's name is Hilda, and your girlfriend's name is about. Four years ago I saw a snake, either turtorial and writhing or amorousness and soft and wherever I am there was a huge carp. I thought I'd come to be back aware of where I was again. I walked away and left.

Another time in Delhi I was seated in an outdoor restaurant. On a trip, and I ate down near me and I would feel this. I thought I was a snake, I thought I was a snake, either tortuous and writhing or amorousness and soft and writhing everywhere. You can feel this snake like movement through the whole country, the lower end is a struggle for existence.... so I was feeling this and this man says "Do you feel the struggle?" and I said "Yes," and the struggle temporarily removed from it" and he said "Good chance" and that was it, he just walked away.
This poster is part of an anti-kif campaign currently being waged in Morocco by the CIA. The French script reads: Kif destroys the body and mind. Roughly translated the Arabic reads: Alcohol destroys the mind and body. Keep high, healthy and happy with regular supplies of hash from your friendly local dealer.
His real name is not Jim, and he works as an agent for the CIA. We met him on a beach "somewhere in the Western Mediterranean" where he sat at a table next to ours in a beachfront cafe. He turned out to be a professional agent, a full-blooded, one hundred per cent administration man. It doesn't really matter who runs the administration, Jim worked for the CIA under Johnson, and now under Nixon. He says things are tighter, harder, and more intense since Nixon has been in office, especially since much of his activity has to do with keeping track of American heads abroad, drug movements at foreign borders, searching for American dissenters, and listening in on youthful Americans' conversations wherever possible.

Jim was drinking rum and coke, and while he did not appear intoxicated, the rum might have had a part in the nature of our conversation. Or perhaps it was the midday sun. He said that he was on holiday, but conceded that no agent is ever really off duty when it comes to observing the scene wherever he is at any time. He looked at pretty much everything, and it was as if I could do to keep from whisking a notebook out of my beach basket. I told him I was on holiday myself, down for two weeks from a London advertising agency for some sun and fun. We began by discussing the British election, which we were already talking about at my table in terms of a crushing defeat for the forces of sanity, or at least, for some of the most independent American politics. It was not until after this that he told me the truth about himself, and we spent the balance of the afternoon, between swims, and part of the evening amazed by what we heard from this man, whose training he was violating with every word he spoke. It might have been the rum or the sun. Or he might have been operating under orders to find his way to OZ and tell us the things he did—or at least some of the things about which he spoke. Obviously, he went overboard in divulging information.

We learned some things we already knew. The Nixon government is dedicated to the task of wiping out cannabis at its source—the thousands of acres where it grows in the Mediterranean and throughout the rest of the world. American technology has developed and manufactured small aircraft equipped with sensitive instruments which can "sniff out" pot patches from an altitude of two or three thousand feet. These aircraft are capable of detecting grass on detection. They have already been used in Mexico, and will be used in other parts of the world soon, if they are not already being deployed as you read this.

Similar machines are being installed at international ports in America to detect luggage stashes at customs controls. The cost of producing equipment such as this is a good index to how seriously the government take their assignment.

At present, the CIA have stepped up their activity between Gibraltar and Istanbul, working with local law enforcement agencies, and have recently sent more agents into the Kabul area. They are determined to put an end to centuries of pot smoking in the middle east, if only to keep the plant from being cultivated for American markets.

We asked Jim if CIA agents smoke grass among themselves, the way we know many big town cops do. He admitted the best dope in the world is available in CIA offices, and said he had tried pot a few times himself, had found it pleasant. But decided not to continue it smoking it. We probed the CIA position on the fact that an extremely high percentage of American military men are stoned out most of the time. (The American Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean comprises the largest group of consumers in the area.) Jim said they were aware of this, and kept tabs on any users, but diverted most of their attention to civilian users, and more important, dealers.

Specifically:

. CIA agents have been linked to smuggling large quantities of hash into the States, where it is unloaded on duty, or in the airport, and then sold on their own or to local police agencies. The CIA make few direct arrests, operating instead through local police forces in a delicate relationship in which the cops take the blame for the busts. The CIA intercept or initiate occasional shipments of hash and add datura derivatives before letting it find its way to smokers' pipes. Datura, also known as devil's weed or Jimson weed, gets you high and makes you sick.

. CIA agents are most often disguised as American tourists in Bermuda shorts, businessmen, journalists, consular deputies and as fathers searching for runaway, hippy children. They also pose as dealers, and do actually deal to trace shipping routes, and to identify wholesalers. They rarely pose effectively as hippies.

We asked Jim about some of the rumors we have heard about the CIA. We know Americans who have had their mail censored in foreign countries. Is this a case of local postal authorities working with the CIA to obtain information? He gave no specific reply, but led us to believe such was the case. He admitted the CIA have a stable of informers, one of whom is reputed to be British poet Robert Graves, who lives in a small village in tourist-rich Majorca. This was neither affirmed or denied.

How many CIA agents are operating in the Mediterranean? As is the case with many Americans, Jim was proud of numbers. Including consular staff who pass on information, operatives who are foreign nationals, foreign police on the CIA payroll, and fully accredited Agency employee, over a thousand.

Near the end of the day, we hitched a ride into town in Jim's car, a standard Hertz rental saloon. We still were not sure of him, or ourselves. We made a joint and passed it to him. He could have driven straight to the police if he felt like it. We made plans, at his suggestion, to meet for dinner. He dropped us at our hotel, and went on to his own, a Hilton imitation.

The first part of dinner was spent discussing general topics, such as local food, prices, and other tourist chatter. When we got back into the subject of the CIA. We had sampled the first bottle of wine, and had had cocktails in the bar before being seated. Jim obviously enjoyed his subject, and spoke as though he was enjoying a rare opportunity to talk about it as well. Did you know, for example, that when an American agent on secret assignment needs cash in any currency—perhaps to buy a hundred kilos of the best, he goes to an unspecified government office and identifies himself with a code, telling the clerk how much money he needs. No explanation necessary, and agents on duty might not carry identification for obvious reasons. The money is put on the counter. Anyone for twenty thousand dollars, tax free? (We would like to break the code and if we ever do, we'll tell you which door of the Eagle to use next time you're in Grovesnor Square.)

There have been no known admissions of detection of CIA man to the dropout community, probably because their selection and training are so rigid. There are heads in the Agency, but obviously not the same percentage to be found in the Sixth Fleet or among Viet Nam ground forces. It is folk wisdom that a strong authority that John Kennedy smoked grass in the White House, and he did not hang around jazz clubs to score."

After the second bottle of wine we got somewhere. We were

reminded of Brendan Behan's play, THE HOSTAGE, in which the secret policeman says, "I am a secret policeman and I don't care who knows it." Jim justified some of his shenanigans by saying that if the head community knew how tight things are right now, it might make his job easier. (Right, Everyman's Dream.)

Justification at that level did not cover the fact that Jim felt the political situation in America has spread to almost all other countries throughout the world, making his job more difficult than in the Johnson days. He blames hippies, student radicals, black militants, and Communists, in that order. He also feels the Communists, being more organized than any other group, have infiltrated the youthful avant garde. But now get this: He also feels that all the current commotion about pot smoking and smuggling is secondary to the real aims of his government. Pot is an extraneous issue, not either more or less important.

The government is fucking up on many fronts, but when Ma Bell doesn't move, the government reads the government is smashing dope traffic and rounding up beatniks they feel they're getting their money's worth. In other words, Nixon caters to the vast mob of sound asleep idiots who don't give a shit about his world, and that's all that's left in the trash can. Because you are being used as an American political pawn. It doesn't matter if you are English, French, German, or Dutch. Uncle Nixon is playing international politics, and it's going to have his way.

That is part of it. Our conversation, reaching the strawberry point, included the notion that subversives smoke pot. If cops do, no doubt, no doubt. The pot freeze boils down to simple harassment, compounded by the generally repressive attitude current in the States toward anything liberal. It is a way of striking back at youth for demanding leadership. Nixon is apparently unable to provide. Jim really believes he is doing the right thing. In spite of truth, reality, justice, or honour. His country, right or wrong. As a free thinking, independent citizen of the world, I resent this, and I told Jim so. His eyes narrowed, and he looked at me through his bristling hair in a way that said, without words, "I'm going to be watching you. We're going to find out who you really are." Good luck to them, it's a question I've been trying to solve for years.
leaving the kids cradled in the heat and the dirt while the police snooped around them with dogs trained to sniff out the drugs that none of them had the money to buy.

We got in, in the chaos, for nothing, and there was no way he'd get the kids underneath the corrugated iron roof in the stink of cattle-shit and sweating English youths.

As usual an unlimited number of tickets had been sold and the promoters had split, leaving the kids cradled in the heat and the dirt while the police snooped around them with dogs trained to sniff out the drugs that none of them had the money to buy.

It was no surprise that Jimi split. He was a long time dying and he gave us adequate warning to be ready for him as he was too fast for us to stop. He was trapped by a huge dooby crowd on a high stage that could not have been more than a few feet above him. In front of a long time to sniff out the drugs that none of them had the money to buy.

Jimi often talked about his death, but he can hardly have foreseen how truly it would be when it happened, shocking on his own vomit in a chick's rented apartment. He may not have gone so far in his efforts to keep him but we had better prepare ourselves. We have lost the best rock guitarist we ever had because he was too weak. We're not ready to be happy.

The awful fright and the dead sense of loss the newspapers gave us. Within hours of his death the newspapers gave us the awful fright and the dead sense of loss we had always been further into prestige-fucking the wrongness and sexuality. In Monterey and Woodstock the spontaneity held a moment and flowered and he and his. They didn't want to hear the music, a lot of people would still hurt because Hendrix was a great man. Some other people are going to regret his dropping out because they had a lot of money on his back.

Let me stand next to your fire. Our fire was never a night. Jimi burnt himself up and kept himself going with artificial energy waiting for it to come, but he was never there and the kids were never there. The police were still there. The kids were restive and abusive. Jimi knew they had to use, as crappy then as now.

How many times was it like that? How much did Jimi try it on with friends and find he had nothing better? How many times did he start to rap capping with his soft bush-baby eyes, his overly small, too small fingers and his big huge hands on the guitar, feet together, amazing. It was not a minter of discipline.

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We might piously cry that the gross hypocrisy getting stronger in him than the rock industry ground him to death, but really all he was doing was to try and stay on top of the bandwagon, the efficient big hands on the guitar, feet together, amazing. It was not a minter of discipline.

The rest...

There was no freaking, just the three of them, Jimi, Steve and Billy Cox (as well as Twink who was so far behind on his welder's pay), Jimi playing like a musician, utterly absorbed in the sound, his white face still the same. He was beginning to walk, head on one side, with huge listening eyes black in his pale face, and the sound was becoming more interesting. It was not a matter of discipline.

We left him in London on Saturday, one night before we were asked to do the Isle of Wight festival of music and we had a genius all along. I wish I could caress you.

Jimi Hendrix was overrated and he was in tune, and cursing the Orange gear that was big in the early hours of the morning when all the revers had gone home all the downs were going up...

There was no freaking, just the three of them, Jimi, Steve and Billy Cox (as well as Twink who was so far behind in his welder's pay)...

...There was no freaking, just the three of them, Jimi, Steve and Billy Cox (as well as Twink who was so far behind in his welder's pay)...
WASHINGTON, Friday—Vice-President Spiro Agnew is deeply worried about his son Randy, who has broken with his wife and has been living for a month with a male hairdresser.

Randy—full name James Rand Agnew—is a handsome 24-year-old war veteran who works as a weightlifting instructor in a health salon.

He left his 22-year-old wife Anne about six months ago. Their daughter, three-year-old Michelle Anne, is the Vice-President's only grandchild and he named his 1968 campaign plane after her.

CLEARED

Randy has been staying in East Baltimore, Maryland, with Buddy Hash, a 27-year-old, dark-haired man with a moustache and goatee beard.

The Vice-President said Randy was living in a converted garage. Hash and his mother run La Triotette, a profitable East Baltimore beauty parlour.

In 1964 Hash was arrested on a charge of keeping a “disorderly house.” Last year he was charged with possessing marijuana. He was cleared on both charges.

SENSITIVE

The story of the Vice-President's family problem will startle America when it appears tomorrow in more than 600 newspapers across the country. It could shake the White House and the Republican Party.

From J ACK AN DERSON

NO TROUBLE WITH MY FAMILY

TheSpiro Agnew image is that of a kindly, rather "squar" family man. He said recently: "I don't have any trouble with my children. We communicate well and there is an easy, relaxed attitude among the family." Agnew has not hesitated to show his own family life as an example when attacking permissiveness in American society. He has sharply criticised "affluent, permissive, upper middle-class parents who learned their Dr. Spock and threw discipline out of the window when they should have done the opposite."

CRI SIS

Hash told me: "Randy is nowhere near the hippie type. He's really very goody-goody."

The hairdresser said he had allowed Agnew, whom he had known for some years, to stay with him because he was short of money.

"Everyone thinks be is a pariah. The Vice-President should have a lot of sympathy for Spiro Agnew in the conservative

Hash told me he knew nothing of Hash's arrest record.

"We didn't stand up in court," said Hash.

Randy told me he knew nothing of Hash's arrest record.

"The initial shock brought the Randy Agnew story with nearly as much sympathy for Spiro Agnew in the conservative

HASH'S APARTMENT

It wasn't crowded. He took up a seat in the kitchen. The decor is elegant. The hairdresser said he had cleaned the place out. It was a ridiculous charge, he said. Hendon brought it on a flimsy basis. His marijuana arrest involved former roommates. The disorderly house charge, he said, was brought in Pesow after a ridiculous attempt to have Hash arrested.

"It was a ridiculous charge and it was dismissed," Hash said. His marijuana arrest involved former roommates. The disorderly house charge, he said, was brought in Pesow after a ridiculous attempt to have Hash arrested.

"It wasn't a difficult charge and it was dismissed," Hash said. His marijuana arrest involved former roommates. The disorderly house charge, he said, was brought in Pesow after a ridiculous attempt to have Hash arrested.

Sensitive

The story of the Vice-President's family problem will startle America when it appears tomorrow in more than 600 newspapers across the country. It could shake the White House and the Republican Party.

The Vice-President added that Randy was "a good kid."

"Randy takes the baby home most of the time," said the Vice-President. "He'll have to take the baby to us and we will show the baby to his parents. There is no reason."

Agnew added that he keeps in close touch with his son.

"I don't see him from day to day, but he comes down once a week or so," he said.

He is living in a converted garage as his parents do. "It's completely out of order where he is living."

I found Randy in Buddy Hash's two-story apartment in the fashionable Bolton Hill section of Baltimore, which he shares with wall-to-wall carpeting and ornate tables dominating the front room.

Randy came in from the door barefoot, in white slacks and open-necked shirt.

He explained he had been staying with Hash for only a few days, and was in the process of moving out.

He said he had rented and fixed up a garage apartment not far from the holiday camp health clinic where he works in Pesow, the suburb where his father's political career began.

"Buddy is a friend of a friend, and he was nice enough to let me stay here until I get straightened out," said Randy.

"I've got my own place now, and I just stopped by here to use the bathroom because the plumbing in my new place isn't hooked up yet."

He said he had stayed in Hash's apartment "about a month" and had been transferred from his wife for about six months.

Asked about the possibility of a reconciliation, he replied: "Yes, rather not comment on that. It was a separation."

He was also reluctant to discuss his father's reaction to his situation.

"It's completely out of my hands," he said.
ON THE ROAD: HOGS

Roll up! Roll up for the Mystery Tour...

They've got everything you need:
Satisfaction guaranteed.

The Magical Mystery Tour is hoping to take you away...

The Beatles Magical Mystery Tour film in 1967 was a public relations party, packaged and designed for The Beatles and their fans, a far cry from their inspiration, Ken Kesey. In 1964, through explosions about Vietnam, the New Left, the Berkeley Student Revolution, travelled Kesey with the Merry Pranksters in a bus painted with Day-Glo, spreading the acid word and creating a spontaneous freakery. From the beginning the Pranksters filmed and recorded themselves—a still unfinished movie. 'Everybody everywhere has his own movie going, his own scenario and everybody is acting his own.'

The Magical Mystery Tour is hoping to take you away...

Wavy had a new epaulettes, hat fronted by a red plastic rocket, wide; he is profusely decorated, home-devised uniforms (matches his eyes), trousers a mile long, and a costume. He has adopted both clothes and a costume. He has adopted the structure and the American status quo language against the status quo language.

How do you raise money to live and travel?

Lou: We've done everything from working gas stations to working as movie extras (Pleming's Skidoo) carpentry, plumbing, whatever we can to satisfy the need at that moment.

Wavy: We raise money for stuff too. The last we did this for were the Pit River Indians. The government took their land and gave it over to the Pacific Gas and Electric Company so we went up there and the Indians said, it's an Indian scene and we said, well, we can turn Indian, make the bus Indian and they were going to invade Lassen National Park. So we all drove there and they had cops in the trees with shotguns but the Indians were ready for this and they said, execute plan B so we went into the Indian and E camp where all the executives were swimming, though it was Indian land and the man said 'don't you think you're inconveniencing us?' They asked our guy Fred the Fed—we call him that because we thought he was a cop till he got busted—to go on a deer hunt which is a kind of major breakthrough. They're doing legal stuff now, too, they have a lawyer and we've raised money to help them. See, we're working on open land in the United States, a thing called Earth People's Park since last October. The idea is that land should be free and first it was just some people sitting around getting high, talking about where it's at in their heads and how they could take all the where it's ats and line them up together, and then the idea became the possession of a lot of people and we decided to get lots of different plans in various ecological regions of the country, where access to the land would be denied to no-one and the people on the land would make up their own rules. We just made our first purchase of land three weeks ago, 596 acres in Northern California, and then people started coming up and we started doing stuff on Sundays, parties: one Sunday Tiny Tim came and one Sunday we had a freak show with who could stay under water longest, and then we started doing light and energy shows with the Airplane and the Grateful Dead. We started with six people about five years ago, now there are 30 of us here in England and 30 of us a farm in New Mexico. They're more into the land. The only rule we've made in these years is you do anything you want as long as nobody gets hurt.

There are lots of ways of interpreting that—we're still interpreting it.

Bonnie: With the collective, the first lesson is the food and the money. At first there were a lot of kids and they went looking for Wavy and a guy named Rick to make all the decisions, and we didn't dig that, so we instituted a plot called the dancermystere system where Wavy got out a really corny Indian headband and we made a wheel with everybody on it and all the guys, we weren't into Women's Liberation, right?—and whoever put on the headband for that day, they would make all the decisions, so that way everybody got to learn how to take responsibility. Then after we had this dancermystere system and then it evolved beyond that where everybody had that consciousness, and the guys were doing the cooking as well and we all learned.

At the benefit, that 'remarkable head', now known as Wavy Gravy, a walking Punch; blue jeans, black vest, white electric guitar. He officially plays lead guitar, but he is anything you want as long as nobody gets hurt.

Also the Caravan... the GENTLE FREAK GENERAL.

Visiting military dignitaries rarely hold interviews in Gandalf's Garden, but for General Wate More Land any ground is campaign ground. He wears an immaculate blue military uniform (matches his eyes), trousers a mile wide; he is profusely decorated, home-made medals and ribbons, white plastic planes for epaulettes, hat fronted by a red plastic rocket, with a MASH-type helicopter on the back. He talks calmly, laughs often at his own jokes and anything else that happens along, and has created for himself a missionary role against war and peace which is total. His uniform is both clothes and a costume. He has adopted the structure and the American status quo language and by turning it inside out, against itself—using...
music-hall patter, tickling you with puns, throwing in the odd sick quip, he hopes to convince the world that war is STUPID and American government wicked. He's on his first European tour.

When were you promoted to the status of General Waste More Land?

Well, it's been about five years now. My partner General Hershey Bar—see, there's a candy bar in the States called the Hershey bar and General Hershey is the head of the draft there. We claim that General Hershey Bar is the sweetest General in the Pentagon—he's the one who said 'kiss, don't kill, you make more friends that way.' He trained me in guerrilla warfare. I'm on a top secret mission from the Pentagon and if you haven't heard of me before, that shows how secret I really am.

What's your secret mission here?

Well, I'm here on a double pronged mission: first as a comical missionary for peace and then with a message from the Hopi Indians. I'm hoping everyone in Europe will send letters to Senator Fulbright—he's a good friend of mine—and ask him to send home all the GI's serving in the US army?

No, I was never in it. I got a degree in English Literature from California State College and then I was studying to be a priest in a Catholic seminary—I'm writing a book about it called 'The Days of Wine and Roses.' I think the Pope was OK but the rosaries got too much. I was a conscientious objector—I wouldn't even be a medic. Anyway, they'd be scared to send me; I'm part of the underflow of the overground of war and if they put me in Vietnam all the troops would leave next day. I'd talk them out of it. Like, I talk to anyone and everyone, anywhere, to get my message out and try and blow people's minds against the madness, I'm fighting madness. It's like some people thought there was no cure for diphtheria but they found a cure. I'm a doctor trying to find a cure for madness of war, I'm innoculating the American people with madness just enough so they'll see how it is and drop out of it.

How does your anti-war mission tie in with the Hopis?

Well, the basic thing is that the Hopis are looking for three brothers to come from the East—it could be Russia or all the way to China—to bring them their missing piece from their sacred stone. They believe the day of Purification is near, that man is entering into his fourth phase of existence and that will happen when they have the missing stone. They want to put it up, they're an entire nation of pacifists, never had a war. They refuse to recognize the United States Government other than as an evil entity; they're just little farmers in the middle of the desert and the government ignores them and they're isolated. Right now they're trying to make their land away from them—in Arizona. It's all just came back from staying with them. They have this snake ceremony every two years, where they have a snake dance and they run out and set the stones down several miles away so they can go to the four corners of the earth. That way they try and keep harmony in the entire world. They believe that when the gods come back the United States government will be punished.

What are all your medals for?

In the States: I take a poll. Did you ever hear of the Gallup Poll? Well, I take a Trot-and-Canter Poll, it's a little slower but a bit more accurate. I ask: did you ever make a friend by burning someone's house down, breaking their arm, jumping on their car? And they say no. So then I say, well, how can we go 2000 miles to a country, Vietnam, you don't even know the people, can't speak to them or understand their religion or culture and do that very thing to them and then get medals for it. So I have a counter campaign to give medals for love, not killing. The ribbons are all my own campaigns, for love, peace, I was in the up-your-heart campaign, in the battle of happiness in the struggle to be human. I've won them all.

What about those plans?

Those are my epaulets. They're obsolete, of course, like war. I'm trying to get war put into the war memorial museum. Don't you have one here in London?

Yes. Somebody tried to set in on fire a while ago.

They shouldn't do that really. It'd be better to preserve it so that when war dies I can put it there. And it is dying: all the tax payers are bleeding to death and war will end. Nixon is deaf and dumb. Also, we have a bill up before Congress, the in 1970 is that war has been declared stupid and President Nixon is just another pretty face. You'll have people in your museum, then. We'll have a lot, we'll have to fit them all in. I have a magic potion and I'll give it to them and they'll turn very small, because they're too small. To do these things you have to have a petty mind. But the good news from the States in 1970 is that war has been declared stupid and President Nixon.

Have you spoken to McLuhan about what you're doing?

Yes, I went to Toronto last year, and I went to see him and I walked in and started giving him my navel salute—you know, navel to navel—I'm the first general on a navel operation, and I say, don't go to Vietnam they'll put a bullet in your navel and all the food will run out and with inflation it's very expensive; not only that, if they put a bullet hole in your navel they've destroyed your last connection with your past and without your past you have no future. But McLuhan was sick, he'd just come out of hospital, and he said what a corny joke and I said well, you know it's a corny war. So we didn't really talk, but he really turned me on when I was in college. All war is corny. I told the generals in the Pentagon, why don't we let the war in Turkey be fought by dogs, for example, we used British Army and Irish dogs in Ireland and unleash them and the dog that wins, wins the war. That way nobody gets hurt.

Except the dogs.

Yeah, that's what they say. There was one rat-lunk general who turned me in to the humane society and the guy came to my door and put this tiny little puppy against my beautiful uniform and tears started to come into his eyes and he said 'Would you like this dear little puppy dog to lose one of its poor little legs out in the swamps of Vietnam?' And I said 'no, no, no, no,' once for each little leg. Nobody needs it—they care more about dogs than people. This fell in the streets of San Francisco and he said 'You rotten son of a bitch, attacking war, do you realise I happen to be the owner of the largest artificial limb factory in America.' What would I do if the war didn't work?

Do you think your pressure and others' will finally have some effect on America?

Yeah, I wouldn't do it if I weren't hopeful. I believe people are basically good, that they get betrayed, in the way Johnson betrayed America. I'm with the Hopi's when they talk of the fourth emergence of man on the planet, that if man can get rid of greed and wickedness he can live eternally. That's why I'm not too much into an ecology kick. I agree with J. F. Stone, when he said on Ecology Day that unless they end the war there's no hope for anything. I'm into mysticism more than anything, myself and I just look to the gods taking care of it at that point.

Michelene Victor
YOHIMBINA DIARIES

INTRODUCTION

During Operation Clap-Trap, a guerrilla attack on the exploding venereal situation in Ibiza, a Dildonics researcher discovered yohimbine hydrochloride tablets freely available at a shilling a tube ... YOHIMBINA ... an Aladdin's cave of erotic tumescence promised after a week ... a swarthy root that will make brave men tremble ... and where's the truth?

Yohimbine is the principal alkaloid from the bark of the West African Yohimbe (or Yohimbehe) tree. It has long been used in folk/fuck medicine. The Africans would take extensive courses of it (something which has not been attempted in recent years, making the accompanying Dildonics research such a classic). Interestingly, many hallucinogens have a basic structure similar to Y. Among them LSD, yage, marijuana, psilocybin, harmine, cohoba; they are all built round an INDOLE nucleus (whatever that is). The main exception is mescaline ... LSD, yohimbine, harmine and methysergide (a drug now used as a migraine prophylactic) are all 5-hydroxytryptamine (5-HT) antagonists. This gets complex, but 5-HT is an important part of the brain's metabolism, and very likely involved in a lot of emotional responses ... This carpet of facts has not been completely tied together, and yohimbine has a weaker action than most of the other drugs. It gently but specifically blocks certain autonomic nervous impulses; no cardiac effect, but a definite vasodilatation—the peripheral blood vessels widen—and some local anaesthetic effect. A bit of a buzz you might say, but most English and American writers dismiss any aphrodisiac properties as non-existent according to their petty white collar "double-blind controlled trials". Less demanding workers in Czechoslovakia or Italy are happily watching rats coming spontaneously in each others' ears and monkeys having yohimbine gang bang.

Y. occurs naturally in other plants, notably Indian snakeroot, Resperinum serpentinae, which also contains a million other alkaloids. Reserpin, the main one, is tranquilising, used for years in high blood pressure and for its head effects. It makes Siamese fighting fish stop fighting. It also has a similar structure to Y. So according to the writer of the expansive survey below leads inevitably to the hideous suspicion ... is he MAN OR MOUSE??!!!

FIFTH DAY—Been in continual scenes but felt nothing which could be attributed to Yohimbina, all sensual or sexual sensations within the limits of known personal normalcy. Last twenty-four hours however definitely producing something extra. There is a slow soft flush which passes through the back of the legs and through the lower ass. Cannot feel this as anything definitely sexual within usual personal definitions, and it is not centered in the area of the genitals. It is a new feeling, not an increase in intensity of any sensations which are normally felt within the personal sexual syndrome, but a slow soft diffusion of coloured feeling which exists independently. Sensual, at least it is that, but it has not translated itself into any aphrodisiac properties as non-existent according to their petty white collar "double-blind controlled trials". Less demanding workers in Czechoslovakia or Italy are happily watching rats coming spontaneously in each others' ears and monkeys having yohimbine gang bang.

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B.S. Strangeshoes M.D.M.D.M.D.

SEX DRUG OVER COUNTER ON HIPPIE HOLIDAY ISLAND

EXCERPTS FROM THE YOHIMBINA DIARIES

News reaches us of the miraculous properties of Yohimbina, extracted from the yohimbine tree of Africa and readily available in chlorohydrate form at our local pharmacies, one of their many hidden treasures. I am told only that it has powerful aphrodisiac properties. Instructions say to drop three a day until reaching fifty and make the most extravagant claims—erections all day and night perhaps, liberation of the libido, overcoming of any biological or psychic anchors which might be preventing either male or female from becoming a flaming creature of pure sexual desire. Nothing wrong with that as one of our goals, definitely a part of the liberation trip anyway, and am compelled by basic attitudes to make this exploration. There they go, the first three pills, down into the interior mystery. Perhaps just an old legend, but there is something hauntingly primal about this search for the miraculous, falling backward in time through the beat of jungle drums. Let it be.
attribute this to the Yohimbina. But something is definitely building, something unknown and elusive.

TENTH DAY—The sensation which was passing through the back of the legs has been occurring with greater and greater intensity and frequency. It is not attached to a situation or a thought-wave. It seems to happen anywhere—walking in the streets, reading “The Teachings of Don Juan”, drawing water from the well, rapping with Dr. Strange on the roof. No longer located exclusively in lower ass and legs, but has spread out to include everything from tips of toes to the stomach. Comes with such sweeping intensity it is necessary to stop and give it attention until it passes. Still not known if there is more lust or greater erective powers at work. Been in a two-female triangle scene which has been high enough to erect a bronze statue in the park, so still do not know if the Yohimbina is behind it. These sensations cannot be felt during the sexual act itself, but seem to exist independently. It remains possible that they underlie everything however, subliminally adding their qualities to the whole mind and body explosion which is orgasm. The two girls involved took it for one day and insist they felt its effects almost instantly, which might have been psychosomatic, or perhaps it is real.

FIFTEEN DAYS—Been in a delirium of raging scenes, erective thing much stronger than normal, the original sensation in back of legs much stronger and almost constant and spread out almost through the mind. Have not been treating the body very well—not much sleep, improper and irregular diet, but still it rolls on, up and up, warm liquid and responsive. What began as an outside or side effect has now clearly translated itself into sexuality. Have been mentally preoccupied with other things along the way, but it simply is there all the time very close to the surface of things, spilling out at the slightest stimulus. No longer necessary to listen so closely to the senses to feel for the results as it is right there in the body at all times, impossible to ignore. Filled with wonder. Where is it taking me, am I becoming something else?

WARM BUMP WOULDN'T GO

TWENTY DAYS—Lying on the nude rooftop in a blazing sun today. Neville had some academic work on acid, not a very inspiring document, so dry and scientific that it castrated the miracle from the LSD-experience. He found a page listing the acid-family with the molecular structure of several items diagrammed. We find acid, mescaline, etc., and there too is yohimbine. It is of the family of psychedelics too we find, which means that it opens the senses in it’s own particular way. Things have been moving a bit more than usual lately, the visual trip having been out of proportion to the amount of smoke I have been using. Marvelous! a substance of many-faceted realities. Have also been noticing the emergence of a clear energy behind all of this. Have been staying right inside the sexual experience, giving it a chance, and feeling very high in these creations. Despite relative hyperactivity in the night, am finding erections occurring at odd moments. Thinking about nothing at all, sitting at the Monte Sol alone and spaced out, just came from a situation which felt like total release, and suddenly noticed the front of these shabby trousers about to burst. Remained pinned there at the table for most of an hour, unable to arise and walk away without exposing the situation to everyone on that crowded corner. Laughed aloud, as I haven’t had dilemmas like that since adolescence. Even laughter did not drive the warm bulge away. Most amazing, no direct stimulous in mind or before the eye, and my own chemistry does not normally produce creations like that at such moments. Maybe time to stop the Yohimbina
The first portable massager
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MAD SHADOWS/MOTT THE HOOPLE

2nd album recorded live in the studio/produced by Guy Stevens
ILPS 9119
SMOKE YUGO-RED, IT’S LEGAL

In July I ordered the Giant Sale Bargain and with every back copy of OZ under my arm I set off for Jugoslavia to convert and subvert
and pervert.

The setup there is fascinating — they have an inversion of generations. The younguns wear long hair and look hip, but all they ache for we would term 'longhair mentality.' They live a subsistence level because they don’t bother to work harder — if a job will get them just enough bread to keep them and their family, they make it stretch the whole day in a long slow beautiful way — and they grow their own! Compared with the shit I’ve found in England, the local hash was outrageous!

They have two nice habits while they’re smoking. One is watching the horizon (farlooking) and the other is sleeping in the sun with a hat over the eyes. And they could teach Zappa and Hendrix something in the way of farout music.

It was very refreshing mixing with them — they have a full understanding of the world we are aiming at — but they know it all intuitively — they don’t need any intellectual masturbarting fart to tell them their philosophies. Anyhow, I got on a package tour for about £60, including accommodation (& shit, & booze, & screws).

After ten days of continued high, and taking the sun, and eating the gorgeous native food, and watching everything and everyone (and carefully not hearing the hostile and inane comments of the ‘shorthairs’) a coach comes and drives you thru the Bavarian Alps & turboprop flight & you’re back in England with a beautiful suntan & a converted mind. Someday I’ll have to buy some more OZ backnumbers.

A.P.

PETER WOOTON
At midnight I am asleep, bad-bugs feeding off my legs. A violent bang at the door, and within seconds the light is on and the room is filled with twenty Istanbul detectives, short men in suits. A chaos of shouting and pushing. They quickly arrest the Japanese. He had the hash we were smoking before. A camera-man starts his flashlight going. I pull myself out of my sleeping-bag, and catch a quick glance of the guy across the room in the identical position, his face tightened and bewildered. As I stand I drape a towel round my waist. How can I keep my dignity? I am half-held and my ruck-sack is over-turned and my jeans.

—Hasheesh? Hasheesh? He grins like a half-wit; He pulls out the match-box, opens it, finds inside three cheap little gems I bought for a few pounds in Ceylon. —You see, I say, nothing! It does not occur to me to feel tired; I am too tired to think. As I sign my name in triplicate on a short form, I am half-held; I am too senseless; I am too tense to feel tired; I am too tense to feel anything. I do not comprehend what is going to happen. I am being arrested; the photographer, better informed, raises his camera. Why should they photograph me? I have seen them do on television. Suddenly the paper is torn from my hand, the other arm is twisted behind my back, someone grabs the scruff of my neck, and my picture is taken. Portrait of a Turk.

In the van the Japanese, dead calm, inscrutable; in all the time I am with him I do not hear him say a word. Two freaky French girls, who laugh; they happened to be around. An Englishman called Smith, who looks and sounds straight, trembling with nervousness. He asks for a cigarette and says, —Please don't talk to me. A Finn, very friendly, who is spending the night there because he is interested in watching the police at work. He is openly sympathetic. It happens I have nothing to hold back; still I hold back. Later I learn he is a Turk with his hair died.

At six in the morning we are in a huge ventilated communal cell, thick with breath and sweat and cigarette smoke. There are perhaps a hundred-and-fifty people. Many of the Turks have woken up and are pacing, alone or together, from end to end, of the huge cell. The American says to me, —All I ask is to go free this afternoon. This afternoon. That's all! I ask for, I cannot say anything. I sense inside my own mind that song.

In the street people recognize him, and buy him meals. He has no money; A Finn (genuine) who has been bumming in Istanbul for two years since he split from his Turkish wife: He cannot stay, because he has no permit, and he cannot go, because he has no money. An elusive German, who laughs a lot in a cracked adolescent voice, and had no money. A gaunt, tense, thin German, who pushes, and is running out of money. They pass round a joint. No. No. I will not smoke any more in Turkey. They drink wine, hoping it will cover the hash in their blood if the cops come and do tests. In Turkey they can get you just for traces in your blood. I drink a little wine. We talk. The pusher's chick was busted with a few K's in eastern Turkey. Now she has just started three years in jail, in those beautiful mountains. There are several hundred men in the jail, and four women. The other women are all pregnant, raped either by prisoners or jailers. He stayed around for a couple of weeks, but there was no point, and he was running out of money, and after the second visit there was nothing left to say. Later in the evening he scores half a K from a slick Italian, also staying in the hotel. He arranges to get some O next day. They wonder whether the Italian is a police agent. They think there might be a cop downstairs in the lobby. Hide the hash. We are uneasy, the German unhappy, self-defensive. —I must live, I need the bread. Next day he cannot meet the...
Italian. The other German offers to go. He takes the money: a few hundred lire: several pounds.
He makes off with the money. They realize he is not coming back; they baste him; they keep him two days, without food or drink, and confiscated the knife. Now his camera has been stolen; he protests. The American consulates, busy helping businessmen, busy hindering members of intelligence, busy announcing to the public that he has money, even if he surrenders his passport. They wait for money. We go into the Blue Mosque.

Sound muffled; air muffled; this is another earth; now I can forgive the police and the hustlers and the tricksters; the smoke on the seven hills, the chaos of the car-horns; I can forget. At the front the men stand, bend, kneel, rise, endless movement, holy exercise; and chant; the abandoned women, almost hidden, at the back; we sit. Tourists parade, carrying their shoes, surreptitiously taking photographs. An American girl, an Ivy League nightmare, talks to us; tells us how she has spent two hundred and fifty dollars in the bazaar, and how her Volkswagen broke down in Bulgaria; she does not stop talking. The war; I am running out of time; the American in limbo; forlornly I give him a paper back. —If you get hungry, eat it.

Yes. Money is freedom, or a kind of freedom. And pot is freedom, or a kind of freedom. And freedom is being able to trust people. Trust. Freedom is the power to change your way of living when it is inexcusably going bad. Freedom is being able to help and to get help.

Between one border post and another, try to find freedom. With each new meeting, try to find freedom. In each new city, try to find freedom. On each new mountain, on each new beach, try to find freedom. On each new journey. This freedom, is a dissolution, from events that do not matter, from titles that do not matter. From pressures that do not matter, from fogs, in people and things, that do not matter. But there is no real dissociation; so, on the road, try to find freedom.

JAPAN HANDLING

★ シタール音楽の極限に挑む／ウッドストック音楽祭のライヴジャパン

Of all the Asian countries, Japan is certainly the easiest to live in. The seven-year American occupation after the war (which some people feel is still continuing today) left its marks and Japan is a strange combination of Oriental stoicism and the plastic comforts of the west.

Oriental politeness still prevails at the immigration ports and as long as you use common sense when entering the country, dress straight, if possible (this may be checked) or some proof of identity; and you have met them (and this is not a rule). The government of Japan is quite realiable, clean and cheap. Any large city has a very good system of buses, streetcars and subways. English maps of these can be obtained at any travel bureau.

Compared to other Asian countries, Japan is quite realiable, clean and cheap. Any large city has a very good system of buses, streetcars and subways. English maps of these can be obtained at any travel bureau.

There are two kinds of tourist accommodation in Japan—western hotels and Japanese inns—both of which are fantastically expensive.

Hostels can be found and if in trouble, stop a student or young person on the street (most of them speak some English) and they will usually go out of their way to help you.

One of the best aspects of Japan is that it can be used as a resting place in your travels to make a little money. Although you are not allowed to work on a tourist visa it is possible to teach English privately to students and businessmen and at least support yourself. Most of them have learned how to read and write English in the schools but not how to speak. You will probably be plagued with requests from students to "practice their English" with you.

I should make a note here that when I speak of Japan, I am not referring to Tokyo which I found interesting but cold, confusing and exhausted. To really get to know people, you should get away from Tokyo and also the towns such as Yokohama and Yokusuka where the American military bases are.

Trains between big cities range from quite comfortable to horrible depending on the price of the ticket. The cheapest train in the world, the Tokyuri runs between Tokyo and Osaka. It takes three hours and costs about 80 yen. The cheaper trains connecting the cities are called Koei (this means "stops at every station"). If you buy the cheapest ticket on one of these trains and don't pay the extra "reserve seat" fee you may end up standing on a 14-hour trip. Hitchhiking on the highways is quite easy for a foreigner although, of course, common. Many Japanese drivers still do not know what you're doing out there. But if you use a combination of a thumb

and a wave, they will usually stop out of curiosity. If you can, paint a sign (in Japanese) the name of the place you want to go and hold it up.

The hip scene in Japan is quite different from the west. Although the youth are becoming more and more westernised, they still are bound in many ways by eastern tradition. Pot, although abundant among foreigners, is seldom used by the Japanese; those who do smoke are called "futer" and somewhat resembles the beanticks of the 50's. The French are surrounded and in general not laughey. We gave up trying to turn on the Japanese because we would either refuse to smoke it, smoke and not get high, or get high but become very confused or murky.

As far as buses of foreigners, in Tokyo they are quite common. The usual punishment is either a fine or deportation. Sometimes you are given your choice of goal or deportation. In other cities the police have very thin sense of dope and as long as you can stay cool they will not bother you. Osaka 70 may change all this.

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COME ON, GRUNTCakes. WE'RE GOING TO GO AND LIVE OFF THE LAND!

WELL, GRUNTCakes, HERE WE ARE IN SAN FRANCISCO. THERE'S A GROOVY LOOKING GUY...

HEY, YOU KNOW ANY PLACE WHERE I CAN CRASH?

HEY, LOOKY WHAT I FOUND! ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE. (HEH HEH)

HERE, DO SOME SMACK N' AGIT... HI! YOU CAN COME SIT ON MY FACE!

WHATCHA GOT IN THAT BAG?

DADDY, GRUNTCakes AND I NEED $400 SO WE CAN FLY HOME AND SEE MY DOCTOR AND MY SHRINK!

LOOK AT ALL THOSE BAD BAD TIMES ON THE DINER... THINK I HEAR THE POLICE COMING UP...

THIS IS IT. THEY SNARED US. PLAIN AND SIMPLE!

ON AND ONE HALF WEEKS LATER... THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, DADDY, IS YOU'RE A CAPITALIST PIG. WHY DON'T YOU DROP ACID AND GET OFF YOUR INCREDIBLE KICKS?

AND SO ON.
Diabet Acid Freak Out. Taking The Sacrament and Justifying the Consequences.

The story of Ricardo and his Travelling Commune started in the small, white, mud-hutted village of Diabet in Morocco. It was a tiny, isolated village perched on a slope between the village and the water is the sand loads. We were lucky enough to be with many strange, secret wonders lying beneath those skeleton mimosa while camels who come and carry the farmers who sift their minds. We flew on our magic carpet from San Francisco across the days up and down the beaches, living festivity. We came in with all our colours which they had formerly lived only in their dreams, and ran as if my life itself was in danger. They had miles of beautiful white sandy beaches, naked beaches with no one except a few farmers who sifted sand, and once in a while, camels who come and carry the sand loads. We were lucky enough to be able to ride those camels for days and days up and down the beaches, living out yet another fantasy – of the desert. The days in Diabet were spent in great festivity. We came in with all our colours and rags, all our music, all our rejoicing. So many people, so much colour, so much music. I remember that dance that Jamie and I did in the goat herder's little area – we ran around all the children, they ran around us. We shook our fingers at them, shooting out violet rays from our eyes, getting the children shook so hard they couldn't move. They could not be possible a large stab wound and blood gushing from her back, I glanced at Jamie. He was in shock. Marjorie started yelling for help and ran to help me down, put me on the sand. We knelt and slowly laid her down on the cold wet sand. She lay with her chest down, arms spread out, feet to the falling sun. She was in the form of a cross. All the others were there. All completely horrified. I got a hold of myself, cut out a blouse and Jamie and I began to clean the cut. She said, "Use seawater, use seawater." We did, then covered her up with all our rags. She had a strong intuition and knew exactly what should be done, and as we listened to her orders, we did exactly as she said. I told her to breathe slowly and relax. After a long time the bleeding stopped. We were all very scared. Marjorie led us to the village, and we went to the magic forest, stabbed the knife, killed the goblin, and ran as if my life itself was in danger. The pai is of birth had been felt, but now new life could bloom merrily and naturally.

I was breathless with tears running from my eyes. I came upon Marjorie in Jamie's arms. The three Moroccan boys were frightened and ran into the grass. I thought someone had tried to rape her. She was in tears. As I came closer, she turned her back and I knew it could not be possible – a large stab wound and blood gushing from her back, I glanced at Jamie. He was in shock. Marjorie started yelling for help and ran to help me down, put me on the sand. We knelt and slowly laid her down on the cold wet sand. She lay with her chest down, arms spread out, feet to the falling sun. She was in the form of a cross. All the others were there. All completely horrified. I got a hold of myself, cut out a blouse and Jamie and I began to clean the cut. She said, "Use seawater, use seawater." We did, then covered her up with all our rags. She had a strong intuition and knew exactly what should be done, and as we listened to her orders, we did exactly as she said. I told her to breathe slowly and relax. After a long time the bleeding stopped. We were all very scared. Marjorie led us to the village, and we went to the magic forest, stabbed the knife, killed the goblin, and ran as if my life itself was in danger. The pai is of birth had been felt, but now new life could bloom merrily and naturally.
WINGING my way in my Qantas 707 from smoggy JFK Airport to smoggy Heathrow last night I achieved something that is probably a lifetime (unfulfilled) ambition of college graduate New Yorkers. I read the whole news section of The New York Times. And a bloody business it was too. Undoubtedly the most devastating headline I have seen was that "U.S. Government and Business Resigned to a Marxist Chile." Having just come from Chile that was mighty reassuring.

So they won't engineer a military coup, and they won't send in an expeditionary force, and they won't even pull out their $1-billion investment. The U.S. is resigned to a Marxist Chile so that's that.

What did I know of life, from you I was apart
Until imperialism came and stole my heart
It took my soul, my eyes, my head and soul
Without it I'd feel so alone
I know it did me wrong
Like the man I loved
And it's big and strong
And I'm a peaceful dove
I'd break up and screaming
I'd live in a deep, deep wood
Suffocating, intoxicating, anti-imperialist blues.

These appalling lyrics are, be reassured, a mere rough draft. They were not written by Saul Landau who is co-writer and co-director of the film called "What Is To Be Done?" and had just flown in from Chile after the recent Presidential elections to watch the movie in the making. Saul (whose credentials as a neol leftist should need no enumeration) actually wanted to go to a film in South America about the wanderings of a Cuban government functionary who originally came from Chile and was returning to spread the Cuban Gospel. Another American (Northern variety), Jim Beckel, wrote a novel about the two Peace Corps volunteers in Chile and their politicisation under the pressure of a capitalistic government in turn being pressured by an imperialist U.S. government. His novel was apparently as unworkable as Saul's, so with Chile's infant terrible of cinematic direction Raúl Ruiz roped in an entirely new film was conceived. The three men got together in beautiful Bolivás in the mountains behind San Francisco and wrote the thing in three days. Saul's wife Nina added a character or two and a co-production (U.S. and Chilean) was underway within a month.

By mid-September filming had reached about the quarter-way mark, and the budget round about half way but both were very good reasons. Most important as the fact that Chile was completely absorbed in the 1970 presidential election, and the film crew was thus perpetually poised waiting for the call to rush to a new riot, a new strike, factory takeover, or simple electoral rally. The reality-fantasy dichotomies were ever blurred by filming lead actors in real demonstrations, on stage talking with real political leaders, and frequently improvising dialogue with the help of anything from the Pan Am Guide to Latin America to a flagon and a half of the best Chilean red wine (very good). But back to the election. Saul's wife Nina's taxi took to the highway from the airport to the city centre, the election was very much with us. Every square foot of wall, fence or even tree trunk was splashed with huge carefully lettered tri-colour messages for one or other of the three candidates. Wall slogans were only interrupted by election posters over the red white and blue messages. Whatever the public awareness of the issues, there could be no doubting their awareness of the fact of the election! And as I struggled through the maze of Spanish necessary to read newspapers or talk politics with the closest film crew, I saw a clearer and clearer picture of an incredibly symbolic and archetypal political situation.

Here is a third world nation with all the classic elements of internal and related external oppression, facing an election in which a Marxist, a Christian Democrat and a father figure rightist would fight it out to the death of whichever system the victor would vanquish. Chile has had stable government modelled on the U.S. Congress plus President pattern for over thirty years—no military coups or major revolutions, but a very familiar rich-get-richer poor-get-poorer local development alongside the appearance of jolly Western democracy... Incumbent president Frei (a Christian Democrat), being an Alliance for Progress man, had nationalised part of the huge U.S. copper mines that provide Chile with most of its wealth, and he had begun a minimal but efficient welfare state socialism. For his troubles he had witnessed the growth of the urban guerrillas, a continued exodus of peasants to the cities, and an uninterrupted upward swing in the percentage of his country's economy under foreign control. The third world of 1970 has no place for liberal reformists. This election placed everything about the place on trial (as, by the way, the film tries to do). The reformists versus the revolutionaries, the dictatorship of the right against the dictatorship of the proletariat, the old versus the young. It was predictable that centrist candidate Tomić, although he was heir-apparent to Frei, would come in behind the left and right when votes were counted on Friday September 4th.

I spent that day—election day—driving around Santiago with half the film crew searching for the other half of the film crew. We never met up, but we had plenty of opportunity to watch the curiously progressive electoral system of Chile interact with the less-than-elementary political awareness of the people. Women and men vote in separate polling stations, to ensure no Latin husband transforms his beautiful little lady into a position she doesn't really approve (perhaps that's why the women vote even more pro-conservative then is normal in elections). Voting is compulsory and your security pass (or driver's licence, I'm not sure which) is endorsed to prove you voted—if a cop catches you speeding or jaywalking and your pass in unendorsed, you're fined.

As the day drew to a smoggy twilight, and the snowcaps of the Andes gloomed pink up there on top of the city, the 707 taxi took up the tedious business of keeping uninterrupted watch on every new return from polling stations along the length of the country (it would be 10,000 black and white). We had won. It was quite beyond our experience, but it was true, the left, us, the forces against capitalism, the WAM and all that, had just won a whole fucking country with railroads that run on time and copper resources worth billions of dollars, and a population of 8 million largely working class or peasant class people hungry for improvement. It was a most sobering thought as I boarded my international flight for San Fran, New York and London, and Lobo films went back to the job of making a movie about revolution in South America.

Allende has yet to be formally elected president by Congress because he won a plurality but not an absolute majority (in fact he won by 1.4%), but Congress is heavily Marxist and barring coup from within or without, he should make it. Among his electoral promises was an assurance that he will complete the forced nationalisation of American Controlled Copper (annual sales for Kennecott alone have been over U.S. 180 million), Cerro Copper, Bethlehem Steel, International Telephone & Telegraph (ITT), Standard and Mobil Oil, Dow Chemical, Du Pont, the Bank of America and the First National City Bank! Not only that but he will take over the Chilean holds and turn them into peasants co-operatives and for desert he wants to abolish Congress and replace it with a People's Assembly.

Saul Landau still calls his film "What Is To Be Done?"—because he wants to know how you change the system without demolishing the Army, arming the people and giving the people a true redeemer rather than a dedicated CP party leader who won the presidency on his fourth try.

FOOTNOTE: The best grass in Chile is hard to find but worth the trouble. It's tenderly and expertly grown and processed in the traditional tradition dedicated monks of Valparaiso.
OZ 30... October 1970.
OZ is published by OZ Publications Ink
Ltd.
52 Princesdale Rd, London, W11 4NL
01-228 7641 (24 hour answering service)
01-228 4623
Advertising: Contact Felix Dennis at
01-727 8468
Printed by OZ Publications Ink Ltd.
Distribution: Moore-Harness Ltd.
11 Lever St, London E.C.1
01-253 4882
This issue appears with the help of Jim
Anderson, Cleen Masheine, Felix Dennis,
Stephen Litster, Richard Neville, Marsha
Rowe and David Wills.
For artwork, photographs and
invaluable assistance of every kind,
thanks to Chester Harris, Albie Thoms,
David Nutter, David Warren, Charles
Shaar Murray, Roger Terry, Rob Peters,
Andrew Fisher, Jonathon Scott, Louise
Ferrier, and Academy Editions, David
Crosswaite and Martin Harrison.
OZ is a member of UPS (Underground
Press Syndicate) and an occasional
subscriber to LNS (Liberation News
Service).
Artists photographers cartoonists and
illustrators should submit contributions
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The floor of the ferry ticket office at Algeciras was thick with cat hair. A group of Spanish barbers at Cauca. I was told, was also doing brisk business. I had been worrying what to do about mine for days. The line of waiting cars was full of nervous heads. Those in front of us had stuck theirs down with glue and strips of tape and wore berets. The ones behind were still snipping with scissors. I did not believe there was a border I couldn’t talk my way across, but at the last minute I screwed my fair lock up with a rubber band and jammed on a straw hat which I had bought in Madrid. In case, I had to loop my hair up, to put it on throughout the two and a half hours of the ferry crossing. I checked myself every half hour or so in the toilet. “Who does he think he’s fooling?” said someone else, “and who’s this Katherine Hepburn?” said someone else, which made me embarrassed. It was eleven o’clock at night before we were through the second check at Tangier, and no one had even been given a second glance. Full marks to the three monumentally haired freaks who had refused to believe from the start in any Moroccan government blitz, and had sailed through without concessions of any sort to anyone. The next day, their confidence would have been misplaced, because everybody with anything more than a crewcut was stopped. Customs officers are notoriously capricious.

“Why, I want to write a book about my experiences, but I suppose it is. Very strange though.”

Richard, an old friend of mine from Australia, was one of those freaks who had come to Tangier for two weeks several years ago and never left. Morocco is full of them. When I last knew him he was suicidal, lonely and drank rather a lot. Now he radiates a peaceful beatnik charm and has the hands of a white epicurean Titian red hair, elegant hippie clothing and calm grey eyes which sparkle with happiness, albeit artificially induced. In his years in Morocco, he has lived successfully in Marrakesh for some time, survived a long love affair, acquired a great many boy friends, a source of income and somewhere to live, and can cope brilliantly with everything, even his boredom. I was going to get him to pierce my left ear throughout the time I was in Tangier, but at every last moment, I chickened out. I dropped off on the beach one day and had a hideous time. Tangier seems more of a transitory place than ever. Most of the freaks have deserted it for the south, and that plus the government border campaign on hair combined to make the Petit Balima, one of the gay hotels, less fascinating than usual. Some nights there would be that dreadful feeling that something better was going on somewhere else. Other nights it would be swamped by homosexuals, not unfortunately, members of the Gay Liberation Front, but the more elderly, rather sad victims of years of sexual repression and guilt, the tignt painted, tight lipped, fluffy sweater limp wristed variety, still into gin and tonic, just naughtily dabbling now and again with a little kif or hash. Even for them Tangier is not the place it was. “Tangier has a fished out feeling,” said Norbert Pearl, part owner of the Balima, one of the gay hotels. “There’s been too many queens coming here for too many years. The boys are ALL getting commercial and expensive.” And it can no longer be a haven for London homosexuals if they are looking for somewhere less uptight than England. The police seem to assume these days that if a Moroccan boy so much as talks to you it is about sex and he is going to rob you, and he is drugged off accordingly. If you think it looks funny, just do the dope and it knocks him off. “You can still get anything you want here,” said the town’s doyen pederast, “even chickens, but you’ve got to be careful. There’s so many stupid old queens who come down here, they can’t wait for the police and the restaurants cheap. Maybe it’s in five minutes—bang—they’re up to their bellies in trouble.”

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The beach remains Tangier’s main attraction — apart from the dope and the boys. I thought once that it would get smarter and eventually wind up like Cannes but it hasn’t. The beach is still sand and pebbles, and the restaurants cheap. Maybe it’s all over in five minutes — bang — they’re up to their bellies in trouble.

The girl communalists make up each day including careful grooming of pubic hair — combing, plaiting, dying — and for cunt itself — paint and decoration. Much better than a squirt of Twinkle Twist.

One morning two police officers rode up on motorcycles. There was a frantic hiding of stashes and pipes. Passports were all confiscated and they claimed there had been complaints about (a) nude bathing (b) taking of drugs (c) corruption of locals who visited the commune. Every morning a/ a commune visitor who visited the commune. Eventually there were strict regulations about who could visit. Everything was very amicable. It was obvious after a while that their own desire to look at the naked girls had prompted the official visit. The more determined of the two was invited back for dinner that night. He came, with two boots of wine and bottle of Marie Brizard. He got drunk, then stoned (lots of paranoia at first, then eventually the pipes came out), pinched the tit of one girl, tried to get his fingers up the cunt of another (who

safer and nicer. Tangier has a superfluity of big hotels, waiting for the boom that will never come. It has a slight air of decadence and danger that will always put off the Birmingham charter flights. The police are upright even about the beach. You can’t get into it unless you have a pass and you won’t get a deduction on your hotel bill. Sometimes the police will stop you for a search, but it will be on the bathrooms; the doorman at the bar is likely to be the one who takes your money. Even if you are staying at the EI Minzah or the Rif and are dipp-
was, in fact, unknown to him, a French boy in drag and was eventually packed off home, enabling the party to really start. We all got drunk that night on Marie Brizard. Bernadette made concoction after concoction - with coffee, with chocolate, with grapes, with watermelon, with sugar, with oatmeal. Sometimes she made them with gin, sometimes with brandy.

The family thing seemed to work without too much friction. Anyone who wanted to stay with the commune could do so and it hadn't got too much out of hand. They were in trouble however, with local farmers and fisherman for polluting the waters in the sea and the river with all sorts of fish medicines. "We have taken steps to remedy all that," said Ricardo. "The last thing we want to do is disturb the balance of nature in this beautiful place."

The locals don't quite know what to make of them. They find their own primitive life style admired and copied on a lavish scale. Their day-to-day existence is converted into something resembling a rich freak's game. I mean, if they had as much money as the freaks, they certainly wouldn't still be mining goats and cooking instant tea for real people. It's hard to know how much. Americans fuck up countries like Morocco more - the big companies pumping in false money, Coca Cola and the tired old American skyscraper dream, or the communal hippies trying to tell them, that their old struggle for existence from the soil is still in place.

Marrakech was empty of heads. They were all; at Diabet or Essaouira, back in England or the States or in jail. Marrakech in August is dominated by the heat. Sometimes a desert wind full of dust blows. It is spectacular but you wonder if you're going to live through it. If there was something you had to do besides get stoned, you either had to do it before ten in the morning, or wait until after six. The entire month I spent in Marrakech, I was out of money, and went every morning to the Banque du Maroc and was overjoyed when someone lent me the sheets who would get in. Unfortunately it wasn't a way of paying the hotel bill.

"Go and make a tour of all the banks," advised the manager of the Banque du Maroc, "maybe it's been lost." It wasn't the first time he had been told to undertake this particular wild goose chase. I visited about a dozen banks, finished the last one about midday. Dripping with sweat and filled with gloom, I ran into Nicolette, the girl who looked after Paul Getty's sumptuous Marrakech retreat, where she and an army of servants had to minister to the needs of such international jet-freaks as Gore Vidal and Yves St. Laurent. I had already borrowed a little money from her, sold her some acid as well, and had been avoiding her. "Oh you poor baby," she cried, pressed a hundred dirhams into my hot hand, and as I poured out my story of the hotel proprietor's son, she said, "I know just the place you can stay," and took me round the corner to Robin and Mark's, who lived in an apartment above a cinema in Essaouira, back in England or the States or in gaol. Marrakech was empty of heads. They were all at Diabet or Essaouira, back in England or the States or in jail. Marrakech in August is dominated by the heat. Sometimes a desert wind full of dust blows. It is spectacular but you wonder if you're going to live through it. If there was something you had to do besides get stoned, you either had to do it before ten in the morning, or wait until after six. The entire month I spent in Marrakech, I was out of money, and went every morning to the Banque du Maroc and was overjoyed when someone lent me the sheets who would get in. Unfortunately it wasn't a way of paying the hotel bill.

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THE MAN WHO HAD POWER OVER WOMEN

and used it... and used it... and used it!

Rod Taylor  Carol White  James Booth

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Hot Stereo Nights

GET YER YA-YAS OUT
The Rolling Stones (Decca)

Well, it's pretty rough. Not in terms of Glyn John's carefully remixed sound, but the performance itself, an object lesson in how to waste the dynamism of 'Jumpin' Jack Flash' and how to lose the acidic cynicism of 'Honky Tonk Women' in only (and exactly) three minutes. Remember this though: Jagger's voice gets stronger and stronger, the rhythm section is a monster, and Taylor and/or Richard are both fine leads (Taylor is good but not brilliant; Richard is occasionally brilliant, never good).

Everyone has criticised the Stones before and since Altamont as being outdated, citing Jagger's mechanical narcissism, the lack of new material, and the previous classic album, Let It Bleed, which only made it because of the quality of the 'session' musicians. But their audiences are still aware of the quality of the Stones' magic in concert, especially in the States and Europe. And here it is. By some quirk of nostalgia Jagger is allowed to prance and pout, to act out his Cockney coy, in living memory of the last star of 'Superpop' with any real depth of influence and consistency of personality.

While he and the rest are given full scope for their calculated shiny plastic outrageouness they do at least prove that they are good and certainly practised entertainers, reacting immediately to a given audience situation, and showing occasion- ally that they are among the greatest performing rock outfits in the world. Few have ever rivalled them for power and the authority they wield: the Who certainly, the Airplane for sure, and, God help us, a band like Led Zeppelin.

But the Stones' act has been the same for a year now, covering the fatal US tour, their last gigs in England, and the current trip round Europe. A hard set to follow: 'Jumpin' Jack Flash', 'Carol', 'Street Cat Blues', 'Love In Vain', 'Sympathy', 'Live With Me', 'Little Queenie', 'Honky Tonk Women' and 'Street Fighting Man', though every track but 'Little Queenie' is already available on single or album, not to mention countless cover versions and in the case of 'Little Queenie' and 'Carol' the unbeatable Chuck Berry originals. This set is a ripoff: live albums are cheap to make, especially in relation to the finances involved on the States tour last winter, and presuming this is the last album from Decca, it didn't cause the band much trouble to record the whole set.

"Anyone who has not heard the Rolling Stone's albums could do worse than begin with this one". Well, that's what it's about, and if it's a question of a couple of quid well spent, save it and reach back in the pile for The Rolling Stones, Beggar's Banquet and Let It Bleed. Better still, spend the bread on John Cale's Vintage Violence or Quickciller's Just For Love. The change has already come, Mick.

DICK LAWSON

MUSIC FROM THE SHRINES OF AJMER AND MUNDRA
Recorded in North India by John Levy (Tangent)

There is an impressive amount of Indian music available on record in Western countries. Most of it is the output of Hindu classical musicians whose work was already well known when people such as George Harrison introduced it to rock music and an even wider audience just three or four years ago. Now this album, one of a series released by Tangent covering indigenous music, provides us with India and in particular with a different and certainly more obscure variety - that of the Muslim people of North India. This collection of recordings was made at the Muslim Shrines of Ajmer and Mundra in north India. The music is of the type known as Naubat Shahna, and is played in the open, usually over the doorways to the shrines or in their courtyards.

Since the music needs be heard above street noises, the instruments must be played hard, and a certain amount of subtlety is dispensed with. (I should think quite a few Rock musicians will be familiar with that little story.) Naubat Shahna could be said to lack the refinement of indoor classical music, but it is nonetheless a subtlety of a different kind.

The first two extended tracks on this record are examples of Classical Naubat Shahna. The two track bars from the use of the lead or melodic instrument. Shahna, the north Indian oboe. It is accompanied by various percussion, most prominently the pair of drums called Naqarra, a larger version of the tabla which, unlike the tabla, are struck with sticks. They are played here by Sulaiman Jamma, considered to be a virtuoso of the instrument.

It is a fact that Classical Naubat is a dying tradition, mainly because its best practitioners are elderly men who have few successors and whose samples have now become too short of money to continue to employ them. An offshoot more likely to survive is Popular Naubat. A fine example of the Popular Naubat, and the outstanding track on the album, is the beautiful Muslim devotional song "Kacchi Kafi", sung by Police Constable Hassanbhai Bacchubhai. The song expresses the view that "since one can never trust anyone in this world, one has no choice but devote oneself entirely to God". No doubt Constable Hassanbhai's experiences in the line of duty have reinforced this exasperated philosophical viewpoint. He is accompanied by members of his family, and among the instruments used is a Sarangi, a carved wood fiddle with three playing strings and thirty-six sympathetic strings.

The remaining pieces are love-songs and feature an Indian version of the bag-pipes, known as Mashak. These songs exhibit the same grace and mastery that is evident throughout the album.

DAVID MONTGOMERY

THE TIME IS NEAR
Keef Hartley (Deram)

CHILD SONG
Henry Lowther (Deram)

Stop thinking in terms of "jazz". Stop thinking in terms of "rock". Most important of all, forget about "jazz-rock", and start thinking about Keef Hartley, Henry Lowther and Rock Workshop. These three albums draw on a common pool of musicians, but are as musically divergent as the personalities of the leaders themselves.

First, the Hartley band. Keef, the working man's drummer, no inspired fanatic like Baker or Moon, but a solid musician who's paid all the dues there are to pay, stuck firmly into his music, caring as much about his music as it is possible for any man to do. Now the third album, a far cry from the guitar-domi- nated blues of Halfbreed or the big band brass of NW6. At first hearing, it's very incongruous. What's happened? Has Keef taken acid, or has someone bought Miller Anderson the Paul Simon Song Book? The lyrics have changed from "Got right up though he was twice my size" to "I don't care if the colours don't blend/I won't force them 'cos they will in the end", which about sums up where they are at right now. It could so easily have been pretentious, what with the heavy
imagery, (sunrise photo on the back, and in negative inside the sleeve), but it all works. All concerned, especially Miller, can be very proud of what's gone down here. The Lowther album is a perfect, sustained and complete album, and the moment it's my own personal favourite. It's the most peaceful, good-vibe music I've heard since the Third Ear Band, but it has infinitely more depth and variety, and sounds completely different every time I hear it. Musically, the outstanding elements are Daryl Runswick's bass playing, (he and tenorist Tony Roberts are also on the Rock Workshop album), and Mike McNaught's electric piano work. Runswick is the most exploratory bassist I've encountered since Jack the Bruce, and as Lowther says, Mike McNaught is, "simply the only ELECTRIC pianist I know - all the others are steam pianists . . . ."
The Answer offers little of the talent I had hoped to hear from Peter Bardens, considering he has been a professional musician for over six years. (He offered some lovely organ pieces on the first Them L.P., besides playing with numerous 'names.') I anticipated hearing a set of together material from such an accomplished player. Somewhere along the line he has been misguided and taken an easy route. Pete has gotten some pseudo-sexy pics of himself, a good shot of hype, had some friends to comment on the Studio, and jam on a few simple progressions. The result being a poor solo album from an artist who could be a useful addition to any rock ensemble. The problem is that Pete can't sing or write and hasn't much to say for himself as a producer. The only musicians that appear with him are good enough - but then any half-wit can get a handful of session men and have them work out for a quick product. There is no musical direction and it's quite obvious that there was no foundation for this album other than that Peter Bardens is a decent keyboard man. Big deal! There's good musicians in every corner of the city and I certainly wouldn't want to hear a solo disc from each one of them. Peter Bardens is a nice organist, pianist who has been side-tracked by making a record of his own. DANNY HOLLOWAY

THE ANSWER

Pete Bardens (Transatlantic)
The Answer offers little of the talent I had hoped to hear from Peter Bardens, considering he has been a professional musician for over six years. (He offered some lovely organ pieces on the first Them L.P., besides playing with numerous 'names.') I anticipated hearing a set of together material from such an accomplished player. Somewhere along the line he has been misguided and taken an easy route. Pete has gotten some pseudo-sexy pics of himself, a good shot of hype, had some friends to comment on the Studio and jam on a few simple progressions. The result being a poor solo album from an artist who could be a useful addition to any rock ensemble. The problem is that Pete can't sing or write and hasn't much to say for himself as a producer. The only musicians that appear with him are good enough - but then any half-wit can get a handful of session men and have them work out for a quick product. There is no musical direction and it's quite obvious that there was no foundation for this album other than that Peter Bardens is a decent keyboard man. Big deal! There's good musicians in every corner of the city and I certainly wouldn't want to hear a solo disc from each one of them. Peter Bardens is a nice organist, pianist who has been side-tracked by making a record of his own. DANNY HOLLOWAY

ABSOLUTELY LIVE

The Doors (Elektra Super)
I doubt whether the Doors will ever manage to live down their live show at the Roundhouse two years ago. At that time the group enjoyed a sizeable reputation, mainly on the strength of their first two albums, 'The End' and 'When The Music's Over' were about the first songs with any philosophical relevance that we'd heard and consequently Jim Morrison was something of a cult-hero. The absurd theatricals of the 'Unknown Soldier' finished all that. The sight of Jim Morrison squirming on the floor for the TV cameras, and jigging up and down in pathetic attempt to get a hard on was just too sad. We had been hipped by a third-rate Mick Jagger whose main energies went into making 14 year olds wet their pants. Despite their much-praised Morrison Hotel album and an efficient performance at the Isle of Wight, the Doors have still got a lot to live down. Their previous two albums were very poor indeed and the spate of obscenity charges against Jim Morrison has made it difficult to take anything he does at all seriously. Given the right amount of exposure, this excellent double L.P. could do the group's image a lot of good. Throughout, they stick to familiar material. On numbers like 'Alabama Whisky Song', 'Backdoor Man', 'Five To One', 'Soul Kitchen', 'Break On Through' and, of course, 'When the

Giant Rip-off

Seized School Kids OZ on secret sale!

Scotland Yard's Obscenity Squad confiscated all remaining copies of this outrageous porn sheet. Almost. From a secret warehouse outside London we can mail you under plain wrapper one of the few remaining issues...at great risk to us and a small fortune to you...yes, the great OZ rip-off price is 10s. But then you'll see Rupert baring that he's even been...PLUS: Pub gets a blow job...school streamers from playground theatre...all for a scandaful 10s. STOP PRESS: A school master depicted in this issue is suing us for libel. Can you guess which one?

Some of your old OZ favourites are still available:

OZ 24. The OZ book of Beautiful Freaks. With the sensational story of big brassy Lee Hester, alias Otis Cook...and a million other crazies, including the GIANT colour Crumb poster of the original Miss Jall Jall Ball of the Month, Honeybunch Kaminsky, herself, topless. A bargain OZ for the collector with discernment for a mere 36d.

OZ 25. Gaudy Christmas bumper 60 page issue with a cheap shock on every page. The sex life of a leper rapist, the disgusting story that no one can ever quite forget. Easy Rider, Sun Records and full colour Presley freak-out. Masturbation at Oxford and hippies in trouble from Tashkent to Tooting. Another 36d bargain.

OZ 26. Horror castration cover and the first deep probe into Women's Liberation. WENDY - your original inflatable lady. Blow her up and have a fuck. Why Roddy McDowell has re-inforced underpants. Too Much Food Exposure. SUCK editor reveals all. Bright purple and blue nude centre spread - MR CANDY DARLING. Glossy paper and a lot of 36d.

OZ 27. ACID OZ. All the facts plus the mindbending philosophy behind the chemical revolution. A trip, with or without the sunshine. Nude schoolgirl pin-up, Charles Manson in the butcher shop. Stoned interview with LOVE. The most unreadable OZ page for two years. Insane colours throughout. Take a trip. Rush 36d to us.

OZ 29. CUNT POWER OZ and there's some of it on every page. You wouldn't think we'd been busted the previous issue.

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Wish you were here
Music's Over', the Doors come across as a very tight and efficient rock-band. The majority of the instrumental work is excellent, especially Robbie Krieger's guitar although at times Ray Manzarek's organ playing lacks the edge that characterised his work on 'Light My Fire' and 'Strange Days'. Even Jim Morrison's voice - which was flat and off-key at the Roundhouse - comes across well since he now compensates for his lack of vocal range by careful phrasing.

The Doors have never taken many risks with their music, and on this set they stay well inside their capabilities. There is no solo of any length from guitar, organ or drums, whereas I would have liked the band to stretch out a little more. As it is, our attention is focussed on Jim Morrison who often gets a little tiresome. On 'When The Music's Over' he's up-tight because the crowd is making too much noise for him to launch into the 'WE WANT THE WORLD AND WE WANT IT NOW!' sequence. His reaction is interesting: 'SHUT UP! Like, is this any way to behave at a rock 'n roll concert? G'mon now, and give the singer some'. It's hard to know why the editors left it in, unless Morrison thought it proved something.

The album contains plenty of exciting and powerful music and will raise a lot of people's low opinion of the group. Apart from 'The Celebration of the Lizard', however, it contains little new material and gives no indication of any fresh direction they may be taking. Nothing they've done since has come near to matching the impact of their first two albums, and even they now sound strangely dated. So far Jim Morrison's only answer has been to wave his prick.

JIM TALBOT

REMEDIES
Dr. John (The Night Tripper) (Atco)
Go out there and push this one baby, cram the racks with Remedies, build on the mystic swamp lust and fill the buyer's mind with images of southern salacity. Lots of shots of rip cajuns, make them dark, plenty of purple, splashes of yellow, let the words and pics really ooze.

You know, it's a damn shame we've got to take this line to make bread on Dr. John Luigi. There's nothing better than sitting down to a large plate of antipasta and a few litres of your Mother's chianti with Dr. John playing that good-time music around us. Giovanni's right, a couple more soul-seekers like that and we'd never have left Sicily.

Side two is twenty minutes of Dr. John and his Rhythm King's, made for heads and/or Dr. John lovers. It's for those who like hisses and grunts and up-tempo jungles. But it's Side one that wriggles your toes, makes you smile, gorges the gonads, but doesn't put you flat on your back. Brilliant brass accents and trained and impatient choruses appear disarmingly; this lets the rock buffs know that people can enjoy themselves on record and that Dr. John is not eating the hearts of live chickens every night.

In fact Dr. John has exercised many of the mangrove overtones that first appeared on the Night Tripper album, and unfortunately over-extended on the second album Babylon. The beauty of 'Mama Roux' and 'Walk on Gilded Splinters' on Night Tripper is back on side one of Remedies. Dr. John is necessary.

T. R. ZELINKA
BLACK SABBATH
Paranoid
6360 011

ROD STEWART
Gasoline Alley
6360 500

JIMMY CAMPBELL
Half Baked
6360 010

DR STRANGELY STRANGE
Heavy Petting
6360 009

RELEASED SEPTEMBER 11
HAIR

Harmony and understanding
Sympathy and trust abounding
No more falsehoods or derisions
Golden living dreams of visions
Mystic crystal revelations
And the mind's true liberation

They sacked me from the "American love-rock musical" because the Company Manager suspected me of smoking a joint on the premises. I had indeed smoked many a joint on the premises, but on that particular occasion I wasn't.

However, he produced a roach from somewhere, showed it to Producer James Verner, and sacked me from my thirty quid a week groovy carefree fun job at the Shaftesbury to the hard world of six quid a week off the dole. What a relief! I realise that 'Hair' has been sneered at by a lot of people for a long time now, but never really having gone into the hard facts behind capitalism before, I always wondered why. I dug what the words to the songs said, I'd been to see the show when it first opened, and it got plenty across to me, so when they gave me a part, I really wanted to know.

The first shock I got was being told to look pissed in the scene where we're all supposed to be stoned. Then I heard about Pearl Connor. Pearl Connor is an agent who handles most of the black kids in 'Hair' (There are three productions in Britain at the moment, and a dozen or so others dotted about the world). She takes 15% of their wages for getting them the job, 10% if they don't sign with her. One of the chicks in the London show has paid her two thousand pounds since the show opened, and has got no other work.

I am a coloured spade Anigra. A black nigger a jungle bunny boogaloo a coon a picanniny Maumau Uncle Tom Aunt Jemima Little Black Sambo cotton picker fuzzy wuzzy junk man shoe-shine boy—flat nosed tap dancer resident of Harlem and president of the united states of love shit.

Gloria Stewart was sacked because she made a statement to the press that she was offended by the Black and White Minstrel Show (see Spike, OZ 25). Verner expressed his disapproval of her statement, and a fortnight later, Gloria was out on her ear. Verner had apparently previously been offered a top nob job with—guess who—yes the B.A.W.M.S., so this could be the reason for his uptight reaction I suppose.

'The Flag' scene, in which the piss was soundly taken out of the stars 'n stripes was cut recently because it 'wasn't working'. Probably one of the most politically significant scenes in the show, it used to upset the Amerikan tourists something rotten, so sometimes they'd walk out. Bad for business!

Terry was brought in to play "Woof" (the fifteen year old, peyote tripping ever high beautiful "corn is where the Indians are at" member of the Tribe). Three months later, they brought another boy in from the touring company, and one evening, young Terry was told he wasn't doing the part anymore. (15 mins before the show started, no reason given)

Terry joined the Tribe, but not for long. He was sacked, a week before I was, for smoking on the roof. They now refuse to acknowledge the new boy as "Woof" in the programme. He plays a lead role, but his contract says 'Tribe'. They could do to him what they did to Terry any time they liked. This is how Verner protects himself contractually, and it's a drag.

I'm evolving
I'm evolving
Through the drugs
That you put down

When one of the Tribe was elected Equity rep the Stage Manager at the
time showed him half a dozen or so joint ends in an envelope, and told him to stay cool, because they were going to be used. At that time it was really nice weather, and some members of the Tribe would come into the theatre during the day and smoke in the sun on the roof.

O.K. so it's illegal and Verner claims that if the theatre was bust it would be closed down, but if he cared a fuck about what the show stood for, he'd never use drugs to get rid of people he no longer cared for. Anyway, the Shaftesbury has never been raided and two years ago when the show was much talked about, most of the kids were heads, but the fuzz didn't even seem curious about the possibility of dope on the premises. Why not, I wonder? Two years ago, people were still done quite heavily for possession of small amounts—they could have had a bean feast.

Lawfully speaking, the Company Manager should have called the fuzz when he suspected me of smoking, also when a hash cake was 'confiscated' from one of the Tribe some months ago, also when Terry was sacked, and in quite a number of other cases. After all, weren't the police called when a member of the Tribe was suspected of becoming violent and trying to biff the Stage Doorman?

Verner even suspected the Wardrobe Mistress of pushing, so he sacked her last week for 'inefficiency'.

Sodomy
Fellatio
Cunnilingus
Pedestersy
Faster, why do these nasty words sound so nasty?
Masturbation
Can be fun
Join the holy orgy Kama Sutra everyone.

We were told to cut out the "embarrassing masturbation" on stage (something I dug most when I first saw the show was the casual wanking that went on) and this was replaced by well timed smutty sketches and one or two gyrating chicks well-positioned downstage (Verner owns the "Latin Quarter" wankers club). There are many other instances that go to make 'Hair' the sick joke it is today. I'm not saying these things to get back at them for sacking me—they can stuff their thirty quid a week, but because having been personally involved in the hypocritical chaos, and having been pretty shocked by the way people are treated, and audiences are cheated, I feel I must make a protest. I don't need to invent nasty things about

James Verner—sadly they are all for real. Ruthless bread heads like him are bad enough already, but hiding behind a show preaching peace and light he looks pretty gruesome.

I don't know too much about the guys who wrote the original script, James Rado and Gerry Ragni—in fact sometimes I wonder if they ever really existed, even their names sound like obscure anagrams. I gather they split back to the States after selling out to J.V., but the original lyrics and music exist, such songs as the 'Flesh Failures'.

We starve, look at one another
short of breath,
Walking proudly in our winter coats
Wearing smells from laboratories
Facing a dying nation
Of moving paper fantasies
Listening for the new told lies
With supreme visions of lonely tunes
Singing our space songs on a spider web
Sitar
Life is around you and in you
And so for Timothy Leary
And so for Timothy Leary
Deary
Let the sun shine
Let the sun shine in
The sun shine in.

Half of the London cast sing that every night, and haven't the faintest idea who Timothy Leary might be.

Anyway, the last thing I did on stage was stand naked singing "Beads flowers freedom happiness" and it's all left a slightly bitter taste in my mouth.

KATE GARRETT

Alternative publications from outside the U.K. are invited to send us 2 or 4 pages of artwork for inclusion in OZ. This issue features pages prepared by Good Times newspaper of San Francisco and by the staff of Rags magazine, also of San Francisco and pages from Zurich's influential Hotcha. The surfing pages were prepared by a group of Australians originally from Surf International who are now launching their own magazine, Tracts. Design artwork same size as this OZ, include an overlay for second colour if desired, airfreight boards to us at 52 Princedale Road, London, W.11. You can even send manuscripts, graphics and a rough layout sheet—inclued an advertisement for yourself—it's free.
Mr. The problem here
living together, I mean I feel
That's why Windcatcher's split
ning people, our communication
with W for the last week.
S: Well, he's too determined, and he
doesn't like I accused
him of not being
...I was trying to tell him,
"You, motherfucker, you
took everything
I had to look
say, good
MORNING,
WINDCATCHER!
Like I had to practice
that line
over in my
head a few times...
H: What do you think about
Dave? P: (to M) You were yelling
at him about being bourgeois
yesterday, weren't you?
M: Oh, that's why he said that.
Today he said he was becoming
less bourgeois.
F: Why?
M: Because he got rid of his
Jaguar. He's got a cashier's
check for two hundred and
twenty-five dollars instead.
H: If he doesn't give a hundred
and fifty of it to the paper, I
mean it, he's really fucking
off, isn't he?
S: I mean, it was free money
from unemployment, wasn't it?
F: He only drove it about two
days, I'm glad he got rid of it.
man I mean I felt pretty
freaky driving up
to that Black Panther
funeral in it.
M: Except all
those funeral
hearse were
Cadillacs
S: So, you weren't here the
other night when that cat Frank
with the knife came in?
M: No, but I heard about it.
That fucker was here the next
day, as soon as we came in he
split.
S: He sat down at the table
and opens up this knife and he
says, "Hey! I learned something
about rope, Hah-hah! Don't worry
about it, though, I'm not gonna
kill you or anything."
H: Yeah, he comes in waving
this rope, saying, "I'm gonna
hang ya."
S: He whips out this knife
about this long.
M: I really feel that just under
the surface with that guy...
H: If you act worried, he'll
really lay it on you.
M: He's like a vicious dog. As
long as you're cool, he won't
smell your fear and fang you.
H: He's sick!
S: Wow, that's good booze, y'
know. (Chevas Regal)
F: You drank that whole bottle
by yourself, you greedy
thing.
H: You know, I used to drink a
lot.
F: I'm glad you don't drink nearly
more.
S: This environment, the chaos
of this environment, there's
like no direction to it, no shape--
so you have to make your own.
F: Hack-couch! Crash-smash-
cough-rack!
S: In order to do that you have
to be pretty determined, and it
has to be more than, say, I just
have to be a pretty good writer.
Because this isn't quite the envi-
ronment for writing. When you go
to a theater group, guerrilla the-
er, they hand you a script,
they give you lines, they tell
you how to act.
F: But there's freedom.
H: But not all that much you
got to work with the group. You
do it out of tradition, out of some
kind of format.
S: But everybody gets to try to
do his thing.
F: Cause man there's no form
here at all, hardly, so people--
new people that come in to this
place--they think, well, the pap-
er's been around a couple of
years, so they come walking
in here and they expect some kind
of
M: Right, with marble
and machinery.
H: But it's a vacuum.
S: I mean I felt pretty
freaky driving up
to that Black Panther
funeral in it.
M: Except all
those funeral
hearse were
Cadillacs
J: And they fall into
the abyss...
It's really heavy magic.
M: Doing this kind of shit,
**GOOD TIMES**

*San Francisco*!

Dear Steve and all Good Times,

Fine letter, about the commune and the paper. First, I should clarify my viewpoint. I've left the city as third kind; it was like kicking some horrid speed drug. The city is self, the suburbs are the static of neurosis that surround and confuse the modern self. Beyond that lies the country, which is to say of my life is more real.

Beyond that lies the country, which is to say of my life is more real. Drug. The city is the self, the suburbs are the static of neurosis that surround and confuse the modern self. Beyond that lies the country, which is to say of my life is more real.

Therefore I don't get as upset by city incidents as once I'm no longer involved. I have great respect for you, all those who do, and I feel related to Good Times commune. I feel we are a part of it, but in fact we don't live there, we don't have to use the same kitchen, etc. So my comments about communes are like those of a friendly neighbor really.

Specifically, it's hard to get things done with a lot of people around. You mention that. Yes, it is. That's one big problem with communes, I should think. If an individual has a project he wants to carry through, a commune is a poor place to be. However, if he works with others on a commune project, it's a good place.

The revolution we are involved in is an intense practical and real thing. We have to live together, our first task. Even if we don't accomplish anything, this planet cannot contain individuals. We've reached a historical stage in which no doubt being on other planets have reached in which we can no longer think separately. This is because of population sort of, but mainly because of technology.

This fact is not generally recognized. It is closely linked with the violence of the Culture we grew up in and are still surrounded by. Their solution, to total communication, is fantasy. Our solution is freedom. This puts us at odds with the Establishment. This, while our first task is to live together, we must also struggle to get rid of the pig culture that surrounds ourselves.

In such a time, everything seems black and white. In the last few years, all we have is the essential black and white. We must not be all Obviously other beings have lives and standards.

Yes I feel related to Good Times commune, I feel we are a part of it, but in fact we don't live there, we don't use the same kitchen, etc. So my comments about communes are like those of a friendly neighbor really.

I can still remember why Living in the house putting out Good Times with all those people zooming in and out and getting to be a real drudgertime, how to work out. I mean, I've left for a while. But I think basically the way you are doing that paper is the only way we're working, we must be patient. We are as radical as any group, I believe the effort of the Revolution. So my comments about Good Times as a commune are not based on fiction. If the leaders aren't there, it seems to me that this is a real disaster.

There is an enormous revolution that is beginning occurring in the inner city. Be there for this. Try not to be disappointing. I appreciate the pig culture has solved the total approach to full of confusion and imprecision. We must not be all Obviously other beings have lives and standards.

We are at a time in the world where we must be all Obviously other beings have lives and standards. We must not be all Obviously other beings have lives and standards.

In the last few years, all we have is the essential black and white. We must not be all Obviously other beings have lives and standards.

Yes I feel related to Good Times commune, I feel we are a part of it, but in fact we don't live there, we don't use the same kitchen, etc. So my comments about communes are like those of a friendly neighbor really.

I can still remember why Living in the house putting out Good Times with all those people zooming in and out and getting to be a real drudgertime, how to work out. I mean, I've left for a while. But I think basically the way you are doing that paper is the only way we're working, we must be patient. We are as radical as any group, I believe the effort of the Revolution. So my comments about Good Times as a commune are not based on fiction. If the leaders aren't there, it seems to me that this is a real disaster.
Dear OZ,

I was sickened enough to remain at the YQN 'Festival' for only a few hours on the Sunday, but during this short stay I was lucky enough to get two copies of P.E.R.S.S. (Letters 6 & 7) for which all concerned deserve full praise. On reading these handouts later I was hopeful of opposed views being expressed by the various groups of people who (presumably) had free access to your facilities. The lack of such expression is satirical in F.P.6 and bearing Mick Farren's name, strikes me as odd. I follow this point up not eclectically but the last paragraph which says, quote "There can be no dialogue until the basic problem of the evaluation of capital against humanity, are booked to play in our local Top Rank Suite as part of an experimental tour to find out if it's worthwhile for Top Rank, a permanent "symbol of gross capitalism" if ever there was one, to cash in on "Sunday night specials" and do the same way as they successfully run the local Bingo Hall.

The Reading Top Rank have already banned undesirable like Skin-heads, Angels (and no doubt White Panthers if any ever turn up) and people who don't pay in advance. Now, the manager were told the Fairies represent "rock and roll as an energy source..." used to move and unite people who can't see an active on both sides of the fences. Staggeggio, Reading, Berks

Dear OZ,

This is an appeal for some one to help me. Unfortunately, when I was young I made a fucking big mistake, I joined the services. (Please forgive me.) This is not my scene, so I'm going to cut it to the chase. It is true I've got no place to go. Maybe some of your readers will be able to help me, i.e. harbour me until the heat cools. Perhaps some one would give me a break so that I can rid myself of this bastard life my address is here we go:

Marine Ted Edgingham
C/B R.M.B. Eastney
Portsmouth, Hants
Sincerely
DOEYUIK!
I'm going to spill in September to PLESE SOME one contact me soon.

Dear OZ,

Why does the Women's Liberation movement put so much emphasis on the struggle AGAINST men? don't they realise that most men are just as pissed off about things as they are? Most men want out, not in. If the women's role has been defined for her, no less has the man's. Most men ate, Woke for free, they are wives. They do a disservice job in humiliating circumstances. They are not expected to have emotions. They are not expected to know they are ambitious at the same time. They have been brainwashed to accept that to "be a man" means always to act like a stupid, small-minded, selfish, reactionary, vicious, insensitive, unethical, unimaginative, mediocre, slow. Most men would dearly love to abandon the whole T.E. Lawrence/ John Wayne masculinity bit but unfortunately, the damage is done before they leave school—those processing plants for manufacturing conformist morons out of men. (See OZ School kids issue.)

Most men, even (or especially) the most vicious, selfish, aggressive, continous, desperate, frustrated, puritanical, white-shirted, white-socketed, pipe-smoking little jerk is sick to the bloody back teeth with being a virtual vegetable system. They ought to get out of the whole miserable, repressive, frustrating round of obligation, mortgage, debt, pressure, work, guilt, hate at blessed cetera, and they are tied to it feet, hand, mouth and cock from the first day at school to their life's work comes to its true fruition and the life insurance is measured out at the last day and moment misery.

So, ladies, you may be sick of motherhood, Housework, kids and 'Playboy' but where was your husband when you were swinging down 5th Ave. He was at work and hating it because the pressures on him to conform won't even allow us to the dog without permission, let alone take a day out for a demo.

No revolution ever succeeded by attacking other victims. The women's revolution is doomed to failure if it does not get the support of the male population. Certainly it is done because it is limited to making men wash the dishes and look after the children. Men must be made aware that the real issue is not 'Equality with men to serve Capitalism.' The real issue is Total, Complete, Utter Freedom for Everyone, not being set free, Love and peace to the whole World.

Chris Payne
7/2, Goldthorn Hill, Penn Wolverhampton.

Dear OZ,

Any of you ever been to a 'Speech Day' of the really public school type? If you haven't been, you're lucky.

I go to an ex-public school in Bridlington, Yorks. Before Speech Day everyone goes around the school on an expedition with expulsion if their hair was not the 'required' length. Some greedy ones go as far as shortening the hair than was wanted. Others who had shorter hair but weren't greedy got expelled. One was expelled a day before the 'big' day, I think what bad references he'd get.

The 'Head' and Guvness of the school are real ultra-conservatives. They got this group of Viey, recor or something to speak, Everyone liked him (except a few who knew who he was and what he looked about). The 'Head' was furious at him—he spoke out against a lot of what the 'Head' was about—you could see the tension. This rector spoke against religious instruction and public schools and who the prizes should be given to. (These were the prize-winners!) This was really bad—why should he consent to give out prizes if he didn't like who he was going to give them to?

After the ceremony I found out he was the guy who was getting the cops onto the freaks and exposing the pushers. This guy was just about destroyed all hope in me that someone in the 'older generation' of this area had any intention of reform or showing slightly leftwing views. When others found out their reaction was about the same.

E. Yorks.

Hippie,

Hippie is a very thing in put down the Status right now, which is how it ought to be as there a lot of pro-action over there. But one thing the yank sets have got is much better rock scene in it, not just better music but the whole scene is better. Over here rock and roll has been cut up like a pie into little pieces and we are too puritanical, therefore youth is divided while in the States it's all classed as rock and roled. It is a fine line between dig rock and the straights. It was like that here in the fifties only then the straight were called squares. Yalleke our scene, we're a little rock band that try and tell it like it, we don't send it up we like it to much to do that, and we've just cut a demo—The Spirit Of Woodstock.

Dear OZ,

I bought a copy of the "School Kids issue" in London and read the letter about the skinheads wanting the same goal as us so called "long haired intellectuals".

The night after we went to a discothing the skinheads bastards proceeded to beat the f**k out of five of my long haired friends and I.

To clinch it the bouncers threw us out for causing trouble.

Yours painstakingly
E. Grindle
27 Priory Way
Workop
Notes.
Dear OZ,

I am at strangers in the street, I spread good cheer, I show round copies of School Kids issue, what more can I do? Folks don't react—revolution just isn't—and never will be. Some faces simply can't accept the change—unless it's gradual—and that's evolution. Anyway there will still be folks who can't take it—who don't even think much of happiness and peace. This will always be the case. Perhaps these people are basset on as they are, seeking their solutions in popular techniques of social action. To quote Eric Berne, this may mean there is no hope for the human race, but there is hope for individual members of it. Shame isn't? However, I'll go on breathing, seeing, hearing, feeling, warm, excited, relaxed at all the same time, and I won't have time to care—it doesn't really matter—does it? Perhaps phase love.

Peter Robert Baker
179 Station Road
Bishal/Comman

Dear OZ,

Just what kind of a scene are you on? Your articles are all well written, some of the illustrations are beautiful, but why use so much sick material?

I don't buy OZ very often because I haven't the bread, but each time I do I always come out a little better. I've found that you've changed and that I'll be getting something clever, decent & turned on for my money. But no, every issue I buy is more or less the same as the others—filthy curls, and so, so, so.

Honesty, if in reality over 40,000 cops bought OZ last issue, (over 45,000—ed) then the so-called hip people who are just a nice dream, we dig Woodstock

Dear OZ,

How droll is Charles Shaar Murray in his review of OZ Head Books. (OZ 28)

Does he not realise that if books are 'nicked' instead of being paid for we're breaking the law? Paperback Parade will cease to exist?

So how will you sell your fucking magazine then?

Love

Terry Eaton
Peters Paperbacks
234A Old Christchurch Rd
Bournemouth
BH1 1PE

Dear Editor, Love and blessings to you all.

We are asking your cooperation by publishing this letter and ask other U/D publications to copy. Angrijide Duddaji

His Holiness Shri Sadguru Mahendra the aadharth of "The Hermitage of the Immortals", Akadami Road, Mehmadsabadi, (Gujarat), India, has left his Himalayan fastness and now permanently resides at above address. It is the Mahatma's intention that the humble souls feel as if they are on the study for all esoteric wisdom, the supreme path and occult sciences which lead to the higher investigation. As part of this work the Mahatma plans a visit to the U.K. His Holiness, is the last surviving Guru of the Adi-nath cult of naked ascetics. Although he lives naked in his hermitage and its magic garden, he does not go completely naked in public or travelling. For such purposes he wears the guru coloured robe of his order. His greatest interest is in broadminded drop-outs whom he desires to establish a system and tradition whereby their renunciation of establishment and "civilisation" can develop into a natural and permanent way of life.

It may be necessary to explain that the Mahatma Mahendranath, or Adi Nath Guru, is regarded throughout India as one of its great realised souls. The cult 'Adi-Guru' is the sacred soul of the Mahatma Dattatreya, the supreme drop-out of the eastern world of more than 7000 years ago. Bhagwan Dattatreya, Adi, is god, the Lord of knowledge. He is still worshipped by millions in India as a God though his teachings remain understood only by the few.

The Mahatma has also picked up initiations under gurus as, a tibetan lama, a tantric kalachara, a priest of Taoism, as a Theravada Bhikkhu (Ceylon) and as a Ch'an Bhikshu. He has lived in India for more than a year. Now, in India, the Mahatma hopes that when his work is done he will return to his hermitage and his garden, where he will die an ascetic and remain a naked saint, barren and brown

His Holiness Shri Sadguru Mahendra the last surviving Guru of the Adi-nath cult of naked ascetics and a suitable pad. He would like contact with those who may be able to assist him during his visit and information of accommodation and pads where his rakedness will not be frowned on. The Mahatma sends love and blessings to all and his basic teaching—one God—one world, one people.

Angrijide Duddaji

Will please copy.
Das Oelbild "Silène" & der Text von Georges Mathieu entstanden 1964; das Interview wurde 1965 in Zürich aufgenommen - wir drucken es mit freundlicher Genehmigung von Dr. F. Billeter.

Hab mir Erbarmen, Wolke lass andre ihre Wizze wetzen - voll schwarzen Lachens bin ich schon.

Notes on the audience, a Swisswide circulated free information-paper was ours, the lefties stupid things (tried to use Hell's Angels as gun-food etc.) and finally the 'young-left' people, who made at that one pig (they do not wear identity-numbers) were accused for conspiracy and violence against thousands are accused for necessary self-defence). Strange: only the cutting of long hair (just the same same shit as the States ...) was only partly true, but lists the same terrible street-fight after a peaceful pop-concert, and a specially provoked by the police after cutting of long hair (just the same same shit as the States ...

In '68 we had in Zurich (biggest youth-centre (since years promised by the government, but never realized for the first time that Swiss establishment press lies; TV and turned the talk into another direction ... Another goodie: since 68, we had in Zurich a so-called 'democratic' & 'neutral' diminutive spot on the Europe, a so-called 'democratic' & 'neutral' diminutive spot on the mountains, cheese, watches, money, tourism & so on, but you probably never heard about poverty, hypocrisy, the foreign labour, you went out your house two paranoias (watched telephones; when you were interested in ...) your man and woman together unmarried (we do it often). We are doing it (we do it to the others, you are doing it too). Many people are interested in ... things to do today! 4.

The newest bad joke Switzerland is developing is IMP-an armed police-motorcycle-gang who can move everywhere where 'something happens' and can freely act without taking care to kanton-laws! Let 'em make their 'Tour de Suisse' forever ...

Also in winter 68/69 Zurich's Narcos released a poster (produced at the art-school!) against drugs (in
Generally, there are still hopes that they'll talk about and not living it, what students over here are generally still a few years behind what's going on.

And talking about the plastic left revolution shit.

But there are still hopes that they'll talk about and not living it, what students over here are generally still a few years behind what's going on.

And talking about the plastic left revolution shit.
Dear OZ,

The person who wrote what we're enclosing was serious. He was serious. That's what (you) your readers will never understand. They're all serious out in Hollywood. They're writing better satire than we are, and They're All Serious, Jesus.

Rags People

MUSIC INC!

The premise of the television series is two guys and a girl who form their own company called MUSIC INC.

MUSIC INC! publishes an underground music newspaper (similar to "Rolling Stone") which involves the three principals in pursuing the current music scene for their paper. They cover rock festivals, rock concerts, appearances atsuch places like the Whiskey A Go Go, Fillmore West, The Troubador, etc.

MUSIC INC! also promotes rock artists, rock musicians and rock concerts either in conjunction with top 40 radio stations or as a sole presentation of MUSIC INC!

In addition MUSIC INC! offers interviews and feature articles on rock musicians, and the music scene, to national publications. The articles first appearing in MUSIC INC!

MUSIC INC! is also involved with producing records for record companies, promoting artist appearances, presenting public relations packages for events, artists and albums, preparing artwork and commercials for record albums, and consulting FM radio stations on underground FM programming.

MUSIC INC! hopes to be involved with film and television projects in the future.

In other words, the series MUSIC INC! will deal with the difficulties of three young people trying to make a go of it in the music part of the entertainment industry. Each segment will feature at least one name rock group or artist that will be worked into the story line, that can be advertised as being this week's musical guest on the show. (Picture a Mod Squad about free enterprise and rock music and you have MUSIC INC!)

Originally my concept of this show was based on my familiarity with the publication "Rolling Stone" and the possibility of using "Rolling Stone" articles or even "Rolling Stone" files from which to build weekly stories. But now all the national publications are into stories about pop festivals and rock musicians and all of these stories are great fuel for weekly story lines. Besides, the whole area of rock promotion and the hazards and excitement of the record industry offer many story possibilities that can be eliminated because the series only focuses on putting out a underground newspaper.

Since MUSIC INC! involves the total music/youth business, the three leads could be involved in trouble in the following ways:

organization so she is a combination secretary, pr girl, reporter, writer, artist and go for. The girl scout in Cindy often leads her into explorations where she has to be rescued by the male contingent of MUSIC INC!

There may be a question as to how these three kids pull MUSIC INC! off financially. This can be done two ways. The easiest would be for them to have an older silent partner who is monetized, or for one of the principals to have an investment that provides extra money to the series.

The three MUSIC INC! principals meet James Hendrix at the Toronto Airport because they are there to promote his concert in Toronto. When Hendrix is passing through customs he is found with marijuana in his possession. MUSIC INC! will lose their advance on the concert, profit on the concert and their heavy weight star. If they cannot prove that the marijuana does not belong to Hendrix. (This story could be done with or without Hendrix fictionalizing it and using an actor to play the Hendrix role and writing in a name rock group as friends of the star and have them break into some numbers in the hotel room)

MUSIC INC! goes up to the State of Washington to put finishing touches on the rock festival that they are sponsoring and at the last minute the owners of the land prevent the rock artists from appearing. Thus, Credance Clearwater Revival is stranded, won't get to play and everyone wants their money back. MUSIC INC! solves the problem by calming down the land owners with a guarantee of "peace"; the festival is pulled off without incident and Credance goes on to play several numbers. In the interest of the show Credance can be worked into the whole plot (negotiations with the concert, etc.) Or the plot can hinge around a fictitious rock group caught in this circumstance and when the rock concert finally materializes....footage from a Credance Clearwater Revival concert can be worked into the mock festival as if Credance were part of MUSIC INC! festival. MUSIC INC! principals go to interview a famous folk singer and find she has organized an underground draft dodgers movement in support of her boyfriend who is imprisoned for burning his draft card.

MUSIC INC! is contracted to do commercials for Capitol records and finds the head of promotion for Capitol is undermining MUSIC INC!s creativity because he doesn't understand the new "sounds" and fears losing his job.

They don't blame Janis Joplin for being hostile and being anti-authority and establishment because these kids are. They care about Ricky Nelson trying to make a comeback because they have succeeded, failed, and are trying to succeed again in their own lives. They are sympathetic towards Joan Baez's stand against the draft because they believe that David is being unfairly imprisoned. They care about thousands getting together in Woodstock without an incident because they know their parents can't.

The three owners of MUSIC INC! should be as follows: JACK: a Capricorn is the promoter-go getter-money maker businessman. Although Jack is right out of college, he is very together, fun and determined to be a success. He wants to survive in the entertainment industry so he won't have to work for a corporation...so he can always do his own thing. Jack is realistic, a problem solver and seeks ways to overcome obstacles. Determined to make the best of any situation, Jack is a born leader and will be successful...but is criticized for being so success prone that he often doesn't enjoy his success and misses out on the fun life has to offer. Jack knows he needs Dave's creativity to be a success in a creative environment. Jack is envious of any situation, Jack is a born leader and will be successful...but is criticized for being so success prone that he often doesn't enjoy his success and misses out on the fun life has to offer. Jack knows he needs Dave's creativity to be a success in a creative environment. Jack is envious
inherence. That would be the easy way. I think the most real way, the way with the most potential for a series would be if the subject of money and financing be made part of their “trouble” in every segment. Their activities in the music business should be realistically related to their having to build a company from scratch. In other words, since they don’t have any money to begin with...maybe they hitch hike to Woodstock to write a story that they “hope” they can sell to Life Magazine, etc. If they are into promoting a new artist the story can include their efforts to get an advance from a record company to pull off the first recording session and the problems faced in recouping their money from their attempt at creativity. If they fly to Toronto to promote a rock festival their problems become increased if they have charged their flights to Toronto and if the rock festival doesn’t materialize they will owe $1,000.

What I am trying to say is that part of the trouble that we find our MUSIC INC! threesome in every week should be financial...just as it is for any new business trying to survive the first three years. This is part of dealing with the total reality of these three people rather than setting up an unrealistic given circumstance that the kids will not be able to identify with anyway.

The pilot for the show could deal with the two boys in college about ready to graduate and putting together the concept for MUSIC INC! and realistically figuring out how they can hold down other jobs until they can pull it off, etc.

There is the added possibility that these two put together “on campus” entertainment while in college and that MUSIC INC! is an outgrowth of their “on campus” success.

In the beginning MUSIC INC! can be run out of their apartment which the two boys share and can progress to the point where they are making money and take an office above the Whiskey A Go Go, and finally graduate to a kicky office in the 9000 Sunset building. Their growing pains of a young business is additional fuel for the fire. A whole segment could be built around A&M records at their first recording session and the problems faced in recouping their money from a record company to pull off the threesome in every week.

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SURF SHINE SUPERMEN


One hundred faintly bored potential immigrants are watching a movie of beautiful Australia . . . . kangaroos, emus, koalas and bronze skull capped lifesavers. After the hot English summer seventy-five of the hundred may be sucked in and immigrate. What they don't realize is that they have been canned by pure unadulterated bullshit.

The kangaroos, emus and koalas are in concrete zoos, splattered over the country roads and embossed on the money. The bronze skull capped lifesavers are a group of neo nazi pigs that spend their weekends marching up and down the beach kicking sand in peoples faces, blowing whistles and screaming at petrified immigrants that dare swim outside the cesspool section between the flags. Unfortunately, most people outside Australia don't know the difference between lifesavers and surfers. The former are rightwing, the institution, the motherfucking system transferred from the streets to the beach. The latter are a unique group who have attempted to form their own subculture in the shitless conformity of Australian society. Surfers drop a lot of dope, make their own movies, produce their own magazines, eat their own type of food, design their own clothes and wish that all the rest of the weekend picknickers would fuck off so that they could get out there in the surf, stoned out of their brains, and rip the shore break to pieces.

Surfers solve the water population problem by travelling around the coast searching for peace, surf and a lack of people.

The cops hate them, the lifesavers persecute them, and the traffic jam Sunday at Bondi Beach public just can't understand them.

As the lifesavers cry out for members to fill their dwindling ranks, the surfers numbers continue to increase. Their scene is a freedom scene and their philosophy a drop out one. They don't want to change the system they just want to ignore it.

If Australia House ever got hip it would show movies of surfers. Their way of life utilises what Australia has to offer best, sun, surf and most of all space.

If the English 'high' is oriented around a mental state of euphoria then the surfers one is much more physical. Out in a ten foot swell zonked out of their heads on acid or grass is some experience.

While most sports have either a heavy team or spectator factor, surfing has little of either. Contests are considered bums and over the last three years have dwindled to a point of having little or no significance. Being World Surfing Champion is becoming as big a deal as getting a load of the clap. While Hawaii, with its heavy tourist trade and high centralization does emphasise the spectator side of surfing, Australia, with its four thousand miles of surfable coastline is exactly the opposite. That's what's great about the whole surf thing.

You can be driving up the coast of New South Wales or Queensland and you turn off the main highway to check a favourite surfing spot that should be working under the prevailing wind and tide conditions. You drive a couple of miles on a dirt road and suddenly you hit the surf and there is Nat Young or Robert Connelley or some other really hot surfer, out there ripping it apart. You can join them or just sit on the headland, blow a joint and watch.

Surfing is felt by surfers. David Elfick
The surfboard is the surfers only tool. Each board is different and capable of special relationships to the wave... a thin, light, hand sculptured fibreglass and polyfoam vehicle carves into the essence of the sea. The fin's still fibreglass gives positive control; a flexible plastic hard guiding the flying board. Fins are constantly altered and tuned. Many boards have interchangeable fin systems—a fin for every mood; a surfboard for every level of consciousness.

Wave riders make their own boards, changing design as they evolve. A ten foot long old faithful keeps a weekend beer-belly afloat. A new, six foot fourteen pound streamlined machine each month for the spaceman. The smaller the surface contact, the closer you come to riding your mind.

TRACKS.
The new Australian surf magazine.
board design, ecology, diet, weather and news news news
The first surfing newspaper
A total concept surf expression.
Subscribe now
English rates £2.10.0. for the first six issues.
Tracks PO Box 64, Avalon, Sydney, Australia.
To me the highest form of surfing comes from sessions with fellow surf geese. In clear sun glittering transparent fluid playground, five separate spirits lay down racing tracks as different as their personalities. Sets of motion move out of deep pools setting consistent energy patterns of rhythmic waves swinging around a small headland onto a reef. The waves break outside and peel curls of foam and bubbles to the right. Each surfers' song is played upon the wave...two are riding, three are paddling back out to the takeoff point. Hoots and yells as cutbacks throw up rooster tails of water. Excitement increases on each wave shared in spirit. A supper session. Vibes are high, sun is warm, the water clear with clouds of sand underneath in the octopus garden. Three or four hours of constant motion stretches the mind and body into harmony with currents and tides. The fluidity is brought ashore with the surfer and is part of everything at once. A good session, a day of playing music with friends. A trick with mother nature tunes the body and strengthens the spirit.

Rusty Miller
former U.S. Champion
resident: Byron Bay, N.S.W.
Australia.
THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION

WEASELS RIPPED MY FLESH

RZZZZZZ!

‘Weasels Ripped My Flesh’

The Mothers of Invention

RSLP 2028