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OZ 31

Richard Neville

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.
Brave New Morning
END OF AN ERA-OZ
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 forefront 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 Bowly, 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 backstabbings 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 knifing 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 are more important than ever. Dishonestly doubling travellers cheques earns the required A-levels, and less easy to detect. An alarming number of friendly-looking girls are collapsing of salpingitus, which involves a...
the inner sanctum revolves around facility with drugs and as the pleasant Victor 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. Weary no doubt by the trial and obviously exhausted by his journey, it seems unfair of 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 entrances and exits of yippie heavies drooling iconoclastic 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 only ways after all. In a new book, Keep the River on the Right, the author, Tobias Schneebaum recounts 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 it 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 took his eyes away or looked anywhere but straight at me. They were frozen in place. They were squatting tightly together, chairs on knees, arms on one another's shoulders, leaning over resting heads to one another's knees, 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, mouths were closed, placid. Some had match-like sticks through their lower lips others had bone through noses. Their feet and toes curled round stones and twigs in the same way that their hands held vertically bowed and long arrows, and axes of stone tied to short pieces of bough. Long well-combed bows ran over their foreheads into the spectacular paint of their faces and hair covered the length of their backs and shoulders. Masses of necklaces of seeds and huge animal teeth and small yellow and black birds hung down from thick necks and almost touched the stones between their open thighs... Still no one moved, still no one made a gesture of any kind, no gesture of hate or love, no gesture of curiosity or fear. My feet moved, my arm went out automatically and I put a hand on the ground with feet kicking the air. All weapons had been left lying on stones and we were jumping up and down and my arms went around body after body, and I felt myself getting hysterical, wildly ecstatic with love for all humanity, and I returned slaps on backs and bites on hands and shoulders as though they were, I twirled some round like children and wept away the world of my past."

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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George Harrison
Album
“All Things Must Pass”
Out Now on
Apple Records
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 flourishes best of all in wild, damp, hilly or mountainous regions such as in Scotland, Sweden, South Poland, Transylvania, China etc. Fly Agaric's stalk is white, thick and solid when young, with a bulbous base and surrounded in the middle by a broad, loose hanging membrane called by Linnaeus a volva but which in fact is only a small portion of the volva. The cap, when young, is hemispherical, and when fully grown, nearly flat, quite large, often attaining a diameter of six or nine inches, of a scarlet or crimson colour when fully grown and covered with soft, white, downy warts which are in fact the remains of the volva, or skin, which fragments into small pieces as the mushroom enlarges, some of them adhering to the cap. It is possible to miss a fly agaric if all these 'warts' have been removed. The gills are white, not fused to the stem in other types of mushroom, during decay turning a yellow-brown colour.

It is reputed to be deadly poisonous, but this is not entirely true, although it is reported that six people died at one time in Poland, by eating a single mushroom, and that others in Kamchatka had 'been driven raving mad'.

The intoxicant and hallucinatory properties of Fly Agaric have attracted people since the beginnings of time, the eaters of all being the Koryak tribes of Siberia. Peruvian Indians are usually associated with the psilocybe mushroom, which does in fact grow in England. It can be found all over England, rarest in coniferous forests. It can be found all over England, but more highly coloured mushrooms. He spat mouths of bread 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, and the latter story has been repeated in order to bring the old religion into disrepute, in much the same way as the Roman Catholic church in this country absorbed and destroyed the essence of our celtic religions.

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 walking 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 out to answer. This occurred several times until the loaf was finished. Whenever Peter spat edible fungus grew. The Devil, who was walking along behind, saw this and decided to go before producing brighter and more highly coloured mushrooms. He spat mouths of bread 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.

MYTHOLOGY

The Koryaks, like many other primitive peoples, endowed certain objects with special powers. Indeed all objects were supposed to contain some form of special potential energy which could be channelled 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 grass bag containing travelling provisions for the whale. Big Raven applied to Existence (Globulin) 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 out 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, can only 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 to jump into the 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.'

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chosen those I regard as the most interesting. The first deals with Psilocybe, the second with Fly Agaric.

Sacred Mushrooms. From all the reports available to me I have
SUBJECTIVE EFFECTS

stories tell us, have come to earth to do some important task

until completion.

There is an interesting connection between toads and toadstools (notably see the two) which are somewhat 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
dermal skin and the well-known warts contain glands which

are poisonous to ward off predators. Most of the poisons are, however,

contained in the parotid glands, located in twoumps or raised

areas, one behind each ear.

This explains to us why toadskins and toads eyes are two famous

ingredients in witches' brews through the centuries; many

interesting substances have been isolated from toad skins and the

secretions of toadstools.

a) Bufagin (named after the Latin Bufo, for toad) whose properties

and effects are very similar to those of Digitalis (found in Foxgloves (extremely poisonous, and

fatal), b) Bufotenine (a hallucinogenic drug in many ways resembling

LSD in its effects) which is also found in the Fly Agaric.

c) 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).

The Vikings are reputed to have eaten large quantities of Fly

Agaric. Before going to battle, they used to drink a strong liquor

hence they were known as "Berserkers". It can only be assumed that

they performed some form of ritual involving dancing and

super-human feats to instil the feeling of possessing supernatural

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powers to ward off predators. Most of the poisons are, however,
was dusk and I had not been asleep for several days after an 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 held. We do not know many things of major importance relating to our future and past and they seemed so many things which I cannot explain, yet they were not connected. I believe my mind is poisoned. At the conference, we decided that the only way to prevent the conference from occurring would be to hold a meeting of Gnomes in the future. This was my internal voice, standing beside me. I then said something to the Fly Agaric in its natural home, growing and saying: "Eat this and it will tell you what you wish." I realized that the mushroom made sense. I thought about to take the mushroom and then the result of this was that I realized that this particular mushroom is the most difficult thing to understand people and their words seem harsh and lack vitality, they are not understood. Hence the idea of "mythological" phrases, which are simply a delusion to enable us to communicate, for he will be so deeply involved in watching the world could be mentally severed from that "world" and re-awakening to this far denser 'mythological' world. Aggression outside produces fearless aggression inside, and it becomes increasingly difficult to suppress reactions to the world. 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.

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 psilocybe 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 sweeten 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 fine muslin, for about three days or more, stirring or masticating each day, most of the poisons (including of course the magical properties) are dissolved out into the water, which the Koryaks do not eat. Europeans put into wines and liquors, which they relish naturally enough.

The essential alkaloides of Fly Agaric are excreted via the kidneys, which accounts for the Koryak custom of drinking the urine of mushroom eaters. This custom is useful to mushroom workers or to scarce visitors but to refuse an offered draught of urine is the most foul of all things 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.

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. A mushroom field 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 deeply. It is better not to collect more than you yourself can possibly use. To break this law, then they should be threaded together in such a way that they can be hung up over a warm fire, but not in the direct radiation, but over the warm (not hot) air current, thus 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 deformed. A mushroom more than the slightest pressure, otherwise rot and maggots will quickly settle in.
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 life inherent in all things has been attained, there can be 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 only 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 Meskalito 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 pleasures and power.

It may be debatable whether or not fungi contain some resident "spirit" but many doubtlessly have the power to induce peculiar 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 progress to a deeper level of understanding or knowledge they acquire each experience into their life patterns, a process which may take weeks or even months.

Experiencing or suffering the clearly chemical effects of hallucinogenic mushrooms serves no purpose other than to intoxicate the brain and therefore alter the senses, create the opposite of the desired effect. Over time, many of the effects not only introduce harmful toxins to the body, but quickly lose all natural sources of energy, producing tiredness, inability to focus the mind, restlessness, lethargy, progressively deepening melancholy, nervousness, etc.

Only when the key to perception of subtle things and of enjoying pleasures fully lies in your own awareness of the pleasure and importance of being in this state for a while and indulging in the vast variety of things the world has to offer, and not the weekly ingestion of some chemical is more honest. In many parts of the world mushrooms are taken only a very few times in life as a catalyst in the awakening of dormant senses, which once awakened may be exercised in ordinary daily activity to keep them awake. Love of all life will eventually produce greater effects than a week's worth of magic, although it may sometimes be at the cost of a close look at the activities of deeper regions of the mind, in order to solve some baffling problem.

Mushroom letters are always well prepared for some days, for when they decide to act as a catalyst in the awakening of dormant senses, which once awakened may be exercised in ordinary daily activity to keep them awake. Love of all life will eventually produce greater effects than a week's worth of magic. Although it may sometimes be at the cost of a close look at the activities of deeper regions of the mind, in order to solve some baffling problem.

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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 #726.

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.

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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 8 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 5136.

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.
"LET ME HELP YOU"  
SAYS  
DR. HIPPOCRATES

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:"

I've been really trying to get over my phobias for at least 3 years. When I discovered the hippi world I felt a little proud of it... but it is getting worse. I have a lot of dreams of being attacked by birds of prey, any bird, but I'm too lazy to study. I take a lot of 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 for as long as I can remember, no energy 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, all these journals, articles, letters... I think I'll take a long vacation soon.

"Leave your stash at home when you travel abroad."

Customs check at London Airport. Dr. Hippocrates says, "Wecially psychological reason why women can't urinate in a standing position. As a matter of fact, this was the case in ancient Egypt, according to Herodotus. The necessity of these positions is all in the mind. I'm surprised Women's Liberation hasn't caught on to that one.

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

ANSWER: Think of it as a physical example of how what's going on in your head is just that.

"Everyone can't urinate in a standing position."

ANSWER: Right. And everyone can't urinate in a sitting position.

"BALLONING 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 priests is becoming larger and the regular size appears and feels like it has a growth coming on. 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 you 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 a very common and sometimes very tragic occurrence.

5 O'CLOCK SNATCH

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:"

I am a newly-married woman. My husband and I enjoy cunnings. However, my husband has a beard, which I like except that it is scratchy and irritates my genital area.

I usually have thick beard with great warm color so that it is comfortable during the act. But afterwards from the rubbing I am nobby 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, and especially can you recommend some kind of soothing lotion (or something) that I can apply to the vaginal area afterwards to relieve irritation?

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

Q: Legman, the erudite and witty author of Orgasm in One Technique in Genital Excitation (Julian Press, 1969) Legman devoted himself so enthusiastically to the idea that runners persist he was asked to tell his experience to the British Museum.

The man in question was a simple placer of the pains, especially 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.

ANSWER: He was asked by recalling a 1920s divorce suit against Charlie Chaplin in which the great man was "accused" of performing cunnings on his wife, "All married people do that," replied Chaplin.

"PISSED OFF"

"Dear Dr. Hippocrates:"

The discussion of male and female urination postures in your recent column blew my mind. It must have been a put on!

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

ANSWER: Think of it as a physical example of how what's going on in your head is just that.

"Everyone can't urinate in a standing position."

ANSWER: Right. And everyone can't urinate in a sitting position.

"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 is waking up on the floor and being told I'd been unconscious 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."

ANSWER: Recently I treated a student for bizarre symptoms he held smoked marijuana from a water pipe with a group of friends. He had been noncommunicative for several hours before being brought to the hospital.

When I first saw him he was lying on the floor, face down trying to crawl away from his friends. Then he crawled into a corner under a stretcher, obviously terrified. He couldn't be talked down (as most people can on bad trips) so he 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 had 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.

BURNED 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 phobias for at least 3 years. When I discovered the hippie world I felt a little proud of it... but it is getting worse. I have a lot of dreams of being attacked by birds of prey, any bird, but I'm too lazy to study. I take a lot of 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 for as long as I can remember, no energy 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?
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' which has received in the media, and the antagonistic stances adopted by some of the more militant of the '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', its evolution through history and present character in consumer society. Far from being a revolutionary tract, 'The Female Eunuch' more resembles a collage of what the great philosophers, poets, suffragettes, and psychoanalysts have thought of women through the ages. Despite occasional lapses, Miss Greer comes through as something much more exciting than a prose-lytizer. She is an intellectual in possession of a trained critical mind that shows itself at home in the table of contents of an underground newspaper, but its result is a very thought provoking blend of scholarship and journalism. Mordant, witty, at times passing to the traces of modern woman's malaise and illuminates, using the terminology and methodology of her sources, what she considers to be her present impasse. It begins as an autopsy but the corpse of romantic love turns out to be more alive than ever. Her attempt to accept her much area—she flies from denunciations of vaginal perfumes to reconstructions of medieval sexual neuroses—inevitably results in a certain thinness in parts, a too facile treatment of subjects which demand more detailed exegesis. The ideal picture of sexually healthy medieval English peasantry appears to be most perverted, yet informal characterizations of the middle class housewife as the perpetually idle, indolent consumer of her husband's wages, while the conventional picture of the conventionally raised girl of today as a 'female faggot' seems too absolute, too melodramatic. It obscures the reality it was intended to illuminate. The situation of women in society is very different to that of the woman alternately repressed and lured by the unattainable myth of the Feminine Stereotype. The idea of sexual castration and does gain ascendency in society and precisely in those fields where women have proved unfruitful. Is the average man then a kind of male lesbian?

Granting the present state of most women is a result of conditioning, then the sexual and visual consumer values have been substituted for the physiological and psychic integrity of the individual, that relations between the sexes exist a symbiotic pattern of dominance and vomit that the patriarchal family is an indispensable analogue to the capitalist state, that it is the breeding ground of the Oedipal complex and the means by which the mechanism of servility reproduces itself, accepting all this, as Marcuse did, and Miss Greer does, our ending must be despair. The woman and can only feel threatened by her own accord is more likely to sleep with her arms around you all night than a lover who has nowhere

Entertained on a mass scale, the problems of women in society are hopelessly bitter. To her question one can only reply—that it is impossible to supply satisfactory answers to such abstractly constructed problems. This is understandable and inevitable. The truth is most women and men lack the energy or capacity to live their lives in accord with the truth of the world. Most Marxist-oriented writers like Miss Greer supply the assumption with a question like hers that the reader must now face the imponderable contradiction Miss Greer has set up and claim it for his, or her own problem. This I happily refuse to accept. 'The Female Eunuch' is an abstraction, the question a failure of negotiation, Miss Greer's part at the vital moment. 'Neurotic', 'moral', 'responsible' are all terms with more meaning when applied to an individual personality than to an age, sex, or people. The question is an unanswerable bit of bullying, for whatever I do, Miss Greer does not seem on the last chapter, Miss Greer is overwhelmingly correct in the analysis of how men and women have produced the fragment called 'feminine'. Comparison between reality and the spectacle of the Eunuch is uncannily absolute—suddenly one becomes conscious of a whole area of experience previously denied by the mind itself. To have altered our perceptions, enlarged our world, and amused us in the process, that is a brilliant feat. Tim Harris

..the book that men love and women hate

Reading 'The Female Eunuch' I felt that there was not one Germaine Greer but several. There was one I liked a lot, who had the audacity, the control, and was, if sometimes desperate dignity, of revolutionary feminism. Sometimes her writing captures the note of Wollstonecraft's 'Vindication', of Emma Goldman's 'Living my Life,' of a woman torn between two poles, divided by the contradiction of trying to live as a woman and as a person. This tension has been developed into an emphasis on celibacy amongst feminists. There has been a connection between emasculation and the denial of sexuality. Germaine is not of this tendency in any more than is Yvonne Harris or Emma Goldman. She writes, 'A lover who comes to your bed at your own accord is more likely to sleep with his arms around you all night than a lover who has nowhere
Wish she'd gone into this more. If you pass your sexuality at the end of the 18th century and early 19th centuries, how does this relate to changes in the family and the changes in the family and the organization of society? We've been so accustomed to the concentration of power in the hands of men, not to cage or trap another person has always been intimately connected to the idea of a different society where women were supposed to be passive, not active.

I think it was this kind of feeling that led me to question the morality of how things have developed. In the 18th century, when the walls were down and you were complete defenseless and he turns away. Women who break away from the established framework of things are left very exposed and there's a high casualty rate. There have been many women who have shared the hope of self-reliance, who have struggled against dependence, and many have done it for the sake of other women. The Diggers had a rhyme about this directed against a rival puritan sect.

Germaine Greer's comments on women have been influential. She has written extensively on feminism and has been a key figure in the women's movement. Her book 'The Female Eunuch' is still widely read and discussed.

Germaine herself seems at her happiest sometime between the 16th and 18th centuries. She takes a kind of rambunctious delight it's impossible not to share in women's passion for the active life. London was her playground. Their tails were peppered with the posy being contrasted to 'Buxom country Country lasses Hot piping from the Cow'. Exactly what they were doing with the cow which turned them on so much isn't clear. Though it seems like male propaganda to me because of the city girls who had learned to play the market like the less of Islington who kept her behind on the cellar door until she got a fair price. Given the kind of contraceptives they had around then we can't see what else they were doing with the cow which turned them on so much isn't clear. Though it seems like male propaganda to me because of the city girls who had learned to play the market like the less of Islington who kept her behind on the cellar door until she got a fair price.
CHRISTMAS NUDE-IN, FREAK-OUT

Everyone is invited to a PARTY at the Roundhouse, Sunday December 13, to celebrate with FRIENDS, OZ, and IT the end of 1970. Groups and organisations so far appearing include The Pink Fairies, Evansong, Hawkwind, Steve Peregrine Took and Shag Rat, Alexis Korner, Ginger Johnson, Black Frog Lightening, Pretty Things etc... Anyone who is outrageous enough to provide their own floorshow or help in any way, ring Stan at 298-2884.

Roundhouse—Sunday—December 13, 3:30 to 11:30. Cost: 10/-, to cover expenses and all kinds of free goodies.

PERNICIOUS ANAEMIA

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, 5 dollars plus postage to 10 Thomas St. St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada.

On the same subject, Clem Gorman is compiling THE BOOK OF COMMUNES which is available to anyone who wants to share work, play, living space or time, young people who want to move to the country, psychologists and poor people interested in new ways of sharing and avoiding the cost of living. Anyone with information or help write to 8 Covalle Terrace, London W3.

STERILITY.

If you have had money refunded from those subscriptions you so optimistically took out with Cyclops, Strange Days and Idiot Internationals, and you still want to take a chance on another youthful, radical magazine try SNAPDRAGON, whose first issue is now with articles on US deserters in Brazil, French Communist and the delights of all in the film house next. Send 2/6 for copy to 12 North Road, Botanic Park, Southport. Help contribute and suggestions welcome.

THE LUNATIC LIBERATION FRONT

"Lunatic but Proud," "Lunatic & Beautiful!"

In Amsterdam, where five years ago the Provo introduced the concept of "Open Asylums," Dutch film-maker Martin Seip has launched the Lunatic Liberation Front with the slogan "A lunatic in every house." Seip sees an early acceptance of such films supported by the powers-that-be.

"A lunatic in every house. Anarchism, description of a society in which no one will be safe enough to turn anyone else and in which individuals will communicate with each other in their own language good.

The Lunatic Liberation Front is a reformist action, aiming at submitting all systems to open workshops in which films are made & the information recorded by them transmitted to people all over the world. Other reformist gestures might include a demand for "a lunatic as president" but the patent absurdity of this will force consciousness of the absurdity of such an office. The opportunities for the Lunatic Liberation Front to elaborate existing society have already been demonstrated by the Kentuckies in Hooters and also by the Veloci-zeeds. The Wizard of the University of NSW (OZ 24) is another example.

But at the moment lunatics are all behind walls and locked in cages. The concept might be expanded to include those of the practised mind. The Lunatic Liberation Front are set to open Asylums begin liberation. The repercussions can only be imagined.

Albrie Thom
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 722-1989 or Terry at 262-1234 ex.879.

SWAD.
As the dope situation, it seems that if the pigs don't get you, your comrades will. British dopefiends 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 of hash is usually planned around an enclosed 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 pointlessness of both IT and D2 on stupid corruption raps, the continual harassing of the hippies in Piccadilly Circus and the ever-increasing number of drug busts throughout London are indicative 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 words on the Mets. Ambition is what separates a true cop (or pig if you must) from an ordinary buddy on the beat. The cops in the Metropolitan force are more broad, 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 so 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 fuzz extremely unprofessional.

This situation is brought about by a lack of communication between two different ranks of cops. There is no social contact between the two ranks and hardly any friendship, 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 zealous to get as high as possible in the social ladder. The trouble is that the average copper has an I.D. of something less than the national average. An ordinary copper 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 to do, and if they do take up 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 defend their own home back. In the city, their illusions of power, weave their minds.

The country fuzz are different. As a journalist, I have to do the Oxted fuzz squad once a day and just the facts. They are more or less friendly, will talk for hours on the smallest thing, as if they really have nothing to do all day except to collect as much information in the day-book. They are just ordinary people who get paid for doing a job. They come from those sandwiched hard and long after working long hours and sometimes weekends.

They generally come with the job they have to do as there is hardly anything to do in a small country town, and rap among themselves, chase, chat, and act like any lourner in an office. There hasn't been a drug bust in Oxted 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 Oxted and look at 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 their mates 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 bobby near Southampton who wanders around the lanes on his bicycle, has so far given some friends of mine warning of pending Southampton 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 friends with them, as I have done with several Oxted bobbies. Maybe even try and use your charm on the Mets, it might work. Daniel Fleetwood
Ladies vibro battery Massager, 7" Long, 1½" thick. Use anywhere, anytime. Usually £4.00 now 30/- post paid. Howards, 12 Moorfield, Garlow, Essex.

Photographic Studio for hire, or will share with young Photographer. Male Models under 22 for Book covers. Phone Coll: 01-674 6046.

Are You Adventurous? If so, you must not miss the chance to make exciting new friends of the opposite sex in a revolutionary way. For details from S.I.M. (196), Braemar House, Queens Road, Reading.

The Electronic Ear, Range ½ mile, through walls, etc. Made cheaply, easily, Instruction 10/- p.p. Gadoneix, 24 Cranbourn Street, London, WC2.

You Get A Letter Full Of Pictures—together with all details about hundreds of Swedish mags, films, slides and photos. Everyone is real hot stuff showing all variations in sex-life. Wonderful active males and females. All in full colour too! Send only 16 International Reply Coupons (to be bought at any Post Office) together with name and address and you get all this wonderful material in plain and sealed envelope. Hermes-Oz, Box 6001, S-20011 Malmo 6, Sweden.

Intrepid, but lonesome traveller, 23, seeks intelligent female. Box No. 4 (31)

Exciting Books for Adults only. Sexual Enlightenment, Erotic arts, Genuine Naturist Publications and Modern Fiction. SAE for details: Dept. OZ, Key Books, PO Box 226, Manchester.

Exclusive private all male 'Gaye' Guest House. Privacy Guaranteed. Young masseur in attendance. Central Heating, etc. Write for brochure by ringing Hastings 28348 after 6pm evenings.

Handsome, 23 year old, Paris based man, fed up with all the usual girls. He is 172 cm tall, dark hair and blue eyes. He is seeking a woman with some basic physical qualifications and a photograph is included. Box no. 5 (31)

Nude Boys and Men, all types, sizes and shapes. Largest selection of Male Nude Photo Magazines in the USA Send for FREE illustrated brochure. Rainbow Studio-Oz, Box 46544, Hollywood, CA, 90046, USA.

Lady's Battery Massagers 7" long, 1½" thick, round, invigorating, scarce items. End frustration, frigidity etc. 30/- post-free, Newtons, 159 Grove Road, London E11

Private Collector wishes to dispose of large collection of Adult books, magazines and Films. Send for list to: L. Baker, Green Farm, Whaddon, Nr. Royston, Herts.

Actor, 25 years' professional experience, desires work in reputable adult films. Box No. 6 (31)

COMPUTER DATING MAKES SENSE. Why waste the best part of your life searching for friendship, love or marriage. Dateline is Europe's most experienced computer dating organisation. It sifts through thousands of names, for people with your tastes, your interests, your attitudes. The vast number of successful matches already made prove its success. Why should you be lonely? Write for details to Dateline Ltd. Dept. OZ 31, 23 Abingdon Road, London, W6, 01-937 0102.

HEELS ANGELS, FREE WHEELERS, make with their own inside MAGAZINE, photos articles and distributors wanted, anything considered for publication, Send name and address to: 'Cambral' Williets Lane, Desham, Bucks.


LEST WE FORGET: CND Demonstration SATURDAY November 28 against NATO and WARSAW PACT, GREEK COLONELS, CZECHOSLOVAKIA. 1pm outside Czech Embassy, then to Trafalgar Square rally 3.30 to 5.30. Melina Mercouri will speak. BE THERE!
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-slick pseudo-hippies who had invaded my thoughts as I have grown up, I hadn't been without a self-consciousness that is not like doing one of those 'Find the Difference puzzles involving two similar pictures,' although I can now confess that I first discovered that issue from a friend, and I must confess that I feel it, or so, that it is definitely obscene. By that I mean that I was overloaded with smutty and imaginative reference to the sex act, references which could only be appreciated if I were prepared to believe that sex was inevitably 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 why, but it was far more then a beautiful thing. I think some would say that the change itself, but the definition of the word obscene, I just don't understand now that particular OZ could be to deprive or corrupt an audience. Any, and I think would presumably have been very funny. If one was a little older it would be interesting only for the lit next on younger kids, but in itself it would have to be a thing of. And once one is older still it might even cause considerable outrage. But you are not charged with any of these things.

I think that obscenity should be defined by a personal instead of a general way. Like this: an audience experiences a work of art and if 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 obscene. There may also be a school board that wants to prohibit this work for him the thing might have been a brilliant success. So, I think that parts of that OZ described sex in the way that I might try to describe the mysterious and I could just see it as well as farm, and those parts were in my opinion obscene.

If I'm right about the above, then that most of OZ's readers would have to agree. It's newsworthy above the school kids being ostracized, and by the issue concerned was an experiment, an experiment which worked beautiful, and which we are only getting just the other side of it then it is just to dismiss the magazine generally as obscene. (Which is what this case means to most people, despite the limited terms of the charge).

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 is even more interesting that you are not currently considered to be more responsible for the actions of the children than their own parents. Thank heavens there was no OZ when I was growing up, when I grew into believing my parents and wearing a模式 hat or something. (And I'd pretty likely tell me, too, just thinking of this). But there was no such influence, so I grow naturally away from my parents just as children always have. There is no thing to drive me back: nothing to show me the other side of the coin and allow me to see my parents' good points. In fact, I would say that the existence of a magazine such as OZ must tend to drive more waverers back into the system than it attracts out of it: if nothing else, OZ certainly reveals the terrors of independent thought.

Also, the fact that you are receiving unwaved publicity in the mass propaganda machine. Quite apart from the certainty that you now send at least one copy of each issue to every person 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 doing. Your friends know that, too. Consequently, the thought of SoSa can be experienced as temporary personal inconvenience. For most prisoners, the punishment really begins when they leave jail—your sentence of imprisonment is then really rather that it never happened. I can only promise you that if at any personal utopia ever comes about, I'll be glad to know it, but you won't be able to show me whatever they bloody please. There is no OZ switch, marked 'On.'

More love and a little peace, Tony Peters

Dear OZ,

My second letter today to you—I've spent the intervening hours going through number 30 for the second time, finding that there's nothing that I am not liking or liking. Nothing that I am not liking. It seems to be more responsible for the actions of the children than their own parents. Thank heavens there was no OZ when I was growing up, when I grew into believing my parents and wearing a model hat or something. (And I'd pretty likely tell me, too, just thinking of this). But there was no such influence, so I grow naturally away from my parents just as children already have. There is no thing to drive me back, nothing to show me the other side of the coin and allow me to see my parents' good points. In fact, I would say that the existence of a magazine such as OZ must tend to drive more waverers back into the system than it attracts out of it: if nothing else, OZ certainly reveals the terrors of independent thought.

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Idyll Freaks

In 1963 I was a teenage Art student in Bristol. Jim was a layabout (but such a lovely one). We chatted and mated up. Society didn't approve of our actions and we had things of the 6Ps (pupils, parties, pop music, photograph, personal). We had a child of 12 and he has refused our education. We were scratching and fighting for the local and the capitalist system now stands a chance of being overthrown if someone powerful enough comes and leads things along.

I accidentally came across OZ when we ventured out and went to a one-day Pop Festival at Knighton, Radnorshire. It was No. 29. I was pleased to see a poster not because we are having a battle with our kids' schooling, right now. We have tried to protect our kids from the trials of being 'different' and I've attempted to train them to conform, because we believed that they aren't ostracized (but of course they have been) but it is the eldest son to go to the local comprehensive school and the Establishment have asked far too much from us. It must be regulation uniform (of all of our dear baby suits) and short back and side. Well, Merle, I had the same. My child is a typical boy's dress and his hair length is nothing abnormal (but very attractive). Obviously his father will back him up, because both of us can see how he can decide on how he wants to appear. Unfortunately the Establishment Headmaster will not and cannot see anything beyond the image of the posy school and he has refused Moses' admission to Tregaron County School. He has also told the bus driver not to take him to school because he is too young. The Director of Education for the county backs up the Headmaster, so the next step is them persecuting us for 'failing to allow the child to attend school,' and if you ask me, it's only 12 can't educate the child which Jim will put forward as the point in question. Why should we submit our kids to the Establishment's way of life? Why should babies be used as pawns in the gigantic machine that they are trying to turn us into; if the Establishment can't do it, why should we? Why should a child of 12 be forced into going to school all the choice we have, is to go on the move again. The school's name should be made to public 'by STINK first.'

Jim and Cheney Beman, Ystrad Mynach, Ystrad Mynach, Cardiganshire, Wales.
WINNING THE WAR

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

Arthur Horner 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 Pica-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. Its 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 3 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 agro, 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 Cinema-scope version with red banners and rifles gleaming on roofs. Its melodramatic and rather inhuman but its 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
Attacking one of the other student groups. You may have known perfectly all the 'gauchiste' vocabulary and all the slang, you probably treated it as a petit bourgeois which, in fact, most of the French students are, fucking academic revolutionaries day and night. If it's like in America, they 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 revolutionaries are introverts, academic and aggressive. The Americans are extrovert, energetic and smiling. Do but don't be anti-anarchist. More important than their ideologies, their way of life is really important. More than their talks, their humour and their experience (including the psychedelic experience) plays a bigger role than their cleverness. That's why, if you walk in some street of New York or in 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 Mr. De Gaulle...

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 NYC 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. So Anita went, representing Abbie and found that since both Cleaver and Leary had old axes to grind with her husband, she was receiving for him. I guess she was treated badly and came to Paris carrying heavy grudges. Things had not been going so well for Abbie either and the effect was synergistic and very negative. After much bad feeling and many unkind words, they realized that they wouldn't be 'famished' by the others by editing an edition of the most anodine political Yippie statement I ever done seen.

‘Yippie is directed at 7–8 year olds—Yippie hopes to steal the children’

Buildings like this should be burnt to the ground. Yippie goal in Amerika is to destroy both pigs, communists and hip capitalists. A demand will be made for the withdraw of all American troops from Vietnam either on or by 3/5th April, and about the date or else on May 1st, all signs of American Imperialism will be thrown all around the world.'
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 Flannagan, 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 Flannagan 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.
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 a means to an end. The reluctant intervention to stop destruction and injustice is 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 would be 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 licences.

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Beneath the Front Pages

by Peter Laurie and Andrew Allen Lane The Penguin

Perhaps because it's an easier name to take, 
' Although we have used other names, 
it is possible for a police 'detective' to take over governments. 

The idea of the book is that police are necessary to control the population. 

According to the police, the only way to control people is to use force. 

The police are the only ones who have the right to use force. 

The police are the only ones who can use force. 

The police are the only ones who can arrest people. 

The police are the only ones who can take people away. 

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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 Mccosy, now riding Texas John Winter. ("Sideling" is perhaps the wrong word, as there is a union here that he's just band just didn't have). The Mccosys, as they will readily tell you, were a band ahead of their time. Hunter Douglas was a successful experimental album, (successful on album, not in the chart, and even "Hang on Sloopy" was, why shit, teenage rock-and-rhythm appeal. What they've done for Winter is brought him back to where he probably belongs: rock, I, for one, never thought that his previous blizzards-of-blues feelin' was particularly exciting or innovative. Gone is the endless soloing, and while this album might be more commercial, (yes), it is the same, more thrilling, more Ognum...

Winter for example shows genuine plainness with Traffic's "No Time to Live". It's melancholy, even. On the Limb and Ain't That a Kindness on the other hand, are great rockers. Which is to say, it's Heavy Music without the steel-shoes pretension. The production on let the Music Play is so superb, with background choruses and sneaky guitar lines, that I wish CBS would make a single of it. Not that I'm suggesting that Winter should (choke) Sell Out; I'd just dig hearing this sinewy guitar lines, that's the first week. That is, it's Heavy Music without the steel-shoes on the other hand, are great rockers. Which is to castanets drives the point home a little further. Thrilling, or-gaz-mic, meaningful...

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That his previous blizzards-of-blues feelin' was and even 'Hang on Sloopy' was, why shit, teenage rockabilly dires. He was playing twist music, cocktail lounge bubbles, ballad, there are fine traces right on this album of early Shirelles and music: music about having somewhere to go, singing from those old roots, (and he'd never forget his blues), then he's going to continue to put out this kind of fantastic fortissimo rock, yaw, rah.

Chris Ho denfield

ALONE TOGETHER

DAVE MASON (Harvest)

Dave Mason has joined the current vogue of successful sidemen doing their own thing as solo albums, produced and mixed with Umphrey help from weighty name-friends. Commercially, this is a fairly guaranteed proposition for everyone involved, the artist, the recording company and the consumer. Drop a name and more people will try and catch it. No one will deny a competent talent, but it's hard to stand up front, but when he doesn't quite make it, par ratio of expectation, no one can be blamed for feeling more than disappointment.

This album isDave Mason's and his compositions, with small print backup by a string of super session regulars including Bonny & Delaney, Leon Russell, Jim "Gentle Heart" Capaldi, Don Preston (ex-Mothers), Chris Ethridge (ex-Burrillo) and Rita Coolidge. Needless to say, the music is proficient: everyone's in there neatly and cleanly, Mason and Capaldi just as good as they used to be as members of the Traffic alumni, with a scent of that immortalized era on at least two of the eight tracks. Bonny is unmistakable and unmatched vocally, upon Mason whose voice qualifies but doesn't solidify, which is about where the whole album is at. It has the credentials but lacks the guts that earned them.

The flavour of the Bramlette's On Tour album, which included Mason, comes in on the first track, 'Only You Know and I Know' and continues through-out, minus the original verse but maintaining the craftsmanship. All this adds up to a pleasant totalità, but not a distinctive one. The material and sound is mainstream rock, the packaging is ambitious, the production almost faultless, which leaves the concept to be questioned. There are no easy answers to that, except that perhaps he should have waited a little longer before putting himself on the block. Perhaps whatever Dave Mason does next will appease this belated rift of his wanderings to and fro. Instead of In and out. He's not the only one to lose points lately on the solo Syndrome. Clapton fell heavily, so it's undoubtedly time for both recording companies and their glit-edged securities to think twice about squeezing that already strained stone.

Stanfell Demidik

COME TOGETHER

IKE AND TINA TURNER (Liberty)

I heard the Rolling Stones, then I heard Credence Clearwater, I hadn't heard Bad Dogs, but then I played Ike and Tina Turner's Come Together, and I said to myself, "Boy, so 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 fades away.

Slide one could have been better than side two, with '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 reasoning. None of them more outstanding than the Stone, Beatles, Sneaky 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 into a mad plagiarist, touches of old tunes and snatches of every guitar style known to mankind appear all over. Ike Turner's emergence on this album is related to his role of both producer and arranger. Previous albums had a sharing of these duties with outsiders, and the cataclysmic counterpart of Ike and Tina was unrealised. Ike's comic cuts provide the squawkish bedposts to the heaving mattress of the lovely, the beautiful, the goddess Tina.

All the hard work done over the years by Atlantic, Stax, and Tamla, has at last been rewarded with this Liberty album of electrical black blues. The troops have not been affected as much since Led Zeppelin Two. T.R. Zilinskas

CHUNGA'S REVENGE

FRANK ZAPPA (Warner Reprise)

A review by A.J. Weibberman Jnr. "The world's only living Zappologist".

My old man's become something of a celebrity these days. Seems like everybody I turn on T.V. or open an underground paper, there's some 'pops', laying down his boring shit about that crappy, washed up country singer. Y'know, the one with the cracked back and dude shades. Bob Dylan... who needs him ?? Listen to his million bucks without hardly trying. FRANK ZAPPA!!

No wonder Z's 'yawn' on the front sleeve of this, his tenth album, (tenth ? g.t.s. ? get the signflencial), refused to date, excluding, of course, the rare basement tape bootleg. Cunt-Bred Canary, recorded in a psychedelic dungeon (i.e. the Albert Hall) last August. This 'yawn' is symbolic of his c.c. (= current condition), i.e. the Albert Hall performance. 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 4 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, f'rinstance, I used my entire July allowance on hemp, Albert Mangros.

This incident, bizarre as it may seem, bears directly on, and is complete in accordance with, Chunga's Revenge. The l.s. (= Inner significance) of the role played by Mangros, the selection of the 'eyawing' photograph, the wash-wash of Ian Underwood's electric alto sax and the absolute give-away title of track two, side two, 'Would You Go All The Way?' (my italics), can only add up to one thing. That is, as far as C.R. (= Chunga's Revenge) is concerned, y.f.g.l.a.p.m. (= your fucking guess is as good as mine). f.y.h. on that, Suckers!!

Felix Dennis

ATOM HEART MOTHER

THE PINK FLOYD (Harvest)

Has the success of their film scores for Zabriskie Point and More gone to the Floydys' heads? Atom Heart Mother is an emotionally satisfying and beautifully integrated piece which successfully avoids most of the pitfalls inherent in the rock group-choir-orchestra combination. So successfully, in fact, that practically all of it's 25 minutes could double as a score for The Virginians without too much fear of detection.

The ponderous, meandering title track manages to overcome a series of hackneyed changes and some widely differing styles ranging from Wright and Gilmour's impersonation of Booker T and the MG's to the John Aldiss Choir's excerpts from the Desert Song and even including 'Mind Your Throats Please' where the melody dissolves into staccato organ.

Lost in the overwhelming grandeur of this amazing musical throwback, it's almost impossible to identify with what the Floyd are doing, especially remembering the raw excitement they used to generate in the days of 'Interstellar Overdrive'. In fact the roots of Atom Heart Mother can be found on their 'Saucerful of Secrets' album, where the appearance of 'Remember a Day' and 'See Saw' was evidence of their hankering for a fuller, lusher sound. In a long series of singles that never quite made it, the band gradually developed the brooding melodic style of 'If', 'Fat Old Sun' and 'Summer 68' which take up the second side of this album. Of their recent material, only Rick Wright's 'Aphrodisia' has retained its original power and terrifying imagery. The remainder of the studio half of Ummagumma was given over to a series of indulgent, disconnected pieces which, unfortunately, reappear on here as 'Alan's Psychedelic Breakfast', where Alan (the group's roadie), wanders from one speaker to the other, mumbling about wet Corn Flakes.

Consequently, a lot of people have been hailing Atom Heart Mother as evidence of a new maturity in the Floyd's music, meaning, I suppose, that the group don't make nasty noises any more. Certainly the Floyd sound more relaxed and together than ever before, and scoring a work as complex as Atom Heart Mother is a considerable achievement. But I prefer to see this album as the beginning of a new phase which has its origins in the choral climax to 'Saucerful of Secrets' and the group's 360° stereo concerts. It'll be interesting to see how they follow it up.

Jim Talbot

VINTAGE VIOLENCE

JOHN CALE (Columbia)

It was an enormous canister-like object. It was painted grey, and they wheeled it through the fenceline on a red steel trailer. There was the constar two and a half hours. With the attendants working in shifts, the whole process had been completed in approximately two and a half hours.

While the machine was being hosed down, the men relaxed, some sitting down on girls to smoke cigarettes. There were some poignant tableaux — one of the late male members of the audience who had brought along a small dog which was now complusely fastheaded against a stick to which an orange balloon was attached. Richard and Ronnie were almost childishly happy. Skipping over tangled fences on a red steel trailer. There was the constant risk of it becoming stuck in the places where the excrement was deepest (the D.S.E. later wrote that the possibility of actual shit had never occurred to him. But he tended to underestimate them, generally). There were further difficulties when the trailer reached the more or less clearly defined line that marked the beginning of the excrement of those who were sitting or lying on the ground. Many of these treated the canister with a peculiarly familiar derision, as if it was a common-place object. Some, who had already received the attention of the technicians, went completely mad. Several acres of similar receptacles distant, one of the first treated lifted his head a little — the face, as is usual, covered in that rather disgusting membrane — and in an almost comic voice began to sing.

"Cleo, Cleo,"
won't you come out and play, girl? Cleo, Cleo...

Or maybe John Cale really meant us to sing along to these Immaculate Pop 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 gotten the wrong impression — it's not at all like thoughts 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.

AFTER THE GOLD RUSH

NEIL YOUNG

(Reprise)

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 derives 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 'Cowgirl 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 astoundingly 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 critics love it so much. And of course, all YOU are doing is learning and developing those very real talents that he has, and applying them both to his own wistful little melodies and also other people's stuff. The best example of this, which also shows his excellence as an arranger, is perhaps 'Oh Lonesome Me', released as a single some time back. Yes, it's the prolific wop, namely Gene Pitney, and 'Only Love Can Break Your Heart' was surely written with Dusty Springfield in mind.

So all in all its a betty little waxing from Neil & The Boys (i.e. Crazy Horse, who are a bit too much like Jack Nitzche who in turn was the uncredited pianist on the last Neil Young album or my name's not Percy Plodder the West Bromwich Child Raper & Sword Swallower. He may even be Jack In disguise).

Mark Williams
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 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 talking at the Maoist 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 a wide experience.

It’s hard to single out the films which operated most appallingly in the opposite direction. But perhaps the frenetic Malcolm Le Grice’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 it is), to summon up enough energy and fortitude to get back in there under fire again. The films may mean something to Le Grice, 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 Brackwell’s Sheet—The making of the film was an event-process lasting one year from May 1969—when Ian Brackwell 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.

THE FILMS AND THE FESTIVAL WERE OBJECTIVELY BOURGEOIS AND OF NO USE WHATSOEVER TO US IN REAL STRUGGLE FOR LIBERATION. THEY WERE NEITHER POLITIC-AL NOR MADE POLITICALLY (See Godard in Afterimage No.1).

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 in ‘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 nihilism, 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 not anti-art. It has nothing in common with Kerouac's final artistic cynicism, both of which, even if lost in the past, have an infinite and historical validity. The underground poses no threat because it calls on exactly the same people to celebrate its existence as a success avant art anywhere, namely the young, educated, advanced (?) bourgeoisie. It has no word whatever for the working class, who many of these people think it fashionable to deride. Art is, as it happens, uncannily close to the identity of the ruling class (not only in advertising copy) and we would expect that anti-art will align itself with the subject class. The 'underground' is made by the inheritors of the ruling class role for their counterparts; its makers and audiences laugh at crude working class Musil who have the temerity to criticise 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 inessential attenuation 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 fulfils a counter-revolutionary role. Some films are quite elaborate in this. Hartog's Molotov Party monotonously laughs at some of the slogans and stereotypes 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 twos (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 Duvall's (Political Parties) who gave it an airing for the European Bourgeoisie.

Even when the message isn't specifically counter-revolutionary as in Molotov Party, it is directed toward intensely personal experiences of indescribable origin, the expression of which is believed in the underground to be liberation. Complete self-indulgence may or may not summon up empathising individuals out there in the media, 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-gives 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 tame and tamer War Game, the NATO film or Godard. Such selfish isolation is characteristic 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 of 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 insignificant opposition, it is no accident that they direct the workers, punitively, to provide a surplus, some of which they'll happily see channeled into the realm of young men, reproducively like their own offspring, who wage class war by punching little round holes in opaque film stock.

David Triesman
The Story of the Black Panther Party
by Bobby Seale

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 it's 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".

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 motherfuckers!' 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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From Room T
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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!

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...

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

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

But... but how else to destroy them besides bombing or invasion?

But invasion is 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're nothing but a repressed homosexual, O'rafferty?

How 'bout a game of split, P.Fessah?

But invasion is against international law (snicker).

You guys ever try chicken soup and demerol? It's an old Jewish recipe.

I'll sneak to corn flakes and tequila.

What's this commie paranoia doing in the barracks?

What kinda goddam commandos you guys call yourselves? This place looks more like a haight street hippie pad than a marine corps barracks!!

There's only one way to clean up a place that's this filthy!

ATTEN HUT!
TO THE LANDING STRIP, MEN! OUR NEXT STOP IS RED CHINA!

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

A SMALL AMOUNT OF PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE TAKES CARE OF THE SET-UP -- WE 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...

Providing we're not all killed, of course, you men realize that our chances of pulling this off unscathed are approximately ten thousand to one against our success...

WE'RE THERE! HIT TH' S ilk!!

GERONIMO!

WHERE WITH YA, SARGE!!
That's the first time anyone in the Merciless Mayhem Patrol ever got killed! I... I'm sick!

I had to do it, Spags! 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.

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

Okay, make a break for it!

Okay, I'm opening up with mortars!

Whoooooo!

We're really having miserable luck!

We'll use our pack-back rockets to get from here over to that hillside!

Okay, who goes first?

Okay, sabre! Contact!

On, shit?

Whoooooooot-whoosh!

I don't care what happens— you ain't getting me up in one of those things!

Are you crazy?

What do you mean, "We're surrounded by God's yellow goons"?

Brrap!

Brrap babor babor!

Dontdooowndoon!

Good Lord! (Choke)! There's nobody left but me. The rest are dead to a man!

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... ER... COMpromising POSITION 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 BARS THERE. (HER HIGH?)

NO-HOO, I GUESS THE EASIEST Thing to Do Would Be to Fly Right Over and Remove Our Soldier FROM RIGHT BEHIND THEIR Astonished Eyes.

I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO THE U.S.A.!

HE'S REALLY REAL.

...AND THEN I'M TAKING THAT PLUTONIUM Back TO Pluto, WHERE IT Belongs!

AND THEN I'M GONNA CHECK OUT THAT OPIUM DUNGEON ITSELF! I'VE HAD A TOUGH DAY, AND I NEED TO RELAX A LITTLE!

AND HOW DID YOU GET BACK TO THE STATES WITHOUT YOUR MEN?

I TOLD YOU, SIR... WONDER!

I DON'T KNOW, SIR! NO GIANT PIG STOPPERS AGAIN! JUST TELL ME THE TRUTH AND NONE OF THIS FANTASY SHIT!

IT'S TRUE, SIR!

ONE LAST TIME, SERGEANT. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PLUTONIUM?

YOU ARE AWARE, SERGEANT, THAT TELLING LIE GENERAL IS AN AUTOMATIC FIRING SQUAD OFFENSE?

OH (SIGH), SIR (CHOKES)!

HE WAS EIGHT FEET TALL AND (SIGH) SIX HUNDRED POUNDS AT LEAST, AND (CHOKES) HE HAD A RED-AND-GREEN SUIT, AND HIS NOSE... (CHOKES) COULD ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS A... A...

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

WHERE WHICH...
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 still hoping 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—a 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 put myself in his place and always figured it was better to get busted, what not. A friend of mine sent me a magazine he let me wear—and so

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 came 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 that it's just that I've been very lucky so far. Apparently practically every OZ issue (Ceppt 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 am 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 Edgereeke 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 Muene from holding his happening at the New Arts Lab (OZ 30 Broadsheet). I now realise that my action was revisionist (fail) 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 17 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 lists, and all the children with sexually repressive politics, the kids with rip off pop festivals where the promoters go conveniently broken.

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.

Hoppo,
The Hub
1 Robert Street,
London N.W.1. 387 8030

Dear OZ,

On the 9th September 1969 I was goofing on 'barb' outside Tooting Bec bin; it was about 9.30 a.m. 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 after a short harangue 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 down, 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 locked up for the night after having my toes

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. OZ must be too busy to notice the similarities.

Rather a pity!

Sincerely Yours,
Roland Topor,
11 Rue Jacques Louvet Tessier,
Paris 10.
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.
Local Jew Boy Makes Good

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 New 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 Weberman 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.
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 hummed 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, particularly 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.
COLOSSEUM
DAUGHTER OF TIME

GET THIS ALBUM!

Their other incredible LPs were
Those who are about to die...
STL 5510
and
Valentyne Suite
VO1

The sight and sound of contemporary music
A Philips Records product
A Gypsy mutant industrial vacuum cleaner dances about a mysterious nighttime camp fire. 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.