11-1971

OZ 38

Richard Neville
Editor

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

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For everyone who might have been missing the annual beanos down at the Isle of Wight, and who weren't satisfied with Ricki Farr's performance at the Oval last month, be glad of one thing: absence has certainly not saddened the IOW residents any.

"Even if the wind failed to shine, even if you found others at your favourite cafe table or picnic spot, even if the sun blew too keenly for sunbathing or too boisterously for an enjoyable sail, even if you did lose money on the fruit machines or grandmother on the front, for an enjoyable sail, even if you did lose money on the fruit machines or grandmother on the front, you can remember only too well for those attending them, and, equally important, although sometimes overlooked by their promoter, for those not attending them, if they are intensively organised with proper attention being paid to each and every detail.

The Island's leaders are not men and women lacking in courage, and if their sustenance depends on your support then you must be prepared to ensure that they have it. Such issues are not decided by faint hearts or dithering and twittering sycophants you can do well without.

The school will be a community school. It will be a school that prevails against the inevitable and forces the dynamics of a school to suit the needs of children rather than the needs of the whole society. It will be a school that is truly a community school, where there is more cooperation than competition and where the learning of children is the first priority. It will be a school where the children are left with no room for the ulterior motives of the system, of the needs of the economy, of the needs of society in general and of the needs of the tourist industry. The school will be a community school in which the children are taught to value and respect each other and each other's differences.

A moving plea by a Navaho woman for the strip-mine operators to stop ruining her land in the American southwest is reprinted in "Conservation News". The plea, in the form of an Arizona court affidavit by Kee Shelton's mother, declares, when translated: "The coal mine is destroying our grazing lands because the grass is being put under the earth and our sheep are getting thin and not having many lambs. The mine also destroys our springs and water holes... the explosions scare our horses."

"The whites have neglected and misused the Earth... our mother. The whitman is not our mother. I don't know the white man's ways but to us the Mesa, the air, the water are Holy Elements. We pray to these Holy Elements in order for our people to flourish and perpetuate the well-being of each generation.

"How can we give something of value to Mother Earth to repay the damages that the mining has done to her. We still ask for her blessings and healing even when she is hurt."

We thank all those who've lent a hand, especially the magnificent Barney Bubbles and all other our benefactors.

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And now.... OZ 38

This issue of OZ has been brought to you by the tender ministrations of that same hand of pornfiends as last time.

Maintaining that this society "is the most c h emically oriented, pill-conscious one in history," Dr William Abruzzi, the top medical man at Woodstock and subsequent festivals, charges that the advertising and communications media have contributed to a feeling that to suffer even mild discomfort is a sign of weakness or ignorance or both. "The self-deceptive illusion that these ills may be softened or postponed by drug usage may be one of the chief unconscious motivations for the widespread use of dangerous chemicals," he writes in "Win'.

Do we really have a marijuana problem in America, he asks, or is it something that is a result of excessive concern over our youth — a furthering of our own puritanical and hysterical legislation of people's individual habits and excesses?

But there is truly an epidemic of hard drug usage, the doctor says, and the way to deal with that is not with more policemen and more punishment but with programs of education, therapy and rehabilitation. "I submit to you that the kind of disillusionments that exist with what our society represents is a factor in drug abuse as we see it today. Maybe not a conscious factor but at least an unconscious one. If indeed the human spirit is supposed to be looking for meaningful interpersonal values, it isn't going to find any in a society which is so detached and alienated as this one."

Other Scenes.

The Scotland Road Free School: The school will be a community school totally involved with its environment. It will not seek to impose its own values, but will have as its goal a total acceptance of the people and the area. It means, in effect, a larger piece of social ownership of the land. The children will share in the decision-making with the adults as much as the adults will share in the decision-making with the children. That is something we must all remember as we build the school.

The school will be a community school. It will be a school that prevails against the inevitable and forces the dynamics of a school to suit the needs of children rather than the needs of the whole society. It will be a school where the children are left with no room for the ulterior motives of the system, of the needs of the economy, of the needs of society in general and of the needs of the tourist industry. The school will be a community school in which the children are taught to value and respect each other and each other's differences.

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Dear Friends,

I would like info from the following people on the following subjects: Anyone who has had either visual, oral or audio contact with UFOs, Any one who is interested in the ley system of the British Isles or the rest of the world. Reports of ley, stone circles, burial grounds, psychic contact with unexplainable people events and places. Also contact with the following people who I have lost contact with, Rick Meller last seen in Quetta, Tony Lambert last heard of in France, Lindos, Tiger and Mur last seen at vennas in Istanbul.

Thanks and love,
Barry Finton,
57 Bellshill Crescent,
Belfield, Rochdale,
Lancs.

Fillmore founder Bill Graham, who once taped a shoe polish commercial hopes to resume his long-interrupted acting career via a cameo role in the movie version of 'The Godfather'. . . . Rumours abound in Michigan that John Sinclair, jailed for 10 years in 1969 for giving two joints to an undercover police agent, may be released before the end of the year . . . The whole idea of doing an opera called "Jesus Christ, Superstar" is deplorable to start with but the undignified squelching from the greedy Robert Stigwood Group and the endless legal suits they're bringing to try and stop people performing it is even more degrading . . .

The Rock Liberation Front and Rock Culture Movement has been formed by David Peel and the Lower East Side and AJ Weberman, Dylvanologist; in order to establish a relationship of understanding and participation in the world of rock. It's a world of fun, peace, and happiness.

This privilege should not be extended to only the rock professionals, but should be part of everybody's life.

Our rock culture has been getting ripped off too long! There's got to be a stop to this . . . right now! We are all going to help together and help each other.

Here are some of the actions we propose to do:
1. Have demonstrations against rip-off people in the world of rock.
2. Demand and have free concerts from professional and up and coming rock groups.
3. Have free rock seminars.
4. Have rock culture and liberation front chapters started throughout the USA and world.
5. Have a rock'n'roll institute — free tuition (Chuck Berry — Part 1 and 2 etc).
6. Have rock culture centers throughout US and world.
7. Have free international rock music people's hostels throughout the world.

8. Have a newsletter of all our activities.
9. Demand lower prices for rock concerts.
10. Have folk and rock workshops.
11. Audience participation with music artists.
12. Free services and help from all phases of professional rock.
14. Learn how to record, publish, write perform, prepare yourself in the rock field.
15. Own a real peoples music company — controlled by the people.
16. Eventually having a 'International Arts and Culture Center' for all.
17. Helping the 'Movement' through culture.
18. Helping people who are really in need for help.
19. Keeping aware of the crooks in the rock profession and in the rock movement.
20. Celebrate our own rock holidays.
21. Internation rock cultural exchange throughout the world.
22. Finally — any suggestions that you come up with — let us know!

Free rock 'n' roll — join the RLF/RCM!!

For the people who want to join the rock Liberation Front, write to:

After the news of Jim Morrison's death was announced, a Washington Post reporter called up his mother in Arlington, to get her comments. Is 'my son dead?' she asked him. As the reporter prepared for an outpouring of grief, Mrs. Morrison's manner was rather composed:

"As far as I know, he was the announced. I've never even met the young man before."

Because established music has no crema tion, others are using their relatives' ashes and the urns of ashes have been used by the Lamberts globe-trotters Club, 100 per cent tax on the reported sales, defining them as "materials possessed by a foreign firm and reimported as a finished product."

Mrs Pat Nixon, one of Washington's most public spirited citizens, is busy on a new civic project — turning her girlhood home into a museum. The house, in Cerritos, Calif, is being developed into a museum by the local Chamber of Commerce. Mrs N. who dedicated the house and adjoining 'Pat Nixon Park' in 1970, is taking an 'active role' in the project.

The museum is supposed to tell the story of Mrs Nixon's life through the years that led her to the White House and the place as the U.S. First Lady. She has also made it known that Boy Scouts and Campfire girls are very welcome to the place (UPS)

The Aquarius Water Bed

The Aquarius Water Bed

Rock Culture Movement, Rock Culture Front, 209 East 5th Street, East Village, NY 10003.
Just the other day we wuz sittin' round an talkin' an someone said that IT was 5 years old this October. We thought about that fer a while. Things like 'the psychedelic revolution is 5 years old' an 'wow, wasn't it different then' seemed to float through minds. Yeah Five Years ago the London Free School was flourishing along with weekly raves at All Saints Hall in Powis Square. UFO was germinating, the whole Frak Thing was about to explode into (to quote Anne Sharpley Evening Standard at the time) a 'Lost Psychedelic Weekend'. Hippies were starting to spring up all over the place and everywhere a tremendous surge of enthusiasm and hope seemed to hang in the air. The opening launch and out of nowhere a Roundhouse was acquired for the 50 shining and solidly to record companies, great—free straight enterprise. No money fer lawyers. Are there any Cinemas? No. ’underground paper’ a little bit of an IT has been sort of bi-weekly ever since and it comes into the house every rock hall in London is straight owned or straight controlled (what holds solidly to record companies, promoters and richer than thou musicians. No social change there. The Pink Floyd were starting to play an so were the Soft Machine. The Roundhouse was acquired for the opening launch and out of nowhere a horde of weirdos appeared to well and truly launch the International Times. ‘Hip people take the Times’ was the comment from Printing House Square. Rats abounded in the Roundhouse then, along with incense, marijuana and LSD. IT has been sort of bi-weekly ever since and it comes into the house these days quite regularly filled with cheerful belligerence, odd humour and solid street politics. Good stuff Yas O Yas. It's sort of the official underground paper a little bit of an institution and a lot different now than it was in October 1966. Those early issues now seem quite unremarkable but at the Time! BUT after 5 fucking years what else have we access to apart from the Underground Press. We seem to be back where we started to a certain extent. There are several Charity Organisations, great—Communication between the needy. Rock music which once seemed to hold such hope as a social tool, belongs solidly to record companies, promoters and richer than thou musicians. No social change there. Every rock hall in London is straight owned or straight controlled (what has happened to Implosion and the Roundhouse?) busily making money. It's strange but it seems absolutely inevitable. Naturally its topics are based dominantly green and with its spreads unstitched together. Eco-freaks everywhere will enjoy a new mag oriented towards their interests: Street Farmer. Produced by Bruce Hoggart and Peter Crump in London, it comes in a polythene bag, coloured pre-dominantly green and with its spreads unstitched together. Things like the subject of dislike and hatred from the majority, to be some kind of instantly identifiable alien — a long haired nigger, an thus a fact! So to survive we have got to be a lot more together and prepared to get down to a number of things that require effort. For instance raising money, visiting charities, organising food buying groups, getting a Rock Hall together that puts the money back to the community rather than to a board of Directors and shareholders. It's strange but it seems almost the same as it did in 1966 except that there are more of us and perhaps we're a little wiser now. We won't get fooled again?
Reg King—A Voice in a Million.
Monster Album available now—
"Reg King" UAS 29157
See him "live" with
B.B. Blunder.

The OZ Obscenity Trial at the Old Bailey was the longest and most expensive trial of its kind in legal history. It encompassed more than a million spoken and recorded words and cost the British taxpayer in excess of £75,000.

This gigantic eighty page, glossy souvenir programme, 8½" x 11¼" represents a chronological diary of events leading up to the trial with edited highlights from the court transcript and an enormous selection of photographs, press coverage and comment. Published by Ink Publishers in association with two of the (ex-) editors of OZ, James Anderson and Felix Dennis, here is the inside story of what one newspaper called '... a declaration of war on the alternative culture...', and what Judge Michael Argyle impassively described as '... just another trial, ladies and gentlemen...'.

OUT SOON at your local newsagent, all branches of New Scotland Yard, or mail order direct from INK and OZ. Price: 50p. Percentage of profits to the OZ Appeal Fund.
I suggest that in our culture today there is a notable absence of light, and a ominous precaution with what St Paul, in his Letter to the Ephesians, calls the unfruitful works of darkness.

I have worked in the Media — press radio and television — for forty years past. As I well know, they are largely in the hands of those who, for one reason and another, favor our present descent into decadence and godlessness. It is high time that the others — who are many, many times more numerous — made their voices heard.

I know...how deep is the concern today about the moral pollution of our nation — and especially the deliberate and systematic corruption of the young. How parents are concerned with their children and artists and writers and musicians about the degredation of our language, literature and art.

Iow, the young are concerned about their future, and the one about the world they will leave behind them. Above all I hope that Christians are concerned about the erosion of their faith.

I share this concern myself as I see the shadow of the dope-pedlar and the pornographer across my grandchildren and grieve over the pollution of the English language that I have so loved and tried so hard to use with grace and truth.

...The forces of darkness are powerful and persuasive. They insist that it is possible to fly away to freedom on the plastic wings of sex and drugs and violence. They tell us that we are as morally sick as a great technology pollutes air and sea and rivers and land.

And then... a few words from Malcolm 'I just don't like homosexuality.' Muggeridge. Excerpted from 'Buz', like it or not, the Journal of the Youthful Godly.

As of now, MAGIC (Manchester Alternative General Information Centre), is operating a free 24-hour info and referral service. We are prepared to tackle anything, if we can help ourselves we probably can help someone who can.

To make all this available we need the following: info on what's happening, jobs and flats going, gas pads and antihates that can help us stay aloof — cigarette coupons green shield stamps, even money. And mainly we need people willing to devote a little time and energy towards making MAGIC work.

All contributions are welcome.

MAGIC, 7 Summer Terrace, Manchester M14. 061-224-9087.

What may be the world's only frightened radio and tape recorder is a Canon CR-2. Service along Burlington's Telegraph Avenue. The Texaco franchise fell on him and he fell at his own... Ron Carter, 24, acquired it. Now the acid rock braves from the local scene speak on a tape recorder, and Ron Carter is the man who wears the stars. Quite likely to be wearing the mobile club of the Red Guard. A part time job, a constant row and too much showing up in the classrooms, the staff being heaten. Things are getting bad. The machine to cope with increasing boss.
1. This Planet Is Dying — Fast

In the last three decades man has changed the delicate patterns of life on this planet in ways which will, we suspect, prove extremely difficult (if not impossible) to reverse effectively. Almost everywhere we look, life is becoming extinct, as various members of the living community consume or gnaw away at each other. In a sense, the species which preceded us are now taking revenge on us, the species which succeeded them, in a classic example of the anthropic principle in reverse. The strange thing is, we didn't even intend it, but the death of the living community is now inevitable if we don't take some action to stop it from happening.

2. The People Aren't Any Better Off Than Their Planet

It is appropriate that in addition to wrecking our planet, we should fill our bodies with shit. Most people on this planet are underfed. The minority who do eat, eat shit.

3. The Common Cause

The Indian has at his disposal today less than half the food which his ancestors had a century ago. This great triumph of imperialism and progress over the primitive forces of darkness is only surpassed by the knowledge that whilst most people starve a minority is worried by the "problem" of agricultural overproduction and is busy dumping and destroying its extra food (see "Food Explosion" by David Ramsay Steele in OZ 19). The people who are eating are eating strange food. However organic, natural or whole, every- thing we eat has some unintended additive: radiationactive substances, lead and pesticides brought down from the skies by the rain and so on. Processed food has anything added to it which would not come from the earth, and if we eat it we commit the same sort of sacrilege as the Indians who eat meat (which is a sort of cacti the vastness of the planet, there is a whole new range of diseases to choose from. Thanks to the wonders of science and technology a middle-aged western man (figures don't count for anything — just as well) can expect to live a wonderfully long life. However, many of the diseases which he suffers are caused by his own actions: smoking, cancer, any other cancer or diabetes. These diseases are known as the diseases of civilization or, more aptly, as the degenerative diseases. Doctors reckon you can mess your body around for twenty years before the effects catch up — this usually causes degeneration to set in round about the age of 45. Expectations are that degenerative diseases will increase and that the life expectancy of over 45s will fall. Expectations for the future of food production are equally bleak. The total annual world fish catch is actually declining. Food production has only increased very modestly, mainly in the rich world. More of the world's protein is being wasted on cats, dogs, pigs and other animate appurtenances of the rich man — who often rates them higher than his fellow human. Underlying this terrible physical deprivation are the psychological and social effects of the rich man's coopter imperialist warfare, chemical and biological warfare and good old thermoneural warfare. A small country like Denmark could easily destroy all biological weapons to destroy the entire human race you can imagine how much of the stuff is already in America and Russia. Most people consider that recent changes in nuclear weapons technology are such that the risk of accidental or deliberate, war is greater than they have ever been. Couple this with the proliferation of biological weapons and the fact that some scientists feel that it is now technically possible for private individuals to build their own very atomic bombs. Might as well remember, whilst we're at it, that we're living in a society where governments on military crap increased again last year (both absolutely and relative to expenditure on everything else) and that one fifth of the world's scientists are employed by the military. If the planet doesn't die before-hand, the pressures induced by the widening void between the increasingly undersupplied, increasingly diseased third worlders and the overfed first worlders could easily cause the overturn of a whole lot of power in this world. Meanwhile the competition between different factions of the greedy rich is sufficient to kill a good few people every year.

On top of this obvious physical deprivation and the dangers of war it is necessary to consider the escalating mental oppression of man. More of us wig out and commit suicide every year. No wonder. Swezey, in "Monopoly Capitalism", does a good job of describing the sterility of monopoly capitalist societies. State capitalist societies such as Russia are no better off. The slide towards '1984' is amazing to behold — even the minute predictions of Orwell are now quite accurate (the American spaceflights and war strategies have developed Newspeak to a remarkable extent and the Russians have been editing undesirable out of photographs for some years). Dubcek has disappeared from many photographs and been replaced by carefully touched up scenery.

4. The Common Cause

Communism, Fascism, Capitalism: the collapse in the life support systems of this planet and the decline in the mental and physical condition of the people who inhabit it should occur simultaneously. Both are caused by one thing. That one thing is an exponentially expanding, increasingly centralist, increasingly authoritarian,
increasingly inflexible, increasingly unresponsi- 
vole, a growing number of workers are being laid off, mentally and physically exhausted everyone caught within it, while tearing up and poisoning all forms of life outside it.

As recently shown, using the dino-
saur's own statistics, the rapid decline of the environment is directly linked to the post-war technology: mass production, petrochemicals, petrochemical and agribusiness indus-
tries. These have caused a massive switch from natural resources to the use of new, artificial, materials needed to produce synthetics, they are difficult for natural processes to break up and by-
products of this production. It is no wonder to blame the third world population explosion —
rather than our savoury technology — for the ill-
ness of the earth. This is a little better than an
excuse for genocide abroad and class warfare at home (the workers, as well as those nasty foreigners, breed like rabbits). As it takes fifty Indians to feed one American, getting through in his or her life this seems a trifle unfair. It also neglects to mention that if the population of the third world is reduced to a dumb motherfucker who needs
someone else to feed him, clothe him, house
and transport him, tell him how to pass his
examinations, then the American gets through in his or her life must deal with sinister influences, whose attacks on the chemical industry have a dual purpose: (1) to increase the demand for lead additives to petrol cause dangerous air pol-
lution. We have watched Shell's unsuccessful bill will sit back whilst our every need is attended to by
potential hazards of Vapona fly-strips. We have
seen Shell's $100 million investment in the Vapo-
africa's own statistics, how the rapid decline of the environ-
ment would have to be part of any dino-
conceputal (so that massive birdkills and fishkills state for millenia. It will be necessary to co-
operate to off the dinosaur. The most vulnerable regions of the northern
hemisphere are predominantly local: the industrial nations are being hard hit, while the southern hemisphere the air and sea currents of
most of their industrial plant and
are in fact more noxious than those of straight
and we will be alright. All we have to do is tie up
production (China has just ordered the
start immediately to cease to be enslaved to the
 consumers industry is spending a fortune attem p-
ted at them by the desparately dispossessed. It will be necessary to ensure that
logies is unnecessary — not to mention
environment would have to be part of any dino-
co-operate to off the dinosaur.

5. Survival

It seems inevitable that, most if not all, of us will be swept away. The evening news espouses the view that the solution to the population problem is through the population problem. Mass deaths in California —
will be fine — particularly for the big businessmen. A foretaste of things to come. Since then the power
company that supplies most of New York's
power needs has had to rely on the power con-
sumption department because they have insufficient
power shortages and
power management with existing demand. Severe power shortages and major breakdowns are now commonplace and customers are being sold short. This is a direct result of the automo-
tivacuum cleaners and other small devices. Water supplies are likely to be inadequate in the densely populated zones — particularly southern
England and water engineers warn that purify of the
environment would have to be part of any dino-
conceputal (so that massive birdkills and fishkills state for millenia. It will be necessary to co-
operate to off the dinosaur.
I don't think there are many people who seriously believe that the revolution will be over by next month.

Even the greatest optimism in the movement will admit that the process required to bring about a major change in our social structure is, by definition, a long and gradual one. All Moorcroft's article (page 8) raises the question: is there time for revolution?

The destruction of this planet, the poisoning of air, land and sea, is a direct result of an industrialised consumer culture, and reflects totally the attitudes of a civilisation based wholly on principles of greed and exploitation.

In simple terms, it would seem that the human race cannot survive on this planet with the level of population and individual consumption that the present consciousness of society dictates.

The solid destructiveness of a capitalist structure is easily demonstrated by the example of the USA. For over two thousand years, the Indians maintained a culture that was based, instinctively, on sound ecological principles that both preserved the environment and gave the Indian a reasonable quality of life. The white man then moved in and, by force, substituted a culture that has, in only two hundred years, destroyed vast areas of air, land and water throughout the country.

It has always been obvious that humanity needs a major change in its consciousness if it is to survive as a species. The search for emotional security through consumption of material goods, and the preservation of order by fear and hostility, have to be removed if ecological and nuclear disaster are to be averted. This is the real basis of the concept of an alternative society.

If, as All tells us, capitalism has finally run its destructive course, and there is now a definite deadline of maybe twenty years for a total change in society if the earth is going to be able to support human life at all, it makes one very pessimistic as to whether a broadly based revolution has any chance of succeeding in time.

The facts at least have the makings of a group without the extreme emotional need for material goods that obsesses the rest of society, and it would seem that the time is approaching for us to examine the possibility that, if it seems that revolution-ary change cannot be achieved in time to avert disaster, it might be more productive, in the long run, to direct much of our energy to establishing systems whereby at least some section of the population can survive in an increasingly hostile environment.

In "Dune", Frank Herbert created the fictional "Fremen", whose culture, religion and technology were totally directed at survival in an environment almost completely lacking in water. In the same way it might prove necessary for the underground to begin to develop and promote a culture that is geared to surviving in an environment that has eventually been damaged to the point where the air is unbreathable.

Although this is beginning to sound like a sci-fi fantasy, it is important to remember that the great science fiction stock situation the end of the world, does actually seem to be at hand.

There are already the seeds of survival techniques within the underground, although usually well hidden by some kind of consumer shock. The rock festival, for instance, does provide the very minimum basis for many kinds of experimental communities.

Even in commercial terms, the traditional three day event is only just viable, the drawback being that the energy / money expanded in setting up facilities that are only used for three days and then dismantled is extremely wasteful. If one thinks in terms of a permanent site, with a small permanent population and a variable number of transients, it then opens up all kinds of avenues to explore new social structures.

One of the notable things that could be observed at events like Glastonbury Fair was the way in which the ownership of property began to break down. The only advice that could be given to a cat who had his tent ripped off was to go and rip off another one; a situation that quickly opens the way to dealing with the problem of food and shelter on a shared community basis rather than on an individual level.

Already entertainment was operating on a collective pattern, rather than the isolated and individual system represented by the personal colour TV. If a rock festival lasts was a constant piece of geography it would be a small problem to expand the life support systems as each subsequent event brought injections of energy and cash. Projects could be established to, say, recycle human waste eventually to yield auto fuel and plastics. With very slight technical problems, combustion engines will run on methane, which is easily obtained by breaking down human shit. The cultivation of algae is an obvious, and very simple, source of obtaining basic protein, and hydroponic crops provide a relatively easy solution to poisoned land. All these and more experiments are possible in a society functioning on solid communal principles.

Most current rural communes make the mistake of resorting to peasant style agriculture, often on bad land. There are already too many of us to live off the land in this primitive manner. Technology can really work for something at the fact that it is currently used destructively does not make it bad in itself, and, indeed, if we are to survive in a seriously damaged environment we will really need all the technology we can get.

To make any community of this kind work we also need a change of consciousness within ourselves, away from our exploitive, sexist, consumer programming. We may unfortunately need to fight to maintain a community, as the hysteria that would surround the breakdown of the present society may make it necessary for the survival unit to defend itself at gunpoint.

Obvious! I have only talked about one kind of solution; there are many others, all the way from hijacking,starships to becoming a hermit. You cannot, of course, announce that you are "going to the country" and turn your back on the problems of urban life in a pig culture. The role of the guerrillas in hastening the breakdown of the death culture is obviously valid. The problem does remain, but with the writing so solidly on the wall, we do have to come up with some specific plans for survival.

As I said before, sure it sounds like an Asimov novel or a stoned fantasy. It is the "sensible" approach of our parents that got us into this mess, it may take weirdness to get us through it.

Mick Pfenning
This ‘comprehension gap’ is the key to a couple of books that have been published over the last month. Both of them the record of trials; the edited, but still 700 page long ‘Transcript of the Chicago Conspiracy Trial’, which took place over the Winter of 1968-70, and ‘The Trials of OZ’, by Tony Palmer, a rush job, the preface of which is dated merely a fortnight after the trial ground to a halt. Chicago 1968, the demonstrations at the Democratic Convention held in that city, and the publication of OZ 28 Schoolkids Issue have little in common, but for their position as the external manifestation of what is known the ‘alternative lifestyle’ and, less accurately, as ‘the Underground’. Many thousand people went to Chicago to protest the Vietnam war, the external and internal problems of Amerika, to participate originally in a festival of Life. The only festival there was may have been for the Chicago Police Department who smashed heads and bodies, hippies, newsman and the occasional bystander all included, with a will, and ‘Seig Heil-ed’ their bosses at a ‘party’ afterwards. About a similar number of people bought OZ 28, though they didn’t have to suffer physically or mentally, for their 4/- expenditure. Their similarity is in their eventual confrontations with the Establishment at close quarters — the courtroom. A neon oven in the States, the slightly musty, almost surreal — if that means no basis whatsoever in reality — surroundings of the Old Bailey in England. The pigs were questioning the Yippies, the straights were analysing the alternative press. The form of the two trials has disturbing parallels; perhaps all ideological conflicts take this form — blank incomprehension of the necessity for the charges by the one side, total inability to appreciate the nuances of another lifestyle by the other. Expert witnesses are trundled out: Mailer, Ginsberg, Phil Ochs, Country Joe, Saroyan, and Anne Kerr, MP; in England the liberal establishment likewise did its duty: George Melly, Feliks Topolski, Professor Eysenck, Michael Duane and, with all due respect to the unmentioned, so on. The prosecutions in both cases were

'We do understand one another, do we not?', Brian Leary, QC. 'You can’t honestly expect me to say yes', Caroline Coon.

Law ‘n’ order, ‘justice’, the social system, and all the other guiding principles of ‘civilised society’ exist, though noone ever seems to remember, on tolerance. The tolerance of the people, the members of that society. A simple theory, but for class stratification, authoritarian repression and the varying evils that are also such integral parts of that same society. Lenny Bruce’s world theory had it right: Life divides into three basic functions — eat, sleep and crap. If of course one of the crappers doesn’t bother to get over to the right place when he has to go, then some­one, some poor fall guy, has to do the dirty work of putting him in the right place. And you get the police force, laws, rules and regulations.

If law ‘n order is impossible without mutual, albeit unloved and grudging tolerance, then the agents of law, the courts, and their attendant servants, are worthless, or certainly lose their credibility and force without the acceptance of another abstract — trust. One group of people (the prosecution) are pitted against another group (the defence) and the whole issue is in the hands of twelve individuals (the jury of ‘good men and true’) and refereed by a single person (the judge). Everyone, so it is assumed, or certainly hoped, is hip to the case in hand, not just to the evidence — for the most binding of oaths isn’t any deterrent to self-interest or self preservation — but to the life styles, the ways of life of all participants. Obviously the trust which should underlie the judicial process is useless if one side can’t or won’t understand the other.
Justice, makes no bones about where his feelings lie. On roughly the same lines as those of the leader writers in the Sun and Mirror who deplored the sentences in the OZ trial, but applauded the verdict. 'The Trials of OZ' is of course one man's book, and his opinions are, manifestly, his own. He feels, and attempts to prove that it is not OZ that is on trial, that the prosecution is not a political one, in fact that OZ and the three defendants are pretty irrelevant. The Obscene Publications Act, the Law itself is what Palmer has decided was up for trial at the Old Bailey for 5 long weeks and at a cost of £100,000. He also seems to conclude that it was found guilty. If he believes that sentences totalling three years in jail are a proof of the Act's guilt, then his logic is interesting. Among other things the Act won't have its hair cut off.

Opinions are one thing — inaccuracies are less tolerable. For instance in describing the pre-trial march to the Old Bailey he dismisses it for its lack of numbers and contemptuously observes that the ambulance scheduled to lead the march wasn't there. He fails to mention that the Probation police, under whose jurisdiction the march was, beat you up on the streets as well as in the cells, Judge Hoffman never bothered to disguise his sympathies. At the Old Bailey, Argyle, ever the English gentleman, kept relatively quiet until his summing up, which effectively destroyed the defence case, and in his post-verdict comment to the jury: 'I am very pleased with the verdict, though of course it had nothing to do with me.' The sterility / tradition of the Old Bailey, conspired, if there was any conspiratorial activity at all, to quash any ideas of dramatising the trial — only the Friends of OZ kept that end of things up front.

Both cases have been given enough space already. So what about the books. Not too much to say on a Transcript, William Kunstler and Leonard Weinglass introductions notwithstanding. Most interesting, according to Palmer, is his preference for 'Courtroom dramas' and at Chicago he was able to overindulge. But more than his clowning is the realisation as there is with the evidence of the other defendants, that the Judge, the Prosecutors and, by inference, the Jury just were not oriented to the ideas, ideals and attitudes of the eight, and subsequently seven men they were trying. Every page underlines this fundamental side of the trial; five months of missing each other's points.

Naked bias lacks charm, and the courts in England are more careful of showing their hand. So too should the self-appointed analysts of the affairs of such courts. Tony Palmer, whose characterisation elsewhere as 'the Weasle' does him no more than
Most junkies in the States don't want to have to keep smoking too much and the problems that they have in their lives are too overbearing to keep them going with the heroin is a lot nicer to them than reality. But this is a different population over here, this is the All American Boy. This is not the minority, ghetto person, not the hard-core poverty type who's suffering from racism and a fucked up economic system and living with rats and all this kind of shit. This is the boy next door, the blond-haired, blue-eyed boy next door. He's not even the draftee. A lot of these guys are enlisted, go in the Army, rah, rah, the whole thing. Some of them are even brothers of the Army in terms of a career. It's not the typical image of the junkie.

A lot of studies have been done on the amount of addiction, but they haven't been published or publicised because they've been done by independent dudes like myself who just have been working with the problem and decided to just go down and do large, large averages that show that between 10% and 40% of any given unit is strung out on smack, I would say a realistic average. And all the government studies E5 and below, (E5 is buck sergeant - three stripes), is approximately 20-25% using heroin. Now that's horrendous, that's phenomenal in itself. I don't think that's an exaggeration at all. Even if it were just 10%—now that's the minimum estimate based on highly scientific studies - that's a lot of people. And that's not a static number because they're always going home and there are new ones coming in and getting strung out all the time. Last year if you remember, the guys coming back from Vietnam, all the talk was about the dynamite grass - the flower grass and Cambodian red and MeKong Delta green and all this real dynamite grass. That's true; the local grass is about the heaviest in the world. But there was no heroin. All of a sudden last year during the summer, large quantities of heroin started appearing out of nowhere, literally out of nowhere. Like magic, over night it was everywhere. It wasn't a chance happening, it wasn't something that happened like a natural process of any kind. It was well planned - logistics and everything, I'm sure of it. It's not the military paranoid mind hard at its best but just so obvious that when there's no heroin in Vietnam in years and years and all of a sudden one month, it's everywhere, that somebody made plans to deliver it in large quantities and at cheap prices.

Other things have happened since that time... they noticed that in a week's time this one type of vial, the heroin vial, was in the little plastic vial (some of them have brand names on them), showed up everywhere from the Delta with their own batch of heroin. Some large supplier had turned loose this new type of vial filled with heroin to try a week all across the country. We know it's not a small operation. It's not a bunch of independent small-time dealers just smuggling it a kilo at a time across the Cambodian border, although I am sure that after the initial big boys moved in there's a lot of small-time operators doing a lot of business. But essentially it's a large operation.

Now the two major theories that exist over here are the Communist Plot theory, which at any other time of my life would have seemed ludicrous, but the words and the ideas are completely plausible... and that's that the Communists are unable to do... (by all means, we're turning to psychological warfare and propaganda, like the United States, it's become a public relations war being fought in the newspapers. Nixon with his POW's and Hanoi saying "Right on" to the peace marchers. People believe that the Communists are disseminating the heroin to destroy American troops, not with the idea of bringing the boys in with drugs, and any promise, given point the supply will be cut off and large numbers of American GI's will be incapacitated and unable to fight or do anything and the Communists will have a chance to move in and do some heavy-duty killing. Either that, or on a large scale send thousands and thousands of junkies to the United States just in line adding to the decay of the fiber of our society.

There are two ideas of why the Communists would want to push drugs in on the Americans. They've found VC carrying kilos of heroin and they know that the Laotians are heavy into manufacturing heroin. Possession of opium is legal in Laos if you have a license, and the name of the game when the boys come marching home we'll have his POW's and Hanoi saying "Right on" to the peace marchers. Heroin is a very seductive drug. To make an analogy - it's like women. In your barely post-pubescent years when you're just starting to get a little flesh, you really don't get horny, you don't really long for women inside you, you don't really know what it is. You have these faint feelings in your crotch, but when you've made love to a woman then you know there is nothing like it in the whole world. It's that simple. And you've always got to have more. You'll be horny for the rest of your life. And it's the same thing with heroin. It's a seductive drug. But when you've tasted it, it's very hard to stay away from it, even though you know that if you continue to use it you'll probably have a five-year life expectancy. You'll OD or you'll get some of it in your lungs by sniffing it or snorting it and you'll get this chemical phenomena that will kill you in a few days, and there's no money and you can't carry heroin, grow opium, do anything you want. It's that simple. As a matter of fact the US just launched a protest with the Laotian government because this Air America, which is a private company... but actually CIA operated, is a major means of transporting to the Orient around South East Asia. Everybody flies Air America and these junkies that are using Air America to transport their heroin so there was some bitching and moaning about that. Anyway there's no good evidence that the Communists are shipping it into the country. It comes in several ways, out of a small port called the MeKong River out of Laos and Cambodia into the MeKong Delta, and it's brought in by VC.

The second paranoid theory about where the drugs are coming from is the "International Crime Theory". The Mafia and "them" boys, trying to drum up a lot of business for when the boys come marching home we'll have his 25 cents bag and his fix waiting for him. We'll sell him a set of works and treatment for it, and that you lose, you've never tasted of the woman's love, you've never known of the woman's love, you've got to have more. You'll be horny for the rest of your life. And that's the same thing with heroin. It's a seductive drug. But when you've tasted it, it's very hard to stay away from it, even though you know that if you continue to use it you'll probably have a five-year life expectancy. You'll OD or you'll get some of it in your lungs by sniffing it or snorting it and you'll get this chemical phenomena that will kill you in a few days, and there's no money and you can't carry heroin, grow opium, do anything you want. It's that simple. As a matter of fact the US just launched a protest with the Laotian government because this Air America, which is a private company... but actually CIA operated, is a major means of transporting to the Orient around South East Asia. Everybody flies Air America and these junkies that are using Air America to transport their heroin so there was some bitching and moaning about that. Anyway there's no good evidence that the Communists are shipping it into the country. It comes in several ways, out of a small port called the MeKong River out of Laos and Cambodia into the MeKong Delta, and it's brought in by VC.

Guess what? If they smoke heroin they won't get busted because the officers can't smell it. A cat will walk out there in front of his Captain smoking heroin right in his face and the guy doesn't know what it is. It causes them nose, especially if it's mixed with tobacco. It just smells like body odor, you can't smell the easiest thing in the world. It's easy to get as air really.

Back to my job, I'm director of a program here near the hospital. I started out being a part time helper. Our doctor, the psychiatrist, got transfused with this kind of roadbuilding unit to be their battalion surgeon and I got stuck with running the whole fucking show. So I'm in charge of 100 Vietnamese amputees...
and who knows how many American junkies. It's really heavy man, let me tell you. These dudes run down some heavy raps about how fucked-up their heads are, how fucked-up their lives are in Vietnam and why they started on heroin and they all say they're going to stay off it, and then when they leave the program a week later most of them are back smoking scag. So I don't know where it's all going to end. I really don't, it's such a heavy problem. I think the only way to end it is to get everybody back where they belong, where they should have been all the time, back home. But anyway, there it is. I don't know what else to say about. A quarter of the people in Vietnam are junkies. Think about that, super heavy.

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**THE FISHES MINDS ARE MIXED BRO.**

**WELL MY MOTHER'S A DUCK! THIS ONE'S SMOKIN' DEVIL STICKS!**

**BUT FIRST SOMETHING TO GO IN MY MOUTH**

**WHERE ARE YOU FROM?**

**BR. TAKE A SEAT**

**BR. TAKE A SEAT**

**LET'S GIVE THIS ONE THE BIG SPLAT**

**SOMETHINGS HAPPENING HERE!**

**BUT YOU DON'T KNOW**

**WEIRD, ARE ROCKING OUT FLYING AGAIN NOW**

**YES FLY FLY**

**WHAT IS DO YOU?**

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THE FORCE ISN'T WHAT IT WAS IN MY YOUNG DAYS.

THE CASE OF THE SPOTTED TOAD

All the Gang had got together for a wizard Christmas treat. Happy laughter shook each other at the Club. Outside was bitter weather - Diving snow and blinding sheet. Inside was Bags of Cheer and Tons of Grub!

Sure, the MULLIGANS were present - Ooh, they're Terrible these Twins! And they're up to every mental kind of trick. But it can't all be as it seems. For they're like as not two new boys And you might be blaming PAT instead of MICK.

There were TOBY, MONCATIKI, SNOOTY, GIGS and BUNNY, too. With his funny little "jup" all a-shine, importantly awaiting

For a certain Blake in Blue - Their Friend and Founder - P.C. FORTY-NINE.

When at last their hours entered
How the Gang began to shout!
They nearly burst his stomach with the din!
They drank his health twice over Til the Ginger Beer ran out.
Then everybody started tucking in!

How they talked of the Adventures
They had shared in days gone past
And the pangs they had forced beside their Chum.
The pile of grub diminished
And the moments flew on fast.
While they dreamed of New Adventures yet to come.

All too soon the Party ended.
All too soon the grub was gone.
Then at last the Founder stumbled to his feet.
"Well, Cheery!" he shouted.
"Time and Crime are marching on,
And it's time that I get marching on my best."

As he stood there, gaily waving
At the open Clubroom door,
He saw that just across the road
Two evil men were waiting
With a grudge against the town.
And so began - "The Case of The Spotted Toad."
sight of a speeding police jeep is not unusual, but the fact that I was sitting in it, handcuffed, with two ‘otheramentals’ made the occasion memorable. Hustling, hustling Bangkok, sailing into the crutch of the Gulf of Siam, for use draws its lifeblood from thousands of tourists and R & R’s. The police jeep was pulling into the station, revving as the neon lights of the city flitter into life, the girls appear like a beautiful swarm of moths. To walk into a bar to be confronted by a small mound of human flesh and to many, the most succulent dish than a Bangkok street. Dozens of tender, young girls, all of patently, are fed on the city’s huge octopus-like vice machine. A little wet, generally warped from body, in a few short years. We prostitute hits 20 in Thailand, until exceptional, she is “over the hill”. Majority of the girls are pill freaks, turned into addicts in their idealism. These are morphine and heroin addicts, the “bloom of life” is so short, live it a frenetic pace and ‘tomorrow’ doesn’t exist in their vocabulary. I’ve watched young chicks swelling being courtesy of some drunken louts as a tourist, followed by a pickpocket, until they’re locked out of their minds.

On the surface, Bangkok is the original running, sinning city, but underneath is the filthiness, poverty and despair, present in many Asian cities. The hundreds of massage parlors, prostitutes and allied vice are at the heart of all of the courtesans, all operating hand in glove with the cops. Nobody ‘free lancers’ in Bangkok, if he or she wants to stay, good. Life is the cheapest commodity in Thailand. A ‘hit’ costs around £2, making money is easy, just ask the nearest druggie, they all belong to one gang, he says. The police procedurally talks of the only way to tell the difference of a cop and a thug in Thailand is there uniform. Corruption is a way of life in the East, but the extent of the extortion cannot be realised unless you are fortunate enough to meet it face to face. At the time of my arrest I’d been in Thailand for over a month. I had no idea what the arrests were about, had heard stories about the police and how corrupt they are. I was thinking that having Bill around on this trip wasn’t such a bad thing. We were taken to Samyod Police Station in Bangkok, and locked together in a huge cell - indescribably filthy and alive with vermin which we discovered in the first few minutes. It was impossible to use the latrine, one squatted over a piece of newspaper held in the right hand, then hurled a further offering onto the original nauseous pile. The wooden sleeping benches running down the length of the room were covered with straw, and it was impossible to sleep. The owner, Dr Henke, a nasty little Jew, whose business interests included a fleet of oil tankers, was such a total egomaniac I rather think he ran the city as his all-Thai staff went, he ran it that way. I can read of the doctor one evening by referring to and him the name of a Thai girl, who had slept with me in the hotel a few days previously. The doctor became quite hysterical and in real Jimmie Daegy style waved ‘You and your friends will be on our list because of Bill’.

I was thinking that for having Bill around on this trip wasn’t such a bad thing.
However, compared with the rest of the prisoners the 'politeness' have it soft. They are permitted certain books, writing materials, and other small material possessions, all supplied by relatives, while the ordinary inmate is lucky if he still has the full set of clothes he arrived in. It's also much more peaceful for a guard to strike or generally make a pest of himself with a politician who knows they may be next year's government. However, discretion ended with the food which was brown rice and generally lumpy yam, gussy, grey stew thing that would make a pig crack. Bill, because of his size and generally aggressive attitude, had started to stand out in the prison while Ed and I were doing our best to fade into the woodwork. In a prison like this one internally alike elsewhere, everything is reduced to barbs and the first rule of survival is to realise the value of anonymity. Most of the prisoners were forced to spend their entire day in the yard until needed back in their cells at 4.45 pm and because of some of the things we'd already seen, taking a break was out of the question. Each man, armed with the cutting equipment pulled was frightening. I was within yards when two Thai stabbad a young Chinese guy to death with dogger-looking steel spikes. He was a "taxi-driver" (heroin pusher) and apparently tried to make a little nerve on the side. These guys had to work to keep themselves in shape, they used to needle their biceps in the yard. The heroin trade was run by the prison heavies and Namagaha, who got a rake off, allowed us to drink freely. Whenever a particularly traumatic happening occurred guards went absolutely berserk. Those who didn't, who could still walk were dragged onto the concrete, of the administration block itself. They were usually to utter threats with their fists, those fast "fables" and poison arrows, the mini-named one called bastard Fred Astaire because of the pleasure he took in telling a man with a stiletto kick from his steel shod boot. Once inside, they were just about as bad as they would ever be and it would all start all over again until the concrete was covered with blood and vomit. Many men were left in the place where they twisted and misshapen limbs in just such a beating - others had to die. Whenever a man died at Klong Prem for whatever reasons his chest was crushed with a iron bar before the body was inspected. He was told to relax - he was home. Not being criminals the reverse process worked for us, and to make it doubly, difficult, we were foreigners as well. We found ourselves walking a very thin line between the rest of the prisoners and the guards which made it almost intolerable. It was impossible to obtain even a few minutes privacy. You couldn't ever have a shit in peace - the crapper being a raised concrete throne in one corner of the room. If you tried to find a spot in the yard to just sit in the sun, there would be half a dozen nasty little Thai thugs around you within minutes, either trying to provoke something, or just generally shit your. Your whole social personality has to be suppressed because of the fuck-the-system-with-the-guards reality you
push it. The one ray of light was that the British Embassy was obviously angry at the cavalierish treatment handed out to one of Her Majesty's subjects, even an AWOL marine, and we figured a little judicial treatment would spring us. The jail was a long cage within a larger building behind the immigration head-quarters and besides us there were more than 30 other moribund bastards of varying nationalities. Some of the days had been there for years because they had no passports and because their country of origin refused to accept them. They stood a good chance of being there until they died. With all this bucking about we were feeling quite desperate and had considered a plan to break out, as it was only a ten-cent comparison with Klong Prong. However, after a few days, McFarlin, big fat, and swarthy, showed up with the news that I was to be transferred from Thailand by the next day and "and I should like to see the last of you! I intend to bring it right up the mother of a bitch, but I wanted to get out more so, I shut up. An Ivy League schmuck from the American Embassy stopped through the door not long after and told Ed he was due for the big garage sale in a few days. Friends outside had arranged tickets for us to Malaysia which blocked possible deportation to our own countries.

The next afternoon, walking on air, I stopped off at the Atlanta Hotel with a two man escort to collect my gear before catching the plane. The four day trip into was an Australian trip to an ex-army base and permanently housed - "Hey, man, where ya been, for Chrissake?"
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THE WORM OUROBOROS

AN EPIC FANTASY TO COMPARE WITH TOLKIEN'S "LORD OF THE RINGS" "A LITERARY EVENT OF THE FIRST IMPORTANCE." Orville Prescott

E. R. EDDISON
The great controversy continues: this time into the very heart of the struggle between Abbie Hoffman, the left-wing activist-leader, and ILS, the publishing house of Ira Silverman, the lawyer who represented Hoffman in the trial of the Panthers. Hoffman and his associates, particularly his former partner in ILS, Brian Bagwell, are accusing Silverman of plagiarizing and stealing material from Hoffman's book, "Steal This Book." The controversy has now reached the point where Hoffman is threatening to sue Silverman if the matter is not resolved to his satisfaction.

Hoffman, who is currently in jail on charges of inciting a riot, has been consulting with his lawyers and has asked for a meeting with Silverman to discuss the matter. Hoffman is angry that Silverman has not taken the matter seriously and has not offered a satisfactory solution. He has told his lawyer, "I want to see him and I want to hear his explanation. If he doesn't have a good explanation, then I will sue him." Hoffman has also threatened to refuse to participate in any future book projects unless Silverman is removed from the situation.

Silverman, in turn, has been criticizing Hoffman for his own actions. He has pointed out that Hoffman has been involved in a number of controversial and illegal activities, including his involvement in the anti-war movement, his association with the Black Panthers, and his recent arrest on charges of inciting a riot. Silverman has suggested that Hoffman's behavior is the real issue, and that the plagiarism controversy is just a ploy to divert attention from his own misdeeds.

The controversy has also spread to other members of the underground movement. Many of Hoffman's colleagues have expressed support for him and have condemned Silverman's actions. They have called for a fair and just resolution of the matter, and have expressed concern that Hoffman's legal problems may be used to silence his voice and prevent him from expressing his views.

The situation is complex and involves a number of legal and ethical issues. It is likely to continue to cause significant division and unease within the underground movement for some time to come.

The great controversy continues: this time into the very heart of the struggle between Abbie Hoffman, the left-wing activist-leader, and ILS, the publishing house of Ira Silverman, the lawyer who represented Hoffman in the trial of the Panthers. Hoffman and his associates, particularly his former partner in ILS, Brian Bagwell, are accusing Silverman of plagiarizing and stealing material from Hoffman's book, "Steal This Book." The controversy has now reached the point where Hoffman is threatening to sue Silverman if the matter is not resolved to his satisfaction.

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Furthermore, dear Richard, if I ever see you in New York, I plan personally to kick your la-de-da ass.

Abbie.

PS. Anyone from OZ or anyplace else is free to examine my handwritten drafts of the book, talk to me, my lawyers, I suggest also Haber's lawyer, also the people at Random House who foster no love for me since I've said a lot of nasty stuff about them for refusing to publish the book, or anyone else. I'm sure they will dismiss Haber's claims as so much hogwash. I defy you or Haber to furnish any proof of risk of bail revocation, for them not to give you a fair shake is incredible.

This whole affair is not to be believed. OZ has given birth to the biggest put-on since Paul Krassner published the "parts left out of the Manchester book". At least Paul later admitted it was a hoax. Perhaps after sending someone over here to examine the evidence, OZ too would have some second thoughts on the immorality of back stabbing.

Response to Haber article in OZ 36. Sent August 27, 1971 by Abbie Hoffman. No editing allowed without prior permission.

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The charges in the article in the way of witnesses, notes etc. Haber, as well as all researchers were thanked for their contribution in the Introduction to 'Steal This Book'. Everyone connected with the book has been given a percentage of the profits or a flat fee and there have been no complaints by anyone that I know of (with the exception of Tom Forcade, who interestingly enough, also claims to have written the book). In fact I have many letters written from folks saying how surprised they were to get bread since the practice in the counter-culture seems to be not to pay writers or cartoonists, ie, OZ has never, to my knowledge, paid any US writer, including myself, for articles excerpted from books or any other publications.

There has never been any attempt on my part to conceal that a number of people participated in the project.

Haber is listed on the title page as co-conspirator. The introduction reads as follows:

"Obviously such a project as 'Steal This Book' could not have been carried out alone. Izak Haber shared the vision from the beginning. He did months of valuable research and contributed many of the survival techniques."

I then proceed to acknowledge the contributions of others. Your article makes it appear that I try to hide all this. Fuck, I even thank the typesetters by name. Can you name another writer that ever did that!

I can excuse a very sick in the head cat but people that you tried to help at the
Time for all west coast rock fans to dream. (Do I believe there are a few? Dunno. I've never met any with the exception of a very few. Book-lined hall, no doubt?)

First up is Jefferson Airplane. I just can't wait in preparation for 1975, the everlovin' Stoneground to come off the tim e in much the same way as the rest of the band. A no one has been more of a roadblock than the one you have to work past when you're putting together a new album. But even in their sleep, they throw out a feeling similar to that of the best rock musicians anywhere. They can remember (discounting Paul Kantner’s lack of work habits) the first Airplane album for longer than I can remember. The group, a fact which may disconcert fans, is soon to be unleashed by Warner Bros (the parking meter people).

Coryell's impossibly fluid space jazz-rock is the kind of thing that's been missing for quite some time on this front. Everything is working out, anywhere they go. If only because Kaukonen and Casady were beset with problems so it may well be that side one is a Fairfield Hall and side two the twenty years music for the time when we can't capture the first Airplane. Simply. Yet his technical skills aren't going to drive his fans out. Far from it. "Water Music" is as long as anything he's written but the opening cut. When The Europa Kids, a school of the thousand or more fans to group's streaming, its path in comparison, dolefully meeting with them. Groban's been running on full-throttle from his last, long and his triple Scourby, Craig Mackie, and Joe Conception. Think it here, show up with them, whatever... side two consists of long extended versions of "Dear Mr. Fantasy" and "When the Earth Moves Again." I wonder if there is a forest where the best rock musicians anywhere, their own way, are some kind of tantalizing. They're coming from the best rock musicians anywhere.

Not before time, though it is still available here yet and a US bootleg, of which there are many available. RCA have finally put out "Takes Stuff 'Snappy Electric Country Rock" which is the kind of thing that's been missing for quite some time. It's been worth the wait for the best rock musicians anywhere, their own way, are some kind of tantalizing. They're coming from the best rock musicians anywhere.

Their version of 'Dear Mr. Fantasy' and 'Gimme Some Lovin', a tremendous clash of the worlds, is a wistful delight, recognisable from the best rock musicians anywhere.

Most of the material is known to everyone, even though I'm more used to hearing it on a new record. A new album, a fact which may disconcert fans, is soon to be unleashed by Warner Bros (the parking meter people).

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minutes of music beyond are a totally mind bending excursion through the mind of a lightning fast, superb musician.

Country Joe and the Fish are one of those bands that mean something to many of us because they were as much a part of our growth as we were part of theirs and if nostalgia is something you dig then 'From Haight Ashbury to Woodstock' is a double album you ought to have. Six of the nineteen tracks were recorded live at both the Fillmores and also at Woodstock and have never been released before, which is true of other great bands whose music is yet to be released.

Daevid Allen and Gong are possibly the most exciting group I've seen performing this year and Daevid's second solo album with a smattering of Gong and help from Gary Wright is available on the French label "byg", which means it may never see English release.

Banana Moon is a strange and compelling album with flashes of Allen's inimitable genius, especially on "Stoned Innocent Frankenstein" which occupies the whole of side one. The ingredients of Daevid Allen's music are his roots in jazz, his impossible and hilarious mythology about Pot head Pixies, Bananas, Octave Doctors, luminous Hashish from the moon and electronic rock music. If that doesn't whet your appetite look out for Gong in England soon as they are finally about to tour.

Finally John Lennon. It probably won't be too long before 'Imagine' is released over here by Apple, but in the meantime the impatient amongst you can rush out and buy the American version of this, his answer to the people who found the first album self-indulgent and too personal. I wouldn't presume in so few words to review the record, there are eager thousands just waiting to get their teeth into it but I would like to say that it's a fine and occasionally startling collection with some of the hardest head crashing rock you'll ever hear, 'I don't Wanna be a Soldier Mama, I don't Wanna Die' and 'It's So Hard' as well as three or four sensitive, and extremely moving love songs, 'Imagine', 'Oh My Love' and 'How'. Lennon has produced an album that equals and surpasses anything that the Beatles ever did and we might easily suppose that George Harrison, Klaus Voorman, Alan White, Nicky Hopkins and John and Yoko might soon be a permanent band.

It's a stimulating thought, the music they make is finally catching up with Lennon's intelligence and it's so very very good to have. Listen to Lennon's biting sad song for Paul McCartney 'How Can You Sleep' and hear and old mate saying a few things he had to say but could not say, he was too much of a friend to say nothing. Music fine enough for me to want to say thank you. Thankyou.

John Coleman
WHAT ARE YOU CARRYING?

WHAT?

WHAT ARE YOU CARRYING, GURDJIEFF?

WHAT ARE YOU CARRYING?

ALL .......... ALL THE WEIGHT OF MY REPRESSION

WILLIAM STOK
“What was Nenoferkaptah’s grim warning? Why was a compressed cardboard box found floating in the Arctic? What is the great seal of Abydos? Where are the coral shores of the cortex? Who is Dikmik and what is the grisly dwarf Del? Thrill to the android replicas, share the cruel sounds of limitless space. Co-pilots of spaceship Earth, experts in astral travel, switch all channels through to the void and fill your heads with peace and fire your flesh rockets with the liquid fuel of love, and let us ride together on orgasmic engines to the stars.” All this and more can be found in HAWKWIND’S latest record XIN SEARCH OF SPACE, niftily packaged in a full colour fold out pack — plus a spiffy 20 page book.

BEaWARE: If you fly Hawkwind, there ain’t no return, and we ain’t foolin’.
Dear OZ,

I don't know if I am writing this letter to the right place, but your dreadful magazine does not say where to write letters to. I have found several of your magazines in my 16 years old daughter's bedroom and I think they are disgusting. I read OZ 34 from cover to cover to find out exactly what my daughter seems to be reading and one story I found very disturbing was 'My Lay in My Lai'. I wonder do you understand what you are doing when a girl of that age, a child in fact, can go into a shop and buy your magazine what affect it may have on children of that age. The language is sickening. My daughter thinks that OZ is very funny and also interesting. I don't see anything interesting or funny about OZ 34 or any other OZ for that matter. I have burned all the copies of OZ that I found as well as Frendz, IT, Styng, Ink, Time Out, Rolling Stone and several others and I have confined my daughter to her bedroom for a month. After school every evening she goes to her bedroom and has to stay there till the next morning. I am also keeping her in her bedroom all over the weekends, she has her meals on her own there and has no TV to watch and no pocket money. And I will keep her to that punishment for the month. I don't want to do this but I have to make her understand that she must always do what is morally right. I blame you for me having to punish my child. You all must be very sick in the head and I advise all of you to see a doctor. She now tells me that she is pregnant and the father is some long haired member of a rock group and he is only nineteen. My daughter has completely shamed herself in my eyes. Sex seems to be the main topic in your magazine and it is people like you that drive children to have sexual intercourse. I blame people like the members of OZ for everything that has happened to her. How could a sixteen year old girl understand about sex and experiment with it being encouraged by people like you. I hope if you have any feeling at all that you will print my letter so that some young children may understand what you and people like you are doing to them. At least give them a chance to realise from wrong. I have not given my address and refuse to give my name because I don't want to be related to people like you in any way. If young people were kept to their religion others would be not pregnant 16 year old girls and so nineteen year old long haired layabouts who have no idea of like at the age of even nineteen. There should be no such thing as sexual intercourse until the age of 21 and then it should be in the laws of Matrimony. I should like to know what am I going to do about my daughter's baby and what am I going to say to my friends and the rest of my family this is something that my wife and I are never likely to forget.

Yours truly,
A Struggling Parent

PS. I would be most grateful if the letter has not been addressed to the right place that it is put into the proper hands, thank you. Please excuse the writing and spelling.

Dear OZ,

In the land of OZ we American women readers would like to see (in reference to issues number 33 and 34 especially) some pictures of small boys with over-accentuated penises, men being ass fucked by frogs, and an article about a male iamb fucker. So far we find OZ to be overtly sexist with no corresponding exploitation of anything male in your magazine on a regular basis - what sort of Emerald City do you want anyway? We are writing this with the warmest feelings for the continuation and expansion of OZ and the entire English underground - good luck to Anderson, Neville and Dennis.

Sincerely,
Fran Goodstein,
Sandra Limeburner.
Damnation Alley

ROGER ZELAZNY

SCENE: America fragmented by nuclear war; no planes, no radio.

MISSION: To run Damnation Alley from California to Boston. To face everything from Gila Monsters the size of a barn to bone-stripping radioactive storms and still have something left to tackle the humans left around.

DRIVER: Hell Tanner, the last of the Barbary Coast Hell's Angels: "I'm me, I'm an Angel. I don't have to pretend to be anything else. If they don't like me, they can cut me down. So far, they haven't been able to." £1-75

Faber & Faber

For the rest of today you're stuck with the political system we've got.

Make it work to help save 40 million lives.

If this country along with all other United Nations members, doesn't get to work straight away to pressure for an immediate peaceful solution to the Pakistan problem, we may have on our collective conscience the biggest human disaster in the history of mankind.

The fact is that something like 40 million lives in and around East Pakistan are threatened by famine and disease if a massive relief operation isn't put into effect immediately. Of course Oxfam, along with other relief agencies are doing what they can as are the Indian Government, but it simply isn't enough. The only way this problem is going to be solved is for the governments of the world to unite in demanding action. You've got the power to start that action now, through your MP.

Urgent.

Sign here and send to your MP

To the Member for .................. House of Commons

I add my plea that the United Nations use the power invested in it to press for an urgent political solution to the Pakistan problem, and immediately organise the relief programme desperately needed to avert further suffering.

Name ..............................................
Address ...................................................

Sign here .................................. Date ..........................................

Inserted by Oxfam 274 Banbury Road, Oxford, on behalf of human beings in need.
What we want to do is to publish some useful information about medical problems that the ordinary straight GP or your uptight shrink won't handle. Speaking personally I spent a year working full-time for a well-known underground charity in London and it opened my eyes to the depths of nonsense that the majority of doctors come out with when such topics as Acid, sex, police brutality, etc are mentioned by patients. (Incidentally I would sign my full name were it not for the law that forbids doctors to 'advertise' on pain of being prevented from prescribing for their patients.)

Only last week a girl of 23 telephoned with the following story: She had suffered from high blood pressure — whatever that is, because peoples' blood pressures do vary extremely — and asked her family doctor what would happen if she dropped LSD. “You'll drop dead”, he replied. He had no scientific basis for such a grim forecast, and so far as I know he was trying to say that she would be breaking the law or risking the comfort of her mind. As it is she is still determined to drop her trip and I only hope the doctor proves wrong.

Speed, can kill, but Acid trips mental mechanisms that are still far from being understood, and are very, very rarely lethal. In the next issue we hope to publish a First Aid Guide for Bad Trips or What to Do if your Daughter Claims she was Raped by Dope Friends. (Details of that actual case, which occurred in Sussex this Summer are presently sub judice and cannot yet be printed.)

A 19 year old girl (why the boys don't complain I know not) wrote with the following problem: “My boyfriend and I like all sorts of sex and I'm peculiar because I enjoy being buggered more than being fucked in my vagina, and that isn't a problem especially as my boyfriend always wears a durex to keep himself safe” (what's up your arse, tintachts?) “but what is bothering me, and my boy friend's penis is average size, is that now whenever I shit I bleed. Is this normal? Also what can I do because it's painful too?”

In answer I must point out that most men's penises are no larger than most turds and medically it is indeed odd that shitting is usually fun whilst being buggered is often painful — at first anyway. Probably you have a small tear of the skin of the anus — a ‘figure 8’. In England, Syphilis, the most serious of venereal diseases, is practically only found among people who practice anal intercourse. This may be why buggery, even between man and wife is a felony (!) but Syphilis is a rare disease and can be diagnosed by a simple blood test. It is treated confidentially, and cured very reliably with antibiotics obtainable from VD Clinics and most doctors.

If neither you or your boyfriend have come out in a rash, or if he has no sign such as an ulcer, or a painless lump on his penis or a discharge, then it's just a simple tear of the skin. Do go to any doctor and complain of the bleeding. There are ointments, suppositories and agents to soften faeces which are commonly prescribed for this condition, which is often caused by constipation anyway — so do not be shy! It takes about two weeks of treatment to heal your damage so why not play with Pussy Power meanwhile? Useful ointments for sore sex-holes contain local anaesthetics. Local, Xylocaine and Nupercainal are available at chemists and Stud aerosol from sex-goods shops. All these can (rarely) cause itchy allergic reactions.

Now can any reader help the distressed mother who wrote to me about her daughter Veronica? This is the letter she wrote:

Dear Sir,
My daughter Veronica went overland to India in July 1969 and wrote every fortnight until Jan this year, then came the postal strike. In her last letter she said she would see me soon, so I thought she must be on her way home. I think she intended to be home end of May beginning of June. The Embassies between here and India have been advised of her apparent disappearance, also the Salvation Army is helping.

But when I heard what is happening in Afghanistan, I was appalled, and although her letters were always lucid and extremely descriptive of the country etc I wonder if she has now become involved in some way, and is in Afghanistan. Therefore, I immediately thought that if I wrote to Dr J he may be able to advise me, as to whom I might write there for assistance.

Yours sincerely,
Video Collectives! Video Communes! Video Co-ops! Hey, Charley, you hear that? Charley, I'm calling you, world's most facile, prolific, creative, clever, sucked up radio-TV writer! Charley, turn over in your grave, I'm calling you, Listen! You can tell them to go fuck themselves. No kidding. They can't fire you. Because you won't be working for them. You'll be working for yourself. No bullshit. Charley, You'll be paid. You'll share the bread with other cats like you. Creators. Talent. Listen, Charley, it'll blow your mind. No speculation. No free stuff for guys to make money out of, no chasing a guy to collect your money which he has already spent. Nope, they can't steal your ideas, talent, experience and throw away that you are the absolute man. Dig. Charley? Outta sight. Far out. Don't cry Charley it's not another lie. You'll write and produce these programs. You and your community can collective associate will make and sell and distribute the software. No phonies, finks, backstabbers, two timers, thieves to rob you, Charley. No more lies, doublecrossing, promises, promises and no loot for the rent. You don't have to do anything to do with the guys who kicked you in the teeth, drove you to drink and the sleeping pills and the long, last rip out. Charley, believe it or not, Ripley, I swear by the Hit Parade and Pay Per Weaver and Wide and World and the presentations you wrote for NBC, for Today, Tonight. Home, for $200, that you won't be gypped, conned, paid off in Wilkie buttons. Charley, get this, they can't fuck you. You can fuck them!

Please don't cry, Charley. I swear by Johnny Weismuller-Tarzan, the guy you used to psycho out by telling him he had the clap, just before you dived in for the race, I swear by The Shadow the Lone Ranger, The Cisco Kid, Captain Video, Mr District Attorney, Grand Central Station, First Nighter, Walter Cronkite, Eric Severide, HV Kaltenborn, Aw, there's good news tonight, Gabriel Heater, I swear by radio hater, Father Coughlin and TV haters, McCarthy, by Fred Waring, Guy Lombardo and Kate Smith and Bing Crosby and John Wayne who, Newsweek says, quoting, said Indians? They were selfish not to want to give up their land, it was okay to take their land from them, and blacks, they're not responsible enough for leadership yet; and Tim Mix and Jack Armstrong and the Columbia Workshop, and even on the Bible of showbiz, Variety, I swear by Charley, all the times you have been censored, edited, cut, destroyed, defaced, by every news show that has, by commission and omission, censored itself, lied, deliberately broadcast falsehoods; by every damn fool news director who is so brainwashed, he laughs at and doesn't have to be told what to cut or leave out, I swear by AL Alexander and Good Will Court and John J Anthony and What's your problem, Charley I swear by the millions of hours of radio and TV broadcasts and over the graves of Irving Reiss, of Columbia Workshop Days, and We, The People and the lies spread by the bigot, racist freedom fighters in the space ship. Earth, read R Buckminster Fuller's inspiring introduction to Youngblood's 'Expanded Cinema'. Fuller writes: "...tomorrow's youth will employ the video cassette resources to bring in the scenario documents of all humanity's most capable thinkers and conceivers. Only through the scenario can man possibly 'houseclean' swiftly enough the conceptual resources of his spontaneous formulations. Tomorrow's Expanded Cinema University, as the word universe-towards one-implies, will weld metaphysically together the world community of man by the flux of understanding and the spontaneously truthful integrity of the child." This means YOU, video genealogy, video cassettes, forget the traditional, the conventional, the commercial; use Cable TV, sure, use the establishment — buy your equipment from the institution — but they CAN'T BUY YOU WHEN YOU HAVE HOME TV CONTROL AND DON'T NEED THEIR DISTRIBUTION!

Think! Anything they say NO to, don't take NO for an answer now, say yes with your answer, your ideas, your perception of reality, realism, fantasy, synesthetic reality- whatever the relevant world you know; white, black, third world, youth, truth; truth, free of repression, censorship.


How about programs like, HOW TO FUCK SPECIAL BULLETIN. WE INTERRUPT this program to say YOU CAN SAY THAT HERE, ON CASSETTES! For things you'd like to say and want to know, see MONTAGE COLLECTION, FREE VIDEO INFORMATION EXCHANGE, AT THE CLOSE OF THIS PROGRAM. Now back to all the network announcers, commentators, newsmen, establishment comic makers, Nixons, Reagans, (who? Me pay taxes? Agnews I can so gag all of you, because I'm the Second) Mitchell, Mrs Marie Antoinette Let Them Be Killed Mitchell, ALL IN THE FAMILY type racist satires programs (Johnny Carson, the producer is a nice guy for a heeb!) For protest stereotypes going back to pre-Hitler days I got fired a half dozen times; for protesting use of kikes, spicks, heebes, heebes, electron, the nazi-gisms of prejudice, bigotry, hatred, niggerism.

I got fired from local and network stations; for protesting pandering to the lowest kind of hostilities; for ALL IN THE FAMILY type crimes I was beaten up, hit cockedall, struck in the face, called names, fired, kept out, left out, ignored, kicked, lied to, deceived, cheated, robbed, for protesting the caricature-stereotypes glorifying and making a nice, acceptable guy out of a sonofabitch a bitch who would be first in line in the parades, the Lynch mobs, the gas chambers; to see this racist guy, phonyly put down, and supposedly taught a lesson while we accept him as "after all he is a nice guy" is to make a mockery out of all the bigotry, racist freedom fighters in the space continuum of our fight against oppression, our dynasty toward freedom. We will have our own home TV and ignore this stimulation of intolerance, hatred, racism, Light.

I hate it like it hates me. I fear it like the monster it is. And what it does to people. So more than ever, we need the educational tools of the video cassettes. How To Love, Not Hate. How Fuck. How Do I love thee? Let me count the ways. Sex education. For newborns. For young and middle and old.

Produce a simple narrator, illustrations, with a few actors in scenes in which YOU'RE WHAT YOU EAT. Nutrition. Health. HOW TO — whatever you want: raise a child, buy and sell real estate; know the law, run a meeting, know your union, know black history, any ethnic history, how to shop, buy, survive, read; to see what you won't — on commercial TV: simple production with a narrator, a few local actors, or whatever of adaptations of Cleaver's 'Soul on Ice' 'Autobiography of Malcolm X'; Bobby Seale's 'Seize the Time', etc.

Menkin's Mono Drama Technique of ONE ACTOR, no sets, few props, telling, acting out a
story. Award winning 1953 Dumont series, accented by 'variety' New York Times, etc. LIVING HISTORY, I MADE HISTORY. I am. I was I am Here. Right in your own living room. On your own TV set. In your home. Like. I AM KARL MARX. I have come here to tell you my story. I have come here to read from my works and discuss my ideas with you. I have come here for the transition in the space time continuum of yesterday, today to tomorrow, for you, the video generation, the information generation.


THE CREATIVES ... tape your local creative people. Artists, craftsmen, writers, poets, teachers: do talent scout shows for poets, playwrights: tape your local high school, college newspaper, radio, TV, campus people; their views. Make them bring them to life. Let them speak and tell their story with folk song background, rock blues background, classic, moog synthesizer, electronic, jazz, whatever.

Everywhere, in your local community, produce a SEIZE THE MEDIA, a VIDEO FREE MAGAZINE (that's what I'm planning) Digest the underground press, in audio visual, video tape-film cartridge cassettes.


Find two documentaries on people like ANGELA DAVIS, Political Prisoner. Innocent until proven guilty? Oh, sure, we'll give her a fair trial and hang her! How about a documentary on THE CASE OF RUCHELL MAGEE, HELD IN SLAVERY. Magee says he is being treated like a slave. A slave is not being treated. No, he is being treated like a robot. This is his constitutional rights. Maybe he is a robot. Let's see. For a dough, for a loaf, for a bag of bread, TEN BUCKS – ten years in jail. And so on into fantasy-death land.

You have a productive, mystery suspense non-story of a man's struggle to be free!

I believe the truth set you free! I believe WHAT YOU READ. Adapt by Diversity Press, Box 90045. Published it himself.

And Geddhill who says he used to teach with Cesar in the old San Francisco days. Had a lot of publishers in the establishment and writers and wants to get into video as someday. Meanwhile runs a Co-op Publishing, Loose Leaf Library. Helps writers make a book. Prints and sells their material. Geddhill, Co-Op Publishing, 417 Avenue D, Avalon Beach, Calif. 90277.

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ness and an understanding of music not business. 'Fun and Games Inc.' will be promoting concerts sometime in the near future featuring their bands and probably others, so look out for them.

Tempted by the thought of a blast from the past, I decided to check out Townshend and the Who I found myself at the Kennington Oval, in the midnight Enclosure yet, on a hot September Saturday, sharing the unisex loo with hordes of freaks and ladies, listening to all kinds of medioc­re and self indulgent super­stars, the end result is invariably special, high quality music. Of course they make bread, they happen to be shrewd and soulful professional musicians with both feet firmly in what looks like being the beginnings of an alternative society... and do we need that.

If you search around for such an embryo culture in London you'll get nearest to the feeling by watching the progress of a bundle of 'Grove Growers' including the remainder of Pink Fairies, Hawkwind, Merry Boy and various emergent bands that promise well to take over where the regrettably called 'Fun and Games' is down to one or two major differences... friendly.

The entire staff of 'Frendz' could be seen stumbling happily amongst the foreground to the somewhat sharp images of bog or hot-dog bound hippies tripping and floating across the sky a blushing St John's medic quickly turned him back over with a gentle, trembling, prodding toe.

All but the keenest booper missed the immaculate Grunge Band who were first on the programme for some obscure reason and the rest of the afternoon saw us treated to an average set from Mott the Hoople and an unforgivably sloppy set from Rod Stewart and the Faces who seem too often inclined to leave the soul for the last three numbers and fuck around for the rest of the set. Ricki Farr proudly announced an Irish singer called Eugene Wallace who had 'never sung in front of more than twenty people in his life' and who thrashed his way through about five protest songs, delivered in an anguished roaring voice. I imagine his hernia was impossibly strangulated.

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The Black Panther Party, decimated by American police murders and infiltrated by FBI agents, are now operating major international headquarters from Algiers. The new headquarters: Cleaver, Black Panther Party, Minister of Information, and a dozen other Panthers who have successfully made the hazardous journey, often without passports.

The Panthers live and work in a white-washed two-story building which appears, from the outside, the front entrance proclaim, “Black Panther Party—International Section” in Arabic and English. Eldridge Cleaver has spent two years in Algeria since his escape from California in 1969 after refusing to comply with an order to return for his unsealed and unproved parole violations. Author of ‘Soul on Ice,’ Cleaver has an international following.

Earlier this month, Alex Perry spent two days with Cleaver at the Algiers headquarters and brought back his most recent statement. Perry’s Letter to the Lumber is to be sent out shortly from Algeria as a newsletter to Black Panthers around the world.

USA retreated, panic stricken, for the shelter of more rhetoric and feigned confusion. It had not been the conscious, premeditated will of anybody to usher in the_new Breed against the first line in the wind. Objective criteria called for an organized force that was ready and willing to leap off into the chaos, pick up the gun, and Vangard the action. Many attempts were made to provide such organizational machinery and ideological direction. It happened that U.S. BlackRoots I and II offered the best possibility at that time. So, phase one of a three phased process was entered into.

The task that had to be accomplished was to exposit and break the power of the machinery in the hands of the ruling class into control, repress and contain the revolutionary vanguard of the oppressed people inside Babylon. In practical terms, this meant that the following three targets had to be dealt with:

1. The Occupying Army of Racist Pig Cops.
2. The Racists in Judicial System.
3. The Racists in Prison System.

Without these instruments of control, repression, and containment to rely upon, the rulers of Babylon would be on the chopping block—like a Christmas Turkey. This special repressive force—Police, Courts, and Prison—was known to be the real ump, our deep down thing. Dig it.

The revolt of the pigs grew slowly. They were stymied. They went through heavy changes. The actual shooting of Afro-Americans in the San Francisco Bay Area was to end all that. But the murderous pigs did not want to vomit because vomiting on a weak foe is their thing, their deep down thing, but they were not psychologically or militarily prepared to vomit. Police departments throughout out Babylon launched drastic programs to reorganize and to build themselves for war, which clearly had to be waged.

The first significant attack against an office of the Black Panther Party occurred two days after the Oakland courts found Huey P. Newton guilty of manslaughter instead of first degree murder. The Oakland Police, aided by Contra-Sniper and Order brains, knew that they were being moved on by revolutionaries. They also knew that dealing with revolutionaries meant war. And like all ruling establishments, they struck out viciously, in a vain effort to stamp out the first tire of a peoples’ war. This was not the first time; the pigs did not want to vomit, but they were also ours. The most atrocious vamp on our Party was the murder of Fred Hampton. It is also the most revealing. It clearly lays bare the Nazi-like cops of Babylon in the process of terror and retaliation, in the cold-blooded murder of a young leader of our people.

Lumber is prepared to take it.

In 1966, the Lumber, with a few members of the black bourgeoisie participating, formed the Black Panther Party, dedicated to organizing and speaking for the voiceless, unorganized black, the potential proletariat of Babylon. Always the first victim and easiest target of the oppressor’s reactionary violence, unleashed through the instrumentality of the racist pig cops, the Lumber was the most enthusiastic and willing to move. We attempted to close a direct line to deal on a for-real level with the task of ridding the people of the terrorizing presence and practice of the occupying army.

By contrast, when the Lumber first posed the alternative of organized revolutionaries to the panoply of the occupying class, the Lumber found itself isolated. Relating to the complaints and demands of the Lumber as these were stated in the 10 Point Program and Platform of the Black Panther Party, the other classes panicked and got far away from the Lumber as possible. The fact that the Lumber was actually picking up the gun, and actually using it, blew the minds of many people who were supposed to be the friends of a just cause. Even so-called revolutionaries, many of whom were in the Left of the respectable Communist Party of the

Offing the Pig Cops

When Huey P. Newton offered pig Frey, he set a Lumber Standard that had to be met. For the Lumber, there was no question about it. Pig Frey was on and the feeling was good for the first time. The death of pig cop Frey marks the death of all pig cops in Babylon. The correct method backed up by the correct analysis was confirmed in Lumber eyes at the moment that Frey was officially declared to be dead. The news spread like wildfire to the Afro-American people to take up arms and wage war against our oppressor gave itself the seal of approval through action, by moving, by taking the initiative and actually attacking the pigs, with guns, and killing them. This became our thing, our

Offing the Pig Judicial System

The good part was that pig cop Frey was dead. The bad part was that Huey had gotten captured. Though the victory was still clear, it was marred by the fact of capture. The capture gave us the case. Our struggle was now being moved from the streets into the court house. We had our first conversation with Attorney Charles R. Garry at this point. War was thus transformed backwards into politics. What started as an act of revolutionary war against the pigs was turned into a direct line to the pigs’ targets, and to the direct link between the pig and the pig on the bench was made. Soon the pigs on the bench were carrying guns under their robes. Political prisoners stood up in court and exposed them inside out, forever. It is no longer a question of can I organize and capture their targets, but how do we break these chains? When Jonathan Jackson marched into court with his guns, a qualitative leap in theory and practice flashed like lightening through millions of skulls. From California to New York, a vanguard communiqué had gone out. The revolutionary demand for a Jury on one’s peers is a rallying cry. Backed up by resisting arrest and killing the judge transforms the rallying cry into a war cry. The courts are dead in the eyes of the people.
Offing the Pig Prisons
If the Afro-American people are the most oppressed as a group inside Babylon, then Afro-American prisoners, who are the most oppressed class inside Afro-America know what it means to be a slave. The stark naked reality of chains and dark dungeons, the cruel and brutal methods of the guards, the total exposure of the less of society, and the fact that the pig does bust you on the streets and drag you before another pig in court: the pig in court turns you over to the pigs who hold down the prisons. From top to bottom, from beginning to end, it's a no-go pig show.

The Lumpen, trapped within walls of steel and stone, sees very clearly what is going on. He understands himself to be a victim of a flam that the pigs have put down. It's not funny anymore. Before, the Lumpen laughed at it. Dreaming of trips from rags to riches, the Lumpen had been convicted of a felony, that the American dream of the shoeshine boy had been born again, but that the Lumpen has been born again, but that now does. He treasures his vision above all, that the Lumpen is dead. The Lumpen at that moment discovers a new life. The Lumpen confesses that he really doesn't know. His convictions on this point swing over themselves. He moves, but not all the way. His prison term is extended. The Lumpen does next is his secret. He has become a revolutionary.

Offing all the Pigs
It is a fact that at this very moment inside the United States there are people who have reserved especially for them- selves the right of destroying them. For them, reality unfolds over the course of a few days. The best food, clothing and shelter; and even the air that they breathe is cleaner. If they get sick, then they have the best doctors standing there waiting with golden instruments that fit neatly under their tongues. It is clear that they think that because we rejected their diplomas and passed in the faces of their teachers that we are stupid. But we are the architects of their doom. And we are not all in their prisons. We are everywhere: in their buildings, in their streets, in their air, in their water, we are in their Army, and we are even under their skins. Let that pompous punk, Spiro the skunk, that teacher that we are stupid. But we are the architects of their doom. And we are not all in their prisons. We are everywhere: in their buildings, in their streets, in their air, in their water, we are in their Army, and we are even under their skins. Let that pompous punk, Spiro the skunk, that talks like he's studied every cheerios and wheaties ad ever composed, continue to sell his wolf tickets. There are those of us who will buy every one of them. We do not have to be as fat as they are in order to kick their asses. When the Lumpen moves, the entire society has to move, because the Lumpen is on the bottom and the only way he can go is up. As the Lumpen starts to move towards the top, everything between the bottom and the top has to move — if nothing else at least out of the way.

We shall stone the walls of their castles in our lifetimes. We are living in the day that it has become possible for us to snatch a final victory from those who have oppressed us for 400 years. Millions of Lumpens, armed and on the ground, pursuing the enemy with a passion and implacable determination to destroy, are an irresistible force. When they try to destroy us, every move that they make will only hasten the destruction of their machine. Each time that they breathe, they reveal even more to the people their contours of evil. And after the great victory, ain't nobody going to mess with us. When the pig of Babylon is sliced up again, not only will the Lumpen get its share, but standing there with guns in their hands the Lumpen will see to it that everybody else gets theirs.

If Mayor Lindsay of New York, deep into the minds of those that hate him, finds it to his political advantage, this year to attack Nelson Rockefeller as the Butch of Attica, and not attack him, the group of thousands of South Africans through his Chase Manhattan Bank, it means only that we have the pigs fighting amongst themselves.

Now, while the world situation permits it, we must make a move for the freedom and liberation of our people, realizing that slavery and nothing can stop us. To succeed we have to do something becomes futile revolutionary. We have nothing better to do. No more of their programs for us. Let us enact a Lumpen program for them. No more investigations and inquiries, no more nothing, not even elections. When the forces of injustice that necessitate the killing of 400 years, do not mean that we have been defeated. It will only show us even more clearly the
On Tour Now

ALBUMS

Loaded
Also on musicassette

Velvet Underground & Nico
The Velvet Underground
White Light/
White Heat

MARKETED BY POLYDOR
FINISHED MY HOMEWORK!! NOW TO GET STEENEN!

MY STASH!! IT'S GONE!!

ALRIGHT? I FOUND IT! I TOLD YOU TIME AND TIME AGAIN, HONEYBUNCH, I WILL NOT HAVE NARCOTICS IN THIS HOUSE!!

OK, WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!

LOOK, MAN, I TOLD YOU WHAT I'D DO IF YOU DIDN'T STAY OUTA MY ROOM, SO... THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED, MAN!?

THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY!!

WHAT WILL YOU DO, OH HONEYBUNCH? TAKE CARE OF YOU?

THAT'S MY PROBLEM!! I'M THE SAME HEARTBURN AND PAIN THEN YOU'LL KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE.

ALL I CAN SAY IS I HOPE SOME DAY WHEN YOU'RE A MOTHER, TOO, YOU'LL SOMEBODY LIKE.

CUT TH' DRAMATICS, MAN, I'M NOT GONNA BE A MOTHER EVER!

FUCK YOU!

AN' I HATE ALL TH' NEIGHBORS HEARD THAT!!

THAT'S LOOKING AT ME? WHY'S HE LOOKING AT ME? MAYBE HE'S AN INFORMER, GUESS.

HEEHEE! WHAT A CREEP!! OR WOULD HE RATHER BE MISTOSED BY A MAN FIND THAT BUSTED BY A FOR-HE-GUESS.

SAME HERE! DID YOU SEE THAT?

NO WHAT?
"A young chick saw our car and took off down that alley like a scared rabbit! Oh, yeah? Come on! Let's go off!"

"Downtown... the sooner you start prostituting the sooner you'll get out of here..."

"Ow! Oww!
Quit squawkin'! Mommie's impressed! Goodbye, boots. All gonna be crybabies!"

"Okay! All done, sweet heart, yes clear. What? I almost forgot! Spray you for lice."

"Into the slammer goes Honeybunch!"

"Hey! Wait! Professor! Open up! It's me!"

"Honeybunch! What?"

"Shh!"

"Oh, Professor! When I almost didn't make it. Oh, honey. I won't believe it when I tell you."

"Hey! This'll settle whores!"

"Oooh!"

"Ung... gnung bite suck! Glossy suck!"

" предусмотрительно!"

"Why? Get off it!"

"Right on!"

"This is armed self-defense, baby. We're not out to fuck anybody over, but well, make it pretty damn tough on any motherfucker tries truck with us, right?"

"There's no telling what the boling cars will do next. As their power becomes more and more shaky, I'm not making any predictions. All I've said is, these all are children in a little wise and arm themselves before the fascist vigilantes come down on their crash-test an' communes!"
COOL IT SISTER! MINE! OH YEAH??

WATCHA GOT IN THIS TREASURY, HUM CHICK? HUM? HUM? NO, PUPPA! DON'T! RIP!

OH WELL, LOOKS LIKE WE GOT A RUNAWAY HERE.... BAWL!

LET'S TAKE HER DOWN TO JOOININ!...

OKAY, KID, STRIP! TAKE IT ALL OFF... EVERY STITCH!!

WHAM!! NOW HOP UP HERE ON THIS TABLE LIKE A GOOD GIRL?? WHY??

YOU WAN'T GONNA PUT THAT IN ME??

I SAID HOLD STILL!!

Grip!!

HOURS LATER...

THERE SHE IS!! THAT'S HER!

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU'VE PUT US THROUGH! HONESTLY, THE HOUSE IS TERRORISTIC. THEY KNEW IF YOU WERE ALIVE OR DEAD!!

LATER THAT NIGHT

THIS TIME I'LL MAKE SURE THEY DON'T CATCH ME!!

POLITICAL POWER BEGINS AT THE BARREL OF A GUN! TRuer WORDS WERE NEVER SPoken. Y' SEE THIS?

EECK! THEEEL!!

LET'S GET UNDRESSED!

GOODY!

POOR BABY!! POOR HONEYBUNCH!!

I TRIED TO RUN AWAY AN' GOT BUSTED AN' THEY SEARCHED FOR ME AN' TORE UP MY TEDDYBEAR AN' THEN THIS BIG OKE GOT RARED ME AN' THEN THEY THREW ME IN JAIL AN' AN' AN....

BUT I WONT LET EM GET YA, HONEYBUNCH! I GOT A GUN HERE AN' PLENTY OF AMMO!!

POLITICAL POWER BEGINS AT THE BARREL OF A GUN! TRUEER WORDS WERE NEVER SPoken. Y' SEE THIS?

EECK! THEEEL!!

LET'S GET UNDRESSED!

POOR IDEA!!

POLITICAL POWER BEGINS AT THE BARREL OF A GUN! TRUEER WORDS WERE NEVER SPoken. Y' SEE THIS?

EECK! THEEEL!!

GLUM GLUM GLUM GLUM GLUM

AHH AHH AHH AHH

OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!! OH MY GOD!! OH MY GOD!!
I'm gonna come out more.

Wait! First Lemme!

Hey, you're really dolled up tonight! What's the occasion? It looks like you cleaned the whole place, that's really beautiful!

I spent the whole day cleaning up this place. Now I better hurry up and get dressed so I can look good when he comes in.

A few minutes later

An, I'm making my favorite dish for dinner. Lassana. Here, you just sit down right here and relax.

Oh boy! Lassana!

Hey! Let's call home. What are you? What did you learn? Did you clean this place?

Sure, a beer would be great. Man, I call service.

Here, let me take your shoes off for you. So you'll be more comfortable.

Well, perhaps if you insist.

Honeybunch, you sweet thing.

Munch Choo!

Not bad, not bad. That kid. A little bit too much spice to the brew.

I wasn't sure how much spice to use. But...

I was just on my way to the women's liberation meeting. Thought I'd stop by and chat. What were you having for supper?

Hey! This is good.

I made it myself. An Italian girl from San Francisco.

Uh, hello.


An, I'm already liberated, huh? Projunior? Who? hu?

Well, I dunno. Come on, Belinda. We should go with Belinda.

Sure! Come on, Belinda. We can get ya. On our side, we'll be free.

Choo, munch.

G'wan, I'll be good for ya! You might learn something.

Oh, I think it's silly. But if you insist...

See ya later, Projunior. How man!

Later that night

What? Hey, want's to big idea of slabbing that door?

You shut yer goddamn mouth, ya sexist bastard!!!

© July 1979 by R. Crumb
I think they're all bozos in this oz