12-1971

OZ 39

Richard Neville
*Editor*

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Description

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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.
THRILLING
MURDER
COMICS

NO. 1

TERRIFYING TALES OF TOTAL PARANOIA

“ADULTS ONLY”
COME ALIVE WITH THE DEAD

WITH GRATEFUL DEAD'S DOUBLE ALBUM

on Warner Bros Records
conducted his case as though still before a jury', with embarrassing results. The single greatest error of Defence strategy was overestimating the IQ of the opposition. The grand, complicated ideas expressed by witnesses had not the slightest effect on judge or jury. If anything, they backfired. It now turns out that what we had put forward as evidence of police harassment was considered by members of the jury as farcical police warnings. This coupled with their assessment of previous issues of Oz - improperly available in the jury room helped bring in a guilty verdict. (This information is detailed in a letter from the jury to Brian Leary.) So Jim, Felix and myself are now lumbered with a six month gaol sentence, suspended for two years. Each of us will react differently. Personally, I regard the suspensions as editorially inhibiting and so propose to confine my future relationship with Oz (and Ink) as a contributor and, when I'm feeling particularly pompous, a consultant. Anyway, I've been with Oz long enough and look forward to the pleasant change from producer to consumer.

Dear Reader,

Perhaps it's too close and there's still so much to sort out, for none of us are sufficiently recovered from the trial and its repercussions to present the spirited, defiant, inside appraisal of the whole affair demanded by the new Young Turk editors. Yet some sort of statement seems necessary, however meager, so instead of cheer-leading the RSC's rehearsal of their Oz transcript dramatisation, which I had promised this afternoon, here is a cryptic glimpse of the slipshod quality no doubt endearing itself to the present editorial management.

The meaning of Lord Chief Justice Widgery's Appeal judgement as you've probably gathered, is that if Argyle had been a bit brighter, we'd all still be in gaol. The three judges fully endorsed Argyle's sentencing policy and, with obvious reluctance, were compelled to overrule the conviction on technical grounds - such was the magnitude of Argyle's judicial blunder. This is diametrically opposite to the attitude of the Overground Press, which generally condemned this sentence but concurred with the conviction.

The prosecutor, Brian Leary, who had been all smiles and magnanimity at the Old Bailey, seemed embittered at the Strand, unreportedly seeking to invoke a special 'proviso' whereby our convictions would have still stood, despite Argyle's sanity, on the grounds that Schoolkids Oz is so filthy, that any normal jury would deem it obscene, whatever the misdirection of the judge. Fortunately for us, the Appeal judges dispatched their clerk to Soho during a lunch adjournment and were so upset by his purchases, that the wickedness of Oz dwindled by comparison, and the 'proviso' was not invoked. (In the East Exit To Brooklyn Appeal it was not even sought by the prosecution.)

Thus the impact of Spankers Weekly, plus the skill of John Mortimer, won the day, further exalted by the ineptitude of the normally pleasant Mr Leary, who conducted his case as though still before a jury, with embarrassing results.

The single greatest error of Defence strategy was overestimating the IQ of the opposition. The grand, complicated ideas expressed by witnesses had not the slightest effect on judge or jury. If anything, they backfired. It now turns out that what we had put forward as evidence of police harassment was considered by members of the jury as farcical police warnings. This coupled with their assessment of previous issues of Oz - improperly available in the jury room - helped bring in a guilty verdict. (This information is detailed in a letter from the jury to Brian Leary.)

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The Oz trial industry continues. Geoff Robertson, who masterminded much of the war effort, is currently preparing the true, authorised, passionately expurgated version of it all for Paladin Books. Along with David Ellisworth (who first thought of putting it on stage), Geoff is co-editing a final theatre transcript which is expected to replace Jesus Christ Superstar as the Broadway hit of the decade.

The Oz Obscenity Fund: All is confusion until legal aid reveals how much of the defence will pay. Other commitments have not yet been fully tallied. If there is any money left over, it will not be transferred to any of the defendants for their sick relatives, or to Oz magazine but will be made publicly available to the community.

Already £200 has been mainlined to the Mangrove Nine Defence Fund, because of the financial horror of their situation. Watch Time Out for more money details.

Future Underground Press trials are bound to be nasty, brutish and short. Expert witnesses are virtually non-existent and the publication in question can no longer be taken 'as a whole'.
Rupert Bear can now be isolated and stamped upon without the surrounding textual terrain being taken into account. (Indeed, his prick could logically be isolated from his body and similarly condemned.)

That we narrowly escaped gaol was considerably helped by the energy of Oz readers, supporters and the takeover editors whom I won't embarrass by becoming baroquely grateful. Hopefully the same interest will be taken in the trials of Ian Purdie, Jake Prescott and the Mangrove Nine. In both cases, the presiding judges make Argyle seem like a moderate and the press, too, is proving its traditional barrier. Sandwiched between the two reserved seats of Old Bailey correspondents, at the Prescott-Purdie Trial, I recently heard one of the representatives of Associated Press turn over to the repulsive Arnold (Wailing Wall of Weirdies) Latcham of the Daily Express (who "thinks pink" with his wardrobe), sighing: "It doesn't matter whether they've done it or not . . . they're anarchists . . . put them inside": Those are the sort of men who are responsible for selecting the information of the proceedings to be made available to the world outside. "Objective" observers.

The next Oz is the fiftieth anniversary issue, which we hope to make the best yet, and to try and offer some solutions to the general malaise and philosophical torpor of the contemporary radical scene. Lastly, there are many we would like to thank individually for their help through the last few months. Apologies to any names omitted in haste: Richard Wollheim, George Melly, Ronald Dworkin, Dr Hallow, Michael Schofield, Michael Segal, Arnold Linken, Private Eye and some few Fleet St friends, our brothers of the Underground Press, Geoff Robertson, David and Harry Offenbach, Marty Feldman and Grocho Marx, lovable Joe Walker-Smith, John "1D" Peel, Felix pop Topolski, Mervyn Jones, John and Yoko Jagger, Colin MacInnes, Lolita Berg, Professor Lysenck, Dr Josephine Klein, Tony Smith, Michael Dizn, Grace and Vivian Berger, Caroline Coom, Louise Ferrier, Marsha Rowe, the boat ashore, Nicholas, Tree, Michael, Bob, Suzette, Stanislav "Special Effects" Demdjujk, and other Arizzkids, Warren Hague, John and Penny Mortimer, the Inexusable Keith McHale, the Old Bailey queue, Julian Disney, Meg Fishber, Bill (no relation to Old) Darley, Detective Inspector Lafr and Michael Argyle, without whom . . .

Richard Neville
Lobotomised junkies drift past, ragged freaks scream in from the hills to do the Soccio on the tail end of their acid and plug everybody in to the fading electricity radiating from their bodies. A couple of Moroccan drunks, unshaven bundles of rags who wander from the Bowery shanty tastes at customers of the Cafe Tings, waving empty bottles. One begins to do a little dance and the waiter and a friend come over and remove this ultimate disgrace from the scene. They get him under the arms and take him out of sight round a corner. They come back empty handed, brushing their clothes down and wiping their hands, as though they had just beaten him up.

Two Australian girls, one very plain, the other glamorous beautiful, but very sick, sit down at the table. "She's been sick every day since we left Sydney." "What's wrong?" "Oh, a bit of the old hepatitis. Boils, rashes, the toots." The girl smiles terribly despite a failed Miss World contestants. They had spent the entire summer in London, and had never heard of Oz. "You didn't have anything about it, do you?" "No." She looked at it with bemusement and the slight contempt people who live anonymously feel for those they think are name-dropping.

"Wasn't Oz that thing in Australia like Mad Comics, years ago?" suddenly asked the dick girl.

"They had heard of Women's Lib. "Don't need it and not interested. We know we're superior to guys.

Eleven p.m. Someone at the front table of the Cafe Centrale lights up a pipe, passes it around. After four furtive pipes, the waiter comes out and signifies disapproval with a waggle of his finger and perfunctory glance around the little square. The place is usually crawling with mostly inactive clothes cops, but none of the regulars seem to be a right. The pipe gets away. It's the one situation in Tangier where it might be called provocative. Like rolling a joint in Notting Hill Police Station. Half a minute later, the ever present big white孚rancisco, wearing a red beret, (a general jocks you out rather than producing any transcendental state) underground newspapers and magazines, and new tapes which are reverently listened to as they traffic these battery run cassette. There is a lot of talk of new arrivals, who is a working class couple from Leeds going to the Costa Brava on a package tour. Hippie life in Marrakech, Essaoirra, and more particularly Tangier shows all the signs of esoteric cultism, rather than viable participation in anything resembling a collaborative culture.

Political consciousness is dormant, buried beneath indulgence from cheap living, drug induced tranquility, and the newly discovered joys of house to house visiting.

Many of the villas on the mountain outside Tangier, now in advanced states of decay and once the exclusive preserve of those doing well during the old international days of gun-running, espionage, and organised sin and hanky-panky, have been taken over by squating Arab families or rent-paying groups from home. The numbers are swollen in the summer by travellers and friends exactly like themselves who crash for a few weeks, bringing with them gifts of home. The numbers are swelled in the summer by travellers and friends from home to house visiting. It's not wise to spend too much time sitting at the Cafe Centrale — you get anyone shit or fuck in the square but just about everything else, including a bandage on his head, looking nervous and shaken. "I love to see things falling onto the head of one of the waiters, who crashed to the ground, his metal tray wiping his hands, as though they had just beaten him up.

Unable to get any answer and worried that I had missed him. "Do you want a lift down to Marrakech?" I had been trying to get myself out of Tangier for days and I said "yes" immediately. It was a guy called Jack with hennaed hair and a huge afro котором ring in his ear that I had met a few days earlier. His name was Malaya. I had not found anyone else in Tangier on the back of his old Jaguar. There was a glazed sort of flicker in his eyes that should have warned me, but he said to come round to his room at nine the next night and he would be there.

After the surreal barbarities of the summer long Oz farce, which had as little relation to life outside the Old Bailey as something like There's A Girl In My Soup, big couple I was very happy to settle with some hipsters like a package tour. Hippie life in Marrakech, Essaoirra, and more particularly Tangier shows all the signs of esoteric cultism, rather than viable participation in anything resembling a collaborative culture.
Jack and his girlfriend were still there, more spaced out than ever. They had been ripped off from the back of somebody else's car and... it was a familiar story. As the day wore on, they found another buyer who could pay for it in hashish, but wanted to borrow money to buy the hashish. The situation was hopeless. Both the girl friend and Jack kept going back for more paregoric which they boiled up to extract the opium. I decided to go down to Marrakech by bus. "It's probably just as well," she said. "Jack's a terrible driver when he's been fixing. He gets real crazy and is always having crashes. I just curl up on the back seat with a couple of mandies and pray."

The bus journey down was fantastic. I sat next to a freak from Birmingham with eyes like Marty Feldman on acid. The sun was hot and we sat in aeroplane seats which stretched back, brazenly smoking pipefuls of kif. At Casablanca we changed onto the late night Marrakech express which was almost empty but for a few people with chickens and baskets up in the front. I sat in the back seat with the young Moroccan who looked after the baggage. He put the lights out and, as we sped through the desert and the darkness, we smoked and fucked all the way to Marrakech. When I eventually returned to Tangier, empty but for a few people with chickens and baskets up in the front, I sat in the back seat with eyes like Marty Feldman on acid. The sun was hot and we sat in aubergine and white rooms which they boiled up to extract the opium. I decided to go down to Marrakech for 300 dollars but now he won't buy it. "The camera of course had originally been fixed. He gets real crazy and is always having crashes. I just curl up on the back seat with a couple of mandies and pray."

The day was spreading further and she said it was just as though she had been given a love potion. She decided to go down to Marrakech. After all, she was zonked out of my head on the goodness of the sun. You feel very righteous, revolutionary and healthy. Jack arrived from London via Keta m. He had spent a week with a friendly Rif mountain family who did nothing but make and smoke hash, selling it for ridiculously low prices. The people looked and dressed as though they had just come from the most primitive of conditions, oblivious to the gold mine they lived with, the weather was freezing cold, and they subsisted on bread and goats meat. At nine in the evening, the matron of the household would put out all the lights, and John and his friend Kathy would struggle for their blanket and place on the floor in pitch blackness, zonked out of their heads, struggling for air in the crowded, windowless room, never quite sure whether they were awake, asleep, or merely in a coma. They ran the gauntlet of police and CIA men who surround Keta m and arrived in Marrakech more dead than alive, anxious to get back to at least a subsistence level of comfort.

Marrakech was full of the strange phenomenon known as the Moroccan hippies, who bravely reject their own country's headlong acceptance of Western values and way of life, and try to comprehend the freaks' interest in the old traditional berber existence. They are mostly middle class youths, schooled in frightful education factories for non-existant jobs, and they have taken to rolling joints like ducks to water. Kif is making a comeback in Morocco, from the direction Hassan II least welcomes or expects. The revolution, which everybody confidently expects sooner or later as a matter of course, will probably mean the end of Morocco as a freak's paradise. No matter in which revolution or framework they are doing, to a socialist Morocco supported by Algeria and Libya, the hippies will be regarded as unwanted manifestations of bourgeoise decadence, without even the saving graces of the regular tourists who at least stay in hotels and pay exorbitant prices for increasingly poor quality examples of local craftsmanship.

And, come the revolution, what would happen to people like Muriel is anybody's guess. Muriel arrived in Tangier five years ago with a little money, a car, and a swamped English lady in her forties, thin, brown, wearing spectacles of a great beauty. She succumbed to the old notion of arabs shacks, tents and romantic rape on the back of a camel, and realised her dream by fucking her way through the medina, accumulating on the way the unfair label from other, older, English residents of the only English prostitutes still in business in Tangier and a child, Mustapha, who spoke better Arabic than English and lived in the streets with the rest of the boys. As time passed, her source of income dried up and she resorted to such tenuous schemes as borrowing, or sending off her jewellery to Madrid to be sold. She obtained money from her bank, who in exchange confiscated her passport as security. Unable to pay the rent on her apartment, she paid a small deposit on another one elsewhere in the medina and lived there until the landlord's demands for money became so serious that she did the same thing again and moved to a third place. By this time she had long since been deserted by her friends, and was forced to talk the company of the only other penniless people around, i.e. the rather brittle and defensive, dignified in adversity, she humbly occupied a mattress on the floor of a room nobody else wanted because it was damp, accepting food, contributing an egg here, a bowl of soup there, and soothed her nerves with a lot of red wine. She would gingerly puff at a joint but carefully avoid inhaling. The ravages of drink she would repair with sun, carefully-applied makeup and upper. Too frightened to stir from the house for fear of running up her creditors, she would spend her time reading The Wilder Shores of Love or The Valley of the Dolls on the roof until the sun disappeared behind the wall, then sneak down to the Casbah beach below the house not much patronised because of sewer outlets and sharp rocks.

One day, after a lot of talk about renting a fourth apartment, she decided it would be safe to go for a short walk. Night was approaching, and the narrow streets were crowded with prowlers and she was as unwelcome an English lady could be. Just behind the Petit Socco, landlord no. 2 spotted her, grabbed her by the sleeve and demanded money. She panicked, flapped at him with her hand, "An apartment," she cried, "a good one please, a maniana," and tried to force her way down an alleyway. But the landlord would not let her go and pushed her into a doorway. Money, he kept brutally repeating rubbing his fingers and thumb together. There seemed no respectable way out of the situation — galoom, the number of onlookers grew, until suddenly, crying and hysterical, Muriel lifted her skirt, reached into her girdle and pulled out a roll of notes, sufficient to pay three months rent, leaving her only two months behind on that particular apartment. The landlord went away, temporarily appeased, and Muriel resumed her walk and her dignity. Last resort money, certainly not intended to be squandered on rent. When the landlord heard of this, the old traditional berber existence continued to hide her head in the sand. Being unable to leave the country, the obvious solutions were either to throw herself on the mercies of the British consul, or move to another town and perhaps become a revolutionary grandmother to some commune. However, most of her problems stemmed from being unable to keep up appearances. The old bourgeois concept of gentility was her bogeyman. Pride was no longer a virtue, but one of the seven deadly vices. A hippie existence was probably beyond her tolerance horizon. The only thing she was in her past and her English class values. If she could change to that extent, then there's hope for even Mary Whitehouse.

Jim Anderson
May we recommend to your kindly attention a small book written by an American psychiatrist, and called "Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex"? Pan Books have been good enough to reprint it for British readers, and are selling it on all — almost all — bookstalls at 45p or 50p, depending on which price you're lucky enough to get. In their action, Pan Books show an uncommon regard for public welfare, and no doubt they feel it's only fair that they have the prospect of clearing a lot of money by their good deed.

For Reuben's work is a boundary post in what George Jackson calls "the permanent struggle after the revolution — the one for new relationships between man" (If They Come In The Morning, p 165). It is an unhypocritical, wholly honest statement of loathing for gay people, for all our ways, and for what society has made of some of us. We welcome every item of information about us that he prints, including the stuff about torture, the stuff about our pursuing unattainable love, about whisky glasses up our arses, about the dislike of gay men for gay women (and vice versa), and his suggestion that we don't care if we picked who'll then go on, before sex, to bust us.

We welcome it all. It is the book to the psychiatric profession in what the Ku Klux Klan was Hitler's Europe. Not only how the psychiatric profession in this country regards the book with political contempt, but contempt. In this similar a way German psychiatrists of New York regarded the Ku Klux Klan in the South with contempt. Those who belong to Governor Rockefeller's Ku Klux Klan, neither to the psychiatric profession in Britain nor to Reuben, can regard all 4 again contempt.

And we do. On our side, we feel that activist gays, women and men, are fighting in territory beyond the revolution itself — in that arena of "new relationships between man". Categorically we say that no revolution can do other than lapse into authoritarianism once the great days are past if the man cannot respect women as equals — and at this juncture, superiors in revolutionary potential — and if the "straights" cannot recognize the full co-humanity of the gays. And in this struggle that we wage beyond the revolution, our most dangerous and repellent enemies are the psychiatrists, of whom Reuben is one.
Yet..."extraordinary"? Not really. All psychiatric writing is political, for it affects the condition of the individual within the repressive community. Yet the psychiatrist who writes about gays is approximately never aware that their "learning" winds up as brute force exercised on somebody helpless. A ranted profession, many of whose members benefit from tit-deeds to such run-down properties, lacking plumbing or window-panes, as almost all — no ALL — "factual" work now on sale about homosexuality, only its rare mavericks can stand outside the profession and see it for the prog to repression that it is. Read the Reuben book, and see psychiatry naked, its pants down. gays need to be loathed, or need to be helped. It is the western tradition that has led to Reuben's masterwork that needs to be loathed, and to be helped out of existence.

CONTACTS UNLIMITED

Whether you're a far out freak or a dim witted straight Contacts Unlimited can fix you up with a date. For free questions, air ring 01-437 7121 (24 hrs) or send this to 2 Gt Marlborough St, London W1 (postal service only).

THE PSYCHEDELIC EXPERIENCE
Leary's guide to self-realization based on the Tibetan Book of the Dead is now available in paperback at £1.10 from most bookshops. Academy Editions, Holland St; W8 ALIVE, ALIVE OR NOT...

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COLUMBIA PICTURES Presents Driven, HE SAID has its first showing in Britain at the Classic, Piccadilly Circus, starting Thursday, November 25th.

Its future release in this country will depend on how many independent-minded filmgoers see it at the Classic, Piccadilly Circus.

Why? Because Drive, HE SAID is a very controversial picture.

Made from a prize-winning novel that was bitterly attacked for its bold theme and outspoken language.

Centre of a storm when shooting began because of the realistic scenes in the script.

Nearly the cause of a riot at the Cannes Film Festival this year when those whose susceptibilities were upset raised fists at those who found it a remarkable piece of film making.

DRIVE, HE SAID has been called very strong cinematic meat. But that's what they said about "Easy Rider," too, until its huge success at the Classic, Piccadilly Circus, showed cinemas all over the country that provocative pictures can, will and do attract audiences.

So a lot of eyes will be on the Classic. And the degree of its success there will determine how wide a release DRIVE, HE SAID gets. May well decide, too, whether other bold films are made or whether the screen reverts to a diet of soap operas.

This is your chance to make or break a movie. Make up your own mind about it.

MAKE IT - AT THE CLASSIC PICCADILLY

DRIVE, HE SAID

Starring WILLIAM TEPPER, KAREN BLACK, MICHAEL MARGOTT\A BRUCE DERN, ROBERT TOWNE, HENRY JAGL0M, MIKE WARREN

Screenplay by Jeremy Lerner and Jack Nicholson
From the prize-winning novel by Jeremy Lerner, directed by Jack Nicholson
Produced by Steve Blauner and Jack Nicholson
Executive Producer Bert Schneider
Remain By Columbia Warner Home Video Ltd.

YOUR CHANCE TO MAKE OR BREAK A MOVIE

Well folks...if yer one of them wierdies as mentioned by the good doctor you can always get yourself "cured" and "adjusted"...it'll only cost a small fortune and several years of your life.

As an alternative, however, why not try getting good an gooddamn angry at a goon e-society which has the uninhibited call to dictate who and how you'll love!!

Don't suppose everyone came out of the closet at once...if Jules Feiffer's theory is correct it could be a population majority!!...they might even have to admit that it's normal!!

Andrew Lumsden

Also: Black and White Sex Climax, Buxom Striperex Expose, Swedish Schoolgirl sex kittens, Porno Exposure (Confessions of a blue movie star), £1 each or all 4 books at £3.
Sexfriends - Britains largest contact and wife swapper mag. Cover price £1 - Sample copy 60p.
SEX BOOKS, 49 Lynwood Close, London E18 1DF.

Bristol Women's Liberation Group Magazine — "Enough 3" is available now at 15p from Jill Robin, 36 Berkeley Road, Bristol BS8 8HE. Tel 40611.

Please be patient with the compulsion to make or break a movie.
Dear OZ,
I am happy that Felix, Richard and Jim are off the hook – for the moment at least. But now can't you use the time for criticism and self appraisal. The point made by the two American girls in issue 38 was right on and long overdue. At its best, OZ has been the most coherent (when ligible) magazine in the alternative press.

COME OFF IT, OZ! But for ever so long now you've been stuck into this male-chauvinist corpse especially in your illustrations. It's stagnant, it's dead, why won't you let it go or at least, accepting that it's where some people are, try to strike some sort of balance at least. At the moment, and for as long as you accept the role of an underground Playboy you are making your own jail-cum-tomb and eventually that's where you must lie. You needn't scrap a thing – just make a balance.

YOUR OWN SWAMP. Apart from the self satisfied complacency of this stagnant repetitious morass that you seem to be content to wallow in for issue after issue ad infinitum, there is the obvious aspect of your wishing to be scoured and crucified for it. You are providing a built-in excuse for the authorities to crush you with. You are meeting them on their own superficial battle field and on their own irrelevant terms. While they keep the emphasis on pornography (who really cares?) you are crucified for it. You are providing a happy to let you beat out your crush you with. You are meeting ground Playboy you are making strike some sort of balance at least. It's especially in your illustrations. It's of this stagnant repetitious morass at the moment, and for as long as ever so long now you've been stuck into this male-chauvinist corpse –

Dear OZ,
I have recently read 'Angry OZ', and although generally entertaining, I found your historical analysis of the U.C.S dispute, and your general approach to modern labour history, naive and ill-informed. The article on U.C.S. stressed the essential compromise nature of the Clydeside shop stewards and then went on to imply that the present compromise was a part of a Clydeside tradition which was apotheosised in the debacles of 1919 and 1926. This is a misrepresentation of the shop stewards who were a considerable force on Clydeside from 1911-19. Essentially this movement, part of a general syndicalist trend in the labour movements from 1911-22, was heavily imbued with the propagandists of the Socialist Labour Party, which itself was influenced by the writings of James Connolly, and the American anarchist-syndicalist and leader of the International Workers of the World (Wobblies), Daniel De Leon. The syndicalism that suffused the shop stewards' movements was widespread throughout Britain in the period 1911-14.

Thus in 1919, when the revolutionary potential of the British working class reached a zenith that has yet to be surpassed, the movement failed for the lack of a socialistic spirit on behalf of the shop stewards, but because of their interpretation of syndicalism, which stressed the spontaneous upheaval of the masses, minimising the importance of leadership. It was Hughie Gallacher, a revolutionary shop steward, who said after the battle of St. George Square in Glasgow 1919 that we were engaged in riots when we should have been organising a revolution.

Similarly, your writer's reference to the General Strike as a sell-out on behalf of the shop stewards is not true. The General Strike was sold out by Ernest Bevin, J.H. Thomas and the rest of the hypocrites who composed the General Council of the TUC. It was the General Council that feared revolution, not the shop stewards on Clydeside and elsewhere who reacted only too quickly to the genuflections in the mood of the masses.

Thus to confuse the militant shop stewards of 1917-19 with the egregious crew of 1971 is an unforgivable lapse. Men on a mission to undermine the trade union movement.

With love,
Stephen Burke,
28 Roland Gardens, SW7 3PL.

Dear Straight,
I hope not pedantically, Davey Jones,
20 Petley Road, W6.

Dear Straights,
Right OZ, a far out article on pollution and general destruction by Farren so why don't you get those fat greased, ego tripping arses out a there and clog ICF's machinery with grasses and weeds or devote your intellect to inventing a stable psychodelic to render the neurotic "Dino­saour" incapable sane for a time, or get yourselves a self sufficient society together, invest your resources in associated London Prostitution. Toss off in the street instead of wanking your intellect over the World's Cosmic mind fuck. You sound like a bunch of tiny Buck Fullers with your petty straight magazine. You preach "weirdness" but I don't see any.

If you wish to tickle your tonsils through the public media then at least make it creative and happy. Give us hope not despair.

All happiness from, Me and Cliffe Field Road, Sheffield 8.
Trouble Down At t'Millgarth

The Guardian library on Deansgate, Manchester, has a special file of clippings on 'Leeds Police Irregularities'. Quite fat it is, too, and extremely illuminating. All the misdoings of the Millgarth Street uniformed pranksters screenplayed in elegant Guardian prose, from early 1969 to the present day. From Police Sergeant Michael Baraclough, who in February 69 admitted stealing £489 11s 1½p from corpses (he was a coroner's officer, with "a reputation for his sympathetic and tactful manner with bereaved relatives". He asked that 93 similar offences be considered), through the constable fined £50 for "stealing from a police woman's handbag at the police station"; to his fellow officer sent down for nine months for indecent assaults on two boys and a girl.

And it isn't only the rookies. An isolated paragraph in The Guardian of 22 May 1971 records that Police Sergeant Kenneth Mark Kitching was sent for trial on the 21st charged with wounding a Michael Oluwale with intent to do grievously bodily harm, and attempting to procure a constable to commit perjury. On Christmas Eve, 1969, a 72 year old widow, Mrs Minnie Wein, was killed on a level crossing by a police car driven by one Superintendent Derek Holmes. One very tipsy Superintendent Derek Holmes, alleged the prosecuting counsel (John Cobb QC), whose intoxication was cheerfully concealed by Inspector Geoffrey Ellerker and Sergeant Brian Nicholson's adept handling of the situation. They fiddled the measurements, failed to take markings, and skipped giving Holmes a breathalyser. Ellerker and Nicholson even went so far as to suggest that the widow was drunk. Mrs Wein was a life-long teetotaller. Ellerker and Nicholson both got nine months in November 1970. In summing up, Judge Mocatta declared: "I am well aware of your impeccable record up to this moment and of the very good work that the two of you have done". But then, Mr Justice Mocatta never met David Oluwale.

David Oluwale left Lagos, Nigeria, in 1949. He was then about 20 years old. Whichever milk-and-honey vision of the British Isles inspired him to stowaway aboard a merchant ship to Hull must have been immediately and brutally dispelled by the inside of Hull Prison, and morbidly soured during his itinerant dosing between Leeds and London. Exactly how Oluwale spent his first nineteen years of English existence is impossibly hard to define; we are told of "a history of mental illness", but no history of psychiatric treatment; of "numerous convictions of assault", but details are scant and elusive. What we do know we cannot afford to forget. We know that by 1968 David Oluwale was spending most of his time in Leeds, and that he had attracted the particular attention of Sergeant Kenneth Mark Kitching and Inspector Geoffrey Ellerker of Leeds City Police Force. We know that their fascination with Oluwale had ended by 4th May 1969 when the Nigerian's body was pulled out of the River Aire in Leeds, where it had been floating for 16 days.

Kitching and Ellerker are currently on trial at Leeds Assizes, on several charges of assault culminating in the manslaughter of David Oluwale. John Cobb is again prosecuting counsel, and his case reads like a James Baldwin plot. "Ollie", "Ali", or "Uggie" was allegedly submitted to samples of the most sadistic persecution imaginable. On another occasion Oluwale was held down in a shop doorway by Ellerker while Kitching pissed on him. It gets worse as the witnesses trot on and off the stand. . . . Oluwale beaten up in Police vans; kicked off his feet in the street; driven to a wood four miles out of Leeds and left there; dragged screaming into Millgarth Street Police Station and kicked in the balls by Ellerker so hard that "it lifted him and moved him"; charged with assault for biting Ellerker's thumb and getting three months imprisonment on Kitching's evidence; and finally beaten out of a shop doorway on the 18th April 1969, and literally chased into the River Aire.

On Wednesday, 17 November, just ten days after the start of the trial, which was predicted to last more than five weeks, against all unbiased assessment of what evidence had been made public, and any sense of reason, Judge Hinchcliffe advised the jury to find Kitching and Ellerker Not Guilty of the charges of man-slaughter, perjury and grievous bodily harm; in the face of what he calls 'no positive evidence.' As the most condemnatory evidence so far has come from police officers, will we see half Millgarth Street Station in the dock for perjury? This is outrageous legal vandalism and don't imagine that Mr Justice Hinchcliffe doesn't know it.

It was naive, but I did hold some belief in the arrogant, supremely confident righteousness of the British courts to maintain their braggart condition of high objectivity and make some show of retribution on deviant minions. It was naive. Proving Ellerker and Kitching guilty of charges amounting to the sadistic torture and killing of David Oluwale would raise just too many eyebrows, reinforce too many awkward allegations, fertilise too many people's doubts and bolster too many subversive causes.

This way is so much simpler: Kitching will be ushered warmly back into the Millgarth Street nest. Ellerker will finish his current term of imprisonment, and then retire quietly. David Oluwale? Well, it's a decision that he is in any position to imagine. Proving Ellerker and Kitching guilty of charges amounting to the sadistic torture and killing of David Oluwale would raise just too many eyebrows, reinforce too many awkward allegations, fertilise too many people's doubts and bolster too many subversive causes.

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1926 NORTHERN MINERS DERAILED FLYING SCOTSMAN.

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New Riders Of The Purple Sage
(the name people can't remember.)

NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE
CBS 64657.
It looks no different, on the outside, from other buildings which line the block. Inside, it looks like a two-floor extension of a 10-year-old’s treehouse; posters line the walls, children’s mobiles hang from the light fixtures, books and records compete for space with rocks, plants and dishes.

While the neighbours wonder what those hippies really do in there, the hippie might open the latest issue of a radical publication to an article which explains it all; they are forming a snobby, cliquish in-group closed to communication with the larger community and insensitive to the urgent human needs of the oppressed people who are their neighbours.

The ‘commune’ has recently become the focal point of the old argument about the order of personal and political liberation. If one places his or her priority on personal or internal chemical liberation, the commune is justified in remaining a closed living unit in which one may experiment, grow and love with others who allow him/her the freedom to do so. But if the priority is reversed, such a commune becomes an isolated retreat, a micro-community which invalidates itself through its failure to contribute to the revolution.

The geographical isolation of rural communes, with a few exceptions, has failed as an alternative living arrangement. Winter comes, the house gets cold, food and friends get scarce - it requires greater communal efforts in terms of work and time and voluntary restriction of mobility than most are willing to make. But the urban commune remains one of the best living arrangements for free people who wish to retain whatever degree of strength and flexibility they have managed to win from an authoritarian world. The urban commune is a place where people can get it together, or where people who have gotten it together can keep it together.

Individuals living in urban communes do not normally think of themselves as organizing an organic family or establishing an alternative living pattern. Nor do they feel any proselytizing compulsions toward the community. But the sociologist persists in claiming they are organizing and establishing just those things, and certain radical activists claim that if they don’t feel a responsibility toward the community they should.

The basis of these claims and observations about the commune are the results of pro-revolutionary consciousness, but not yet articulated, can liberate values be transmitted to the larger community, there to become the basis of a human, if not immediately political revolution? If they can, is there some social unit which can represent liberated values and serve as the means of their transmission to the larger community? If there is, isn’t the commune it?

Opportunities for the commune to transmit liberating influences are limited by the structure of the nuclear family unit, which precludes the possibility of communication even among the nuclear units themselves. The nuclear family serves as a retreat from the oppressive forces operating at work and school. But this function has been assigned to it by the same system from which it serves as an escape and so is in itself oppressive, in that the false impression of relief for which it provides perpetuates their continued existence. While there is limited communication between the members of these units, their escapist function closes them to new, shared, or any form of common experience. Duties in the community are undertaken in the spirit of a foray — to buy food, to make other consumer expenditures, to arrange details of operating the nuclear unit. The limited human exchanges which occur during these forays are likely to be ritualistic instead of communicative. When the nuclear family does respond to repressive or liberating influences from the larger community, the exchange is usually indirect — through the news media, for example.

The commune cannot serve as a means of transmitting liberating values or influences to the larger community because these units are closed to personal communication. They are a conservative element organized to preclude change and preserve the status quo of obedience to the system. The commune can, however, remain open to non-nuclear familial elements in society. These are the kinds of loose, fluctuating family units which exist in ghettoes or economically oppressed neighborhoods, or where young people live together in the interval between their departure from home and a commitment to marriage. Communication is possible with these units because, unlike a nuclear living arrangement is not already in operation, their interests are not conservative. Such familial units are more open to change and growth.

Individuals who believe that liberation is a process which must be initiated and conducted by each person for him or her — self might also believe that, instead of transmitting liberating influences to the larger community, free people must preserve their own liberation from the encroachment of that community. The expansion of anti-life, oppressive forces within society does constitute a threat to the chaotic, unstructured existence which free people recognize as essential to their freedom. But withdrawal into an encapsulated micro-environment is an inadequate defense against this threat.

The tendency of rural communes to disintegrate after a brief period of initial enthusiasm...
and life indicates that isolation is a self-defeating response to the encroachment of oppressive forces. Isolation tends, in fact, to reinforce this encroachment: the encapsulated life experience, developing within the limits of its closed process, tends to perpetuate the shrinkage of its own boundaries — thereby providing an increasingly smaller and better-defined target for aggressive, anti-life social and political forces.

If men and women are to preserve and increase their present freedoms, they must do so through a life experience which remains open to communication with other non-nuclear, familial elements in the community. "Open to communication" means that these elements — these people — must not be rejected on the basis of their lower level of human development. Communication must remain open to their inclusion within its organization, thereby expanding the range of communal experience and the number of individuals who might participate in it.

The natural setting for such a commune is urban. It is here that the largest number of people live, and the widest range of human development occurs. It is in urban settings where a pattern of communal living can develop which is based on toleration for this wide range of life experience. Provided that all the members of such a commune are committed to mutual acceptance, there is no reason why some of them cannot be non-drug users while others are experimenting with as many drugs as are available. There is no reason why some of them cannot enjoy completely free and creative sexual relationships while others limit themselves to whatever degree of sexual freedom with which they are then comfortable. Within this environment of mutual acceptance, a genuine transmission of liberating influences can occur.

The claim that liberation cannot be handed to the community like a consumer commodity reflects the fact that a simply-left and simply-gratified need for liberation does not exist in oppressed people. Conflicting needs for security and fear of its loss prevent such a simple gratification. However, it is possible to give any oppressed person a single experience, a kind of gestalt-package which, instead of merely meeting one need, creates a transcendent series of new needs, the fulfillment of which will alter the individual's life in the direction of liberation. An open communal living unit is one in which such experiences can occur.

The urban commune which is organized around a common level of growth or development includes the possibilities of communitarianism, the larger community. In some cases this is desirable. (Members of the commune might not, for example, wish to communicate their habit of dropping acid whenever it is available.) But in other cases, it clearly is not. A closed or elitist communal group develops its own prejudices, and its members are subject to their own pecuniary ego or power trips. The small differences which exist between members of such a group tend to become magnified. A kind of power hierarchy develops in which members of the group become dependent on each other in an ascending order. One individual's strength becomes merely the measure of another's weakness. In such a group, "bad periods" are experienced by the "strongest" member of the group, a have a negative effect on all those who "depend" on him for support.

In an open communal experience in which varying lesser degrees of strength or development are accepted, specific differences between members tend to become less, not more important. Individuals within the group are freed to function autonomously, and are more independent than they might be if there were pressure to conform to specific standards of liberated behavior.

Herbert Marcuse proposes that there is an instinctual and biological urge to create and preserve the world which counter the culturally-imposed characteristics of aggressiveness and competitiveness, both agents of oppression. A commune open to the widest possible range of human experience necessarily encourages the development of emotionally and erotically gratifying human relationships which give expression to biological strivings for liberation. In and through the relationships possible in communal experience, men and women may become the tender, sensitive, liberated human beings whom Marcuse believes are alone capable of maintaining a liberated society if, however, the human population of the world could awaken one day to a society replete with the poisonous clouds of industrial consumption, to an oil-blackened sea turning silver with the corpses of life it can no longer support, it seems pointless to build the kind of relationships which will intensify our pain or losing each other and the world. And there seems no point at all in transmitting a capacity to love, feel and rebel to an oppressed community.

But the human drives for liberation and unity are as irreversible as the destructive effects of capitalism and imperialistic aggression. In the interval between today and the end of minimal prerequisites for human survival on the planet, the conflict between oppressive and liberating forces will propel itself toward some conclusion. For whatever the duration of this interval, pro-life of liberating forces must continue the effort to penetrate and resurrect the death-life of oppressed people.
"I'm smoking a lot of heroin. Maybe I'll get hooked on the stuff. What the hell, I'm at the point right now where I don't really care whether I live or die. Because the fucking army doesn't care whether I live or die. I'm just another number, another cog in the machine. And I've seen so much shit, I'll never forget it, man, you know, like... Like what's happened, I'll never forget it, and I'm just so depressed with life, and... I've just lost faith in the human race altogether, and I've lost myself. I don't know who I am anymore and I don't know where I am. I just don't anymore, just don't care... and the army has done this to me. This war and the army." Ronnie G. Allen, deserter, US Army.

I interviewed him inside his hideout: a filthy, rotting slum in Saigon, deep in the stinking heart of a city riddled with vice and disease, with rats and American deserters: eighteen thousand of them, according to one estimate. Ripped on heroin, he spoke with quavering voice, shaking hands, and bloodshot eyes. Ronnie G Allen, born August 25th, 1951, formerly of 2701 Hunt Club Forest Columbia, South Carolina; latterly Private First Class number RA12650468, Ninth Advisory Team, US Army speaks: 'I've been on heroin four and a half weeks. I never touched it before the Army. I can't say who really introduced me to it but like I knew it was going on. My buddies were doing it but I blew dew (smoked pot) when they were doing heroin.'

Ask Ronnie what he thinks of the war. "This fucking war? I can't say it's ridiculous because too many good people have died fighting it, too much money has been wasted, too many peoples' lives have been destroyed. Too many peoples' minds have been messed up. Families have been torn apart too because people have changed over here so drastically, they go back and people don't know them and their wives divorce them because they don't want to live with them, they can't take the person they've changed into. A lot of guys lose their wives, get divorced, because of The Nam, because of what happens out here, because of this Army. Lifers give them so much shit, when they finally wake up to what is going on, it turns out there is a lot of family... you know, marital troubles arising from it because a guy will change. A guy wakes up to the truth and his personality changes, his whole person changes. He's not the same person his wife married and when he goes back his wife can't cope with it, can't adjust to it. That's what I am afraid is going to happen to me, I don't want it to happen." Ronnie has watched his friends get killed. "Hard to say how many, depending on what you mean by friend. I can say anything from 50 - 100 - 150. Both GIs and South Vietnamese. I've had four really personal friends killed, and there have been about eight others maimed for life. They've lost a leg or an arm or their eyes. One I call Junior got hit by an AK47, he lost an arm from the elbow. A guy called Jerry had his leg blown off by a Claymores. It took his whole leg off, and his testicles too. He lost part of his penis, it's gross, it's so fucking gross. It really is. I have seen people being thrown out of helicopters. Yeah, I have."

Ronnie rolls a cigarette between both hands and the black tobacco trickles out. He opens a tiny glass phial and sprinkles 'scag' (heroin) on a small pile of 'dew' (marijuana). Mixing the white powder with thumb and forefinger, he scoops it up inside the empty cigarette, twisting one end. Shaking, he lights up and takes a deep drag. Then he passes the joint round. "They throw people out of helicopters to get 'em to talk. They all take two of them up in a helicopter and tell the first one to talk. If he doesn't, they'll get him by the door and tell his friend that if he doesn't talk they're gonna throw him out. They're trussed up, hands and feet tied together with hands behind backs. A lot of them will talk and a lot of them won't. They get him up to ask him a question. He won't talk, they'll hit him a couple times. Ask him to talk, he won't talk, they'll take him to the door of the chopper and sort of hang him out and hold on to him. He still won't talk, or make any moves like to give us information they'll throw him out the chopper.

Ronnie stubs out the joint and lights
another. He sprawls across the flimsy mattress, his eyelids close and for a moment he appears lost in another world. Now he talks slower. The words are slurred. He is sometimes incoherent, forgetting what he has said a minute before. But the fantasies and the memories inside his mind become ever starker. "They'll take telephone wire, crank type, and like bind it to his testicles or his fingernails and turn it and give him quite a shock trying to get him to talk. I've seen them pull out fingernails and toenails. I've seen eyes gouged out. I've seen fingers split and turned and wrapped round them from head to feet. You know that's my fathers problem. He refused to believe these people died for nothing. He's blind about the news media, he's blinded by the army itself. He just refuses to believe that all these people have died for nothing. Nobody could give me a reason for their deaths. I mean, there's no reason for it, I think at one time there was a reason for it, a good reason for it. A reason that I would have fought for. But it's been lost somewhere. Why is this government throwing good men down the drain? Just to make money for big corporations, to make money for senators, you know, just for politicians to make money for themselves. I would say at least 80% of the GIs, E5s, E6s and below are against the war. There are 500 people in Long Binh Jail. Ninety per cent are black. That means there's definitely something wrong with the system. I was in Long Binh Jail. We call it LBJ. After I got out, I went AWOL because they were gonna put me back inside. They brought more false charges against me. And I'd sworn to my wife and myself that I'd never go back to jail, no matter what happened to me. I came to Saigon and I met a Sou! Brother that night we went up to Long Binh to try to get together some money so we could score some stuff to work the black market and make some more money. Well, this cat knew a papa-san and he introduced me. I needed some identification. I'd been in the field for a long time and I wanted to make some money and I was gonna be here for a while. This papa-san connected me with two other papa­sans and as it stands now there's three papa­sans and myself and they've gotten my identification complete new identification, everything. They got it through the underground, I mean you can get a perfect new ID with a fake name, a fake social security number, the lot, I'm in the process of getting a new passport right now. It's costing 250 dollars to get it made. The bread? I had a checking account when I was in the field and I also saved some money from the black market deals. Papa-san gives me new passes every tow or three days. They're just as good as anything else, really, they're travel orders. They don't cost me nothing. They're free. There's groups of Papa­sans working with groups of GIs, not together in one organisation— they're all making money for themselves. There are 18,000 GIs AWOL in Saigon right now. Up north there are some GIs who are AWOL working with the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese." "You know, I spent nine months out
in the jungle without a single three-day pass, R and R, or anything. Nothing except I was hit and went to the hospital and the most I ever stayed there was a week. I’ve been hit in the head. I’ve been hit in the back. I’ve been hit in the stomach. Right up on the Cambodian border this gook came out of the reeds in a riverbank and bayoneted me in the stomach. I grabbed him and pulled him down and choked him and shot him three times in the head with my .45.

“That time I had a friend with me name of Fischer. Jeffrey Fischer. Everybody called him Jeff. He was a pretty cool head. Nineteen years old, he was airborne qualified, though he wasn’t ranger qualified. We were like brothers, like brothers, man. We were close, we really were. Everything we did, we did together. It happened on my fourth trip into Cambodia. One of those sweep-and-destroy things. Jeff was ten feet to my right. It was a sniper... they got him later. The sniper fired and hit him right between the eyes. I saw him stop and he just slumped to the ground. I ran to him you know, and picked him up and carried him over to a ravine. Called the medic over. There was just a little round hole in the front of his head, with a trickle of blood coming out, and the back of his head was completely blown away. Evidently he was hit with an M-14 that was stolen from one of our snipers, because that’s what our snipers use. The back of his head was completely blown out. The medic came over, but there wasn’t anything he could do, but I was in shock, because I loved the dude, you know. And I just had it in my mind that he wasn’t dead, that he was just wounded, that he couldn’t die. The medic came over and told me there was nothing he could do, and I held him in my arms and sort of rocked him and I started crying and I cried like a baby. And then I felt glad... you know, glad it was him and not me. And then in the second I hated myself for thinking that way, I hated everybody that was around me. The army and the war and I even hated my wife because she would never be able to understand... Then I got up and flung my M-14 and my rucksack and ammo belts into the jungle and started cussing. And the American major that was with us — he was my CO — he came over and asked me what I was doing. He asked me if I was crazy and I told him I was tired of it, you know, it was useless. It just didn’t make any goddamn sense. Why? Why? Why was it like this? And that’s when I got busted from Spec. 4 to E2, for cussing him out. I told him I was tired of all this goddamn shit, I was tired of his goddamn army. I told him it was people like him that had caused 44,000 of us to be dead, you know, to be killed. And what were we doing it for? So his buddies could make money? So he could get an eagle on his shoulder... or what? I just didn’t understand. I was sick of the whole thing. I told him. I was sick of it. I wanted to go home. I didn’t have any business here. He told me... he called me a boy, he says “Calm down boy, calm down. It’s not all that bad, all of us lose friends, all of us lose friends you know.” and he told me to get control of myself. I’m a good soldier, he says. I’m a good soldier and he don’t want to lose me. So he tells the medic to give me a tranquilizer. Then he calls in a chopper and flies me back to base. What the hell can you expect from a lifer? To me, a lifer is somebody without any brains, in the army for 20 years, taking an easy road to retirement. And any time his country says ‘go to war’, he just goes to war without question; he just goes to kill and shit.”

All I’ve ever read was that Nixon said he would have all his troops out by June 30th and he said also that he DID have ‘em out. But he didn’t. I was there. Two weeks after it was supposed to have been over. We went in and we were up against NVA regulars and it was pretty tough, because the North Vietnamese are as well trained, well, not as well trained as we are but they’re a trained army. They got uniforms and they got equipment and the whole bit. They’re an army. It was pretty bad, because they’ll sit there all day and slug it out with you down to the last man, and that’s not too cool at all. No. The NVA won’t run. Hell no. They’ll sit down and slug it out with you man for man, bullet for bullet. That’s not cool at all.
My ship was the first one in and I was the first one out to the ground, and I started running to where I could put out fire and wait for my men. I got through three magazines and looked back wondering where they were. Sitting in the chopper not wanting to get out. And the chopper was getting hit with small arms fire and there were RPGs and B-40s (rocket propelled grenades and bazookas) going off all around. And there were other choppers waiting to go. In also, they were up there circling and they were getting shot at. Only two could land at a time. One came in and touched down and the American advisers were the only ones to get out of that one too. So I ran back to my ship which was hovering off the ground and hopped up on the landing runner. Started pulling the ARVN out and throwing them on the ground. That was the only way I was going to get them to go in. They were scared. And the crew was trying to get them out too. But they wouldn't move. Right, we had to actually kick them in the ass and I was grabbing them by the collar and throwing them out.

Most of the AWOLs in Saigon hang out at Tru Minh Qui. They live the same way I do. Some of them are peddling dope. Some of them have trained boys or girls to steal for them and shit. Some of them are stealing Government vehicles and shit. They've got tunnels and shit all over that area. Like the cops can't fuck with them. The cops go in there and Papsans gonna tell them in advance. And if they surprise everybody and go in for a big bust, they get shot at, the GSs have all got weapons and shit. I have a .45 right there in the closet. They've got tunnels and escape routes all over Tru Minh Qui. They've got fake papers and everything they need. There's no way in the world that the MPs can pick them up for off-limit or anything like that.

Ronnie played with a tiny glass bottle. He wanted to roll another joint, but he didn't have the energy to fix it. "A little phial of heroin like this would cost 600 piastres here — that's two bucks. Back in the world that would run at anywhere from 400 to 500 dollars sometimes. I've heard of people paying 500 dollars for that thing. It's anywhere from 97 — 100% pure heroin. Comes from Laos and Communist China. You can get it anywhere here. I score my stuff off Mamasan, y' know, down over by Tan Shon Nhut. Her husband works, he drives a taxi. He sells it too. They've just got a house over there in the closet. They've got tunnels and shit. I have a .45 right there and throw it in and tell them how much I need, how much I want. And they go outside, out in the back to a little field where they've got stitched, buried. You can get anything you want, really." I asked Ronnie what he was going to do when he got back to The World. "It sounds really stupid, but I did have plans to become a rock singer. But it's taking a long time to get my American passport because the heat is on, the pigs are all over the place. They busted a Papsan not too long ago trying to make them, in Viet Nam there's nothing you can get with the right amount of money." The kid was exhausted and we had to call it a day. But just before I split back to my hotel he reminisced about one more gruesome incident.

"The GSs were at this village on the Cambodian border. Some South Vietnamese soldiers and us put plastic explosives on a wire and strung it up round the village, and told the people it was a decoration. And as they came over and started to play with it and touch it and giggle and all this bullshit, y' know, examining it and getting brave, y' know. It was something new to them, it was supposed to be a decoration and they didn't understand it. They didn't understand it and they came up and they were touching it and smiling and giggling and then when they started getting brave and lots of the villagers were out in the main street, they let go with the whole thing. And then they called a B-52 raid on the village as well, after all the damage we did. The reason we did this was because the village was supposedly nothing but Viet Cong sympathizers and Viet Cong wives, etcetera.

Yeah, My Lai was a picnic for the victims after some of the shit I've seen... John Roan
mrs. lennon’s new single—mrs. lennon b/w midsummer new york is on apple records. apple 38 • from her forthcoming album FLY—out soon on SAPTU 101/2

ring 01-247 6694 listen to mrs. lennon

*Change of pace for Yoko puts her in immediate chart contention as she delivers a most beautiful ballad culled from her just released “Fly” album. Single adds new dimension to artist’s talents as she can now appeal to both AM and underground markets.* Cashbox
Whatever happened to the hippies? During the late sixties one had the impression that the ordinarily drab scene of American life was about to blossom into an easy-going colorful exuberance. Men seemed sure enough of their masculinity to abandon their customarily upright machismo styles of dress and bearing, to let their hair down, to sing and wear jewelry, and to dress with imaginative elegance. It seemed that a positive life-style was being proposed as a less expensive alternative to suburbia's conspicuous consumption of uniformly slick plastic hardware. The various forms of rock music showed possibilities of a legitimate development of the Western tradition which had come to a halt in the silences of John Cage and the electronic howls of musique concrète. Articulate glory seemed to be returning to Western art through the psychedelic painters. There were even prospects of a truly swinging religion with meditation, chanting, and joyous rituals, unorganized and set free from the unproductive guilt hang-ups of the Judeo-Christian conscience.

But judging from Sausalito, California, as one of the hearts of the Movement, the hippies and flower-children have turned back into something even scruffier than beatniks. The long hair is tangled and snarled, and the blue denims patched and frayed. The beads and jewelry have been pawned, and the kapok is coming out of the pads. The attitude is silent — even surly — and the music has just turned up the volume. Hardly anyone dances at the Fillmore; they just sit. The rich verve of the 'San Francisco Oracle' has disappeared from the ever more paranoid, violent, and funky underground press. Leary, in understandable bitterness, has joined the revolutionaries who seem to be demanding no more than their own turn at tyranny. The Movement has become "fuck"... But who needs it when personal style is contrived ugliness, and the girls manage to look like peasant women from some depressed area of Russia.

This sagging of spirits may reflect simple depression at the endless and sickening war, at the realization that it may be too late to do anything about ecological catastrophe, and at the difficulty of finding employment even in the sterile busywork of government and the big corporations. The temptation to free enterprise in dope is almost irresistible, but there can be too much pot — like too much booze or too much religion — and the result is not profound mystical contemplation but the most ordinary lethargy. (If the government wants to keep the people docile and avoid violence in the streets, it might note that lawn order follows from legalized grass.)

Furthermore the exuberant "Psychedelic" style went commercial and invaded the Establishment; the drift towards them was very success was taken as a failure. One wonders, therefore, whether the Movement, the Consciousness III people, wants to woo the squares or simply to be their obedient reverse-image, just doing their opposite. Isn't it yet clear that originality and spontaneity is not being merely anti-conventional?

More and more, however the professed philosophy is ecological concern, and there has indeed been an appreciable migration of hippies from the streets to the countryside in an attempt to love and cultivate the earth at first hand. Yet "charity begins at home" with love of one's own psychophysical organism (as distinct from conceptual ego) and of ordinary physical things. If the earth is man's extended body, to be loved and respected as one's own body, those who do no greening of themselves will hardly bring about the greening of America.

The idea of "greening" involves color, flowering, freshness of spring, and — above all — respect for what is organic and vegetative as distinct from the mechanical and metallic. As things are now going there is a real possibility that intelligence may survive on this planet only in the form of self-maintaining and self-reproducing steady-state electronic mechanisms, having no need for atmosphere and no feeling or emotions to obstruct their relentless efficiency. In such forms, abstract thought, logic, mathematics, and physics could continue to flourish on the planet, and some would see in this a triumph of purely spiritual principles over the trammels of the flesh. This would be a consistent direction of evolution for a species which confuses the world as described, in terms of linearly arranged word and number symbols, with the world itself; which goes on to value the symbolic more than the real (e.g., money more than real wealth and nations more than people), and which would compel the wiggly, lifting, and curvaceous forms of nature to get straightened out, squared away, and cleaned up.

I could make a strong, if not conclusive, case for the idea that plants are more intelligent than people — more beautiful, more, pacific, more ingenious in their ways of reproduction, more at home in their surroundings, and even more sensitive. Why, we even use flower-forms as our symbols of the divine when the human face reminds us too much of ourselves — the Hindu-Buddhist mandala, the golden lotus, and the Mystic Rose in Dante's vision of Paradise. Nothing else reminds us so much of a star with a living heart.

I wish, then, that hippies would once again consider the lilies — for the very reason that they are frail and frivolous, gentle and inconspicuous, and thus have those very qualities of vegetative wisdom so despised by those who have wills of iron and nerves of steel to fight the good fight and run the straight race. As Lao-tzu put it two thousand years ago:

Man at his birth is supple and tender, but in death he is rigid and hard.
Plants when young are sinuous and moist, but when old are brittle and dry.
Thus suppleness and tenderness are signs of life,
While rigidity and hardness are signs of death.

For I feel that we would go better with this wiggly world if we thought in terms of roots and branches, vines and creepers, fronds and fibers, than in sterile angularities of metal and quartz in which the genius of life has not yet arisen, and in which energy may stutter and hum but has not yet learned to feel.

At least then let me hope — dear children — that there are seeds in your dirty finger-nails, and that you will again come out with flowers.

Alan Watts, 'Earth' June 1971.
The struggle in this country has taken so many twists and bends that many people (people who should know better) have concluded that it’s going around in circles. That’s one reason why the ruling class still rules.

The lessons of the past have indicated that commitment and action must be coupled with a profound awareness and clear analysis of the real issues at hand. Rather than trying to piece together an accurate picture of the movement both nationally and internationally by reading the bourgeois press why not try the Guardian, an independent radical newsweekly with an independent line.

The Guardian’s long-standing dedication to people’s struggles and opposition to ruling class exploitation have made it the largest (some consider it the best) movement weekly in the country.

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PLEASE...
STOP IT!

HA HA HA

BUS STOP IT! BUS STOP IT! BUS STOP IT!
BUS STOP IT! BUS STOP IT! BUS STOP IT!
BUS STOP IT! BUS STOP IT! BUS STOP IT...

HA HA HA

HA HA HA!
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Guaranteed to break the ice at parties!

A special note from the irate hippies in the MO dept for anyone who complained about non-receipt of goods before November. We're sorry for not replying to your complaints but if we tried we'd never send out the goodies. Things are being sorted out now, so please be patient - or we break your fingers. Ta!
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3. Form petitions against detentions and physical punishments.
4. Refuse to accept punishments for something you didn't do or didn't know was forbidden.
5. Don't let yourself be bullied by the school system: fight for what you know is right.
6. Be prepared to take your case to a higher authority.
7. The Press is powerful. If you have a genuine case of hardship by teachers get statements from those involved and send them to the Press.
8. Remember it is difficult for a school to say no unless you have genuinely committed a crime and gone to court.
9. At present teachers are allowed to use physical punishments by law. They only break that law if the punishment is improper, but there is no definition of 'proper'.
10. You are old enough about your duties; remember you have rights as well.

A new sounds venue has started in the Midlands, at the Atherstone Memorial Hall, situated about 15 miles from Coventry, Birmingham and Leicester. With a capacity of 5,000 its management, the Hungry Freaks, aim to put on gigs at modest prices. They are devoting some of the take to a Bust Fund recently established in the area since local police action has stepped up to their detriment.

A group of Hastings freaks are planning to take over the world and unleash a tide of good vibes also. This will be occasion by the next Easter when they intend to muster upwards of 2 million freaks and lovers in a multi-national sit in in London. If rock bands will give their services free and that the government will secede with the slightest worry. Then, they promise, love, truth and beauty will o'ertake the land. If you can dig it, be there. Who knows...

An Open Letter To John & Yoko
Dear John and Yoko,
Since you finally dug out the living mind fucker. With the ed up to full, and bass up, I must cut our latest philosophy goes well. Bar. You do 'How Do You Sleep?' do you sleep? I hope you spiral further of course — and keep on the right track.

For a 'Peace Freak' you're too bad at adding your bit of ammo to the scene of your own exit. So I allow for a 'Peace Freak' you're too bad at adding your bit of ammo to the

You & Yoko's List (along with Mrs White, Dear John and Yoko, so you finally dug out I bought 'Imagine' mind fucker) With the ed up to full, and bass up, I must cut our latest philosophy goes well. Bar. You do 'How Do You Sleep?' do you sleep? I hope you spiral further of course — and keep on the right track.

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If you feel you would like to help us with any positive ideas or sincere help, the idea being to help the numerous freaks, alcoholics and other untouchables who are in dire need of company, love and our amazing high protein menu.

Info, Ideas, Aid, Transport or anything welcome via Box WP 17, 46 Berwick St, W1.

NB: There are presently moves afoot to obtain a large building or warehouse to use as a community centre and rock 'n' roll palace or whatever is required down the C of E. Any ideas? Contact us at the above address.

Gino's List

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from Stephen aged 17, a public school boy: "At the moment I'm in possession of some excellent grass. It is good thoughtful stuff... Unfortunately I suspect the grass is laced with a narcotic (could be smack [heroin] as I scored in East Africa... I blew four stiff joints the first week I got it. The grass gives powerful recurrences and after the four beautiful highs I decided to lay off for a few weeks.

However a few days later I developed influenza-like symptoms and came out in a rash of small pimples all over the tops of my arms and scattered over my back... What do you think of smoking narcotic laced stuff?

Can only give you my thoughts on this subject as I have never had the pleasure of your experience, but from what you say — especially about the flu and pimples that grass is laced with heroin, little doubt about it, and you suffered acute narcotic withdrawal symptoms when you stopped smoking. You are in some danger of heroin addiction and also if you got busted it would be more serious than a straight cannabis charge. Take it easy — very easy — remember the American GIs in Vietnam strung out on smoking H mixtures.

"A fortnight ago when my mother was at Bingo I asked two friends round for sex, as I enjoy fucking and buggering at the same time. The old cow came home early and caught us... threatened to throw me out. Anyhow one of the bastards gave me gonorrhoea. Then last week dad fucked and buggered me. Now I'm shit scared that he's got it... if he gives it to her she'll know he's screwing on the side. Anyway he's the best to fuck me so far. Please help!"

Jane.

Just supposing this hothouse of orgy-flipping is true fact almost all I can say is Wheel Analysed scientifically this problem is one of female chauvinism, criminal incest and a treatable infection. Suppose you and your boyfriends go to your doctor for VD treatment. Surely your dad is old enough to look after himself?

Honestly, face it, you want to enjoy yourself and find no hang ups on the way. 'Taint possible. (Don't get pregnant too!) Do some work on teaching your boyfriends how to give you what your dad gives you — aim creative ongoing orgasms — and love.

Bad Trip First Aid cases: girl, 18, goes on first trip then two days later smokes pot and flashes into bad trip. Finds she can hardly talk, mind racing with thoughts. This continues for three days. Needs sleep and food and drink and sympathy from boyfriend and a cool shrink but no drug antidotes. Has some serious hang-ups out with him and her parents. Perfectly well in one week. Another: civil servant trips frequently, gets severe abdominal pains and so do his friends about five hours after dropping trip. Nasty common reaction caused by acid causing spasm of intestines, occasionally sign of duodenal ulcer if it happens between trips. Cure: apply heat to belly and trip on an empty stomach. Taking one gram of Vitamin C and glucose in orange juice half an hour before tripping may prevent. (Cause is paranoia... space trips twice as far apart as usual or more.)

WANTED BADLY — Names and addresses of doctors you have found sympathetic about drug and sex cases so that from January we may be able to help emergencies.

NEWS — from Medical News Tribune Oct 25th 1971. A completely effective and long lasting treatment for head-lice, crabs, scabies and what have you is now available. Called Malathion it makes hair lethal to these pests and is surprisingly non-toxic. You can buy it at gardening shops as Malathion or at chemists (soon) as Prioderm. Just one application is needed. Dilute the concentrate to the dilution recommended for killing garden insect pests and squeeze the affected parts for five minutes avoiding eyes and mouth. Then wash off thoroughly with soap or shampoo. As a spray it kills the most ferocious fleas with horrendous efficacy too. Here's to an itch-free Winter. Dirt-cheap comforts too — amazing.
The cops treated Lenny Bruce, dead, pretty much the same as they treated him alive. He fell off a toilet seat with a needle in his arm, and they found him lying on the tiled floor of his bathroom. They left him there, naked, while the photographers stepped up two at a time to take their shots, and the obituaries filed him away neatly as “sick comic; deceased”. It was a shitty thing to do — Lenny hated being categorised.

“I'm sorry if I'm not being very funny tonight. I'm not a comedian. I'm Lenny Bruce.”

Lenny died on August 3rd 1966. He was 40, and his last few years had scarred him badly. The drug busts, obscenity raps, his deportation from England, and continual harassment had left him with a reported 600 dollars a week habit, and a string of cancelled bookings. Shortly before his death, he'd leapt from a hotel balcony, screaming that he was Superjew, and broken both ankles. This time — so posessed as much as he resented being categorised.

“...I'll say these bastards made me into a junkie. No wonder Jim. If they ever bust me. I'll bust the... Ankle — and broken both ankles. This time — so posessed as much as he resented being categorised.

But Lenny's biggest problem was his ‘obscenity’. Over the last couple of years of his life, he was busted 19 times — “I guess what happens is, if you get arrested in Town A (Philadelphia) and then in Town B (San Francisco) — with a lot of publicity — then, when you get to Town C they have to arrest you, or what kind of a shithouse town are they running?” In December 1962, Lenny was working the Gate of Horn in Chicago. During one of his performances (which co-incidentally was being recorded by Playboy), he was arrested for obscenity. The ‘obscenities’ objected to by police seemed to be a few ‘fucks’ in the Bruce patter, but the thing that really got them uptight was Lenny's sniping at religion and GI conduct:

“You don't think those kids who have heard it since 1942 — 'You know what those Americans did to your poor mother they lined her up, those bastards, your poor father had to throw his guts up in the kitchen while he waited out there, that Master Sergeant schtupped your mother

May 1959, New York Times, “The newest and in some ways most frighteningly funny phenomena of significance... to be found on a nightlife stage these days is Lenny Bruce, a sort of abstract expressionist stand up comedian paid 150 dollars a week to vent his outrage on the clientele.” June 1960, The Reporter. “The question is how far Bruce will go in further exposing his most enthusiastic audiences... to themselves. He has only begun to operate.” September 29 1961 BUSTED FOR POSSESSION OF NARCOTICS, Philadelphia.

October 4 1961: BUSTED FOR OBSCENITY, Jaz Workshop, San Francisco.

September 1962: BANNED IN BOSTON, MA.

October 6 1962: BUSTED FOR OBSCENITY, Los Angeles.


for their stinking coffee and their eggs and their frigging cigarettes, those Americans! That's it, Jim. That's all they've heard, those kids. Those kids now, at 23 to 25 years old: 'The Americans, that's the guy that did it to my mother!' Would you assume that this is sizeably correct? "There's the fellow that fucked my mother — oh thank you, thank you! Thank you for that, and for giving us candy."

And, of course, they didn't make any mention of Lenny's 'police bit' that night:

"According to Sgt. Dolan, one of the original members of the gang, the rough and ready policemen go to great lengths to appear as fascinating females - 'Well, I'll put it between my legs once, and that's all; I'll try it and now - frig that method acting.' (Reading) 'The most hazardous part of the preparation for duty, said Dolan, is learning how to walk on high-heeled shoes. Attackers have a sharp eye, Dolan said, and will shy away from an amateur, wobbly ankle......' Now dig, the beautiful part about this is that they don't know that some of these rapists are that dedicated — they find out they're cops, they don't care, they don't care, you got a cute ass, that's all I know. And that's it. Would you assume that there is the slightest bit of entrapment involved in this thing? That's not very nice, to incite..."

Chicago (population 3,550,404) has the largest membership in the Roman Catholic Church (2,163,380) of any archdiocese in the country. Even so, that the panel of 50 persons from which the jury
The United States Supreme Court upheld the conviction, but the United States Supreme Court then ruled, in a separate case, that a movie, *The Lovers*, was not obscene on the grounds that it was of social importance, and the Illinois court was forced to change its verdict: "While we would not have thought that constitutional guarantees necessitate the subjection of society to this gradual deterioration of its moral fabric, which this type of performance propagates, we must concede that some of the topics commented on by the defendant are of social importance. The entire performance is thereby immunised, and we are constrained to hold that the judgement of the circuit court of Cook County must be reversed and defendant discharged."

"They're really saying that they're only sorry that the crummy constitution won't permit them to convict me, but if they had their choice..."

It was religion that first really made Lenny Bruce, and it was religion that earned him most of his busts, "Religions Inc." was his most famous piece (Lenny always insisted that he didn't do 'bits' but it's very difficult not to see his material as relating to four major topics — drugs, sex, religion and the law), and it landed him in more shit than anything else he did afterwards. But, strangely enough, it was a priest who sent him "the most impressive letter I ever received", and it is perhaps the best summary of Bruce, as a performer and as a man, yet written:

Dear Mr. Bruce:

I came to see you the other night because I had read about you and was curious to see if you were really as penetrating a critic of our common hypocrisies as I had heard. I found that you are an honest man, and I wrote you a note to say so. It is never popular to be so scathingly honest, whether it is from a night-club stage, or from a pulpit, and I was not surprised to hear that you were having some 'trouble'. This letter is to express my personal concern and to say what I saw and heard on Thursday night.

First, I emphatically do not believe your act is obscene in intent. The method you use has a lot in common with most serious critics (the prophet or the artist, not the professor) of society. Pages of Jonathan Swift and Martin Luther are quite unprintable, even today, because they were forced to shatter the lying, easy language of the day into the basic, earthy, vulgar idiom of ordinary people, in order to show up the emptiness and insanity of their time. (It has been said, humorously but with some truth, that a great deal of the Bible is not fit to read in church, for the same reason.)

Clearly your intent is not to excite sexual feelings, or to demean, but to shock us awake to the realities of racial hatred and invested absurdities about sex, and birth and death...to move toward sanity and compassion. It is clear that you are intensely angry at our hypocriticalities (yours and mine) and at the highly-subsidised mental-mushrooms that pass as wisdom. But so should any self-respecting man. Your comments are aimed at adults, and reveal to me a man who cares deeply about dishonesty and injustice, and all the accepted psychoses of our time. They are aimed at adults, and adults don't need, or should not have, anyone to protect them from the truth in whatever form it appears, no matter how noble the motive for suppression......

May God bless you
The Rev. Sidney Lanier, St. Clement's Church, New York.

Above all, Lenny was a commentator. His comedy wasn't really funny, it was frightening. His greatest talent was in exposing the motivations behind the actions of the State, the Church and the American citizen who watches a war on TV every night and screams 'obscenity' if anyone says fuck in front of his wife. He was ruthless, incisive, and — at times — cruel, but now, five years after his death, he's still funny and supremely relevant. Of course they killed him for it — what else would you expect?

"Lenny was the only truly philosophical genius of our time... He died from an overdose of police" — Phil Spector.

"Yes, brothers, anyone who does anything for pleasure to indulge his selfish soul will surely burn in hell. The only medicine that is good for you is iodine, because it burns. The stone is lodged in your urinary tract because Nature meant it to be there. So re-tie that umbilical cord, snap your fore-arms back, and let your amniotic fluid, 'cause we're havin' a party, and the people are nice....................."

Steve Mann.
When the shit finally does come down over here, and the paranoid liberals can no longer sit back on the laurels of attendance at a few abortive demos, what the hell is going to happen. When the revolutionary situation does arrive, when the absence of student support for the anti-war demonstrations is so pronounced that they are in effect parodies of their former selves, there will be a reaction. This reaction may well be the most obvious 'revolutionary' of all. There are many serious ways, in all of Weatherman's later occupations. In England, and indeed many of Americans are concerned, Weatherman is merely a load of people who throw bombs, get the shit kicked out of them and eventually have to go underground. Now 'Weatherman', edited by Harold Jacobs, and so far only available at Better Books, gives, in the words of Weatherpeople, their supporters and detractors, a deeper picture of the most recent and most publicised though least understood, white militant group in the so-called alternative society.

Action and Faction maybe best sum up the whole Weatherman career. Always an extreme movement it's at its best in its action, quixotic perhaps, heroic undoubtedly, and at its worst when factionalism takes over, when ideological soundness is the only rule. Weatherman's basic premise echoes that of Bakunin and Nechayev's Nihilists a hundred years before them in pre-revolutionary Russia. What right have we to take life', asked Ouspensky, one of Nechayev's comrades. "It is not a question of right," comes the reply, "but of our duty to eliminate everything that may harm our cause." Essentially upper-middle class in background, with wealthy, often liberal parents (Ted Gold, killed in the 11th Street bomb explosions in 1970, when a Weatherman bomb factory blew itself up had parents who were both the essence of 'liberal' idealists) the Weathermen were torn by a conscience which, as horror succeeded horror, escalated to naked rage, and developed into the extremes of their political activist programme. This little group of men and women, who participated at the crisis meeting in Chicago. As Turgidson was followed by the others doctrinal pronouncements, the gloom was shat away by this "action" faction as they leapt onto chairs, brandishing copies of the Little Red Books and chanting gaily: 'Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh...'. This initial activity was paralleled in many more serious ways, in all of Weatherman's later occupations.

Of course sweet old England is still getting things pretty simple, at least superficially so, though subtlety or as Hitler put it 'The Big Lie' work a lot better. In fact the whole Weatherman career has been a series of successful self-publicised machinations. Weatherman is underground, it's at its best in its action, quixotic perhaps, heroic undoubtedly, and at its worst when factionalism takes over, when ideological soundness is the only rule. Weatherman's basic premise echoes that of Bakunin and Nechayev's Nihilists a hundred years before them in pre-revolutionary Russia.
London's fashionable rock milieu turned out of a cold mid-November night to witness the celluloid testament of Frank Zappa's wit and wisdom. . . . but he's so old . . . yeah, but really clever. I mean to be so weird and yet so commercial, that's bally. A fat blonde NY/LA hustlette turned to the druggies trying to get to their seats: 'Here are the boys; here they are; the Mothers are here; St John's Ambulance men (cleverly hired from Madame Tussaud's) blanched at the mention of the group's name, the extra police clenched their teeth on their special duty bits and. . . here are THE BOYS . Viv Stanshall looned a little while the canned musak brought on the light dimmer, and the butt-end clientele of Parsons and Chows recognized themselves. And at last, the first full-length from Zappa, who has promised for years and years that his garage is stacked with unedited albums and half-finished holiday movies. At last, the unedited album and half-finished holiday movie of all time. . . .

2001 Motels - Thus spake Zappathusa

So the usual question arises, Why did he do it? To make a huge feature film which will pack the picture-houses of the planet and tell the gaudy truth about rock 'n' roll life contents? With feeling now. Or. To be seen to be outrageous once more, to have a good time for a few days, and rip off the Royal Philharmonic, a film and record company, and Zappa's loving millions of teenage fans?

I can hardly bring myself to say this . . . god, it's so HARD, but much as I love the Mothers' music, I find Zappa the rip-off Queen of our culture. Someone should get behind that and find out when he last made a positive creative statement, or aligned himself with ANY PART of the social advancement of the last 20 years thinking. He's a twentieth-century music-hall computor. Sure, the film is funny outrageous, and funny embarrassing (I don't know whether Ringo or his chauffeur is the worse actor, but I can tell who's the better little sucker. Hmm.) and the musical content is very strong, but I have no compunction to see it again and find out why so many people apparently fell asleep.

At the Hard Rock brainfeast just a little later, Roman Polanski arrived shooting 35mm from his left eye-ball, and hippies from the right. Your intrepid reporter decided to split before it got too late.

Herbert Trenchcoat III
Why stop at print? Ultimately it should be possible for the blind to see everything that the non-blind can — except that they will have as many 'eyes' as they want, positioned wherever they want, capable of magnifying and reducing micro and macro scenes as required. They will be able to have an exact visual memory, they will be able to look at more than one scene simultaneously and they'll be able to see in the dark. They will look upon those still using old-style eyes — which are notoriously prone to deterioration and contain basic design defects such as after-images — in much the same way as the seeing now regard the blind.

Why stop with the visual? Ultimately it should be possible to feed in electronic signals signals representing stimuli from the entire electro-magnetic spectrum. The Man With X-Ray Eyes will be nothing compared to what will be possible. Telepathy will be the first step. When, after a few millenia of grooving, you get bored, you can always flick the switch marked 'OFF'. In practice, if this trip's for anybody, its for a minority — a minority who would indifferently turn it into a prize bummer.

Why stop at seeing? Ultimately it should be possible to have all the senses, at one's command, on one's head. A minority passes its shit on to the majority which seem to have occurred to scientists. Viz. the Russian and American military-industrial complexes plus their running dogs and lackeys. Prosthesis is the only technical field relevant to existential engineering which is being investigated right now beyond the stage of blindly pressing buttons.

Two major fields of interesting research are telefactoring and gok-killing. The former involves remote control of space vehicles from earth. This has been taken beyond the stage of blindly pressing buttons and hoping that something thousands of miles away does what it is told. Thanks to telefactoring the button pusher is as good as on the spot. The remote environment, i.e. the space capsule, is constructed as if for human occupancy (eg. the instrument panel of an unmanned capsule will be at 'eye-level'). The operator wears a wrap-around TV helmet receiving live broadcasts from the remote environment and can act exactly as if he really was...
there. A sort of live simulation.

Back in Vietnam the Yankee imperialists are experimenting with an exceptionally nasty concept: the electronic battlefield. This is a response to the bad publicity associated with the slaughter of clean-cut cannon-fodder and to the technocrat’s urge to make a profit for the defense contractors. It is no longer necessary to send out the boys to stamp out the gooks. You merely retire to a blastproof shelter, together with a computer and radio transmission and reception devices. Helicopters litter the battlefield with sensors (eg. infrared sensors which detect the heat from the human body). The sensors transmit their information, via satellite, back to the bunker. The computer digests the information, tells the Man what’s happening and awaits orders. The order is to kill — whoever it is that is emitting that heat. The order is transmitted by radio to the killing device (could be a mine waiting to be triggered, or a serpent’s eye bomb, which falls slowly and can directed at will).

Outside the military-industrial complex (but effectively within it) research is not only being conducted into prosthetics. Electrodes have been implanted into the brains of monkeys and their emotions can be controlled by signals transmitted by radio (the effect is instantaneous and alarmingly efficient). Monkey brains are not too different from ours. American scientists are making fair progress in the development of artificial nerve fibres. They are well on the way to synthesising the axon, and create your own environment. Sod the other guys, let them wallow in the shit you’ve created. If anyone attacks the citadel, attack them remotely. If necessary you can retreat to an empty part of the cosmos and carry on the war games over there. This retreat mentality is already with us. An excellent example is the range of non-solutions being offered for air pollution by the baddies. Last month Peter Walker told us that buildings should have much better air-conditioning to remove shit from the air (eg. lead). The week before that the first British car with a sealed internal air circulation system was unleashed upon the consumers. He rarely mentions action to stop air pollution in the first place. Extend that logic and you enter strange lands.

Remember, the technology is on its way and the attitude to apply it could come too. Maybe UFOs are remote sensors or tin cans filled with the brains of intergalactic morons playing out infinite permutations of inane wargames. Maybe......

Alf Moorcraft.
It was easy to find cocaine in the States. Everywhere I turned eager Americans wanted to turn an English chick on. This is what I learnt about coke. In its naturally pure state (98% being about as pure as it comes) it is probably the most mentally stimulating drug that exists. However, because of its sudden demand, caused by its new super-star and sexual image, even the dealers who are expected to supply it often know fuck-all about it. Therefore it is vital to know what you are scoring. If your local dealer won't let you buy a taste first, forget it. It's too expensive to score crap. The following tests, are based on the drug's chemical properties and appearance.

When testing cocaine for purity look out for:

1. **The quality of the cut.** Procaine, a synthetic coke being the most evil. Used to give the illusion of strength it is paranoic and harmful to the body, inducing nose bleeds, etc. Menita, the best and most expensive cut, because it is not only harmless, being a baby laxative, but also chemically combines with cocaine into one molecule so that the drug is easily absorbed. Lactose, a harmless sugar cut that is commonly used, tends to clog the coke. These are the main cuts, although even talcum powder could be used.

2. **The quantity of the cut.** Firstly, take a look at the substance. It should contain rocks, flakes and crystals. Coke is not known as snow for nothing! Procaine crystals, being artificially produced, are largely and regularly shaped, whereas cocaine crystals are small and irregularly shaped. Next take a tall glass of water and sprinkle a little coke into it. Cocaine dissolves in water, leaving behind it as it sinks, a trail. Any residue will be the cut. If this is at the bottom of the glass, it will be harmless, but if it leaves a slick on the top, rub it between your fingers. If it feels oily, it's procaine.

Put a little coke on a thickish
piece of silver paper. Coke is very sensitive to heat, and when the paper is put over a match, should completely vaporise. Sniff the fumes. With practice and a good nose, one can identify the cut. For example lactose would obviously be sweet. The residue will be the cut. Again note the quantity. Menita rolls into balls. This test does not apply to procaine, which will also burn.

Rub and press some coke on the ball of your thumb and finger. The heat sensitive coke should eventually dissolve, the cut remaining. Look for the sparkle of the crystals. Procaine crystals will roll into a ball.

Put a little coke on the tip of your tongue and carefully place on the vein in the lower gum, which is highly absorbant. This tests the freeze, which should be subtle and come on slowly. Procaine is much coarser.

Finally the snort! However pure the coke is, this drug is so personal that tastes count highly. An expert will probably do it all night before deciding. Always chop your coke very finely with a razor on a clean dry mirror in order to obtain maximum absorbancy from the crystals. Remember the whole idea is to get high without spacing yourself out, so take tiny lines frequently, rather than large lines occasionally. Don't snort so hard that it goes down the throat, where it will be wasted.

Incidentally pharmaceutical coke is natural, but so purified that few coke freaks like it, as it spaces one out, and makes you nod off. Coke's sexual image is no myth. Try rubbing some on your cock—the freeze will prevent one coming for a long time, and the coke will give the energy to fuck for hours. Always keep coke away from your body—the heat will clog it.

NB: Coke is very addictive and after a few years of heavy use (by the way its £350/oz) you'll be seeing bugs on the walls and your nose may well be getting loose. Check the Doperama in OZ 35 for full fax. Keep it for birthdays, Xmas, Easter and your favourite festivals.
The Who: Meaty, Big and Bouncy.

A whole lotta people don’t really dig the Who that much any more. Not because they don’t get plenty money and live the full spectrum of rock ‘n’ roll superstardom — Townshend as a fully fledged intellectual, Daltry as a cause they get plenty money and fully fledged intellectual, Daltry as a cause they get plenty money and — but simply because the music isn’t what it used to be. Their Rainbow Theatre gig, though the band are said to thrive in inverse proportion to the trend of those who have listened to them.

By these standards, their latest release, keeping the ball rolling after ‘The Who’s Next’, should be just what those loyal, but worried fans need. Titled ‘Meaty, Big and Bouncy’ (after the lady with the same dimensions) it has everything the die-hard is looking for — all the Who singles, right up to ‘The Seeker’, ‘Tommy’ for the nth time, and not a few people were right there with him.

The music was indubitably harder, even if purists wouldn’t call it actually ‘better’ five or six years ago. In the days when neither the band nor their audiences had to contend with the problems of commercialism, deep philosophical interpretations of their words or social analysts playing their games, life was simpler and the sounds somehow mean more.

Now when one has to look out so avidly for the pitfalls of ideological unsoundness, male chauvinism, sexism and so on, the basic attitudes of a song like ‘The Kids Are Alright’ can get cut to ribbons. You have a chance, she’s yours, but at times it’s necessary to get out there and prove your virility — she gets left behind while you and the lads are down in Margate or wherever.

No matter, mate, not fuckin’ likely.

So score a copy of this one, lie back and let those impure thoughts rattle around your brain. And dig them. In your heart you know who’s right.

Simon Viridian

Fanny Charity Ball (Warner Reprise)

The trouble with an all-chick band is that the first thing you get from them is the whole male chauvinist trip and then another one from all the publicity that such a ‘novelty’ band tends to produce. Even the Observer, bastion of Hampstead liberal inaccuracy, gave Fanny their space in the gossip column.

But, and this isn’t meant to be rude, sexist or possess any of the other late 20th century besetting sins too it may well be, Fanny are definitely a band to get off on, I mean, that bass player, etc. And, despite the cries and gurgles of the average rock (re)viewer, they have varied from brilliant to simply very good and they have certainly messed with the heads of those who have listened to them.

The Firesign Theatre apparently all live on an old Tom Mix movie ranch near Los Angeles and their technique, amazing as it is, is derived from a carefully timed and abused Radio Show Presentation. They create trippy movies in the mind. Their use of studio machinery is extremely subtle as they cut back and forth changing direction pulling the listener through complicated changes just to keep up with the pace of the movie. Incidentally they have also branched out into actual movie writing — Zachariah, the First Electric Western, is their first step into this new field. In fact they pull on the Old West for a lot of their material such as the ‘Last Chant Saloon’ on Electrician, their first album, where barflies consume Third Red Eye, while Gabby our sacred cowboy is cleaning up the Karma of Artful Dodge City. Some Theosophers are raisin’ the Devil about ten foot off the Ground when Lieutenant Behind and the Seventh Seat Calvary arrive lookin fer Loco Weed. It seems perfectly natural shortly after the Lone Ranger and Tantric howl through town, “Hi Ho Electric Blue awaasayy ahaahaa...” that someone should mutter, ‘Lone Ranger on a Bum Trip again’.

Meanwhile the devil is down to playing 5 card Tarot with Pentacles wild and tiny Doctor Tim is about to celebrate the miracle — The Sunrise. ‘Has anybody got anything to drink, anything at all?’ wails the good doctor, ‘And why is it you’re drinkin’ Timmy me boy’ murmurs a nearby priest, ‘Because it’s bad fer my Hullabal-Illinois. No one who listened to Electrician remains unmoved nay-unconfused and though their second and third albums were even produced and so many copies were even produced and I don’t remember an ounce of promotion in the US trade papers or anywhere else. At the time the Firesign were restricted to the LA area although their records took in a whole continent, including Goshen Illinois. No one who listened to Electrician remained unmoved nay-unconfused and though their second album, How can you be in two places at once when you’re anywhere at all, didn’t quite match up to it, it still remained one of the strangest records ever made. This time they delved into the Radio Show format of the 1930s and produced the adventures of Nick Danger, Third Eye. The Firesign pick up on Radio where the major networks in the States left off in 1941 — ‘America put on a uniform in 1941 and it hasn’t taken it off yet’ — their motto in the studio may well be ‘Uber Dubbing over Alice’. By the time of the third album, Don’t crush that dwarf hand me the pliers, people had some idea of what to watch out for and they were beginning to make news in American Trade Papers like Rolling Stone, with reviews and stuff. Their second and third albums were even available on import in this country and in the states they were taking their show on the road, The Dwarf album took us thru the stirring odyssey of Peorgie Tyrebiter and his close friend Mutthead (Archie and Jughead of the Horrendous Comic Strip) in their search for a way out...
of 'More Science High School', hampered by Military Induction, Bottles (Betty?) and the intervention of Communist Martyrs High School. The later albums, although complex and hilarious were not however as forceful as the first, particularly the second side, with its Turkish Lessons, Borders, Guards, Revolution, The Ice Palace, Beat the Reaper and the Plague, Guards, Borcher, and 'You've made it, welcome to side six, now follow after me as we learn our next 3 words in Turkish'. A fearsome hilarious and utterly strange journey that returns to its own starting point rather like a verbal Mobius Strip.

Now with the production of their fourth album, We're all bozos on this bus, they've matched that earlier trip and produced their best ever.

Bozos consists of a wild, weird and wonderful look at the future... x x x x x... the future fair, with a bus heading up to a mad maze world of hologrammic horror. We meet the 'Whisperin' Squash, the Lonesome Beet, and Arty Choke, hologram guides to the world of the future. The bus doors close in five seconds, soft cooing female robot voices invite us to 'follow the rubber lines' & 'visit the Hospitality Centre', equally soft male computer tones urge us to 'step off yellow line, step on flashing blue line'. A Vonnegut world of sharp insane focus where the President is a fun ride — 'they're always asking him questions', even in the middle of the Small Animal Administration. By this time the Firesign are ready to introduce their subject, perhaps the hero in the old movie sense. There's Barney the Bozo (BOZO by the way stands for Brotherhood of Zips and Others, Zips, Boogies, Beaners and Berserkers make up the classified population of the future. Berserkers rule, Bozos enjoy fun, fun, fun, Boogies Boogy and Beaners like Red Indians don't care anymore about anything they like to live alone.) and Clem, ugh! Clem, Clem attempts to fuck with the machines by breaking thru the program circuits on the President to get to Dr Memory but the President closes the ride rather than deal with impossible questions and Dr Memory, the Master Programme of the future, evade his doom. However thru Clum's mess ing about with the hologrammic Arty Choke, Deputy Dan, the all time super cop appears, Clem has Cloned by this time and Clem is informed 'you have broken Robots Rules of Ordinance, and will be asked to leave the Future immediately'. Clem keeps his wits just and in a beautifully scripted passage, involves the listener in a subjective, objective impasse, 'clone me Dr Memory'. Clone who, Clone me. Subject-Object the Listener fades into Clem as he posess his awesome question to the Master Programme, World wide circuitry strains to reply 'the Dr is unhappy'. The machine is confused, and in a pissed off voice Clem ends the fooling with a request 'Dr do you remember the past?' 'YES'. 'Do you remember the future?' 'YES'. 'Forget it'. The circuits give up — zip — and we are shoved back to the gipsy fair via yet another extraordinary switcheroo with sound to The Fortune Teller.

The ending is the best they've produced since the first album and in a way this whole fourth album is a great step forward along the lines that they laid down on the second side of their first one.

Yep, it's weird stuff, its the most worthwhile import around to buy especially as CBS are unlikely to ever produce it over here. So if you've gotta spare £3 odd, nip round yer import shop and score yasself some goodies.

Chris Rowley
enforced leisure. Will it be dole queues or Welfare checks. Roman style gardens and legal drugs or beer and football forever. Tranquil prolet? Whatever happens people and particularly Politicians seem to expect standards of living to rise. I suppose 'Standard of Living' is really a measure of the individual's rate of Consumption. We all consume. Everything we buy, eat and shit on—we consume.

We lucky little Western Europeans are really Ace Consumers, almost as good as the Americans, 'tho we lack their style. We're much better so far than the Japanese at consuming even if their production puts ours in the shade these days. The rest of the world is either under-developed or un-developed and correspondingly consumes a lot less. Most of the wealth of this, the major portion of the planet's land surface, is in hock one way or another to the Developed nations. At least it was, but now the raw material producing countries are grabbing back their own property. How much of our 'standard of living', our rate of consumption, is based on the basic raw materials produced in un-developed and therefore poor countries? Oil, Copper, Tin, Lead—all vital to the standards of everyone in this country—living in a society based on consumption and profit. The Arabs were glad a lot more for their oil and so will everyone who has any as it gets scarcer and scarcer. Oil will someday be very expensive along with most minerals especially as the Underdeveloped Nations are busily Industrialising themselves and pushing up their own rates of consumption. How will it be possible for the mass of people in Industrial nations to enjoy a rising standard of living without ripping it off from the underdeveloped nations either in the form of raw materials or by maintaining captive markets—turn Africa, India, South America into a Gigantic East Bengal—utterly bound down to non-industrial production and Industrial Consumption at the same time. If 200 million Americans manage to get through about half of the world's annual output of materials what will an entire world do to the planet's resources when it becomes developed. Who used Venezuela's Oil and who got paid for it? What happens to the Venezuelan's now. Welfare cheques from Standard New Jersey and Texaco? The Japanese have a new disease— they call it 'Pain Pain'—the product of their own peculiarly intense air pollution. The British Government is about to spend £700,000,000 to try and prevent the Irish Sea from becoming a dead sea. How much will it cost to detoxify the oceans? An impossible amount, no one will undertake the task the oceans will therefore continue to be our ultimate dumping ground. How long will they be able to cope with the rising tide of pollutants is unknown but some fear that it will not be long. Monsieur Cousteau, the underwater man, has said that he estimates that 30% of the Ocean's wildlife has vanished within the last thirty years. Most of this planet's life still takes place in the sea and the oceans are indispensable to the manner in which our Atmosphere is renewed and recycled. If we poison the land, we have to live with it, if we poison the oceans we're dead. It doesn't seem as if we have much of a chance to avoid a rather noisome end to Industrial Civilisation and either a dead globe or a return to a more Primitive, non-consuming style—civilisation.

If this seems pretty gloomy, trapped on a dying planet surviving on fast dwindling resources with an enormous population, there are those who shrewdly deny the inevitability of this will occur. There exists a belief that somehow—Somehow—Technology and Science will come to the rescue of the world's population with an ever-increasing population. There are those who stoutly deny that any of this will occur. There exists a belief that somehow—Somehow—Technology and Science will come to the rescue of the world's population with an ever-increasing population. There are those who stoutly deny that any of this will occur. There exists a belief that somehow—Somehow—Technology and Science will come to the rescue of the world's population with an ever-increasing population.
MEATY BEATY BIG & BOUNCY

WHO