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OZ 31

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Editor

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Description
This issue appears with the help of Richard Adams, Jim Anderson, Felix Dennis, Stephen Lister, Richard Neville, Marsha Rowe and Peter Steedman. For artwork, photographs and invaluable assistance of every kind thanks to Claude Warm-Gun, Louise Ferrier, Eddie Belchamber, Allan Tanner, David Wills, Caroline, Andrew Fisher, David Nutter and Ed Cleary.


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

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Brave New Morning
The flower-child that OZ urged readers to plant back in '67 has grown up into Bernadine Dohrn; for Timothy Leary, happiness has become a warm gun, Charles Manson soars to the top of the pops and everyone hip is making war and loving it. Movement sophists can easily reel off the oppressive chain of events which has propelled us from dropped-out euphoric gregariousness to the contemporary gunslinging gang bang. It's a logical hop from Kent State to the trendy genocide of "to kill a policeman is a sacred act". (Leary)

But I cannot pull the trigger. Indeed, sometimes I suspect that a more appropriate target would be my fellow marksmen. Such despondent scepticism in the fortress of the Movement seems confirmed, if not articulated, in the actions of those around me. Some of my best friends are going straight—cutting hair, wearing suits, seeking respectable jobs. These are the same people who were freaking out at the first UFOs while I still lurched home from gambling clubs, who were plugged into the Pink Floyd while I breathlessly awaited the verdicts of Juke Box Jury, who were mastering chillums while I still thought Panama Red was a Hollywood bit player. Appalled at the profusion of meaningless, mediocre and repetitive pop these friends seek refuge in the music of the twenties and thirties (Jack Hylton, the Best of Ambrose and his Orchestra, Al Bowlly, Hutch, The Golden Age of British Dance Bands etc) and have drastically reduced their drug intake. John Peel wanders London a pop undertaker, sickened by the preponderence of pseudo stoned 'Underground' groups who flash V signs while flattering their audiences with: "peace" and "remember Woodstock, man". Martin Sharp, responsible for much of the best 'psychedelic' artwork (in early OZes, Cream sleeves and Dylan, Donovan, Van Gogh and Legalise Pot Rally posters) now always carries an indigenous musical instrument from Zambia as an anti-pop device and spends most of his time in the front stalls of Noel Coward revivals. Such reactions are more than the result of a cultural overdose. It is surely the tough realisation that today's heads treat each other no less savagely than the grey flannel skinheads of Whitehall; only without the latter's courtesy.

Anyone who disagrees with a viewpoint is a pig. Anyone who disagrees from a position of economic or intellectual strength is a superpig, Machievellian intrigues, ego explosions and power tussles have always been rife within the Underground and can often be rationalised as a sign of growth. Nowadays, however, the backstabblings are no longer metaphorical. A typical example of a contemporary dialogue occurred during the recent making of the Warner Brothers film, Medicine Ball. Throughout the progress of this film, the caravan of 'hippie stars' was trailed by a cadillac of militant politicos protesting Warner Bros' cultural exploitation. At one college campus the two groups collided in open debate with the students, and discussion ended when one of the cast almost succeeded in stabbing one of the protesters. An unobtrusive paragraph in this morning's Times tells of students who, when refused admission to a local dance, returned home to get their guns for a shoot out. One of them died.

It is not only the escalating instances of brutality that are so discouraging. The social style of the head scene has become pretentious and anti-communicative. At a recent party to celebrate the demise of Nell Gwynne's historic playground, The Pheasantry, the cream of Kings Road stood around staring dumbly at each other—a dank Chelsea remake of La Dolce Vita without even a false sense of gaiety. One couple of my acquaintance who have now dropped out of dropping out, first discovered the hypocrisies of the head scene when they were compelled to clean up to enter Morocco. They found themselves ostracised by local longhairs. All...
efforts to communicate floundered because they looked straight.

One of the promises of the new lifestyle was the abolition of false criteria for judging human beings. Today, hip symbols and fashion statements carry more weight than ever. Dishonestly doubling travellers' cheques earns the required A-levels, familiarity with a super group's pedigree outmatches Allen Brien's literary snobbery and a replay of last week's bad trip is flanked like a dulling scar. Even the legitimate newborn rituals of liberation are being bankrupted through criminal selfishness. Venerable disease may even be a new now status symbol, but the gonococcus germ unfortunately hasn't heard of women's lib—its effect on females is more damaging and less easy to detect. An alarming number of friendly young girls are collapsing of salpingitis, which involves a gruesome operation, because liberated men are not bothering to mention they might be harbouring the clap. Another groovy affliction, hepatitis, is carried around proudly, like a public school boater, by people indifferent to its infectious consequences.

The next example, essentially trivial, is worth recording because its sheer banality renders it so typical of the prevailing morality. One night, on arriving at Newcastle station to catch a London train, I noticed two dishevelled, artsy laby types surrounded by British Rail authorities and policemen. The uncomfortable pair caught my eye and asked for help. They desperately sought to get to London that evening but British Rail were refusing to honour their preferred cheque. Naturally I accepted it and purchased tickets on their behalf. A few days later I realised my misjudgement when the cheque was returned. I would not have cared particularly, if only the signatory, one Anthony Rye, had since made a token, apologetic contact.

In the formative stages of the counter culture it was possible to draw inspiration from the open behaviour of Albion's children. It was tempting, if naive, to hope that with the intake of id liberating rock, lateralising dope, the emerging group tendencies, communal living style and an intuitive political radicalism... that from all this a qualitative change in the conduct of human relationships might develop. But now, as the Movement's utterings reach fever pitch, as the rhetoric becomes more frenziedly fascist, affectation suffocates reason and arguments lose their conviction, one's bursts of depression become elongated into a melancholy permanence.

The advertising campaign is an abounding triumph, but there is nothing inside the wrapping paper. When I think of Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin, whose spirits have been identified with the generational outburst against inhumanity, I wonder whether their apparent despair was purely personal or whether they somehow sensed the revolution might be going sour. If the Underground press is the voice of the new movement, then it is a choir of soloists, each member singing a different tune. When I travelled through California recently, it was unnerving to be caught in the flak of exchanged animosity. The dedicated, amiable Max Scheer, founder of the Berkeley Barb, had been branded a pig by his one time employees, who were now publishing the Berkeley Tribe. Scheer does not deny his former mistakes, but while the Movement does not forgive, it does forget—his pioneering contribution to the growth of the Alternative Press has gained him no credit. The Barb still struggles out single handed against raging prejudices and destructive sorties by Women's Lib (Scheer runs sex ads).

Across the Bay is Rolling Stone. Its editor, Jann Wenner, is the third time since his exclusive as Whites club. Membership to the Living Theatre and several nameless others. The atmosphere created by most of thesehippish freeloader manages to be simultaneously hostile, slovenly and as exclusive as Whites club. Membership to people anymore, they get used to the caviare... The kids at the Isle of Wight were being totally controlled and manipulated by superstars. They had to pay exorbitantly for their own music and they became completely exhausted, sleeping in the lavatories, hungry, so weary they were pissing over each other, completely fucked up... These kids were worse than the Jews... the Jews at least didn't pay to go to Auschwitz... (Not to be burnt to death in a French provincial dance hall.)

Lebel talked within the confines of one of the nastiest environments I have ever endured and one all too unhappily representative. The offending house belonged to Victor Herbert, who helped finance International Times, brought the Living Theatre to London, sponsored the roundhouse Chicago Benefit last year and so on. On top of this, he contributes to the Movement what he calls 'space', ie his enormous residence as a crashpad. Current guests include a poet who came for a weekend two years ago and won't budge, a pair of video heads, remnants from the Living Theatre and several nameless others. The atmosphere created by most of thesehippish freeloader manages to be simultaneously hostile, slovenly and as exclusive as Whites club. Membership to people anymore, they get used to the caviare... The kids at the Isle of Wight were being totally controlled and manipulated by superstars. They had to pay exorbitantly for their own music and they became completely exhausted, sleeping in the lavatories, hungry, so weary they were pissing over each other, completely fucked up... These kids were worse than the Jews... the Jews at least didn't pay to go to Auschwitz... (Not to be burnt to death in a French provincial dance hall.)

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the inner sanctum revolves around facility with drugs and as the pleasant Victor Hoffman himself is rather slow on the draw he is excluded, in spirit, from his own house. I regret to report that the presence of Abbie Hoffman, Jean-Jacques and the yippie entourage did little to improve the emanations. Like the pop stars Lebel so accurately berates, the American visitors were arcane, inaccessible, aloof... the tensions and awkwardness surrounding their presence must be reminiscent of a Royal Garden party; and their groupies uglier but not less protective than their pop counterparts.

I have an intense personal respect for Abbie Hoffman and consider his book, Revolution for the Hell of it, to be the first major literary/political document of the post-acid Underground. How disappointing to discover he converses almost exclusively through his lawyer and becomes animated only at talk of possible advances for his books in Britain. Warned no doubt by the trial and obviously exhausted by his journey, it seems unfair to me to raise such niggardly considerations. However, many people have shared my disappointment, and in the context of Herbert's household, Lebel's anti-star declamations, the entourage's absence, and the exclusions of yippie heavies drooling enthusiastically about Leary's fiftieth birthday present, a gun, lengthy endorsements of acid's ability to transform shits into (revolutionary) saints, one must, to preserve a scrap of intellectual integrity, raise doubts.

Roaming Paris—a charming subplot to all this—was Jim Haynes, fearlessly unimpressed at the prospect of yip meeting Mao and carrying forth his own erotic brand of revolution in a thoroughly convincing union of his public politics and private life. The above observations are not meant to imply a wholesale rejection of the counter culture or yippie left politics. Mass hysterical confrontations with the napalmers, arms bargainers, fascists and power flunkies of every type are still vital, as are all experiments with new ways of living and caring about each other. (A message so innocuously limp in print that it makes that disgusting, simplistic and exploitive movie, Getting Straight, fiercely iconicolomically by comparison.) I wish merely to record a few points of reservation—a verbal safety-catch to Leary's birthday present.

Of course the new ways of living and loving might be the old ways after all. In a new book, Keep the River on the Right, the author, Tobias Schneebaum records his solitary journey through the remote depths of Peruvian jungles. Without knowing quite why, he sets out to find the Akaramas, a reputedly ferocious tribe of cannibals. His first meeting:

"...and I came out from among a huddle of bushes to a long rocky beach, at the far end of which, against a solid wall of green, some spots of red attracted my eye. My first thought was that they must be blossoms of some kind that I had never seen before, but they were too much like solid balls, and they moved slightly, though there wasn't the slightest breeze. A few steps further on I frowned and shook my head, wondering even more what they could be and then I came over me in a shiver that these spots were faces, and they were all turned in my direction, all unmoving. Still closer, I made out a group of men, their bodies variously painted in black and red, looking tiny against the gigantic backdrop of the jungle that stretched so high above them. No one moved; no one even looked away or looked anywhere but straight at me. They were frozen in place. They were squatting tightly together, chains on neck, arms on one another's shoulders, leaning over resting heads upon another's knee, or thigh or flank. They continued to stare, moving neither a toe or an eyelash. Smiles were fixed upon their faces, and they were all turned in my direction, all unmoving. Still closer, I made out a group of men, their bodies variously painted in black and red, looking tiny against the gigantic backdrop of the jungle that stretched so high above them. No one moved; no one even looked away or looked anywhere but straight at me. They were frozen in place. They were squatting tightly together, chains on neck, arms on one another's shoulders, leaning over resting heads upon another's knee, or thigh or flank. They continued to stare, moving neither a toe or an eyelash. Smiles were fixed upon their faces, and they were all turned in my direction, all unmoving. Still closer, I made out a group of men, their bodies variously painted in black and red, looking tiny against the gigantic backdrop of the jungle that stretched so high above them. No one moved; no one even looked away or looked anywhere but straight at me. They were frozen in place. They were squatting tightly together, chains on neck, arms on one another's shoulders, leaning over resting heads upon another's knee, or thigh or flank. They continued to stare, moving neither a toe or an eyelash. Smiles were fixed upon their faces, and they were all turned in my direction, all unmoving. Still closer, I made out a group of men, their bodies variously painted in black and red, looking tiny against the gigantic backdrop of the jungle that stretched so high above them. No one moved; no one even looked away or looked anywhere but straight at me. They were frozen in place. They were squatting tightly together, chains on neck, arms on one another's shoulders, leaning over resting heads upon another's knee, or thigh or flank. They continued to stare, moving neither a toe or an eyelash. Smiles were fixed upon their faces, and they were all turned in my direction, all unmoving. Still closer, I made out a group of men, their bodies variously painted in black and red, looking tiny against the gigantic backdrop of the jungle that stretched so high above them. No one moved; no one even looked away or looked anywhere but straight at me. They were frozen in place. They were squatting tightly together, chains on neck, arms on one another's shoulders, leaning over resting heads upon another's knee, or thigh or flank. They continued to stare, moving neither a toe or an eyelash. Smiles were fixed upon their faces, and they were all turned in my direction, all unmoving. Still closer, I made out a group of men, their bodies variously painted in black and red, looking tiny against the gigantic backdrop of the jungle that stretched so high above them. No one moved; no one even looked away or looked anywhere but straight at me. They were frozen in place. They were squatting tightly together, chains on neck, arms on one another's shoulders, leaning over resting heads upon another's knee, or thigh or flank. They continued to stare, moving neither a toe or an eyelash. Smiles were fixed upon their faces, and they were all turned in my direction, all unmoving. Still closer, I made out a group of men, their bodies variously painted in black and red, looking tiny against the gigantic backdrop of the jungle that stretched so high above them. No one moved; no one even looked away or looked anywhere but straight at me. They were frozen in place. They were squatting tightly together, chains on neck, arms on one another's shoulders, leaning over resting heads upon another's knee, or thigh or flank. They continued to stare, moving neither a toe or an eyelash. Smiles were fixed upon their faces, and they were all turned in my direction, all unmoving.

If that is how the Akaramas greet strangers of another race, it almost gives them a right to gobble up their enemies. We, on the other hand, blithely declare World War III on our parents and yet have already forgotten how to smile at our friends.

Richard Neville
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There are two types of mushroom known as Sacred Mushrooms: Fly Agaric (Amanita muscaria) and Psilocybe (Psilocybe mexicana). Fly Agaric is the most commonly known, and can be found in many places in both northern and southern hemispheres. It grows in Birch forests usually through August-September of each year, and more rarely in coniferous forests. It can be found all over England, but also grows in Russia before the advent of Christianity, the latter story having been created in order to bring the old religion into disrepute, in much the same way as the Roman Catholic church in this country absorbed and therefore destroyed the essence of our celtic religions.

The intoxicant and hallucinatory properties of Fly Agare have attracted people since the beginnings of time, the mushroom being one of the most sought after objects with special powers: indeed all objects were supposed to contain some form of special potential energy which could be channeled by the experienced and used for either creative or destructive purposes. The Fly Agaric was endowed very special powers, those of altering the state of the mind, enabling the eater to communicate with the mushroom spirits. If one listened to the advice of such resident spirits, it was possible to foresee the future, review past centuries, travel to other regions (either material or astral) in order to see what was happening elsewhere without even moving from the room.

Strahlenberg recorded this story, of how the Fly Agaric was born (according to the Koryaks):

"Once, Big Raven had caught a whale and could not send it to its home in the sea. He was unable to lift the gras bag containing travelling provisions for the whale. Big Raven applied to Existance (Existence) to help him. The deity said to him, 'Go to a level place near the sea. There thou wilt find soft white stalks with spotted hats. These are the spirits Wapaq. Eat some of them and they will help thee.' Big Raven went. Then the Supreme Being spat upon the earth and half of his saliva the Agaric appeared. Big Raven found the fungi, ate it, and began to feel gay. He started to dance. The Fly Agaric said to him 'how is it that thou, being such a strong man, canst not lift the bag?'

'That is right,' said Big Raven, 'I am a strong man. I shall go and lift the travelling bag.' He went, lifted the bag at once and sent the whale home. Then the Agaric showed him how the whale was going out to sea, and how he would return to his comrades. Then Big Raven said 'Let the Agaric remain on earth and let my children see what it will show them.'

Recalling the account of the Supreme Being's saliva, above, it is interesting to read this report of a tradition current at the time in Poland, originally recorded in "Letters from a citizen of the World to his friends in the East" in 1762. While Christ and St. Peter were passing through a forest after a long journey without food, Peter, who had a loaf in his sack but did not take it out for fear of offending the Master, slipped a piece in his mouth. Christ, in front, spoke to him at that moment, and Peter had to spit it out to answer. This occurred several times until the loaf was finished. Whenever Peter spat edible fungi grew. The Devil, who was walking along behind, saw this and decided to go by producing brighter and more highly coloured mushrooms. He spat more of the breed all over the country-side. Wonderfully coloured mushrooms, as well as those which looked very much like St. Peter's sprang up; they were, however, poisonous.

It seems likely that the former account was the original mushroom creation story accepted all over Eastern Europe and Northern Russia before the advent of Christianity, the latter story having been created in order to bring the old religion into disrepute, in much the same way as the Roman Catholic church in this country absorbed and therefore destroyed the essence of our celtic religions.

It is said that the Fly Agaric was born in the country where the ancient art of Mushroom Eating can be found in a fresco painting in a ruined chapel at Plaincourant in Indre, France (1291) which shows a scene from the Garden of Eden, with the Tree of Good and Evil portrayed as a huge many-branched Fly Agaric; the old serpent is shown coiled ominously around the white stalks while Eve stands by obviously suffering great pain for her misdemeanour.

Amongst peoples known to eat agaric are the Ancient Egyptians, on whose country's climate was at that time more conducive to fungus growth — the north African deserts having once been warm and fertile in many regions). Tibetans, Japanese, Chinese, French, Poles, Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, Lithuanians, Koryaks, English, Scottish and some Indian Indians from the warmer and wetter regions.

In Transylvania there is almost no reference to mushroom eating in their mythology, yet their occult beliefs and superstitions (for example their belief that man can transform himself into other animals, such as werewolves and vampires) seem quite clearly to parallel the religious traditions of mushroom eating peoples. It is probable that Bram Stoker was inspired to write Dracula by stories of Transylvanian mushroom eating ceremonies.

Further research into the architecture of mushroom eating cultures may even reveal that purely geometric structures of, for instance, Aztec architecture, result from eating such hallucinogens
as Thorn Apple and Psilocybin, while the bulbous organic appearance of, for instance, medieval Russian and East European architecture is due to the enormous intake of hallucinogens like Fly Agaric and Belladonna. Such a theory would tie up perfectly with vivid experiences reported from experiments under 'controlled conditions.'

The Bon-Po’s of ancient Tibet seem to have followed a 'religion similar in its “animal worship” aspects to those of ancient Egypt, African voodooism, and the Aztec. Ritual preparations for seances reflect many Shamanistic practices alive in the Orient and South America today. Berserks’ totally animal aggression. During prohibition in the U.S.A., than boot-leg liquor.

There is an interesting connection between toads and toadstools (not necessarily), often referred to in folk literature and children's fairy tales, until a study was made of the chemistry of the skin and glandular secretions of the Toad (Bufo Terrestris). Much of the dorsal skin and the well known warts contain glands which produce poison to ward off predators. Most of the poisons are, however, contained in the parasitic glands, located in two bumps or raised areas, one behind each eye.

This explains to us why toad skins and toads eyes are two famous ingredients in witches’ brews through the centuries; many interesting substances have been isolated from toad skins and the secretion of the glands. Here are a few such poisons:

1. Bufoanin (named after the Latin Bufo, for toad) whose properties and effects are very similar to those of Digitalis (found in foxglove), hence they were known as “Berserks.” It can only be assumed that they performed some form of ritual involving dancing and super-human feats to instill the feeling of possessing supernatural powers. Ingestion of the mushrooms during such a state of mind would certainly make everything look small (See Alice in Wonderland).

2. Bufotenine (a hallucinogenic drug in many ways resembling LSD) in its effects which is also found in the Fly Agaric.

3. Serotonin, which causes the blood vessels to contract. This chemical is required for the transmission of electrical impulses across the connections between nerve cells (called synapses).

In the modern world, fungicides and pollution play important parts in the progressive extinction of hallucinogenic mushrooms, but biochemists are constantly creating new compounds with the extracted alkaloids, and these seem to play the same mind-changing role today as the mushrooms did yesterday. It seems that all arbitrary story, the use of hallucinogens and synthetic equivalents have failed, is it therefore no wonder that many people ask themselves whether or not they are products of invisible Forces or Powers, which stories tell us, have come to earth to do some important task related to the spiritual guidance of mankind, and shall remain here until completion.

SUBJECTIVE EFFECTS

There follows two recent reports from people who have eatenSacred Mushrooms. From all the reports available to me I have chosen those I regard as the most interesting. The first deals with Psilocybe, the second with Fly Agaric.

(1) Psilocybe. Subject was at the time living in a small very old English village, with a church and graveyard opposite his cottage. After collecting the mushrooms, he dried them slowly by the fire, ground them into a black powder, then ate them mixed with jam.

"Before the mixture had even entered my stomach I distinctly felt a pleasant electric shock shoot up from the base of my spine to the top of my head; as the initial tenseness subsided my head began to tingle, and this tingling spread all over my scalp, slowly down across my forehead, followed by a sensation as if a white cloud quickly brushed across the surface of my eyeballs; the next moment the idea flashed across my mind: "My eyeballs have just been cleaned and see how now the world looks!" All this happened in perhaps two or three seconds. Moments later I was back in my familiar old room again, in a quite normal state of mind, wondering what on earth happened a moment ago?

Slowly I began to feel my body tingling, not a normal tingle, but as if my body were "going away". I became claustrophobic and had to leave the house; so we both went together, and noticed, immediately we were outside, that the church was pointing the wrong way. We went into the church to investigate and discovered that the ground plan was the reverse, longitudinally, of what it should be. We noticed that the floor was now lower than the original, and saw many ordinary architectural and decorative details which only served to confirm our idea that the church was pointing the wrong way.

After looking at the well-designed Kabalistical figures on the front we walked out into the street, for things were very strange in the church.

Some months later I discovered from a local farmer whose ancestors had owned the farm for many centuries that the present church was built on the site of an earlier chapel, built on the site of an even earlier Celtic temple. Such temples being built in geometric alignments with stellar and planetary motion, the foundations destroyed (as much as they could and even rebuilt some of the churches) pointing in the wrong direction, thus hoping to resist the invisible magical powers supposedly flowing along the alignments and used by our Celtic forefathers in their divinatory practices.

(2) Fly Agaric. Subject found some Fly Agaric in a wild mountainous region and decided it was the right time to eat some, for it was growing on the path. He partially dried it and ate it together with some special oils prepared to counteract the unpleasant sickness which might result from eating partially fresh mushrooms.

Initially, there was the slow onset of nausea accompanied by a strong desire to vomit; although, having specially eaten nothing for a day or so, there was nothing in his stomach. The nausea developed to the most uncomfortable degree, but as the oils effectively counteracted this, he began to feel very happy.

"I was simply happy that everything was happening in such a beautiful way. Everything seemed to be essentially good, but as time passed I began to feel sad. I realized that I was seeing qualities of things I hadn't noticed before. Whatever I witnessed dishonesty, even to the slightest degree, my own honesty or that of others, I felt sick. When I witnessed creativity and loving forces pass between people, I felt supremely happy. I understood dishonesty in a different sense from the normal, it was the refusal to understand, to communicate with the obvious and as time passed everything became obvious.

"A single, pure, flute-like note played inside my head, and as I walked across the landscape this note changed, the cause of which I attributed to invisible energy permeating everything I understood that everything has its particular note, or vibration which we can hear and feel if we become receptive. I heard choirs of angels and heard the music of the wild animals, and then I realized that human music is usually a very poor attempt to communicate with living things, or at least to reflect some of the qualities of living things.

Later, he continues, "I felt very tired and so went to lay down on my bed to rest, and must have fallen asleep because when I woke I couldn't tell whether it was dawn or dusk. After I discovered that it
was dusk and I had not been asleep for several days after all Remembered what had happened. I had just returned from a conference held somewhere in the depths of the earth, where an important Grand Meeting of Gnomes had been called. We discussed many things of major importance relating to our future. In the end, they showed us many things which I can not repeat here. I was told it was important for my mind that I must have a rest. I must have fallen asleep at the conference too, because I am under the impression of climbing a mountain standing beside my head. A few days later, in its bustling hub of growth, saying, "Eat this and it shall all happen as you wish." I resolved to take the mushroom and the cock's comb. And then, after a few days, I saw that everything contained its own life. Even the foam and soil, houses, trees, the river and the sky were all of my own inner universe. I understood people even better than before. I understood them by what they really were, not by what they often appeared to be. "All life was just a translation of a dream. All the evils were simply buried feelings from long ago, but only in their lifetimes, but moods and subconscious desires inherited through centuries and centuries of family trees. Everything not only contained its own unique characteristics, but it contained elements, which was as clear as the words on this letter."

"Later, the nausea came back and I could not enjoy the company of others, who I suddenly began to regard as inferior in some way. Their words seemed harsh and lacked vitality; they were not real words of communion, but simply accented symbols in a system designed to help people communicate. The words were heavy and objects and seemed to come out with great difficulty. Others seemed sharp like daggers, and hurt very deeply. I chose to remain alone and finally went to sleep."

I spent the next two or three days reviewing the experience and trying to translate them into coherent terms, but have to this day been able to record only a tiny fraction of what happened during those days."

It appears that after a heavy dose of Fly Agaric, emotions and reflexes become more attuned with the environment; that is, they become increasingly difficult to suppress reactions to the outside world. Aggression outside produces fear inside, and fear outside produces peace inside. In this way one becomes analogous to a mirror which simply reflects what is happening. I assume that during the "introspective periods" the subject is totally immersed in his own inner world. There are periods when communication is absolutely impossible because, by all appearances the subject enters a state resembling that of a dreaming person, but when it is possible to arouse him but only very temporarily, for he quickly slips back into sleep."

No attempt should be made at this stage to arouse communication, for he will be so deeply involved in watching the scenes of his life and imagination pass in front of his vision, sudden severance from that "world" and reawakening to this fat den, would be mentally, if not physically, so even painful.

It is interesting to note that many of the experiences recorded above are simply a modern version of some of the events of the mythological stories. A thorough search reveals that these ancient myth, fairy tales etc. will reveal the truth that they are simply a more primitive means of recording information than we have today, and that the basic information in them is correct and based on actual observation.

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GATHERING, DRYING, PRESERVING, PREPARATION

When a mushroom field has been found one should arrange for them to be transported as quickly as possible to the place they are to be used for they are very delicate plants. Agaric should be collected in large baskets during a fine morning, after the dew has risen but before the sun has a chance to weaken their strength. Never fill baskets, but always pack very tightly. It is far better never to collect more than you yourself can make use of. To break this law, then they should be threaded together in such a way that they can be hung up over a fire in the direct radiation, but over the worm (not hot) air currents arising from the fire. They should be left there for some fortnight or more until they are bone dry, and to accomplish this it is necessary to check them every day to ensure that none of the caps are bent. Provided more than the slightest pressure, otherwise rot and maggots will quickly settle in.

If this preparation is followed, the degree of nausea always associated with eating Fly Agaric can be lessened, although unfortunately not counteracted completely. Toxins do not affect physical reactions, but mushroom nausea is increased by fear or rejection of the experience. Always remember that the slightly distressing symptoms will pass away in time and that following my instructions for mental preparation will help allay them quickly. Acceptance is the keyword. Five to ten drops of Essential Oil of Peppermint mixed with two or three teaspoons of olive oil are used by some people at the same time as eating Fly Agaric to help counteract nausea, but it won't work at all if food has been eaten during the previous 24 hours.

When bone dry, they may be stored for a maximum of a year, when it is best to collect another crop.

Some Mexican Indians store psilocybin mushrooms in gourds for a year after which they are crushed to a powder and mixed with Thorn Apple roots and three other flowers to swetern the taste, all other four ingredients having also been stored for a whole year and ground to a fine powder. The ingredients are then mixed in the proportion of one part fungi to one part of each of the other four ingredients. The mixture is then stored in a sealed pound for another year, after which it is then transferred to a leather pouch kept hung around the neck and used when required. This was the mixture used by Carlos Castaneda to help turn him into a crow. (See Bibliography).

After Koryaks have dried their mushrooms in the sun or in an open hearth, they get their women to chew the bitter fungus, for the vile taste alone often causes nausea and interference with the pleasure of the experience.

If the mushrooms are soaked in water and left in a gently warm place, covered with a fine muslin, for about three days or more, stirring or mixing each day, most of the poisons (including of course the magical properties) are dissolved out into the water, which the Koryaks believe puts into wines and liquors, which they relish naturally enough.

The essential alkaloids of the Fly Agaric are excreted via the kidneys, which accounts for the Koryaks custom of drinking the urine of mushroom eaters. This custom is open to nauseous visitors but to refuse an offered draught of urine is the most foul of crimes to the Koryaks, who could not possibly be expected to understand why one should refuse the chance to speak with the great spirit. Indeed in many desert regions of the world human and cattle urine is drunk with relish for the value of its salt content, without which the inhabitants would die.
SPECIAL POINTS OF DANGER AND CAUTION

Amanita Muscaria is only one fungus of a family containing over a hundred species, many of which are extremely poisonous. Each of these, or mushrooms, like all Agaric hands may be used as hallucinogenic agents with some degree of safety, or alternatively that all Agarics are fatal poisons. Neither assumption is entirely truthful, but it is well to purchase a well illustrated text-book on fungi, spending the first few months simply learning to recognize different species. Never eat fungi until you are absolutely sure of the species, and purgatives such as should be used. All right after thorough washing with cold water.

A hundred species, many of which are simply learning to recognize different, species. Never eat fungi until you are absolutely sure of the species, and purgatives such as should be used. All right after thorough washing with cold water.

Hot, the practitioner should be aware that all Agarics are fatal poisons. Neither assumption is entirely truthful. It would be well to purchase a well-illustrated text-book on fungi, spending the first few months simply learning to recognize different species. Never eat fungi until you are absolutely sure of the species, and purgatives such as should be used. All right after thorough washing with cold water.

A hundred species, many of which are simply learning to recognize different, species. Never eat fungi until you are absolutely sure of the species, and purgatives such as should be used. All right after thorough washing with cold water.

It is apparent that the problems are more formidable than others: to begin with no species, and the effects of the蘑菇 are not understood. Many species not recognized, and a common assumption is that all Agarics are fatal poison. It is impossible to make a habit out of using such things for health exercises with nature and accept what is placed on the doorstep. They may indeed bring pleasant, but are in reality no better than taking a hasty experiment. It is advisable to take a close look at the activities of some people to take a close look at the activities of some people to take a close look at the activities of some people to take a close look at the activities of some people.

The actuality of many primitive people, who hate hurriedly search through the undergrowth as seeking pl" and secret doctrine. The experience depends upon an understanding of the two kinds of benz and the two kinds of life, to act as a catalyst in the awakening of dormant senses, which if we look objectively at their path to collect those perhaps ten yards away. They assume that Mescalito will guide them if the time is right. Mescalito's letters are found. In each time, for they do not allow time. They return to the material, and the same states of mind and if we look objectively at their path to collect those perhaps ten yards away. They assume that Mescalito will guide them if the time is right. Mescalito's letters are found. In each time, for they do not allow time. They return to the material, and the same states of mind and if we look objectively at their path to collect those perhaps ten yards away. They assume that Mescalito will guide them if the time is right. Mescalito's letters are found. In each time, for they do not allow time. They return to the material, and the same states of mind and if we look objectively at their path to collect those perhaps ten yards away. They assume that Mescalito will guide them if the time is right. Mescalito's letters are found. In each time, for they do not allow time. They return to the material, and the same states of mind and if we look objectively at their path to collect those perhaps ten yards away. They assume that Mescalito will guide them if the time is right. Mescalito's letters are found. In each time, for they do not allow time. They return to the material, and the same states of mind and if we look objectively at their path to collect those perhaps ten yards away. They assume that Mescalito will guide them if the time is right. Mescalito's letters are found. In each time, for they do not allow time.

Man is one tiny part in a vast system of living things, all of which play important roles in the smooth flow of life. Until a certain awareness of the inherent life in all things has been attained, there is no personal understanding of life, or respect for the self. Your body, although capable of hanging on to the last fraying strands of life, is a very delicate structure indeed, and it should be learned which substances your body is capable of assimilating and using to further health.

Health does not imply physical health, but a certain internal quietness or clarity of mind. Aggressiveness, clinging, jealousy, fear and hate, are just a few of the internal disturbances we all have to overcome before we are entirely independent spirits. Independence means that we do not NEED any particular thing, nor do we seek out useless pleasures when at peace. We indulge in energetic exercises with nature and accept what is placed on the doorstep with gratitude.

Indians collecting peyote cacti do not seek them, but walk through the selected country in a straight line, and if they happen to "bump into one", then it is for them to pick. They do not wander away from their path to collect those perhaps ten yards away. They assume that Mescalito will guide them if the time is right. This is the attitude of many primitive peoples, who regard those who hurriedly search through the undergrowth as seeking pleasure and power. It may be debatable whether or not fungi contain some resident "spirit" but many doubtless have the power to influence particular and important states of mind, and if we look objectively at the effects, we find that they can do no more than alter the state of our AS, IT IS PREVIOUS TO consumption. Thus those who make a habit out of using such things gain progressive. It is essential that the drug user be aware that all Agarics are fatal poison. It is impossible to make a habit out of using such things for health exercises with nature and accept what is placed on the doorstep.

Practitioner should be aware that all Agarics are fatal poison. Neither assumption is entirely truthful. It would be well to purchase a well-illustrated text-book on fungi, spending the first few months simply learning to recognize different species. Never eat fungi until you are absolutely sure of the species, and purgatives such as should be used. All right after thorough washing with cold water.

LAW OF AGRIC AND CAUTION

When experimenting it is best to learn of the various antidotes and partial antidotes available, and to keep them handy in case anything should go wrong.

The use of autonomic poisoning is always best, but in medical aid, it is usually my duty to give such a plaintiff which has been eaten, how much, how long ago. If this is not possible, then a piece of the fungus should be given to him a good description and details of where it was found. In cases of mild poisoning where a doctor does not appear to be necessary, but where form of amelioration is required, the following may be of value. Give every half hour at first, decreasing dosage and increasing times between doses as symptoms wear down, (brandy, (the brandy) camphor, medicinal charcoal, coffee, etc, and relieve the stomach. Emetics and purgatives may be used.

Things which tend to aggravate the poisoning are being in open air, alcohol, after eating, etc., before a thunderstorm and sitting quietly.

A good exercise is to continue moving about slowly.

LAW TO BE OBSERVED DURING COLLECTION AND CONSUMPTION OF NATURAL SUBSTANCES

It is well to guard against the poisonous plants - being in open air, alcohol, after eating, etc., before a thunderstorm and sitting quietly.
MIRRORS MIRRORS EVERYWHERE. I have mirrors on the ceiling, mirrors on the wall, I have assets to share with docile males who dare. Your letter is requested, my equipment is prepared. Your sample dollar will cover a picture of me in rubber. NYC Female. Box #126.

A young healthy European fellow, blonde, well cared for, wants many and I mean abnormally sized cocks to open up my fast closing small-sized ass, well rounded in shape, but MUST HAVE COCKS well over the 10" lengths and very thick, quickly. Payment assured for a good job well done, prefer colored, but not essential, but MUST be large. Harold L. Brian Washington, DC

GAY MALE seeking male stud, 21-35, long haired type preferred but will consider all. Enjoys being used for toilet. Only those with exceptionally large bowels need apply. Also enjoys all other sex. All letters answered. Write Berkeley 94707.
Once in a while, a truly outstanding model becomes available from private work. ACTION HOUSE is proud to offer this blue eyed hunk of man, 6'3" young stud, hung thick, sexy face, rugged action to satisfy you. RATES: $18 an hour. Call now Berkeley 387-8888.

GET INTO PANDORA'S BOX! HER collection of LOVE TOYS will make you giggle & wiggle with delight. Her profusely illustrated catalogue will fill you with wonder at the many imaginative uses of Ultramodern materials. CENTURY SEX EQUIPMENT S.F., Calif.

SEXUAL CLIMAX is a totally beautiful experience. WITH or WITHOUT a PARTNER. We have developed a complete line of hard-crafted erotic pleasure devices to satisfy your every erotic desire. If 21, send $2.00 to: BACCHUS & CO.

YOU KNOW the story about the guy who had 300 wives and they were all satisfied? That was a sneak preview of 'Mouth Power' says the friendly old Frenchman at 'Le Salon' the Supermarket, of Risque Books open 7 days a.m. till 1 a.m. 1118 Polk. 673-4492.

MEN MEN MEN. I love large groups of men who are wild and ready for me. The more the merrier, I am well stacked and love those gang parties. Send photo and I will respond. NJ. NYC Female. Box 51316.

SEXATIONALLY curvy Caucasian beauty, professional exotic dancer, desires males, any face, any size, for fun and frolic. No holes barred. NYC Female. Box Q Pussy Magazine.
PISSED OFF
"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

The discussion of male and female urination postures in your recent column blew my mind. I must say I was put on!

Just in case it wasn't, however, let me say that there is no evidence that any women can urinate in a standing position. As a matter of fact this was the case in ancient Egypt, according to Herodotus. The necessity of these postures is all in the mind; I'm surprised Women's Liberation hasn't caught on to that one yet.

Some cheats (sic) I know are insulated by being repeatedly told they can't urinate standing up and are threatening to have a piss-in."

ANSWER: My secretary and several other female members of the Hippocrates research arm (or whatever) decided to test your hypothesis. The conclusion was that barring an absence of undergarments your friends had better bring a change of clothes; their demonstrations come to pass.

BALLOONING BALLS
"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

For the past six weeks or so I have been finding it extremely difficult to get an erection on. I have also noticed that one of the exercises is becoming larger and the regular size one appears and feels like it has a growth coming on it. Do you think this would have anything to do with the erection problem?

Otherwise everything appears to be normal. Since I have always led a full sex life I would like to know what to think.

ANSWER: You should see a physician right away—either your own or a urologist. Referrals can be made through nearby medical schools, county medical societies or free clinics.

Many people put off a visit to the doctor, even when they know something is wrong, for fear of confirming their worst suspicions. Paradoxical, true, but delaying medical treatment for this reason is never normal and sometimes very tragic occurrences.

5 O'CLOCK SNATCH
"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

I am happily married and enjoy cunnings. However, my husband has a beard, which I like except that it is scratchy and irritates my genital area, especially its pubic hair. His beard with good warm water so that it is comfortable during the act. But afterwards from the rubbing I am often sometimes for days.

I don't want him to shave his beard. Can you recommend something that would soften his beard more than warm water? I can't recommend something else, so I've usually figured it's just something physiological.

ANSWER: Two of my bearded friends responded to your problem with great empathy. One said he shaved his moustache and the area around his chin, especially for his wife. The other, a British physician, wondered if you husband's beard was yet too short for comfort. (A baby lotion or vitamin A ointment will soothe chafed skin)."

Q. Legman, the erudite and witty author of "Dragontail—Oral Techniques in Genital Excitation" (Julian Press, 1969) Legman devoted himself so enthusiastically to the theory that running persists he was asked to will his regards to the British Museum.

The man in question is a type that simply places one of his palms, cupped tightly against his chin, so that only the back of his hand touches the woman's vulva, which is completely protected in this way from the touch of his chin stubble.

A woman, like a book, by recalling a 1920s divorce suit against Charlie Chaplin in which the great man was "acquitted" of performing cunnings on his wife, "All married people do that," replied Chaplin.

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

Do you offer any precautions against taking mescaline during childbirth? It seems ideal for maximum mental alertness and physical endurance.

If the idea is a very dangerous one, perhaps you can suggest a safer drug. But I'd really like to try it for those reasons.

ANSWER: You are taking a course in human physiology, would learn that an unborn baby's circulation is linked to the mother's and that drugs taken by the mother also affect the child. Physicians administer drugs during childbirth with great care because of possible effects on the fetus.

The best way to insure the health of your unborn child is to eat a nutritious diet, abstain from all drugs (including alcohol and tobacco) and receive regular examinations from your family physician or obstetrician.

DOE BLACKOUTS
"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

To be blunt, I'm scared. I was smoking some grass about 3 weeks ago and I started to feel dizzy. Next thing I remember was waking up on the floor and being told I'd been unconscious for about 7 minutes.

This wouldn't have me so much except that I can remember coming close to blacking out 4 times when I was younger: once in 6th grade when I started to feel dizzy, then another at the same school, then another just after starting high school. I've always been sickly, so I have no children, but I am worried and it's driving me crazy!

ANSWER: Recently I treated a student for bizarre symptoms he developed smoking marijuana from a waterpipe with a group of friends. He had been noncommittive for several hours before being brought to the hospital.

When he first saw him he was lying on the floor, face down trying to crawl away from his friends. Then he crawled into a corner over a stretcher, obviously terrified. He couldn't be talked down (as most people can on bad trips) so had the nurse give him a tranquilizer by injection. Within a few minutes, long before the effects of the tranquilizer could have taken effect, he was responding in a normal manner.

The student told me similar experiences had occurred before he ever used marijuana. I referred him to a neurologist to determine whether any physical cause could be found for his behavior.

You should have a thorough physical examination soon.

BURNT OUT
"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:

Since this question would waste my doctor's time I'm asking you. I've been really trying to get over my PHARASSE for at least 3 years. When I discovered the hippy world I felt a little proud of it...but it is getting worse.

I have lots of dreams to be a teacher or a doctor one day, but I'm too lazy to study. I take a lot to pick up after myself, my house is always messy, I have no children, but I am worried and it's driving my husband away from me.

I've been lazy as long as I can remember. I never can enough to do what I have to do, but I did have an active life of fun while my husband was in Viet Nam.

I've always been sickly. I seem to catch every cold there is, because I don't get any exercise, because I'm lazy. What do you suggest?

ANSWER: Why not waste the doctor's time long enough for him to refer you to a psychiatrist or psychologist.

Yeah, looking at my cluttered desk I know just how you feel. I fished through all these journals, articles, letters...I think I'll take a long vacation soon.

Customs check at London Airport. Dr. Hippocrates says, "Leave your stash at home when you travel abroad."

**LET ME HELP YOU**

SAYS DR. HIPPocrates
The Equation runs like this: Government = control = justice. You can govern the country if you can control it. And you can make the control attractive by calling it justice. But justice is the process of deciding whether or not what you’ve done interferes with the government’s control of the population. The process may be impartial, the process may be fair but the framework in which that process (the lawyers, the courts) work is political and as unfair as only politics can be.

It has been charged and convicted, OZ charged and committed for trial not because some absolute rules were broken or because some biblical gent was rustled on his throne. But because enough people in the country wanted it to happen. So they complained until the government thought it worth the trouble to do something. They complained for a variety of reasons ranging from the fact that people are scared of anyone who is different and want them suppressed, to some sort of righteous idea of morality. But in the end it was the people who live amongst us who complained.

So what’s the effect now? A few scared people. Perhaps duller more cautious publications. Perhaps more violent ones. The machinery of justice is slow, quiet, polite and very very brutal. When you’re at the Old Bailey you realise that a state can do anything to its citizens. Its only got to pass the right law. Also a minority group—homosexuals won’t be able to advertise. Just who is that prohibition going to benefit?

Maybe it got off lightly. They have at least to April if not longer because of appeals to find roughly £2,600 in fines. They need right now £800 to cover defence costs. If you can spare the bread send it to the IT Bust Fund.

But should it have happened? Do you want to live in a society that punishes people for doing things that don’t harm anyone? In the name of justice. In the name of control. In the name of government.
HOW TO GET YOUR MAN...

THE FEMALE EUNUCH by Germaine Greer

In the introduction of her book, 'The Female Eunuch,' (pub. Macgibbon & Kee) Miss Greer says,

"If it is not ridiculed, or reviled, it will have failed of its intention.'

With the recent play Female Liberation has received in the media, and the antagonistic stances adopted by some of the more histrionic 'soul sisters,' one might expect this to be another exercise in name calling, yet more salt in the wound between the sexes. To my great relief I found it to be, for the most part, just the opposite: something rare in such an emotionally charged subject—a cool, massively supported, vividly written analysis of the 'female condition', phrased in such a way as to make one wonder at its immediate popularity.

Greer's book is less of an exercise in name calling, yet more salt in the wound between the sexes. To my great relief I found it to be, for the most part, just the opposite: something rare in such an emotionally charged subject—a cool, massively supported, vividly written analysis of the 'female condition', phrased in such a way as to make one wonder at its immediate popularity.

One of the more interesting aspects of the book is the way in which the author attempts to distance herself from the 'soul sisters' who have done so much to create the current climate of opinion. She claims that her book is not a call for revolution, but rather a call for reform. This is a point that is not often made, and one that is welcome in a world where the idea of revolution is often seen as a.call for violence.

Greer's book is not a call for revolution, but rather a call for reform. This is a point that is not often made, and one that is welcome in a world where the idea of revolution is often seen as a call for violence.

The book is divided into three parts: the first part is an analysis of the history of women's oppression, the second part is an analysis of the present state of women's oppression, and the third part is an analysis of the future of women's oppression.

The first part of the book is a detailed analysis of the history of women's oppression. Greer argues that women have been oppressed for centuries, and that this oppression has been justified by a variety of different arguments. For example, she argues that women have been oppressed because they are seen as inferior to men, and that this inferiority has been used to justify their oppression.

The second part of the book is an analysis of the present state of women's oppression. Greer argues that women are still oppressed today, and that this oppression is largely due to the way that society is structured. She argues that the capitalist system is a system that is inherently oppressive, and that the system itself is responsible for the oppression of women.

The third part of the book is an analysis of the future of women's oppression. Greer argues that the future of women's oppression is uncertain, but that it is possible to imagine a future where women are free from oppression. She argues that this future is possible if we are willing to challenge the structures of power that currently oppress women.
elise to sleep. 'This is very much like the ideas of freedom in love which have run right through the revolutionary movements of the past—indeed, even to the industrial revolution. The process of castration has been carried out in terms of a masculine femininity in all societies, not only an exact and eloquent description, but also a kind of dissection and assertion of substitute for the kind of orgasm you get when a man you are incredibly deeply together with is inside you. Not only did I find Anne Koedt's pamphlet didn't relate to anything I'd ever experienced, but it seemed mechanically to reduce orgasm to the lowest common denominator of sensation. As if you were measuring which you experience each time in a completely different way. ALSO, TO PREMISE THAT ORGASMS ONLY COME AS A RESULT OF COUNTERACTION OF THE CLITORIS STRIKES ME AS VULGAR MATERIALISM.

Germaine Greer is often funny. She lays into the female stereotype in no uncertain terms, and she is biting about Barbara Castle, making sure she looks honest and dignified way of living. There's a danger too when you're just too big/little/short/fat etc. I mean we're used to play the role of the woman, between her, the movement and the world outside, into simply new ways in which she ought to behave. Thus the liberated woman is ready to lick her menstrual blood off his cock, she doesn't make up reading lists, or sit on committees. There's a funny way in which people who are most concerned to put this all out individually start inventing a whole lot of new ones for other people. I mean menstrual blood on his cock might just be a matter of taste not liberation.

When I was a child I'd often wished she'd gone into this more. If you pass the passive sexuality at the end of the 18th century and early 19th centuries, how does this relate to changes in the family and the organisation of work—in fact to the industrial revolution? Germaine herself seems at her happiest sometime between the 16th and 18th centuries. She takes a kind of rambunctious delight in being contrasted to 'Buxom country Country lasses Hot piping from the Cow'. Exactly what they were doing with the cows which turned them on so much isn't clear, though it seems like male propaganda to me because the city girls had learned to play the market like the lass of Islington who kept her hand on the cellar door until she got a fair price. Even though the kind of contraceptives they had around them then, she can't see what else they were doing with the cows which turned them on this kind of time, when sexuality the process of castration was still incomplete. For example in Samuel Collins' loving' account of the vagina. As Germaine Greer points out, this is not only an exact and eloquent description, it's an active one, 'the vagina speaks, throws, is tense and vigorous.' Again I wish she'd gone into this more. If you locate the emergence of male passive sexuality at the end of the 18th
SUCK, the first European Sexpaper which is
collection. To get into the Festival, you have,
festival and plans to explode a cow and have a
four day film orgy of flashing cocks and steaming
screenings of gems from King Farouk's blue movie
Amsterdam from November 26-29 you will be able
to pay your membership fee on the spot
theoretically, to belong to S.E.L.F. (POB 2080,
participate
off a goose's head, sprayed its blood over the
girlfriend with it.
best. Otto Muehl fresh from a spectacular success
Fraternity, but I'm sure if you happen to be in
the Now-Arts Lah
in the way that relieves your frustration
I
and
visit he paid to Dylan one Sunday when Dylan
so he must be still part of the problem. According
to
interprets
say Dylan was right on even if he shat on top of
heard that Bellevue Hospital was playing it to
a few hard core Dylan freaks who would probably
order to induce vomiting
A.J. Weberman, the world's only living Dylanologist
is at it again. His mass circulated review of Dylan's
Holy motherfucking shit! A new Dylan album 3
"Let me tell you now, everybody's talking
Went to See the Gypsy
and after several
as a record of a
Washington, D.C. Do anything to get the best
of free goodies.

PESSIMISTIC ANACHRONISM
Alternative life style commune ecological freaks
might be interested in the Canadian ALTERNATE
SOCIETY which has interesting articles on
commune living in the States and British
Columbia. Subscriptions 12 weeks plus $5 dollars as
postage 10 Thomas St. St. Catharines, Ontario.
Canada.

On the same subject, Clem Gorman is compiling
THE BOOK OF COMMUNES which it is
appeal to anyone who wants to share what they
living space or time, young people who want to
move to the country, photographers and poor people
interested in new ways of sharing and curbing the
cost of living. Anyone with information or help
write to 8 Colville Terrace, London W1.

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If you have had money refunded from those
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2/6 for copy to 15 Bond Rd. Birtwistle Park, Southhampoton. Mark correspondants and
suggestions welcome.

THE LUNATIC LIBERATION FRONT
"Lunatic but Proud!" "Lunatic is Beautiful!"
In Amsterdam, where five years ago the Provo
introduced the notion into policies,
Dutch film-maker Martin Seip has launched the
Lunatic Liberation Front with the slogan "A
lunatic in every house! anarchism, description of a society in which
one will be a free enough to make... anyone else and in which it will be impossible to
understand between people and
it is this same fear & uncertainty which has
resulted in lunatics being the most oppressed
people in the society. They are used as
animals, subjected to electric shocks, forcibly
diets or drugs, denied intellectual & annual
stimulation.

SANE CHAUVINISM
Open asylums will and this free expression
unfortunately will provide films which are
information that all can examine & understand
lunatics & see them as equals, Seip sees the
situation as right. Some and schizophrenia which is
supported by the movement that has
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But at the moment of illiflunatics are all behind
walls and locked in cages. The convertAtwatics to
psychiatrists, but it is soon hoped that film
made will be available in open screenings in
underground cinemas & film museums. A cinema
called "Open Asylum" is already proposed
(Not for Everyone—Madsen Only.)."

Seip sees on early acceptance of such films for
public screening as underground films have a
powerful underground action
currently taken by the Netherlands Film Museum is showing films by
Dutch film-maker Frans Zwartjes who once worked in
an asylum. One of Zwartjes films is explicitly
called Anamnesis which is the name for
information given to psychiatrists by patients.

One effect of underground films is that now many
people have the courage to show their home
movies long hidden in cupboards and denied to
viewers. This new transmission of information
may increase understanding between people and
lessen fear and uncertainty.

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supported by the movement that has
"A lunatic in every house! anarchism, description of a society in which
one will be a free enough to make... anyone else and in which it will be impossible to
understand between people and
it is this same fear & uncertainty which has
resulted in lunatics being the most oppressed
people in the society. They are used as
animals, subjected to electric shocks, forcibly
diets or drugs, denied intellectual & annual
stimulation.

A.J. Weberman, the world's only living Dylanologist
is at it again. His mass circulated review of Dylan's
LP New Morning starts off like this:
Holy motherfucking shit! A new Dylan album 3
months after Self Portrait. . . the Dylan head
must be flipping out. Like anything would sound
good after Self Portrait which nobody dug except
a few hard core Dylan freaks who would probably
say Dylan was right on even if he shut on top of
some blank LP records and asked some people
to listen to the needle as it tracked the ruts. But
that's not to say that Self Portrait is useless.
I heard that Bellevue Hospital was playing it
to freaks who have been accidentally poisoned,
in order to induce vomiting... and after several
pages of indigestible and spurious analysis which
interprets Went to See the Gypsy as a record of a
visit he paid to Dylan one Sunday when Dylan
told him never to come near his home again, he
collects that Dylan can't be part of the solution
so he must be still part of the problem. According
to Weberman, John Lennon sings in Give Peace a
Chance, "Let me tell you now, everybody's talking
about Weberman, evolution, masturbation..."
STRAWBERRY TONGUE.
Searching for lady musicians for an all-woman rock group. Ladies who play drums, lead-guitar, bass, piano-organ, and violin, call Wendy at 722-1959 or Terry at 262-1234 ex. 879.

SWAD.
As for the dope situation, it seems that if the pigs don’t get you, your comrades will. British dopefreaks by now tired of hearing that rival Americans are either buying up or wiping out all the hash, long before it reaches us: but despair won’t meet the demand or make it any cheaper. If the social relationship can’t help, steady patriotism must be the keynote of the British effort to stay high. This year’s home-grown crop, such as it is, must be carefully examined for quality when it comes on the market soon. Nobody really knows whether British grass is any good, and dopefreaks are by now tired of hearing that rival pigs have already given way to renewed subsection by yet another ‘tiny minority’. The old theory that, if you crippled the ringleaders, peace would miraculously descend on a contented campus is now useless; will it be followed by attempts to bribe students back into the middle class? Why is the Tory government so eager to consult the NUS on grants? Watch out for liberal concessions.

Terry Milewski

SWINE PLAGUE.
The present popular belief is that all police are pigs, bastards and whatever other names the harassed freaks can think up.

But it isn’t quite true. Our Blue-eyed boys in the Metropolitan Area, judging by the pointless bobbies of both IT and OZ on stupid corruption raps, the continual harassing of the hippies in Picadilly Circus and the ever-increasing number of drug busts throughout London are vindictive morons.

But out in the country, the police more or less fulfill what they were supposed to do when they were first invented by Robert Peel in 1822, ie they give a genuine service to the community and are part of the social life of that community. But first, some trandy on the Mets. Ambition is what separates a true cop (or pig if you must) from an ordinary bobby on the beat. The cops in the Metropolitan force are more bread and there is a great deal of class prejudice between different levels of cops. The P.C.’s envy the D.C.’s, because the D.C.’s have a more important job and get more bread and the D.C.’s envy the D.A.’s and on all the way up the slimy ladder.

A friend of mine in Highgate, who recently received an unexpected visit from various members of the local fuzz, noticed a lack of co-operation between the P.C.’s and the D.C.’s and a reluctance to obey any orders, which made the latter extremely ineffective.

This situation is brought about by a lack of communication between two different ranks of cops. There is no social contact between the ranks and hardly any friendships, and therefore, all cops try and improve their position to impress everybody else.

The of course means that all the cops have to be terribly jealous to get as much respect as possible in the social ladder. The trouble is that the average cop has an IQ of something less than the national-average. An ordinary cop is just a pleasant idiot, but the stupid Met boys become complete and utter bastards when their ideas of grandeur clash with their stupidity, and they become completely racist, illegal, and totally vindictive.

Policemen are usually kids who have not enough O and A Levels into any other profession, so drop into the police force. Out in the country, they become just pleasant lower-class straight cops, who are willing to play the beaten track. But in the city, their illusions of power, shape their minds.

The country fuzz are different. As a journalist, I have to go to the Oxsteth fuzz station every day and just hate them. They generally know as much as we do about drugs and a lot of information in the day-book. They are just ordinary people who get paid for doing a job. They complain about getting hardly any bread after working long hours and sometimes weekends.

They generally stick with the job they have to do as there is hardly anything to do in a small country town, and rap among themselves, chase chicks, and act like any lout you see in an office. There hasn’t been a drug bust in Oxsted for several years, and maybe there never has been, as the C.I.D. are not really interested in busting people who mind their own business.

Bob Thorp and Graham Burnett, of C.I.D., could be mistaken for hippie businessmen, and take time off, pretending to be working, to walk around the streets of Oxsted and look as the local talent. Everybody knows everybody in the station, and are all friends outside the office.

They are cops in the old sense of the word. They treat heads like ordinary people, which we are, not like an animal to be hustled and fucked around as much as possible. Maybe the place for all heads is out in the country, where the scene is much cooler.

A local buddy near Southampton who wanders around the lanes on his bicycle, has so far given some friends of mine warning of pending South- ampton drugs squad busts when a bust is imminent.

But the fuzz in the country are after the creeps who commit antisocial crimes, not hippies who just want to enjoy themselves. Yeah, the place for heads is in the country.

Treat them as helpful friends, and not as pigs and you might even make elephant friends, as I have done with several Oxsted bobbies. Maybe even try and use your charm on the Mets if night work.

Terry Milewski

PARKINSON’S DISEASE.
As the new academic year accelerates, the Vice-Chancellor's office is besieged by gabulous quantities of student unrest, backed by firm discipline for the wankers, cannot stem the militant tide, can only be idle, or those thrown out. The ugly swarms of drop-outs, bums and scribblers hanging about most British campuses is the reason that the police and the government are procurers of social upheaval.

A penchant for free entertainment, issues the entertainment secretaries, petty theft, increases, dope sprees, and individual crime.

The Vice-Chancellor is force into a declaration that he must ensure the smooth running of the College, which aggravates the frustration they seek by shrugging shoulders and saying that the actions of a maverick member, it will not

The wide-eyed look of a child who has taken pep pills: Note dilated pupils.

The pin-point eyes of a child who has injected heroin: Note tiny pupils.

Daily Mail
We are certain that there is no school of any kind which is entirely free from pupils experimenting with drugs.

— Copies to the Ministry of Education and other educational committees at the Ministry of Defence, B.M.

The Flaccid
washed out face of a typical Daily Mail reader.

Daily Mail

FIRST - these are the eyes of a normal healthy child.

21

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Notes from a Sewage Farm

Dear OZ,

Fed up with the rotting image of what the Love Generation was all about: nauseated by the plastic and super-selfish pseudo-hippies who have invaded our minds, and tired of being lied to by our ideals for their own personal ease. I've met individuals who preach at length about friendship and sharing, but who will happily spend their weekend harvesting dandelions in order to buy themselves acid, telling me for good measure that I shouldn't be so attached to Capitalism's sacred symbol. I've met types who will spend hours reporting their 'right' to live as they wish, but who won't allow the majority any right to live differently. Instead, it's the pathetic American super-freak who wrote to OZ 30, they want to force their ways onto everybody else.

On the other hand, I've also met comfortable fatums and car-washing dabs who have shown me the most incredible human kindnesses. For God's sake, let's let the sunshine back in. We are all people. The elderly couple who live next door to me are a perfect example. When I was in hospital, they didn't just find me, they actually knew what was going on. I am not a saint and I know it. - I simply try to allow the majority any right to live differently. Capitalism's most basic symbol.

Tony Peters

Dear OZ,

My second letter today to you—I've spent the intervening hours going through number 30 for the second time and I can't see anything that is still like doing one of those "Find the Difference puzzles involving two similar pictures." Although I am thoroughly bored of that issue from a friend, and I am almost certainly saying that my opinion it was definitely obscene. By that I mean that it was overloaded with smutty and intimidating references to the sex act, references which could only be appreciated if I were prepared to believe that sex was invariably disgusting, regardless of the circumstances. I vividly remember that when I was a school kid, I felt exactly that way about it. I didn't understand, then, that it was far more than a beautiful thing. That's why I can't see the change itself, but the definition of the word obscene, I just don't understand now that particular OZ could be used to deprave or corrupt anyone. And I'd wish it was always beautiful. It would presumably have been very funny. If one were a little older it would be interesting only for the light thing shining on younger minds, but in itself would be a bit of a bore. And if one were older still it might even cause considerable outrage. But you are not charged with any of those things. I think that obscenity should be defined in a personal instead of a general way. Like this: an audience experiences a work of art and if any one man in that audience feels that the work of art portrays unpleasant things in an unpleasant manner, then as far as he is concerned the work of art may be called obscene. There may also be a school board and if it also feels that particular OZ could be used to deprave or corrupt anyone. And I'd wish it is always beautiful. It would presumably have been very funny. If it were a little older it would be interesting only for the light thing shining on younger minds, but in itself would be a bit of a bore. And if one were older still it might even cause considerable outrage. But you are not charged with any of those things. I think that obscenity should be defined in a personal instead of a general way. Like this: an audience experiences a work of art, and if any one man in that audience feels that it portrays unpleasant things in an unpleasant manner, then as far as he is concerned the work of art may be called obscene. There may also be a school board and if it also feels that the work of art portrays unpleasant things in an unpleasant manner, then it is just to dismiss the magazine generally as obscene. (Which is what this case means to me.) It is also interesting that OZ may be inferred to be obscene only if children are writing it. But you have been charged, not the children. They, of course, are underage and not responsible for their actions. It's even more interesting that you are currently considered to be more responsible for the actions of the children than their own parents are. Thank heavens there was no OZ when I was a school kid: I'm sure I would have ended up into believing my parents and wearing a hoofer hat or something. (And I'd look pretty silly, let me tell you, with a hat of this sort.) But there was no such influence, so I grew naturally away from my parents just as children always have. There is nothing to drive me back: nothing to show me prejudice on either side, or allow me to see my parents' good points. In fact, I would say that the existence of a magazine such as OZ must try to drive more wavering people back into the system than it attracts out of it: if nothing else, OZ certainly reveals the terrors of independent thought.

Plus, also, the fact that you are receiving invaluable publicity in the form of the mass-propaganda machine. Quite apart from the certainty that you now sell at least one copy of each issue to every pervert in the country, hundreds of new minds must have come into our world, their waking-up begun by reading an OZ which was only bought out of curiosity after hearing the News.

You know that you haven't done the things they accuse you of having done. Your friends know that too. Consequently, the fact that Soho can't stand your private temporary personal inconvenience. For God's sake. Let's let the sunshine back in.

You know that you haven't done the things they accuse you of having done. Your friends know that too. Consequently, the fact that Soho can't stand your private temporary personal inconvenience. For God's sake. Let's let the sunshine back in.

Tony Peters

Idyll Freaks

In 1956 I was a rawawn. Art student in Bristol. Jim was a layabout (but such a lovely one), we chatted and Frayed. Society didn't approve of our transvestism. We were called 'deviant' and 'bizarre' (most of us were). We defied publicity in cry sector of the mass propaganda machine. We were not in the least bit concerned about the reaction society would have when we leave them. We simply did what we felt and let the consequences follow. We were sent to the police and were given a fine. We shall even have done more good than nothing. OZ and everyone else who have come after us have given us a certain amount of publicity and allowed the majority any right to live differently. Instead, like the pathetic American super-freak who wrote to OZ 30, we want to force their ways onto everybody else.

We had two farms, one of which was near my parents' house. I was a child of 12 is capable of doing anything she wants to do. Well, an OZ off switch, marked 'on'.

More love and a little value, Tony Peters.
WINNING THE WAR

'I sometimes thinik that if we just took coach loads of miners and showed them how people live in Knightsbridge, we'd have our revolution overnight'.

Arthur Homer Communist Miners leader
'I declare that World War III is now being waged by short-haired robots whose deliberate aim is to destroy the complex web of free wild life by the imposition of mechanical order'.

Tim Leary's escape note

The mechanical order of Knightsbridge is alive and well. Zomby-ladies stride out of dress shops and restaurants, eyes wild for taxis. Alfa-Romeos are belligerently reversed into mews and typists wait for buses and blow their noses. Behind complicated Knightsbridge locks, the manager and political advisors of Third World War tell you about the impending crisis. Its mainly paranoid Readers Digest chemistry, "You know man, do you know, the atmosphere is so fucking loused up, man, we're all going to be dead in 5 years, like if you were to take a mouthful of your flesh, you'd be dead in minutes" And then about the new spirit of modern youth. Its like the Duke of Edinburgh followed by Prince Charles. A room full of ex-druggies ('The whole flower scene was, like, negative'), record pushers and resident freaks take self absorbed turns to prophesy chemical doom, youth revolt and smoke cigarettes. The actual group, who aren't allowed to talk, play Picca-Stick and read Exchange and Mart. A girl asks permission to go to the shops. 'Like, last time I rapped with Zappa, man, like he said he'd given all the politics he could, like he was taking his energies some place else', says someone in reply to a question you didn't ask. The set-up is Big Pink out of Groupy, like is the world ready for our boys yet?

Just about everything stinks about the Third World War's proletarian advance publicity except the music. And that's blatant and violent and terrifying and tremendous. It's like a Cummings cartoon set to music, a bloke in an overall marked 'Shop-steward' is giving the V-sign (not the Peace sign) to the Crown Jewels, marked 'National Interest'.

It's like the noise that goes up on a picket line when a Rolls Royce drives past. It's like a bottle through the window of a chip shop, with sweet and sour and broken glass everywhere. Terry Scamp's songs are about betting shops and the cops telling you to move over and the Communist Party's uselessness and a thin wage packet and a fat landlord. They are against the faithful slavery of the working class to the Queen and the Tories if not the boss and the cops.

Some of the songs have the home-made amplifier cockyness of the Liverpool records of 8 years ago, only much more political, because it is these days. Little bangers like
Teddy Teeth Goes Sailing', a tasteless song about our Prime Minister's hobby carried on at Cowes while the unemployed fight on street corners and the employed threaten strikes (Business News Headline 'More strikes this year than any since 1926 General Strike'). Or 'Get Out of Bed, You Dirty Red' about not wanting to go into work in the morning.

Terry Scamp says that when he worked in a factory, he felt he was a Communist just because he hated it so much. He was sent, like most kids, whether Bronco Bullfrog or Kes or the remaining %M no one makes films about, from school to the Youth Employment Agency and thence to sweep up in Woolworths. Sometimes the songs (first single before Xmas, LP shortly after) sound almost too crude. When in 'Working Class Man', the chorus goes on about 'stop licking the Monarchy's arse', it sounds a bit like a Footlights skit on the jolly workers, but Terry wants every line to have a punch and he's proud of that punch, 'I want to really tell the fuckers, they are getting shit on'. Socialists brought up on obedient listening to Ewan McColl in Kings Cross won't like the cultivated roughness and insolence, although one of the songs 'Tow Rag Girl' has all the ugly truth of the courtship described in McColl's 'Dirty Old Town'. And you are reminded of the Englishness, even the Londonness of the Kinks, especially songs like 'Brainwashed' and 'Yes Sir, No Sir' on the Arthur album. The Third World War (its a stupid name) are not at all like the self-deprecating saga of the Lowlyborn songs of Motown/Patches' though . . . not at all.

Really there's no direct comparison at all, because this type of music, in every man's heart, usually gets stopped at the tonsils. So what comes out is a kind of musical aggro, the same anger which has in the past produced the less defiant but more bitter working class songs to be heard on albums like 'The Iron Muse' or in the play on the miner's struggle 'Close the Coalhouse Door' (which Terry appreciated a lot). The Third World War's picture of revolution is a lot different though. Rather than the painstaking battle between boss and union, between man and machine, between striker and scab, there's a CinemaScope version with red banners and rifles gleaming on roofs. Its melodramatic and rather inhuman but it's a million times better than all the macrobiotic mindexpanding in the next room.

Terry Scamp and Jim Avery are writing the song which is written on every factory wall in our society. That they have to go through the Knightsbridge business to get a hearing and that they will probably end up thrilling post-graduate stereo headphones rather than being heard on the Mile End jukeboxes, is one of the ways capitalism stays alive.

David Widgery
Yippie cult murders rock
Paris... De Gaulle dies of drugs overdose

This public had nothing to do with one of the usual "gauchiste" meetings at the Mutualite. It could rather have been French pop concert at the Olympia, considering the external appearance—hippie looking crowd which usually doesn't show at student meetings—but in reality it had more to do with the Sorbonne in May, with a climate full of anarchist and rioting rumblings. Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman took the stage like pop stars and it was to see and hear them more than to participate in a political debate that most people came. Unfortunately there were very few French, maybe 20% and you could have mistaken it for a meeting of all the American freaks of Paris, everybody waving and kissing each other enthusiastically. In New York or in London, all that would not have been very surprising, but in Paris it was, considering the usual austerity of student political meetings, even the most revolutionary ones. The most mind blowing event, at least for a Frenchman, was when Jerry Rubin pulled out an enormous joint and lit it, smoked a puff and passed it around—this in front of a few hundred people, which was the first public dope-sitting in France, where anti-dope repression is really heavy and the police were everywhere. He then pleaded for Tim Leary, and recalled that the fact of turning on millions of young American kids was a revolutionary act, which was a good thing to do in Paris where most of the left students have very puritanical ideas about these things. The reading of the YIPPIE statement was done in a relaxed way which also contributed blows to the establishment structures. Another speaker came to say how much he was struck by the fact that young revolutionary French were uptight with their intellects and that, if in forty years all kinds of French intellectuals, artists and drop-outs had come to Paris, it was now in America that everything was happening and that it was time for people to go back. And then the music came and everybody started to yell, dance, clap, sing 'Revolution, Revolution' and so some of the French people escaped furious, shocked and now were so convinced that all that had anything to do with Revolution.

In fact, the real interest of this evening on Boulevard Raspail was to show the total difference of style between the young French revolutionary left and the American one. In France, to be revolutionary consists first in reading Marx ten hours a day, then talking about it for another ten hours. You need to have some tough ideological basis, and to be very clever in defending them or attacking one of the other student groups. You have to know perfectly all the 'gauchiste' vocabulary and say things like a petit bourgeois which, in fact, most of the French students are, fucking academic revolutionary day after day. Americans, who want the revolution now. They don't rap about abstract theories of a perfect future, but their daily life is a revolution and they create a new society. The French revolutionary are intellectuals, academic and aggressive. The Americans are extrovert, energetic and smiling.

Do but don't talk too much about more important than their ideologies, their way of life or more than their talk, their humour and their experience (including the psychedelic experience) more than their cleverness. That's why, if you walk in some street of New York or San Francisco you get an impression of revolutionary happenings (even if there is a lot to say about it) and if you walk in a street of Paris, you feel like being in the most uptight middle class drag city in the world. Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman should come back to Paris and troublemake, but this time, in the streets.

Sylvain

Dear Gy,

One of our superstar revolutionaries split the morning of the manifestations and so didn't participate at all—Abbie and Anita Hoffman flew back to N.Y. early Friday morning. None of the Chicago Conspiracy were allowed into Algeria because they are out on bail and Algeria has no extradition treaty with USA. Since Anita was treated badly and came to Paris carrying heavy gurdges. Things had not been going so well for Abbie either and the effect was synergetic and very negative. After much bad feeling and many unkind words, they speculated that they wouldn't be 'fatmouthed' by the others by requesting an edition of the most anodine political advertisement in the Tribune for 9:00—WOW, was that crowded, 2000 people? 3000 people? It's hard to estimate. They read that tirad statement again—that was the fifth time I heard it—I'd already seen the preparation the evening before and the reading to Eldridge by telephone (they were like Boy Scouts checking it out with their Commander—Don't follow leaders, watch out for parking meters) and then Jerry paraphrased himself only smoother without the translation since the audience was mostly hip American runaway. But the hogfarm's patience was out and they began to dance through the crowd with a rhythm band and one 6 foot chick with a platter on her head. There was no place—also was packed and it took them 15 minutes to reach the stage at which point Calico got the mike from Jerry to present him with the hogfarm's "bizarre prize"; on the big chick's platter was a 3 ft. patchwork phallicus and that was the prize. When it was teddybear snug in Jerry's arms, the hogfarm began to stomp and scream 'Let's have a party' and I realized that 2/3 of the people were tripping on acid.

I still can't believe that that happened in Paris. Talking to Phil Ochs the next day, we decided that it was better thinking that it was during the middle of it: there was something stamping thrashing, thrashing of the furniture in the restaurant, 150 people skinny dipping in the pool, lots of ecstatic dancing to the people's own spontaneous music, smoke-ins in the garden wigwam and with nude meditation in the dance studio. I never made it but I could only imagine what with all those little offices. Walking home, I heard them still chanting it up in the Metro. Well, it's a beginning. Our friends left the next day for Amsterdam.

Love and all that crap,
Constance Abhennethy
Wendy Premo
Jerry Rubin's six days in London caused as much controversy within the Movement as it did outside it. He demonstrated a genius for communicating to the world through mass media; but on a human, individual level he might as well have been mute. People rallied to support the disruption of the David Frost show on the strength of Rubin's political reputation. Disparate sections of the Underground community combined in an encouragingly carefree, spontaneous way to participate in the mini-military operation. They smuggled themselves into the studio without tickets, climbed the barbed wire fences, smoked real dope and even tried to let off distress flares...there's but to Do It or die...not bothering to reason why, until the next day at the Underground Press Conference in Portobello Road.

Rubin began by revealing that he now repudiated his book. "It's too individualistic and male chauvinistic", he said, "I can't read it anymore". He has since written another book to correct these mistakes, which he's having difficulty publishing. Travelling with Rubin were Stew Albert and Brian Flanagan, old time yippies recently returned from Algiers. Albert attacked the Underground Press for its concentration on the Movement's Star figures, thus imitating the celebrity syndrome of mass media.

The yippie trio soon began dismissing some questions as "bullshit" or ignoring others (usually by talking among themselves). Several questioners were enraged by such elitist superiority and stormed from the meeting. Rubin, Albert and Flanagan refused even to discuss issues raised by the very people who had supported them on the Frost show.

While many were disappointed by the yippies in person, their boost to the national Underground energy level was considerable, and their commitment to the revolution unquestionable. Interrupting the control and manipulation of TV—even for a few seconds—was a fruitful enterprise; and the whiff of pot, obscenity and chaos brightened up a damp Saturday night. British Yippie was created and thousands of kids out there now think that its party is more fun than the one their father votes for. Jerry's purpose in London was not to make friends, but history.
The dust jacket says this is an important book about freedom and society. To me, it reads more like a PR handout for the police.

Every man carries a policeman’s truncheon in his briefcase. It’s an unfortunate fact of life, like the herding tendency to go to war that periodically drives men to wipe each other out. But it’s no good pretending such things don’t exist. It’s more a question of what you do with the truncheon. Who you lay it on, or in, as the case may be. Hitler used it on a mass scale to mobilise Germany behind him.

The Polish State has refused the peaceful settlement of relations which I desired and has appealed to arms. Germans are persecuted with bloody terror and driven from their homes. A series of violations of the frontier intolerable to a great power prove that Poland is no longer willing to respect the frontier of the Reich. In order to put an end to this lunacy I have no other choice than to meet force with force from now on.

Herr Hitler, Proclamation to the German Army, 11/1939

The reluctant intervention to stop destruction and injustice. It’s the best way of getting a property based middle class on your side. A whole series of justifications for minor wars were presented to the public as ‘police actions’ in the years after World War II. The Conservative Party still talks (and presumably always will talk) about policing this or that part of the globe.

The idea of appointing policemen to guard society is always much more acceptable than trying to deal with the violence in us. The policeman becomes an expression of that violence. That’s why police work is so hideously attractive. The thing most crooks would like to be is a successful policeman. Look at all those crime novels where the police win—Z Cars, Softly, Softly, Dixon of Dock Green. As long as there’s a policeman around we’re safe. From whom? Not from ourselves, presumably. Our neighbours probably. Suburbia intervenes and informs on itself with delight when something is going on up the road. Or look at the practice of sending in information on things like unpaid tax or unpaid television licenses.

Peter Laurie, the author of Scotland Yard, is no different. Whatever his original intentions, his book is, at best ambivalent about the police or at worst, simply playing along with their activities as...
though they were in exciting ways. He's definitely been converted to their side, although he might argue they have lost sight of the need to retain access to the force, neither what to do if he was hostile.

But when he describes the 1965 Police Week, he shows where he's at. He obviously relaxes the police view. There's a gratifying shift here:

The usual procession: hats and sashes and the usual water bodies according to and for with alien uncommunicative faces.

There's none of that bland self when he talks about football games. At all times he's for policing for policing's sake. He identifies very quickly, with police attitudes.

Regrettably, the book begins to fall.

Along with the police he's glad the relay has stopped. And it's the same with Governor Square demonstrations. He says this is why the people are there or why they come to the police the way they do. They're an exercise in crowd control with a few sneers at the participants.

Mainly he lists the police methods, customs and styles he sees. Some interesting things turn up. Like the fact that young unmarried police live in Section House where they can't meet. And if you think about it, without them there'd be no crime.

The book illustrates how detectives arrest scores are closely held to their duties and their desire to seem efficient. He suggests that an arrest took two years for the police record to be measured by suspects and the charge. His theory goes on to say that about 10% of crimes processed entirely on society, and that the rest could be most important of the way they do. They're an gratuitous sullen control with no one, heConference might argue that it could be more than that, but I'll come back to that.

Rally in Holborn, where he talks about the police view of people so we can have something to control--by the police.

Important crimino logical theories hold the view (see for example Dennis

...the police are prepared to argue that it could be more than that, but I'll come back to that.

Rally in Holborn, where he talks about the police view of people so we can have something to control--by the police.

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BENEATH THE FEET

by Peter Laurie

Allen Lane The Penguin

Perhaps because its an easier thing to know, because you stand on a matter like this no matter what the police, if the use of police Peter Laurie shows us government plans for such war may not be handled. There's something here, and heads, their destructive power and power, preparations for Megaday that is worth noting. It's all unimaginable yet there are methods. Laurie's book lists them. And nothing of the plans they may or, in fact, is in civil war in the United States. Laurie's book lists them. The book's title is

Which seems to me to be a fair description of a psychotic. And which brings me back to the original point. The police are on duty, of expressing something that is in all of us--a mass psychosis perhaps, a desire to control, to attack and destroy anyone who doesn't agree with us, and in fact in legislation society exaggerates small differences and draws lines between groups of people so we can have something to control--by using the police.

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In this book Laurie makes important points: 'When Russia rattles her sabers the USAF, or USN respond but the UN can't. Effect the American war machine is built. The American people. They take positions of strategic weapons. Is this because they have been robbed of the other.'

That's the sort of message you can have made. Laurie says by some. Theories about crime, but didn't say anything about the Regional Commissioners, and the ideas of Regional. The sorts of Governments to run the country. He said there emerged from plans in the 1930s, that with revolution, Laurie produces evidence to show that police are not only the biggest group of people in the UK, but everyone assumes. For example, in all the existing deployments there have been the following into account.

The book's title is that aspect of British popular culture, and it's an appereance to those who are interested in the world's most interesting country.

But there's a fact that may not be

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JOHNNY WINTER AND

JOHNNY WINTER, (CBS)

For the first week of listening, this album sounds moderately derivative of other people's guitar styles. The only immediate impression is that this is obviously something new for Winter... Ah, but that's the first week. This is one chunky, energetic set of music. Unchained rockers. Very professional. In another age we might have called these guys "Psychedelic Cowboys" or something.

These guys are, of course, the old McCoy's; now sitting Texas John Winter. ('Sliding' is perhaps the wrong word, as there is a union here that is both band just didn't have). The McCoy's, as they will readily tell you, were a band ahead of their time. Humble Hattle was a successfully experimental album, (successful on album, not in the charts), (successful on album, not in the charts), even. 'On the Limb' and 'Ain't That a Kindness'... with Traffic's 'No Time to Live'. It's melancholy, Play' is so superb, with background choruses and... for Winter is brought him back to where he

was. It has the credentials but lacks the guts that immortalized era on at least two of the eight sessions including Bonny & belaney, Leon Turner and Ike Turner tunes, which filled the rest of the album, (plus he'd never forget his few traces right on this album of early Sixties music; music about having somewhere to go, a couple of albums these days have got A and B sides, (the Albert Hall) last August. This 'yawning' is perhaps whatever Ike Turner does next will appease this belated

side one, could have been better than side two, (only living Zappaologist'). The flavour of the Brornlett's... Side one, could have been better than side two, (the Albert Hall). Z knows so much, he is the rare basement tape bootleg, (Liberty)

Coming together.

IKE AND TINA TURNER (Liberty)

I heard the Rolling Stones, then I heard Credence Clearwater. I hadn't heard Mad Dogs, but then I played Ike and Tina Turner's 'Come Together', and I said to myself, 'Boy, go no further, this is what the people need, so relentlessly I replayed it, and flushed with funk, I drew the zipper on my bag and faked away... Slide one could have been better than side two, 'Honky Tonk Woman' and 'Come Together' versus 'I Want to Take You Higher'. But Ike Turner tunes, which filled the rest of the album, rounded that remaining. None of them more outstanding than the Stone, Beatie, Sly songs, but Ike, with his hot productions, has created a balance with the big-time numbers, and with both sides of the record. Unfortunately all but a couple of albums these days have got A and B sides, (like 45's).

He's been tongue-in-cheek for so long he's turned to thinking about that creepy, washed up country singer. Y'know, the one with the crickled back and dude shades. Bob Dylan... who needs him ? ? Listen freaks, there is only ONE band, and really only ONE musician you need to f.y.r. (feed your head) about. He can squeeze your lemon, cure your acne and show you how to make a million bucks without hardly trying. FRANK ZAPPA!

Chunga's revenge.

FRANK ZAPPA (Warner Reprise)

A review by A.J. Webberman Jrn. 'The world's only living Zappologist'.

My old man's become something of a celebrity these days. Seems like everytime I turn on T.V. or open an underground paper, there's 'pops', laying down his boring shit about that creepy, washed up country singer. Y'know, the one with the crickled back and dude shades. Bob Dylan... who needs him ? ? Listen freaks, there is only ONE band, and really only ONE musician you need to f.y.r. (feed your head) about. He can squeeze your lemon, cure your acne and show you how to make a million bucks without hardly trying. FRANK ZAPPA!

No wonder Z's 'yawning' on the front sleeve of this, his tenth album, (fifth ! ...to be released in Oct. ? 7?)? get the significalence, released to date, excluding, of course, the rare basement tape bootleg, Curt-Bred Canary, recorded in a psychedelic dungeon (i.e. the Albert Hall) last August. This 'yawning' is symbolic of his c.e. (current condition, i.e. The man who knows, says little" (ancient Chinese proverb). Z knows so much, he is absolutely too bored to say anything at all! He can only 'yawn'... But, hot zitz, I'm jumping the story.

For the past eight years, (ever since I was 14 years old), I have dedicated my life to becoming an expert on 'the little plump with the hair gassed back'... i.e. to becoming the world's foremost.
only living Zappologist. Couple of months back, I fetched a box of July allowances on hand, and set out to try and get the 'I' on its way to the mail. Albert Mangross, to my dismay, had跟我 from my photographic record, and the selection of the 'I' was to be done in accordance with, Chunga's Revenge. The i.s. (= Inner significance) of the role played by Mangross was a little more complicated and the absolute give-away title of track two, side two, 'Would You Go All The Way?' (my italics) could only add up to one thing. That is, as far as C.R. (= Chunga's Revenge) is concerned, y.f.g.a.m.a.m. (= your fucking guess is as good as mine). f.y.h. on that, Suckers!!

**Felix Dennis**

**ATOM HEART MOTHER**

**THE PINK FLOYD** *(Harvest)*

**JOHN CALE** *(Columbia)*

**VINTAGE VIOLENCE**

**JOHN CALE** *(Columbia)*

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**VINTAGE VIOLENCE**

**JOHN CALE** *(Columbia)*

**VINTAGE VIOLENCE**
wont you come out and play, girl? Cleo, Cleo . . .

or maybe John Cale really meant us to sing along to those Iman- and Poo tunes. 'Adelaide', for instance, sounds like Donovan; 'Big White Cloud' sounds like the Bee Gees. Each number states its position right at the opening — we're swept into 'Cloud' by the Swan Vista String Ensemble, and sucked into 'Adelaide' by an Anglo-saxonised R&B harmonica.

The production is beautiful, the pace is jolly, there goes that little Country phrase, the Rizlas and the mattress beckon. But it slips sideways at right. But by writing those words out I might have dimmed the impression that Neil Young is a troll. So that's all given the wrong impression — it's not at all like 'Afterhours'. Nothing is more impenetrable. But it's all explained on the back of the sleeve. Gallagher, it says, is a troll. So that's it.

In short, it's the kind of record that I think our very own Kevin Ayers would be happy to put his name to. It understands that few things are as sinister as the everyday given a great deal of menace. Like the way the Detective Sergeant says, 'Good Morning', at 3 a.m.

AFTER THE GOLD RUSH
NEIL YOUNG

(Review)

To start with Neil Young ain't tryin' anything flashy — he does what he knows and he does it with the perfection of a trained craftsman. In fact a lot of the material on this record draws heavily from some of the cuts on his last effort with Crazy Horse (RSLP 6349): 'Only Love Can Break Your Heart' cribbs off 'Round and Round'; 'Southern Man' up-tempo's the basic riff used in 'Coward In The Sand' and 'When You Dance I Can Really Love' uses that riff yet again. Frankly this tendency towards repetition doesn't bother me a jot, mainly because Young's music, however simple, is astonishingly original and also because his spell with CSN&Y has taught him new ways of arranging and recording his songs, particularly the vocals, which give them new depth. So I can't understand why this latest album has gotten some sentries and millionaires.

And the rest, before you're dropped a couple of feet into 'Fairweather Friend', is equally impenetrable. But it's all explained on the back sleeve. Gallagher, it says, is a troll. So that's all right. But by writing those words out I might have given the wrong impression — it's not at all like the Velvet Underground, although it has an approach similar to that of the third Velvet Underground LP. 'Cleo', for instance, has a lot in common with 'Afterhours'. Nothing is more chilling than the half-enigmatic. Lurking behind the darkness . . . and simultaneously the most polished — of musical styles is the most unsettling of presences. Listen, in this context, to 'Charlemagne', the longest of the tracks, which has the bare-faced line "simple stories are the best."

In short, it's the kind of record that I think our very own Kevin Ayers would be happy to put his name to. It understands that few things are as sinister as the everyday given a great deal of menace. Like the way the Detective Sergeant says, 'Good Morning', at 3 a.m.

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Just where do you stand?

1. Which is the better movie—'Z' or Patton?
2. What present would you prefer, a bottle of Scotch or a tab of sunshine?
3. Was Robert Kennedy a Hero misguided or a pig?
4. Are short haired adults potential converts or the enemy?
5. Should a movement entertain or educate?
6. Should students seek a voice in their university decision making, or burn it down?
7. Is it more revolutionary to kill your parents or to organize an action committee?
8. Do you watch Twenty-Four Hours or News at Ten?
9. Do you get all the news you need on the weather report?
10. Is Johnny Cash a right winger or a people's balladeer?
11. Which has more news:
   a. The Mirror or the Times?
   b. Private Eye or IT?
12. Which has more sex? Penthouse or the News of the World?
13. Do you prefer Pop or Impressionist art? TV commercials or a stimulating debate?
14. Is colour TV evidence of (a) a new consciousness, (b) a sign of bourgeois decadence, (c) government infiltration, or (d) personalised dream machine?
15. Would you rather read a good book or get to a movie?
16. Which phrase is it better to use, NLF or Viet Cong?
17. Who has more to say, John Galbraith or Harold Robbins?
18. Which is the higher form of communication, a teach-in or a smoke-in?
19. Is a picture really worth a thousand words?
20. Should you burn your draft card or your draft board?
21. What's funnier, Laugh-in or Fanny Craddock?
22. Which is more damaging to the system, belief in Communism or practising vandalism?
23. In university politics, which is the more revolutionary act, killing a porter, or taking off your clothes?
24. Is Spiro Agnew a brilliant fascist or a bumbling oaf?
25. Was the Chicago Conspiracy Trial great theatre or a legal landmark?
26. Is Timothy Leary a misguided mystic or a political scapegoat?
27. Where would you prefer to spend time, Trafalgar Square or Kensington Market?
28. Who represents the greater threat to the power structure in England, the Kray Twins or the White Panthers?
29. Who would you rather have as Prime Minister, Tariq Ali or Enoch Powell?
30. Does the biggest dream always win?
This has to start with an admission: I didn’t see all the Underground films at the NFT and I’m told that I missed some good ones from San Francisco. But I saw quite enough to get movie-shock and catch the pungent odour of the counter-culture as it wafts across the barricades. It’s hard to say what the Underground means by ‘underground’ but its supposed to catch the flavour of the impermissible, the revolutionary, the counter-cultural, the liberated.

And that’s what everyone told each other was happening in the incredible conversations in the bar and foyer, celebrating being-together in the presence of ‘revolutionary’ art. And naturally, at the Marxist in the foyer because they found he used all those well-worn phrases of Marxist criticism about their festival, tight little inelegant expressions. But ironically, even inelegantly, he was quite right and they were quite wrong—the underground movie makers and viewers. The films were almost all unmitigated shit, they were flounderingly bourgeois, they moved along very similar channels to the old commercial ones just a bit better hidden in the smoke screen of dense self-indulgence.

If the underground is any kind of statement of the revolution, the US Administration can sleep easy tonight. They’ve a million years more in power. Its true that there were one or two moments of good film, but like everyone else who didn’t walk out, I suspect that we sat there because it seemed unwarrantable to leave and risk missing the ten minutes that might justify the previous three hours.

After each film there were people turning to each other and saying, with the heavy reason of Late Night Line-Up, ‘Well, it had an interesting rhythm’, or whatever, and our presence appeared a little ridiculous. It was the straightest film in the festival, Chicago that came closest to communicating awide experience.

It’s hard to single out the films which operated most appallingy in the opposite direction. But perhaps the frenetic Malcolm Le Grie’s Spot the Microdot, Your Lips, Lucky Pigs get the award. Forming a series he called ‘How to Screw the CIA’, the films were a series of flashes of light and excrutiating noise, technically produced, the fascinated scholar learns, by punching holes in opaque film, or loops of murky film continually repeated. People winced, and sat their ground, staggered out at the end, battered but applauding the ‘rhythm’, and predicted the effect the film would have on the CIA and the NFT (which would ‘never be the same again’, but is), to summon up enough energy and fortitude to get back in there under fire again. The films may mean something to Le Grie, but it only meant anything to the mock-revolutionaries because they’ve been told that it should. The CIA would undoubtedly be happy to arrange finance for future productions like these if it gets the kids off the streets and into the boredom.

Or Leggett and Brakwell’s Sheet—‘The making of the film was an event-process lasting one year from May 1969’—when Ian Breakwell decided to go drape a sheet over a bush and out of a top floor window & in a few other exciting places, and film it. Leggett says that this ‘event itself was promising and so was the film’. Some of us are clearly won by small promises and it’s hard to believe that a year in the Stock Exchange wouldn’t have been more creditably spent. It is, of course, a pity to use only a very few examples, but they are not deceptively unlike the rest—or almost all of it.

1. The movie is generally advertised in newspapers and on posters and people whose names appear credible, stars and critics, promote it by a series of well-learned techniques. Illustrations and copy are tied to established box office formulae. Given an appropriate launch directed to as undiscriminating an audience as can be achieved, so long as they now emphasise nihilism, youth, and sexuality, some movies will make money. The underground movie is promoted by the technical device of calling it ‘Underground’; that is its public relations label and mode of marketing. Call a movie ‘Underground’ and some people (and never any others) will turn up to fill the auditorium. The movie operates within
the same success criteria—youth, sex and rebellion; plus a calculated effort at bad cutting and total lack of camera skill. These are the ingredients of parallel success. THE MARKETING STRUCTURE IS
BOURGEOIS HIDDEN IN NOVELTY. IT IS ANTI-NOTHING AND THUS, POSES NO THREAT.

2. The underground is substantially anti-art. It has nothing on Dada or even Kerouac's final
Political cynicism, both of which, even if lost in the past, have infinitely greater historical validity. The
underground poses no threat because it calls on exactly the same people to celebrate its existence as
successful avant garde anywhere, namely the young, educated, advanced (?) bourgeoisie. It has no word
whichever for the working class, who many of these people think, it fashionable to deride. Art is, as it
happens, uncannily close to the ideology of the ruling class (not only in advertising copy), and we
would expect that anti-art would align itself with the subject class. The 'underground' is made by the
inhabitants of the ruling class for their counterparts; its makers and audiences laud at crude
working class music with the technical skill to create them in the hall outside. IT IS NOT ANTI-
BUT SUBSTITUTE ART. It lies in the twilight on the edges of the most conventional artistic
relationships, serving the same population for the same purpose: to anaesthetise them from class
struggle by vacuous and insubstantial attachment to revolt against the image of establishment. IT
SHADOW BOXES AND EXPENDS ALL ITS ENERGY.

3. It is thus not counter-culture, but parallel or surrogate culture and consequently fuls a counter-
revolutionary role. Some films are quite deliberate in this. Hartog's Molotov Party monotonously
laughs at some of the slogans which were in the student movement and invents some which were
never there, straw man, to leave no room for a positive approach. It asks us why don't you beautiful
people quit doing the totally laughable and get back to the real task of beautiful people—fucking—
the natural expression of your beauty. When you get together in more than two (when you are concerned
that is, with power), you become ironical and absurd. Give it up. Well, the natural twosome theory
has been around a good while; last time out it was old D'Anna (Political Parties) who gave it an
opening for the European Bourgeoisie.

Even when the message isn't specifically counter-revolutionary as in Molotov Party, it is directed
rather intensively personal experiences of incomparable origin, the expression of which is believed in
the underground to be liberating. Complete self-indulgence may or may not summon up empathising
individuals out there in the population, each in his own personal nightmare; it may or may not
attract a measure of collusion by the audience in the significance of what is presented. I think the
likelihood is that it doesn't, but hardly anyone would dare say so. But the very notion of this
self-indulgence counter-goes individual communication against the validity of the mass, to whom the
expression is completely inaccessible. The 'liberation' of the underground is wedded to the individual
and never to a class. The BBC would certainly (like the NFT) show almost any underground movie
rather than the tamest, sanitising War Game, the NATO film or Godard. Such selfish isolation is
characteristically white middle class; it despises those to whom there is no meaning—namely the
working class.

4. What the film makers felt, coming together as young revolutionaries was a curious solidarity. It
is the solidarity of that sector of the bourgeoisie that chooses to define itself as 'outsider' from
straight society or the working class, in order to-be-counter-cultural. This self-definition requires one
thing to preserve itself, and dies when that thing vanishes—A HEALTHY, STRONG BOURGEOISIE
WHO ACCEPT THE DEFINITION AND REGARD THE COUNTER-CULTURAL AS CONSTITUTING
THE POSITION 'OUTSIDE'. With such insignificent opposition, it is no accident that they direct the
workers, punitively, to provide a surplus, some of which they'll happily see channelled into the realm
of young men, resembling like their own offspring, who wage class war by punching little round holes
in opaque film stock.

David Triesman
The beginning was in Oakland, a black ghetto suburb of San Francisco, strategically situated next door to Berkeley University, scene of the first and some of the most violent student struggles.

The story of the Black Panther party is largely the story of one man: Huey Newton. Bobby first met him when Huey, then aged about 23, was addressing a street corner meeting during the tense days of the Cuba Missile Crisis. Over the next few years Bobby gradually got to know him better and the first part of the book describes this extraordinary man and his political development.

Huey managed to become an intellectual (meaning someone who thinks hard about ideas) without ever losing contact with ordinary people. Maybe its got something to do with retaining a faith in them. What particularly impressed Bobby, and California is so full of bullshit artists that he was right to be impressed, was the way Huey would always argue in a concrete way sticking hard to the facts. He also had the rare ability, essential to great leaders, of expressing complex ideas with a simplicity that anyone could understand. Slowly he developed a strange double reputation of being both someone for the West Coast black movement to take seriously and also a man who the brothers on the block would have to reckon with personally if they crossed him. "The bad cats terrorised the community—and Huey terrorised the bad cats".

The dominating black ideology of the time, to which Huey subscribed, was cultural nationalism. They believed that the enemy was the white man and that all black men were already equal. They tended to wear African dress and learn Swahili.

Now the one thing that most people think they know about the Panthers is that they hate white people. The truth is that the Party was founded on a split from the nationalists on exactly this question. Huey knew it was racist lunacy to hate white people simply for being white. He knew that there was no great difference between a white capitalist and a black one and that the problem was not primarily race but class. He knew these things not so much from Marx but from his own experience. Just as he also knew that the brothers on the block were not going to be impressed by African gear and black history lectures. "Power for the people doesn't grow out of the sleeve of a dashiki".

The final break was over the question of guns. Malcolm X had said that black people have a right to defend themselves. Huey wanted to do just that. The proposal was put to the group they belonged to and everyone rejected it except for Bobby. So the two of them split and the Black Panther Party was launched.

And that's how it happened, the college boys—the cultural nationalists, all the bullshit, jiving dudes who articulate bullshit all the time and don't ever want to get into the real practice of revolutionary struggle, the black liberation struggle in this country—Huey'd say, 'Well, later for them. We'll go to the streets.' And I'd say, 'Huey, I'm with you, brother. Let's go on and do it.' So we went on out into the streets, and that was it".

The ten point programme was drawn up and with the money they made by reselling Mao's book to Berkeley students they started to buy guns. But first "Huey studied those law books, backwards, forwards, sideways, and cattycorners; everything on gun laws. And I was right there with him, trying to study them too. Run them down and understand them." They discovered that it was legal (even for a black man) to walk the streets carrying a loaded gun and proceeded to put this discovery to the test.

The confrontations that followed are a part of our revolutionary history. One of the first and most famous was outside the Ramparts office when the Panthers were providing a guard for Malcolm X's widow. "One of the brothers had his back turned on the pigs and I guess Huey saw the cops pulling the straps off the hammers all of a sudden, so Huey says 'turn around! Don't turn your back on those back shooting mother fuckers!' Just like that. We all turned around. I turned around, Little Joe turned around, Little Bobby turned around and Huey goes 'Spread!' and jacks a shell off into the chamber of his gun."

It's like a Western. And that was the point. It was a kind of street theatre with a political lesson every black man in America could understand. If you live in a ghetto surrounded by armed white troopers any one of whom can shoot you down and think little of it, then you can get so used to living with fear, it becomes so much a part of you,
NOW!
FOR MEN

Now available - MAGNAPHALL—a sound and successful method of improving virility, and increasing the size of the male organ. A method which is absolutely SAFE, involves no drugs or apparatus and is GUARANTEED. MAGNAPHALL has helped thousands of men, all over the world. There is no longer a need for any man to envy the sexual vigour or proportions of others. You don’t have to believe us—we can send you such PROOF as will convince even the most sceptical.

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or send for details (free) of this and other products.
WELL, DEATH, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING WHY YOU, A MERE SERGEANT, HAVE BEEN SECRETLY CALLED HERE!

GENERAL, SIR, I CAN ONLY ASSUME IT'S SOMETHING TOO BIG TO HANDLE THROUGH ORDINARY CHANNELS!

BUT... BUT HOW ELSE TO DESTROY THEM BESIDES BOMBING OR INVASION!?

BUT THOSE MISSILE SITES CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO EXIST AND MENACE OUR GREAT NATION, SERGEANT!

THOSE YELLOW BASTARDS! HAVE THEN NO RESPECT FOR HUMAN LIFE?!

ALAS, IT'S TRUE! WE HAVE RECEIVED REPORTS THROUGH OUR SO-CALLED "INTELLIGENCE" THAT THE RED CHINESE HAVE DEVELOPED AN ICBM CAPABLE OF VAPORIZING EVERY MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD IN AMERICA WITH A SINGLE, TERRIFYING BLAST...

BUT... BUT HOW ELSE TO DESTROY THEM BESIDES BOMBING OR INVASION?!

BUT INVASION? AGAINST INTERNATIONAL LAW? (SNICKER?)

I'LL LEAVE THE LEGAL HASSLE UP TO YOU, SERGEANT DEATH, AND THE...

...MERCILESS MAYHEM PATROL!!

WE'VE BEEN COOPED UP FOR A WHOLE WEEK WITHOUT ANY ACTION. I'M ABOUT TO EXPLODE!

YA WANNA GO INTO TOWN AND STOMP SHIT OUTA SOME QUEERS?

YOU GUYS EVER TRY CHICKEN SOUP AND CODEINE? IT'S AN OLD JEWISH RECIPE.

WHAT'S THE COMMIE PROPAGANDA DOING IN THE BARRACKS? (12? SERGE?)

WHAT KINDA GODDAMN COMMANDOS YOU GUYS CALL YOURSELVES? THIS PLACE LOOKS MORE LIKE A NAUGHT STREET HIPPIE PAD THAN A MARINE CORPS BARRACKS!!

ATTENTION HUT!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO CLEAN UP A PLACE THAT'S THIS FILTHY!
TO THE LANDING STRIP, MEN! OUR NEXT STOP IS RED CHINA!

AND PROCEED DIRECTLY TO THEIR SECRET MOUNTAINSIDE PLUTONIUM GENERATOR, WHERE A MERE BATTALION OF CRACK TROOPS PROTECTS THEIR STRATEGIC BREEDER REACTOR...

A SMALL AMOUNT OF PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE TAKES CARE OF THE SETUP, PUT THEIR PLUTONIUM IN THIS LEAD BOX...

WHERE A U.S. NAVY VESSEL WILL BE WAITING TO PICK US UP AND BRING US BACK TO THE STATES...

WE'RE THERE! HIT TH' SIIIK!!

GERONIMO!

OH, Jesus Christ! Lopez chute didn’t open!!

Oh, my God! (HES) (BE QUIET! YOU’LL WAKE THE CHINKS!!)

WHERE A U.S. NAVY VESSEL WILL BE WAITING TO PICK US UP AND BRING US BACK TO THE STATES...

WE'RE WITH YA, SARGE!!
THAT'S THE FIRST TIME ANY ONE IN THE MERCILESS MAYHEM PATROL EVER GOT KILLED! I... I'M SICK!

(Shut up and get down, you fool! You'll get us all killed?)

KAT-THUNK

I HAD TO DO IT, SPARZ! HE WAS ENDANGERING THE WHOLE MISSION!

YOU DID THE RIGHT THING, WATERMELON! QUICK THINKING!

MY GLASSES! I DROPPED MY GLASSES! I CAN'T SEE A THING WITHOUT MY GLASSES!

CLICK.

THAT'S THE FIRST TIME ANY ONE IN THE MERCILESS MAYHEM PATROL EVER GOT KILLED! I... I'M SICK!

(STAT TAT TAT TAT!)

They've spotted us? I'm getting out of here!

Okay! Make a break for it!

They're opening up with mortars!

Shit! Are you crazy? We're surrounded by God only knows how many Goons!

What do you mean "Me" and "Me"? Whitey!

(BRRAP)

Goddamn! I mean "Me" and "Me"!

And my rocket pack is ruined!

And I'm out of ammo!
It's an emergency, Philbert. I'd certainly be grateful if you'd change into your Wonder Wart-Hog suit and see what you can do to get us out of a rather embarrassing situation the government has gotten into in regard to the red China situation...

Gee, I've never been to China before because it said I couldn't on my U.S. passport...

I wonder if they still have opium dens there (nervous)

No, I guess the easiest thing to do would be to fly right over and remove our soldier from right before their astonished eyes...

There comes a time in every man's life when he must call upon help from someone greater than himself. I think it was true of me, but...

It's time to call on...

AND SURE ENOUGH, AT THIS VERY MOMENT A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE IS BEING RELAYED TO A CLERK IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE IN WASHINGTON, D.C., WHERE IT'S REPORTED THAT THE WHITE HOUSE IS BEING ATTACKED BY WALT-WAR-THOR!

Hey, Philbert! The clown calling himself the President wants to talk to you.

Philbert! Why doesn't he want to talk to me? I've had a tough day and I need to relax a little.

And then I'm taking that plutonium gun back to Pluto, where it belongs!

AND THEN I'M SURE, SERGEANT, THAT TELLING THE GENERAL IS AN AUTOMATIC FIRING SQUAD OFFENSE?

Oh (sob)!

Sir (choke)!

He was eight feet tall and (sob) six hundred pounds at least, and (choke) he had a bright red and green suit, and his nose (sob) could only be described as a...

There, that ought to stop that screaming...

Just goad him with his blindfold...

WHERE IS HE? WHY DOESN'T HE RESCUE NOW!!

Gilbert Shelton.
Dear OZ,

Just got out of jail (after 4 months) and well, I'm not really out yet (waiting in the police building behind bars). I was released (sorry for my transport back to Germany) but I already have all my own things around me—letters they never gave me, books I wasn't allowed to read, clothes they didn't let me wear—and so I also find four OZ and a letter and I get so high.

It's crazy to see what they let you have and what not. A friend of mine sent me a magazine he makes now (after he flipped out on STP—and too much speed—several times last year and went to the nut house). Anyway no one knew anything about him for a year and now POW—the letter, a magazine—he's become a Muslim and the paper is religious and beautiful (not even what they call pornography, you know) but they never gave it to me.

Well jail—I just remember that shortly before I got busted, I read an article by Bill Levy (OZ 27) whom they wouldn't let into England and who stayed in jail for some days. I always figured I couldn't take it (jail). I couldn't take it (jail).

Dear OZ,

Enclosed (Commonwealth of Australia Notice of Seizure from Dept. of Customs & Excise) you can see what I received instead of my OZ 27. It's the first time it's ever happened to me and I was like a Bolt from the blue. I thought you'd like to know what happens. Can you do anything. I want my OZ, naturally, I guess the covers couldn't come much plainer than plain brown paper or was this one different?

I have spoken to the Collector of Customs in Victoria and he informed me it's just that I've been very lucky so far. Apparently practically every OZ issue (cept 1, 2, 5 & 24) has been a prohibited import to Australia. No news of issue 28 yet which I am yet to receive but I'm hoping. Apparently seizure of prohibited imports only follows random spot check of mail or if the wrapper is printed with some identifying material which could hint at its contents.

Yours ever,
Richard Petersen,
25 Edgarvale Road,
Key, Victoria,
Australia 3101.

OZ 27 has been re-dispatched in a very plain wrapper, addressed to "Reverend Richard Petersen".

Dear OZ,

I would like to apologise to all brothers and sisters for a political action which prevented Otto Muele from holding his happening at the New Arts Lab (OZ 30 Broadsheet). I now realise that my action was revisionist (ha!) and not in the best interests of the people. Because it denied the idea of pluralistic society which we are all trying to create.

Maybe we can all come up front a bit more get thru the paranoia and act. I think the Red Telephone plan is a good one. The Red Telephone Network exists expressly to jam switchboards of organisations in society which have to be pressured by us. 25,000 people demonstrate in Trafalgar Square or Grosvenor Square and get a good beating up by the cops and then fucked by the media. Fifty people alone can fuck up a TV station or a newspaper for a whole day just with their telephones by jamming the switchboard.

One of the first targets of Red Telephone will be collective action on the day of the beginning of the 10 OZ obscenity trials, whichever comes first. The whole movement is getting pressure from the man: blacks in the Gate, freaks in the Underground Press, dope users everywhere, workers with strike licenses, all the children with sexually repressive politics, the kids with rip off pop festivals where the promoters go conveniently broker.

We're now going to fight back. The entire city can be jammed with a few telephones. Now talk to your friends about it and pick up on the next rumour in time for the obscenity trial. Guy Fawkes was right. Parliament is pigshit. None of us are even represented there. Electric democracy is the voting power of a Red Telephone to fuck up communications.

Hoppie,
The Red Telephone
1 Robert Street,
London N.W.1. 387 8030

Dear OZ,

On the 9th September 1969 I was goofing on 'barbs' outside Tooting Bec bin; it was about 9.30 pm by the way. They were discharging me due to my refusal at being locked up as an informal p.t.

So inevitably the fuzz arrived in a nice big car and a short hangrange on the rights of man, they hustled me away to the nick. During the short ride I was hit a number of times by the pig holding my head back, although a point in his favour is that he very humanely removed my glasses beforehand. On reaching the station I was locked up for the night after having my toes and the station sergeant's size 12 boots. At the time I was wearing a simple pair of sandals (no socks). A medallion, the five bags of Buddha, and some pages from the Bible were lost (never returned) and being screamed at in terms of dirty degenerate hippy and I'd like to shoot the lot of you up against that wall. With regard to my surprise I was fingerprinted and charged.

Roland Topor, the assassting two police officers and breach of the police. Statement was refused. Phone call was refused.

Dear OZ,

I don't know how Peter Till arrives at his drawings (Cuntpower OZ, "The Perils of Pauline" and Page 3) but I don't think he is fair: I can't copy him, because if I copy him I copy myself. Would my copies be too busy to notice the similarities. Rather a pity!

Sincerely Yours,
Roland Topor,
11 Rue Jacques Louvel Teisser,
Paris 10.

Dear OZ,

A bit of information on your Kif poster (OZ 30). The CIA do 2 main things in Morocco: (a) hasilege the government into making it hard for American kids to enter Morocco and (b) send their agents to Ketamas to report on the crop and to bribe locals (who rarely accept) to inform on foreigners making big deals like keys. They do not put out the posters. If you had not cut off the bottom of the poster you would have seen the magic words "REGIE des TABACS", i.e. the tobacco companies. It is they who put out the posters because they resent the competition and the fact that Moroccan dealers are getting thrown into jail is entirely due to them.

They will never win. Could you ever take the beer from the Briton?
T. S. Ellis, St. Catherine College, Oxford.

Dear OZ,

I'm not really out yet (waiting in the police building behind doors still locked for my transport to Germany) but otherwise, you just get the physical feeling that things around me—letters they never gave me, bars and all...

You know, I'm so very happy right now on the FLASH OF FREEDOM and I want you to partake of it!

Love and Peace,
Tina Vietmeier, 6FFM (BRD), C/o Simon
Beethovenplatz 4, 263.

P.S. The worst Jail did for me: I started smoking cigarettes again after total abstinence of 1 years.
Dear OZ and all Gay Heads,

We want to form an alternative scene to the straight gays. We are a minority within a minority sub-culture and so therefore we need to get together and work towards something real. We need ideas, scenes, etc. so that we can see how big we are and possibly help each other and the gay ego trippers.

We can't accept the straight gay scene (as yet) because of its plasticity and overall uncoolness: Have you ever felt a feeling of brotherhood/sisterhood in a gay scene? What would happen if somebody spiked the drinks in the Bolton's, William IV or some other shitty gay pub? I'm sure all those cats would freak out when they saw the plasticity of their little 'gay scene', or took a real look at each other and themselves (possibly Shirley Bassey sound good on acid).

We must do something as every other fucking scene is getting something together so it's about time we did also. Danny La Rue and April Ashley may be different (to straights) but they are both in the same bag when it comes to bread (go into April Ashley's exclusive restaurant and ask for (1) a job, (2) free food, then you'll probably understand, if you dress in rags like me you probably won't get past the front door. Please write as all help is needed and someday a joint can be passed as we discuss our ideas.

Peace and Love,
David,
C/o 46 Parkhill Road,
Belsize Park, N.W.3.
Dylan's voice is rougher than it has been on any of the post-accident records, and it's also deeper in pitch than ever before. The intonations are pure Robert Zimmerman, and not ersatz Cash, and he's in tune all the way, though without that irritating facile smoothness. The youthful New Morning is a breath of clean air in a darkly polluted musical environment. With the prevailing sound being the grinding urban paranoia of the Black Sabbath/May Blitz syndrome, we need all the fresh country open spaces we can find. This album is full of them. Bob Dylan speaks to us here in what sounds closer to his true voice than anything we have heard since John Wesley Harding. He has forsaken the Ruben-and-the-Jetset where he left off before those last two digressions. Musically, the impetus comes from Al Kooper's Easy Does It band, who act as rhythm section throughout. The frequent comparisons of this Morning with Blonde on Blonde are probably caused by the return of Kooper's inimitable roaring, surging organ to Dylan's records. This album represents a coming together of all the music that Dylan has played over the last eight years. All Bob's previous faces and voices have superimposed and fused together to produce an image that is both reassuringly familiar and exhilaratingly new. The word that immediately springs to mind is "mellow" — Dylan's back on the land walking those country roads without seeing the insipid Roy Orbison B-side jukebox of Skyline. The c-and-w side trip has been fully worked out, and now casts a faint shadow through Dave Bromberg's gentle stoned dobro and slide work.

For the first time, the material is subordinate to the music. Certainly there are no classic songs here — no 'Mr. Tambourine Man', no 'Like a Rolling Stone' — though there are enough of Dylan's surrealist images here to keep Alan Weisman boring the balls off everyone for the next six months. Also for the first time, the music on this album sounds as though it is the product of a group, a blowing, playing band, than of a soloist with a bunch of session dudes. It's that tight and unified, and that loose and free.
The harshness of his first three albums here finds its equivalent in the kind of patient, timeless, paid-all-dues repose that you find in the old blues singers. Sort of like a country Albert King.

The instrumental progression is mainly due to the discarding of that clique of Nashville war-horses who've backed him for the last three years and their replacement by a group of tough cats who know how to take care of business in the city, but who can also bring it back home after hours. Kooper, as well as producing that superbly nostalgic organ sound, shares piano duties with Dylan, and as it that wasn't enough, helped Bob Johnston out with the arranging, production and mixing. Harvey Brooks from the Electric Flag and Super Session and Billy Mundin from the Mothers and Rhinosaurus, both from Kooper's Easy Does It trio are unobtrusively funky on bass and drums. Part of the early dawn freshness stems from Dave Bromberg's acoustic lead guitar. For some reason, the sound of single string licks on an acoustic box calls forth a totally different set of responses from the same sequences played electrically. (Bromberg will be remembered as the country/blues guitarist who got about ten encores on the Wednesday at the Isle of Wight this year). Where electric lead guitar is used, it's played by Paul Butterfield's guitarist Buzzy Feiten or Nashville Skyline/Blonde on Blonde sideman Charlie Daniels, who also worked on Kooper's first two solo albums.

But perhaps the greatest instrumental surprise on this album is Bob's own piano playing. It knocked me flat on my arse. Kooper describes him as the best piano player in the world and in a curious way, that's right. He's certainly come a long way since he hammered out 'Black Crow Blues' on Another Side six years ago. It's a joyous thing to hear Kooper's sighing Hammond floating over Dylan's rolling and tumbling piano particular on 'Sign at the Window', and on a virtual solo piece, the hymn 'Father of Night', which is just piano, voice and gospel choir. It is an unlikely fusion of gospel music, a Jewish cantor and a Gregorian chant. It lasts eighty-four seconds, and is probably the best short track ever recorded, even outclassing Julie Driscoll's 'Word About Colour'.

This album was organically grown. It gives the impression of being almost a force of nature. It is more than the music of the people — it is the song of the earth. It is the voice of a Jewish cowboy peasant, and it's the most optimistic music imaginable. The acid paranoia of 'Ballad of a Thin Man' and 'All Along the Watchtower' has withered away because Bob no longer needs it, and neither, he implies, do we. There will be an answer, let it be.

Welcome back, Bob Dylan.

Charles Shaar Murray
THIS IS NOT A WATER PISTOL, MR. LEARY.
A Gypsy mutant industrial vacuum cleaner dances about a mysterious nighttime campfire. Festoons. Dozens of imported castanets, clutched by the horrible suction of its heavy-duty hose, waving with marginal erotic abandon in the midnight autumn air.