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OZ 40

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Editor

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Comments
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Never trust anyone over thirty...

Richard Neville, presently starring in the Broadway Follies of 1972, reports from New York on the current state of the revolutionary game.

The publishers of Screw, this city's funkiest and filthiest sex paper, are on the brink of launching what they promise is "the most exciting publishing venture since Gutenberg". It's called 'Mobster Times' and its slogan is Crime Does Pay.

Mobster Times believes that everyone adores criminals and intends to reassure readers that "our decade is just as crooked as the past... the same type of crooks are running things now just as they have always done". Does Mobster Times lament this seeming truism? Indeed not, continues the handout, "Mobster Times finds it admirable. How dull history would be without mobsters like Napoleon Bonaparte, Julius Caesar, Josef Stalin, Huey Long and Lyndon Johnson. Do we want to run down that boring path towards ennui or does America wish to take her part in Western History as the great and bloody leader of modern culture?"

The paper plans to reveal the fine art of how to bug someone else's telephone and a regular series will outline details of famous crimes "step by wonderful step". "In other words, Mobster Times will glorify our exciting past in the way it deserves to be glorified."

Obviously it's an almost sure fire journalistic success. Categorising Capone, Caligula, Henry Ford and LBJ as criminals does have an immediate, if superficial, shock appeal. And an ironic view of history perhaps justifies the paper's slogan. For many, crime does pay, and way above union rates.

But Mobster Times is a shoddy, vicious escapade. Maybe it's a small, and even logical step for the editors of Screw, but it is a giant leap backwards for the Alternative Press. For to endorse crime and glamourise its figureheads is automatically to sanctify violence. Crime without bloodshed is like Bonnie without Clyde; half-arosed and not the stuff of which headlines are made.

When I questioned chubby, lovable, anti-intellectual Screw co-editor, Al Goldstein about his forthcoming promotion of pain and his motive for "legitimising" violence, he nodded quizzically, sighing "I haven't really worked that one out yet."

He then showed me his cold new colt .32, purchased in Florida. A primed crossbow is secreted in the corner of his living room and a Winchester stands by his office desk.

New York, this visit, is to hear Jerry Rubin privately concede "the Movement is in bad shape" while uptown Screw prepares to turn Tommy Guns into hip crucifixes. Naturally there were defensive mutterings from the staff about 'revolutionary violence', which is really irrelevant to the concept of Mobster Times, but the very mention of Weatherman or Panthers seems to assuage people's guilt about gun envy. In fact, the Panthers readjusted tactics after recognising shootouts weren't winning the hearts and minds of the people. Weatherman merely alienated the radical constituency, on top of decimating themselves. Terror is sometimes essential, but Notting Hill just aint Algiers. It is one thing to boast "We are all Vietcong", and self flattery to believe it. Recognising that violence is the first law of Gross National Product does not necessarily justify its use as a revolutionary weapon. Fighting fire always with fire ultimately leaves nothing worth saving.

Actually, the contemporary revival of blood and guts fetishism has little to do with social purging or purification. Whether its the faddish cinema of Russell, Peckinpah, Kubrick and Broccoli or Hells Angels mythology or Womens Lib karate classes or tarring and feathering of the scrofulous sado/maso comics in OZ, it is and always will be, the real obscenity. Maybe we're all secretly hungering for a world war of our very own, just like dad's. In this context the blurb from Mobster Times is revealing: "... the boring path towards ennui..."

So it's come to that?... time to feather tickle our throats in preparation of a grotesque second course; a bizarre admission of over indulgence from that paradigm of iniquity, the HQ, the very cockpant of sexual revolution, Screw newspaper, New York, USA.

Photograph: Ehud Locker
"If in the end it means only that Time becomes Time Out, Heath turns into Heffner, Wimney goes organic, cheque books are multi-coloured, Peter Stuyvesant gets stoned, the OZ musical replaces Fiddler on the Roof and God Save the Queen is set to rock & roll, it was still fun on the way."

New York, New York, the city that helped make it happen, without which there wouldn’t be an OZ. The city which published Kerouac, nurtured Ginsberg screaming of his friends starving, hysterical, naked, where Wilcock, Mailer and others abolished the loneliness of thousands with the Underground Press, where the Fugs chorused Kill For Peace, Kupferberg devised 1001 ways without working, Lenny Bruce invented healthy humour and the Living Theatre begged for Paradise Now. Where Dylan connected with a collective consciousness, Warhol elevated prole art, Leary saw visions and the yuppies burnt real live money. From where such energies fused with the sun and acid of the West Coast, then jumped the oceans to make love with the Beatles UFO, art labs, IT and other hip totems, all since ponderously recorded by every tin pot sceney-bopper with a tape recorder, not excluding myself.

Where is it now, my blue eyed one
Where have they gone, my darling young ones?
There’s still a little action in town, especially for dealers necklaced with golden cocaine spoons, but it’s a hard cold rain down on the Lower East Side. Mort Sahl, looking like an account executive for after-shave, claims on telly talkathons that all the hippies have gone back to Mother America. No, no, they’re in the pastures consolidating energy, awaiting the next mass action, reply the indefatigable spokesman for the Woodstock dream.

I visited Ginsberg whom I last saw chanting mantras at London’s first Legalise Pot Rally. He’s currently high on his music poems improvised with Bob Dylan for an album soon to be released. It pains me to write this, as I behold him with such affection, but on reflection I feel his endless epic poem, Jessore Road, is push button passion on the sufferings of Bangladesh refugees, which tells us what we already know but not how to deal with it. While Dylan is undoubtedly strumming away, it is Allen who is singing, with a voice no less strident for the fact that it’s flat.

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A couple of days before Christmas, carefully clutching Andy Warhol’s invitation as an alibi, I crashed the *Village Voice’s* annual party in what I told myself would be a sentimental farewell gesture before bowing out of the New York scene. (By the time this is in print I will have quit New York — after 17 years — to live once again in Europe).

It was my first contact with the Voice for several years because although I was one of the confounders, back in 1955, and a weekly columnist for the first ten years of its existence, I had been *persona non grata* over there since helping the *East Village Other* get started (1965) and my occasional peaceful overtures since, either by mail or by mutual friends, had been coldly rebuffed. The Voice never forgave the underground press for coming into existence, and never forgot my role in helping to midwife that birth. Nobody in authority at the Voice made any comment to me at the party but I can’t say that I enjoyed myself very much. To start with, I’ve become very cautious about my incursions into New York life these days — there’s a vast amount of depressingly low-level activity going on — and if I’d known the company I was going to be keeping, I certainly would not have ventured out. What seemed so surprising, and depressing, about the party was the calibre of the guests: local businessmen, third-rate political hacks, shyster lawyers, a handful of New School academics and such rich vulgarians as Huntington Hartford.

Because of the poor company and such moody thoughts, I said goodbye to the party pretty early and couldn’t escape the thought that in some ways, my goodbye was to the alternate media in general. It seems years ago, somehow, since the underground papers were alive and flourishing, it’s editors friendly to each other and sharing a common purpose. Enthusiasm was boundless then and we all thought we were going to turn society around and prepare for our places in the brave new world. And now here’s the Voice — forerunner of the underground press and the best-known exponent of “alternative journalism” in the world — a bastion of the status quo, its staff, contributors and friends all locked into the lifeless literary scene that it tried to bypass when it began, a generation before.

The Voice, of course, is a model of reactionary politics to most of its successors, the self-styled underground press. But objectively are they any better these days? Some are still bogged down in the dialectics of kill-the-pig, others in the joy of communal living. A number have blatantly sold out to a corrupt rock industry. None seem to be offering much in the way of practical solutions to the problems we all face — and who can blame them? For most papers it has been three to five years of constant financial hardship, police and official harassment, internal power struggles and, to a large extent, indifference from the straight community.

What of the successful papers? Art Kunkin’s *L.A. Free Press* modelled itself openly after the *Village Voice* from the very beginning which may have accounted for its phenomenal success. Expatriate New Yorker Kunkin did for Southern California what the Voice had already done back east: identified and polarised a community that didn’t know it existed until the paper arrived to serve as a clearing house. The Freep cut its teeth during a time of social upheaval in the mid-Sixties (love-ins, riots on the Strip, free rock concerts, Leary’s road-shows, the Watts riots, Chicano uprisings, Bank of America bombings) and built up a vast readership with a combination of subversive social comment and racy sexist ads.

Before long, Trotskyist Kunkin was buying expensive homes in the hills, driving a telephone-equipped roadster and milking the paper to finance a printing plant and a chain of bookstores. Staffers and
John Bryan's "Open City" over presented a real alternative. (Bryan was done in, partly by lack of support from people who were still faithful to the Freep, but mainly by rock superstar Leon Russell whose nude record ad brought the paper an obscenity bust. Russell not only refused any financial help, but, declined to involve himself in the subsequent legal proceedings in any way).

Inevitably the staff finally fought back, splitting away to form a series of alternative papers, only one of which — John Bryan's "Open City" over presented a real alternative. (Bryan was done in, partly by lack of support from people who were still faithful to the Freep, but mainly by rock superstar Leon Russell whose nude record ad brought the paper an obscenity bust. Russell not only refused any financial help, but, declined to involve himself in the subsequent legal proceedings in any way).

Something of a similar nature happened further to the north with Max Scherr's Berkeley Barb, which, along with the Freep, New York's EVO, Austin's Rag, and Michigan's The Paper, constituted the initial membership of the Underground Press Syndicate. Scherr, a forty-ish anarchist who'd been running a Berkeley bar during the emergence of the street scene in the early sixties, threw together his first Barb almost alone, peddled it in the streets himself and through its influence helped to bring about the cataclysmic events which made the University of California's Berkeley campus the center of student revolution. The Barb was, and still is, a hodge-podge of biased reporting, sexual anarchy, Black militancy, activist politics, acid agitation and cynicism. It was usually the sloppiest-looking underground — and always the most fascinating.

But Scherr, too, viewed success in old-fashioned terms: a fat bank account for himself, pittances for his employees. He was miserly, greedy and possessive and eventually many of his staff, too, peeled away to start a rival paper, the Berkeley Tribe, which never matched its parent's interest or irreverence. (As a matter of fact it was downright insular for a long time, disdaining help from or for people outside the "tribe").

No other underground paper has ever matched the financial success and public acceptance of the Freep and the Barb, although EVO in its early days had probably the best chance of bridging the gap between the freek and straight communities. EVO's founder Walter Bowart was certainly the first of the new-style publishers to conceive of a visually revolutionary paper rather than merely using offset techniques to save money while printing the same linear predictable package that the straight press had offered since Gutenberg. (Whatever happened to the idea of underground papers as "art"? A handful of North American papers — Oracle, Kaleidoscope, Georgia Straight, Logos, Harbinger, Nola Express, Astral Projection, Other Scenes, Seed, Open City — have dabbled with the concept from time to time but it has more adherents in Europe with OZ, Amsterdam's Real Free Press and Hotcha! the outstanding examples).

With a few exceptions, the underground press in America has barely changed since its inception five years ago. All are honorable, all worthy, all have integrity — but somehow the spark faded long ago. Instead of working to develop a larger community, many papers have decided to settle for the local freek scene: God knows, the job they do is important enough and the sacrifices most of their editors and staffs make to do it deserve respect, but somehow the excitement and imagination is gone. Maybe it's just the down period America is going through.

What major changes that have come about have sometimes lessened its impact: New York's once-gutsy Rat, as well as other scattered papers, was taken over by Women's Lib Liberation Workshop who, whatever the merits of their case, have yet to prove themselves capable of producing a paper relevant to the community at large, rather than one section of it. (Sure a paper run by males is more chauvinist; so far the papers run by females have been so excessively female chauvinist that even women don't read them.)

Much the same criticisms can be made of course about papers taken over by Gay Lib, Irish Nationalists, Israeli freedom fighters, transvestites and toenail biters. Nobody would deny that each has a "cause" of some sort to present, but diverting an existing paper's audience solely to the specific problems of a splinter faction does mean less for their cause than they imagine.

To some extent the split that has plagued the movement from the beginning (and maybe every community from the beginning of time) has also polarised the papers. Should a corrupt society be challenged head on and fought at every opportunity? Or should it be ignored and circumvented until it becomes ineffective because of its utter irrelevance?

The problem came up at the very first Be-In in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park in January 1965. Twenty thousand heads gathered to celebrate an emerging community that most of the world learned about only at Woodstock three years later. But on that winter day in San Francisco, the alternatives were there for all to see: on the one side, Tim Leary, Ginsberg, the rock bands, the Oracle people…. on the other, Scherr and his Berkeley Barb, Jerry Rubin, Mario Savio's Free Speech Movement. All grooved together, elated by the show of strength and confident about the future.

Beneath the surface agreements, however, were the arguments between the Oracle people ("Straighten out your own head, man; don't confront the enemy and prolong the bad vibes; drop out") and the radical Berkeley community ("Who's going to stop the racism, end the war, confront the killers so you people can afford the luxury of dropping out?"). Neither side realised the importance and necessity of the other; both sides were right — and wrong.

And since that day the situation has see-sawed, first with one viewpoint in the ascendancy, then the other. (Chicago, obviously, was the activist peak; Woodstock the time of the doped-out freek). At present, disillusioned with the obvious ineffectiveness of protest and demonstrating, devastated by the tactical error of Mayday, the activists are in disarray. Many have left the struggle, most of those left go through the same motions like robots. The spark has gone.

The alternative press, obviously, reflects this mood — and seems unwilling to change (or incapable of changing it). The predominant theme in America today is theft, whether it be of the public at large by bankers and aerospace chieftans, or with the supermarket and telephone company as victims. Everybody no matter what their social level, can rationalise stealing, which is just a way of people insisting that they are not legally getting out of the society what
they put into it, and merely intend to assist with more equitable distribution. What is the alternative press can (and hopefully will) be doing, therefore, is to justify some of these unfamiliar moral attitudes. As long as society maintains an "underprivileged" caste, for example, that caste has a right to help itself to a fair share. As long as politicians, of whatever stripe, pretend to be serving the community rather than their selfish selves, papers should be ridiculous and discrediting them as long as judges and prosecutors pretend there is some objective "justice" rather than using the law to keep the poor in their place, propaganda should stop at nothing to expose their hypocrisy and reveal the true nature of their connections and interest.

Technologically and journalistically, of course, the alternative press has done tremendous things: five or six years after the first kids were starting campus papers with 200 dollars and a typewriter, there's hardly a community in North America that doesn't have its own alternative to the straight media. And this revolution is spreading rapidly throughout the rest of the world. The days when it took vast sums of money and influence to start a paper are gold must be an end. In fact, it is theoretically possible already for anybody to acquire all the technological means to publish for a few hundred dollars. (Distribution is still the bottleneck, as it always was, but more channels will inevitably open up).

Naturally the vultures have appeared on the scene, too. There will always be hustlers, in any sort of a commercially-oriented society, and it didn't take long for the emergence of hippie publishers who preferred to see a "market" rather than an audience for their wares. Rolling Stone's Jann Wenner has so far served as No. 1 bogeyman for the hip culture's purists, but he isn't the first, and certainly won't be the last, to exploit the free community. I don't care much for RS's-orientation myself, but as a vehicle for information and as a reflection of subculture mores, I find it superlatively interesting. Frenda, Rock, Creem, Fusion, Crawdaddy, Zigzag — they might all be much more honest, and produced by people whose tastes I share more closely, but the plain fact is that they just aren't as amusing as Rolling Stone and, frankly, could all manage quite nicely without any cult propaganda sheets if it's revolution that we're truly into.

But, of course, that isn't really the point. You could make out a good case that all these rock papers, and the sex papers, and scores of other alternative media publications of almost every kind would scarcely have been possible if the underground press hadn't come along first to pave the way. That is the major accomplishment of the young editors and writers who have fought, and are still fighting, for the right to publish unpopular views. Even the straight press has been influenced by alternative media techniques and within a few years will be totally infiltrated by a generation of writers and editors trained by the hippie press.

The underground press itself has lost most of its shock impact, seen part of its potential audience wooed away for profit, but nevertheless has planted robust seeds in the fertile soil of the future.

And that brings up an important question. What is it that we hope for the future now that we're all five years older and presumably wiser? Do we still believe that we can change the society by force? Well, some still do — the Weathermen/women perhaps, and certainly some militant Blacks and IRA terrorists. But most of us have reluctantly concluded that if violence IS the route, then this isn't the most favourable time for our side. Of course, there's evidence that this has had some effect if you consider that what used to be underground (personal and/or group "Liberation", changed mores, protest, dope smoking, anarchist ideas) has become an internationally accepted life style.

The word anarchy has a habit of popping up in everything I say and write these days and that's because I believe anarchy is the wave of the future, not the anarchy of constant turmoil and bomb-throwing, but the liberal dictionary definition: "Rejection of all forms of coercive control and authority". Many of my fellow publishers would undoubtedly agree that authority can only be granted, it cannot be assumed. The fact that authority does assume its right to coerce and enforce is irrelevant to the morality of this argument. If you don't vote because there is no candidate who even remotely represents your viewpoint you are not morally bound to respect the decisions of that candidate (or his cronies) whatever "democracy" demands.

This viewpoint is bound to grow in popularity if only because it allows dissidents to rationalise their "anti-social" attitudes. But more importantly it will grow because, for the first time in history, it has a sympathetic communications media through which to spread organically.

Hopefully, then, that is the future role of the alternative media — the restoration of some principles to a profession that until now seems to have preferred prostitution.

John Wilcock, publisher of New Other Scenes, himself as American.

Yorkshire-born York's now thinks of an expatriate
He's here! He's here! After nineteen hundred and seventy years of blasphemy against Christ...all the shame...all the guilt...they can't hide it any longer! It's the second coming! It's...

**JUMPIN' JACK FLASH!**

*PSYCHEDELIC FASCISM*

The age of Psychedelic Fascism, of 'video campirism' and high society spank—spank parties, of dial-a-corpse and living room necrophilia, of evil worship that goes beyond the cover of Look magazine, of blood-sucking death cults that worship both God and Satan and have "Thou Shalt Kill" as an absolute — if unadvertised — commandment of the knife movie, the blood-fuck movie, the snuff—movie — the age of Psychedelic Fascism is here. The extracts which follow overlaid are from ex-Fug-Ed Sander's book

**The Family: Charles Manson's Dune Buggy Attack Battalion**

I am Jack and Jack is me... all are one... you are me... you are Jack... cease to exist. Kill the ego... become nothing... become me...

Jack Flash is God!

He's a gas gas gas!
In the early afternoon on August 8, 1969, Charles Manson arrived at the Spahn Ranch, after a recruiting trip and pleasure jaunt to Big Sur and the Esalen Institute. Someone went on a garbage run for the evening meal. At the back of the movie ranch, they cooked dinner on the Coleman four-burner camping stove. Everybody was delighted that Charlie was back.

Approximately an hour after the meal, Manson pulled Susan Atkins a.k.a. (also known as) Sadie Glutz aside and told her to get a knife and a change of clothes. Linda Kasabian had helped fix dinner, had helped to clean up, had walked to the front of the ranch and was standing by the Rock City Cafe set when Charlie came up and pulled her off to the end of the boardwalk and told her to get a knife, and a change of clothing and her driver's license.

Patricia Krenwinkel a.k.a. Katie was already asleep coming down off an acid trip, when she was awakened and told to get a knife and a change of clothes. She didn't really want to get up but she did, summoned by the Devil.

Linda Kasabian got into the car, in the right front passenger seat. Sadie and Katie were in the back of the car. Also in the back of the car were a pair of red-handled bolt cutters and a long, coiled three-quarter inch nylon rope. Tex Watson got into the car and the car backed away and then headed out down the dirt driveway toward the exit to the west, by the corral.

About halfway down the drive, Manson stopped them. He came over and stuck his head in the window on Linda's side and said, according to Linda, "Leave a sign. You girls know what to do. Something witchy." Then Manson stood alone, watching the car drive off. Voityck Frykowski lay on the couch, in front of the fireplace, dozing off, zonked under the pleasant influence of the moderate psychedelic MDA. Past the desk and toward the back of the couch crept the death-minded butcher. Evidently Watson walked around, standing on the zebra skin, his back to the fireplace, and leveled the Wyatt Earp revolver at Voityck's head. He motioned with his knife hand for Katie and Sadie to line up behind the couch, prepared to enact their helter-skelter exactitude. Voityck woke up, stretched and asked, "What time is it?"

"Don't move or you're dead."

"Who are you?"

"I'm the Devil. I'm here to do the Devil's business. Give me all your money," said Tex Watson, tall and hairy, knife in one hand and gun in the other.

Elegant Abigail Folger was lying alone on the antique bed in her bedroom in the extreme southeast corner of the house, clad in full-length, white night-gown, reading, wearing her reading glasses, slightly stoned on the euphoric MDA.

Tex told Sadie to go get a towel in the bathroom with which to tie up Frykowski. Sadie went looking for the bathroom. She took a towel back to the couch by the fireplace and tied Voityck's hands behind his back with a loose knot. Frykowski was then made to lie down on his back, trapping his hands behind him.

Sadie turned, crossed the hallway, walking west, and glanced into Sharon's bedroom. Sharon, her stomach tanned and full of child, was lying in bed, propped up on pillows, her blonde hair down over her shoulders. She was wearing matching blue-yellow, floral-patterned bra and
For jewelry, she had on her wedding ring and gold earpins. The lime green and orange sheets were pulled down. It was about 12.25 am. On the edge of the bed where the beautiful Sharon Tate lay sat Jay Sebring, clothed in black high-top boots and white pants with black vertical stripes. On his wrist was an opulent Cartier watch. They were talking.

Sadie unfolded her Buck clasp knife and walked into Abigail Folger’s bedroom waving her weapon. “Go out into the living room. Don’t ask any questions.” She did the same thing on the other side of the hall in Sharon’s bedroom. Sadie waved her knife at Jay and Sharon and they all walked out into the living room confused and angry. Jay Sebring said, “What’s going on?”

“Sit down!” Sebring refused to sit. When Tex told everybody to lie down on the floor on their stomachs atop some pillows near the fireplace, Sebring would not stand for that and said: “Let her sit down, can’t you see she’s pregnant?” Then Sebring lunged for the gun and Tex waxed murderous and shot Jay in the armpit. Jay fell and Tex drop-kicked him in the bridge of the nose. Abigail Folger screamed.

The sight of Jay Sebring lying on his side gave the former cotton picker, Charles Watson, instant credibility. “All right, where’s the money?” Abigail said that her money was in her purse on the couch in the bedroom. Sadie stuck her knife up to Miss Folger’s back and marched her back into the bedroom where Abigail opened up her black canvas shoulder bag and took out seventy or seventy-three dollars for the satanist. Sadie refused her offer of credit cards and they walked back into the living room.

Tex then tied them around and around their necks with the nylon rope and threw the end of it over the white ceiling beam and told Sadie to choke the rope so that Abigail and Sharon had to stand up or else strangle. Jay’s unconscious body acted as a dead weight on the other end of the rope which was knotted around his neck. A large hematoma was swelling on his left eye.

Tex told Katie to turn out all the lights in the house. This she did, according to Susan Atkins. Katie assumed choke duties on the end of the rope. One of the ladies asked, “What are you going to do with us?” Charles, the smug muscular boy from Copeville, had them trapped in his phoneless hamburger universe. “You are all going to die.” And again he told them that he was the Devil. Immediately the moans and shrieks and beggings rose up from the trussed victims. They struggled to get free.

Tex ordered Sadie to kill Voityck Frykowski. Voityck lay quaking up and down, desperately trying to loosen the knot behind his back. Sadie raised her knife and, by her account, hesitated.

Voityck wrenched his hands free and reached up from the couch and grabbed hold of her hair and pulled her down, grabbing her knife arm. He hit her on top of the head and they fell against the end table to the left of the sofa and rolled onto the stuffed chair.

Sadie got her arm free and stabbed blindly, one, two, three, four times, parallel down the front of his left leg. He
turned toward the front hall as if to flee. She managed to stab him once in the back, but the knife hit bone. Then she stabbed him deeply in the right back lung. The skin surface widths of the wounds were three-quarter inch, the same as the width of the Bick knife. In the scuffle she lost her knife somehow.

Still, Voityck staggered onward. Tex ran up, wrestled Frykowski around and shot him below the left axilla, the bullet lodging in his middle back. He shot him also through the front right thigh. Still he walked on. Tex shot again — the gun misfiring. Tex began to club his face and scalp with the gun, holding it by the barrel.

When Tex ran up to the hall door to get Voityck, Sharon and Jay and Abigail struggled to get free from the knots on their necks. Katie was holding the rope where it trailed down on the other side of the beam. Abigail broke loose and headed for the back bedroom, where the door to the swimming pool led to freedom.

Krenwinkel dropped the rope and gave chase. Abigail, taller and stronger, fought defensively at this point, in the hands of programmed zombie spore. She ran up, wrestled Frykowski around and shot him below the left axilla, the bullet lodging in his middle back. He shot him also through the front right thigh. Still he walked on. Tex shot again — the gun misfiring. Tex began to club his face and scalp with the gun, holding it by the barrel.

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Abigail Folger got out of the house dripping upon the sidewalk leading to the pool. She ran left, splattering the green garden house in the grass. She almost reached the split-rail fence, past the pole light near the tall fir tree. Collapse.

All the killers were out of the house, leaving Sharon, as yet untouched, and Jay Sebring, now dead, inside. Mrs. Polanski, unguarded, started toward the front door just as Katie Krenwinkel reentered the back door by the pool and walked into the living room. Sharon was crying for the life of her child. Sadie got her in a headlock. Tex told her she looked like Sharon wanted to sit down. "So I took her over and sat her down on the couch.

"All I want to do is have my baby." Sadie was worried that Sharon might get hysterical so she talked with her to calm her down, about how she had no mercy for her. Words, getting her attention.

They killed Sharon last. Sadie later told a member of the family that Sharon Tate was the last to die because she "had to watch the others die."

Sharon sat on the couch quietly. They waited a few minutes. It is not known what was done during that time. Finally it came. Sadie told Virginia Graham that she held Sharon's back behind her. Sharon turned her head around and looked back at Sadie, beseeching her. "Please don't kill me, please don't kill me. I don't want to die." She was crying.

"Please I'm going to have a baby." Sadie replied, according to Graham. "Look, bitch! I don't care if you're going to have a baby. You'd better be ready. You're going to die."

"Then we killed a few minutes later." In a final plea, Sharon begged Sadie to take the baby, the perfect unborn Richard Paul Polanski.

Tex told Sadie to kill. No. Tex, I can't kill her, you do it. Krenwinkel, Tex, you do it. But she was willing enough to hold her. Tex stabbed her several times in the left breast through the brassiere. Screams. Stabs. Aorta. Death.

Then they all stabbed her, sixteen times, with both knives. To Sadie it was thrilling. "It felt so good, the first time I stabbed her." Then the little assassin vampire licked blood from her own fingers.

But it wasn't adventurous enough for her. "We were going to mutilate them but we didn't have a chance to." Sadie later confided that part of the game plan included gouging out their eyeballs and smearing them against the walls.

All of a sudden, Tex said, "Get out." The girls left and then Tex came out and proceeded to go berserk in a final dutiful circuit to check out death. He ran in a counterclockwise direction. He ran over to Abigail, chop chop chop. He ran over to the lifeless Frykowski who actually lay clutching the grass in his hand, with his left arm still perpendicular to the ground in death, where he crumpled. Tex used some of his football training on him. Then the hell-creeper ran inside to arrange the tableau.

Sharon seemed to Sadie more cut up than before, probably from Tex. Then Sadie got a towel. Sadie next went over to Sharon Tate and put her head on to her feet and careened toward the French doors to the pool, leaving a trail of blood, as Katie, who was standing guard over Sharon and Jay, chased after her, chopping. Abigail clawed at the shuttered door, smearing blood, to open it up.

Abigail Folger got out of the house dripping upon the sidewalk leading to the pool. She ran left, splattering the green garden house in the grass. She almost reached the split-rail fence, past the pole light near the tall fir tree. Collapse.

All the killers were out of the house, leaving Sharon, as yet untouched, and Jay Sebring, now dead, inside. Mrs. Polanski, unguarded, started toward the front door just as Katie Krenwinkel reentered the back door by the pool and walked into the living room. Sharon was crying for the life of her child. Sadie got her in a headlock. Tex told her she looked like Sharon wanted to sit down. "So I took her over and sat her down on the couch.

“All I want to do is have my baby.” Sadie was worried that Sharon might get hysterical so she talked with her to calm her down, about how she had no mercy for her. Words, getting her attention.

They killed Sharon last. Sadie later told a member of the family that Sharon Tate was the last to die because she "had to watch the others die."

Sharon sat on the couch quietly. They waited a few minutes. It is not known what was done during that time. Finally it came. Sadie told Virginia Graham that she held Sharon's back behind her. Sharon turned her head around and looked back at Sadie, beseeching her. "Please don't kill me, please don't kill me. I don't want to die." She was crying.

"Please I'm going to have a baby." Sadie replied, according to Graham. "Look, bitch! I don't care if you're going to have a baby. You'd better be ready. You're going to die."

"Then we killed a few minutes later." In a final plea, Sharon begged Sadie to take the baby, the perfect unborn Richard Paul Polanski.

Sharon's stomach to listen, kneeling on the floor by the velvet couch. Sadie picked Sharon up slightly off the floor and sat with Sharon's head in her lap and embraced her. Finally Sadie went over to the yellow towel used to tie Voityck's hands and came back, obtained some blood from Sharon's breast, walked to the front hall and knelt down to print PIG in blood type O-M. She turned, walked back into the living room, threw the towel toward the hoarth and split. She left the door wide open and also herself, as she moved east off the porch, her two bare footprints in blood.

One hundred and two stab wounds riddled the bodies. Thirty minutes, one stab every twenty seconds.

Tex announced that they had to find a place to wash up. He pulled off Benedict's turtleneck beginning to get bloody. He ran

up to Abigail, who was wounded only defensively at this point, in the hands and arms. Abigail surrendered. “I give up. Take me.” He did, slicing her neck and smashing her head with the gun but. He stabbed her in various parts of her chest and abdomen. She clutched a gaping tear in her lower right stomach. She fell.

Watson glanced up when he heard Voityck screaming near the front lawn. Tall Voityck stepped up against the square wooden support post on the northeast corner of the porch and he tried to step from the flagstone onto the sidewalk, holding onto the post. His balance failed; he spun around the post and fell head first into the dirt. But then Voityck got to his feet and began to scream into the smog, down the canyon.

Tex was out the front door in a red-blooded chopping and rode Frykowski to the ground, stabbing in the unprotected left side of his body. Frykowski suffered sixteen defensive wounds in his left lower arm trying to ward off the Devil. Fifty-one wounds Tex dealt to the spleen, abdomen, front, back, heart, left lung, right chest, hands.

Inside the house Abigail somehow got
The truth is that violence is not, in reality, beautiful or dynamic. It is banal. It is mundane. It is committed mostly by rather small minded people for petty reasons.

Why create myths about it?

David Sturm

Near the beginning of the movie, Clara is persuaded to take a walk in the woods with Clyde, a hulking and dimwitted but handsome resident of Pleasant Valley acting as guide for the town's centennial celebration. They reach a grassy, shade-checkered clearing and sit down. After some idle talk and necking, the grinning brute produces a large knife from his pocket.

"Ain't that a beauty," he remarks, "Here feel that edge."

Clara gamely touches the razor-edge blade and severs her thumb from the rest of her hand.

Cut to mayor's office in Pleasant Valley.

The mayor is fat and wears a string tie in the dogpatch style of southern politics. He sits talking to two local crackers named Clem and Zeb, or something like that, about the big barbecue scheduled for that night.

A commotion is heard off camera and Clyde bursts in with the hysterical Clara in tow. Clara's hand is wrapped in a handkerchief, soaked with blood. Her face is contorted with terror and shock.

"The little lady here had an accident," Clyde says, and his eyes flash with malice and fear.

"Why we can't get nothing happen to Clara here?" asks the guest of honor at tonight's barbecue, notes the mayor. "Why must she hear the truth?"

The mayor is fat and wears a string tie in the dogpatch style of southern politics. He sits talking to two local crackers named Clem and Zeb, or something like that, about the big barbecue scheduled for that night.

After hearing a sickening "chunk!" the camera frames a close up of the face of Clara, eyes bugging and mouth yawning open in ecstatic horror. Clara turns downward. Camera pulls back and we see what she is seeing: Her eye is gone, and the blood is pouring from a hole in the side of her head. The mayor laughs. "She's a fine barbecue. They all convulse in hilarity at the mayor's joke."

If you can take this you can take anything. Get your older brother to buy a few six packs, borrow the family car, pick up the guys at the local where they hang out and drink a beer each on the way over. After the movie, you'll believe that the movies were "pretty goddam gross" and you did see that girl near us turn and smear the heads of the other spectators. We are men, all of us, and we know what is coming but can't do a thing about it. The films are an initiation of sorts for the local teens. If you can take this you can take anything.

The truth is that violence is not, in reality, beautiful or dynamic. It is banal. It is committed mostly by rather small minded people for petty reasons. Why create myths about it?

This is one of the important appeals of the "blood lust" films. It is a "what it looks like". We know that Hollywood sex is phony. There are never really any women that seductive, or men that confident. Movies need the real focus, vitality and flawed techniques. "Blood lust" films have none of these, not even a soundtrack, just some clumsy, average looking people sweating and fisting themselves at each other while saying "ain't that a beauty," and "we know that the stag film is the truth. And we are more secure in that knowledge."

The blood lust movies induce us in the same manner. We are given content rather than form. The films are revered primarily at your local drive-in movie house. They are run with no punches pulled, no soft focus, violins and cutesy "passion pits" and movie houses, but rather in the drive-ins or "passion pits" and movie houses in (or just outside of) the small towns in Kansas, Virginia and Arkansas. The audiences are the local "good old boys," greasers, weekend hell-raisers and student council representatives. After all, the films are rated general release, so you don't even have to bring an adult along.

Pretty soon, these movies will have had a ten-year nationwide run, which is pretty damn long, no matter how you look at it. Perhaps these are the illegiti­mate underdog classics of our time — not even recognized by the avant garde film goers.

If you find a moral here, more power to you, but suffice it to say that to understand America you must understand its culture.
My reaction to music has always come from the small of my back and crept slowly up to the nape of my neck into my hair. I’m consumer, not critic, and when I’m asked what my interests are outside music I reply immediately “Liverpool F.C” and there the list ends. The small of my back first came under fire in the mid-fifties when I heard Little Richard and Fats Domino on AFN and realized that I could put away my neck into my hair. I’m consumer, not critic, and when I’m asked what my interests are outside music I reply immediately “Liverpool F.C” and there the list ends.

The small of my back had a lean time of it, with only the occasional small thrill running up into the carefully brushed Kennedy-styled hair since ’67 though the sensation has become pretty much of a constant and it must be fair to say that during the past five years good popular music has had a greater influence on people’s lives than music has ever had before.

At the beginning of 1967 when I was living in California the music was already on the move. The Beatles, Stones and Dylan we already knew well and loved but Butterfield was playing on the coast, Love and the Byrds were across the road from Lawrence Welk in Hollywood and Captain Beefheart and the Magic Band had caused shock and confusion among an audience that had come to the Whisky-a-Go-Go to see Them. Briefly and without understanding just why they seemed so damned mellow, I’d met the Airplane during the sessions that produced “Surrealistic Pillow”. The next day a girl in Riverside laughed and told me about the pernicious weed and Rick, the singer with the Misunderstood, turned me on among the orange trees in the foothills of the San Bernadino Mountains.

Back home in Berdoo we listened to the Yardbirds, Love, the Byrds, the Doors, Butterfield (in those days Elektra was a fine label) and the Airplane and got massively stoned. Rick, the singer with the Misunderstood, turned me on among the orange trees in the foothills of the San Bernadino Mountains.

For a while we held the hustlers and gangsters at bay but now they’re back again — goofy gangsters who roll joints and wear shoulder length hair streaked and styled just so — but still gangsters. Some are East End, some Trad, arr Italy, others are public school, but they’re there and without them it would go so far but no further. Accepting that it’s all show-biz again and that there is a foul and grimy machine into which good music and good people must be fed for us to hear and see it’s miraculous that so much good music comes out the other end even if few of the people make it out again.

Mind you we are a self-conscious and image conscious market and they aim a vast torrent of stuff at us until it threatens to swamp us. The kids who buy Middle of the Road and Jonathan King buy them because they like the music — they sure as hell don’t buy J. King because he’s sexy. The reasons why they buy records are more subtle, devious, complex and silly. Images, the right revolutionary or mystical posture, the right clothes, hair, equipment, friends, producers — it’s all important. We’re terrible suckers for packaging and hype and the gangsters mustgzip themselves laughing at us for all of our absurd pretensions. How long has it been that you felt really liberated, opened out, joyfilled by a band playing for you? After several hours sitting on a grubby floor you may have jumped up and down with peace signs shouting “More” a lot because, well, everybody does, don’t they? I often suspect that a lot of that relief is that it’s all over. Thank God for bands like the Faces, Brinsley Schwarz, Lindisfarne and others that give you a good time, unashamedly. I wish I could show you some of the abusive letters we got when the Faces first did Top Gear. “Uncool”, they said and “Sell-out”. There’s still debris in the air and a tragic lack of human contact but that’s always been with us anyway. In the final analysis I feel optimistic though — an unreasonable optimism perhaps but a real optimism nevertheless.

This optimism comes from still getting that old time feeling in my back several times a week. It comes from the sixteen year olds who camp out for days at hyped-up festivals and radiate an amazing purity and from those who came each week from Feltham to raise hell at the BBC concert programmes — and it comes from knowing that, despite the gangsters, the music often soars free and unfettered. The sixties are public school, but they’re there and without them you would go so far but no further. Accepting that it’s all show-biz again and that there is a foul and grimy machine into which good music and good people must be fed for us to hear and see it’s miraculous that so much good music comes out the other end even if few of the people make it out again.

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Arthur Brown were our heroes and Mick Farren and the Social Deviants the people we believed in. We sure were naive but it felt a whole lot better than the weight of the wisdom we’ve aquired since.

Since then, the music has changed and lost a lot of its innocence.
When OZ was born in February 1967 anybody could see it was a bastard, and rather an unnatural one. Richard Neville, the surgeon, and his midwife, the lovely Louise, explain that it was intended as a cross between the New Statesman and Private Eye. To demonstrate this, it carried a long, respectful interview with Paul Johnson, then editor of the Statesman, in the Statesman’s most portentous style, and a four-page take-off of Private Eye.

The author of the cringing interview with Johnson ("The Statesman seems to have gone in for a jauntier, more personal style recently. Is this part of a general policy?") was Alexander Cockburn. Cockburn: What would you regard as your great virtue?

Johnson: Well, I’m very conscientious and responsible-minded, probably over-much ...

Cockburn: And your vice?

Johnson: I’m impatient, terribly impatient. Never had been such nakedness been revealed before—shocking! Readers of OZ were probably relieved when Alexander next appeared as a regular contributor to the New Statesman.

The four-page supplement on Private Eye included a brilliant parody of a Scarfe drawing which showed Private Eye eating its words. This was a reference to the numerous apologies extracted from the Eye by the rigours of the libel law, and although there was no particular exultation in Private Eye when OZ fell foul of the obscenity laws, this first issue ushered in a certain coolness between the two mighty organs which has taken five years to disappear. What caused most irritation I imagine, was rather a heavy piece demonstrating everything that was wrong with the Eye which would, by implication, not be wrong with OZ.

The author of this piece was David Widgery, still a teenager at the time and intoxicated with the importance of this thought. OZ, with all the intuitive wisdom of a day-old chicken, knew it was going to be better informed and less trivial than Private Eye. Politically, it would carry more weight; it would be morally superior and much more committed. Committed to what? Never mind, the details could be worked out later. OZ, like the Eye, might have no editorial policy, but it would definitely be very committed, if only to the idea of being committed. Above all, there would be no more of those filthy, public school
This statement is not intended as a sneer, without first growing indignant about to deny the people their opium? It may be a bizarre commentary on our society to his own advantage, he creates the revolutionary's function is. slightly more poorer. EXPLOITATION!! "revolutions:
- OZ 11 (April 1968) with a four page supplement on the New Statesman which finally got the old Paul Johnson out of its system. Later supplements on the SUN etc — were more shrieks of pain than serious parody.

After OZ 11, We begin to see that wide-eyed innocence which puts mockery to shame. There is an unmistakable heroism about those who refuse to accept that they may be slightly ridiculous. OZ 25, for instance, carried reports on Scunthorpe and Morden, introducing its readers to the full horror of life outside the Land of OZ, as if they had no experience of it. The piece on Morden is especially touching to read in a magazine which started out with satirical aspirations.

"Revolution has got to come," wrote the Reverend Donald Reeves, bless his poor, silly old heart." The Church of England has had a love affair with the working classes ever since the Industrial Revolution, but it has never been consummated. But if the Church of England has any relevance at all, it has got to lead the Morden revolution.

Sex, politics and religion — what more can anyone want? Perhaps less politics. As a political correspondent, I am painfully aware of how little most people are interested in politics, and as OZ grows up, it seems to me to have been losing interest in politics. Many would say it has become more political, and certainly the political content has become more bombastic and humourless. But no intelligent magazine which took politics seriously could possibly allow "Tom Ludd" to get away with this sort of remark: "A revolution is essentially libertarian. Workers' Councils, the democratic control of our environment, etc, it's essentially fun."

No doubt Socialism Worker would be delighted to print this sort of solemn rubbish, just as plenty of municipal sanitary inspectors would be delighted to assure a primary school audience that cleanliness, too, can be fun, but not a magazine which has the wit and acumen to publish Dr Hippocrates. Is the young man worried about the way he gets an erection every time he takes his clothes off, especially with other men present?, "Think of making it with one of the Johnson girls or recall a university cafeteria meal — the possibilities for turn-ons are endless."

From being a bastard, OZ has become a violent schizophrenic but somehow something always emerges which, when it is legible, is refreshing, loveable and still innocent. This reviewer has probably made it plain that in the debate between the politicos and the freaks, between the killers and the kissers, the dynamic and pathetic traditions of underground culture, he is heavily on the side of the freaks, the kissers and the pathetic tradition. Perhaps I should take it further than this: in short, I am fighting against the revolutionaries. I should make it plain that I actually dislike revolutionaries. This is partly because of their self-importance and their seriousness, but mostly because of their desire to exert power and influence events, which I find unforgettable. Nevertheless, the most extreme quietist must admit that from the purely literary viewpoint they add a little salt to the kisses and sucks, a little opium or whatever to the hash, and OZ would not be so tasty or so stimulating without them.

During the trial, I almost felt they had a point, when comparing the ostentatious, preposterous innocence of the three men in the dock with the cold fanaticism of Judge Argyle: if the paranoids in high places had been allowed to treat these three as criminals, locking them up for four years with the sights and smells and brutal stupidities, they would have been more likely the establishment had really gone out of its mind and it was time to act in self defence. But it was not the system, only a part of it which had gone off the rails. Perhaps, in time, OZ will learn to love the system for the beautiful, incredibly complex thing that it is, and see what it is all about. Inspectors Luff and Habershon, Judge Argyle and Lord Hailsham are as much misfits in the system as OZ's own beloved revolutionary pigs, although they are probably greater threats to the system than any revolutionaries: OZ has its own, fairly important and entirely beneficial role to play inside the system, comforting and sustaining its drop-outs while feeding the fantasy existence of many who remain inside. Most people, after all, don't want to be liberated, although everybody likes to be assured that his servitude is voluntary. Those who love OZ must love the system, since OZ is one of its most characteristic products. The only two pieces of news which will make me take down my shotgun from the wall will be when I hear that OZ has been suppressed or that the fun-people from Upper Clyde Shipyards are taking control of the country.
Freaks are not alone in responding to the needs our society creates in its members; they are simply more outspoken in their public rejection of conventional patterns. Drastically dramatically freaks have begun to explore alternative life styles, philosophies, religions, social and personal relationships. In the process they have used drugs to influence the psyche, tried ascetic diets, meditation, loud and rhythmic somatic music, controlled environments from encounter groups to multimedia bombardments; and too many other experiments to enumerate here. What all of these techniques in common is the tendency to look beyond rationalist verbal systems for direct experience of life through altered perceptions. One of Jung books has an apt title for this range of activity: Modern Man in Search of a Soul.

Jung devoted his sixty year psychiatric career (1900-1961) to the study of non-rational states of consciousness and unconsciousness. He conceived of the ego (our self-awareness) as a very limited portion of our total selves, but a portion with the profoundly important faculty of free moral will. He sought to use what is best in the evolution of rational thought, but to take from that thought its false evaluation of its (own supremacy in the psychic world. We are not in Jung's opinion, kings in our own castles when it comes to the activity of the mind; our ego self is more accurately describable as a member of a community that includes our emotions and instincts. Jung interpreted, in more than twenty volumes, the history of civilization as a series of outward signs of the passing of the psychic reality of religious and mythical experience, and he saw these forces as still living within us:"

"In the everyday world of consciousness such things hardly exist; that is to say, until 1933 only lunatics would have been found in possession of living fragments of mythology. After this date the world of heroes and monsters spread like a devastating fire over whole nations, proving that the strange world of myth had suffered no loss of vitality during the centuries of reason and enlightenment. If metaphysical ideas no longer have such a fascinating effect as before, this is certainly not due to any lack of primitivity in the European psyche, but simply and solely to the fact that the erstwhile symbols no longer express what is now welling up from the unconscious as the end result of the development of Christian consciousness through the centuries. This end-result—true antimonium pneumonia, a false spirit of arrogance, hysterical, wooly-headedness, criminal amorality, and doctrinaire fanaticism, a purveyor of shoddy spiritual goods, spurious art, philosophical stuttering, and Utopian humbug—fit only to be fed wholesale to doctrinaire fanaticism, a purveyor of shoddy spiritual goods, spurious art, philosophical stuttering, and Utopian humbug—fit only to be fed wholesale to doctrinaire fanaticism, a purveyor of shoddy spiritual goods, spurious art, philosophical stuttering, and Utopian humbug—fit only to be fed wholesale to doctrinaire fanaticism, a purveyor of

LSD users have often discovered the soothing effect of drawing and contemplating regular symmetrical patterns that center on a dot and expand outwards into a circle within a square. This form is found in the East; in India it is called a mandala. Jung found himself drawing mandalas when he was trying to come to mically determined class, and Freud showed him the play thing of unconscious emotional affects. But there still remains, for Jung and anyone who constructs an argument, a belief in a fraction of ourselves that can be appealed to by reason, that can make moral choices. Jung devoted his life to carrying the candle, as he once dreamed the light of consciousness to be, forward in the storm of irrational forces that swirls about us and drives us forward. Yet he also respected the inner winds as sources of life and energy, even meaning and purpose.

Jung saw the mandala and the four-sided figure as symbolic of the unity of the whole self. He claimed that the Christian injunction that the Kingdom of heaven is within you meant that we are carrying within us the four gated city. (Jerusalem, in Blake's imagery) the psychic concept of wholeness.

"During those years, between 1918 and 1920, I began to understand that the goal of psychic development is the self. There is no linear evolution; there is only a circumambulation of the self. Uniform development exists, at most, only at the beginning; later, everything points towards the centre. This insight gave me stability and gradually my inner peace returned. I knew that in finding the mandala as an expression of the self I had attained what was for me the ultimate. Perhaps someone else knows more, but not I. (Memories, Dreams and Reflections)

Jung expolred a symbolic material
psychic impulses. When he seeks to throw off his Western heritage, he is cut loose, adrift in a strange land where everything he reaches for turns to something else in his hands. Drug highs turn into downers; Eastern religions turn into warring factionalized cults, even rock and roll music turns out, on closer inspection, to be a vehicle for ego-trips and empty-headed repetitiousness.

Although Jung cannot save us from the pursuit of illusions, he does point out the danger of venturing too far afield. He tells us in his autobiography (Memories, Dreams and Reflections) that all kept him sane during his own confrontation with the unknown fantasy world welling up within him was his solid domestic life and his professional work. Without them, he fears, he would have gone mad like Nietzsche. In his own analysis of patients, he often used Freudian and other well-known therapeutic techniques before music turns out, on closer inspection, to be a vehicle for ego-trips and empty-headed repetitiousness.

In modern speech we have taken fantasy to be something insubstantial and airy, ungrounded in experience and by nature untrue. Jung, and the freak of today (the freak from his gut reaction to growing up in a world that so deprecates imagination) would probably agree with Blake as he pictures this state of affairs.

“A dark and unknown night, indefinite, unmeasurable, without end,
Abstract Philosophy, warring in enmity against Imagination
Which is the Divine Body of the Lord Jesus, blessed for ever.)
(Jerusalem).

Jung found in his own life, and in that of his patients, that the unconscious fantasy products are a blend of creation and destruction, of wholeness and painful fragmentation. His therapeutic techniques were directed towards distinguishing the distortions that the absolute nature of the unconscious can produce (as in the case of hostility projections based on inner fears) from the images of healing and compensation that the unconscious can also produce. Jung seemed to see the unconscious as terrible and divine, absolute and yet able to be influenced by conscious moral choice. He painted a picture that unified the religious and cultural history of the world, East and West, with the experience of our own time.

An area of great interest today is Jung's investigation of parapsychology, the modern study of telepathy, prophecy, fortune telling, mind over matter, spiritualism, and other apparently non-physical phenomena. Jung examined the uncanny appropriateness of the answers given by the Chinese fortune-telling book, the I Ching, and he found astrology to sometimes have a close correspondence with life. In fact he employed both these tools, the I Ching and astrology, as diagnostic aids in analysis of his patients. Jung chose not to understand these phenomena as presently unexplained but ultimately rationally explicable in terms of physical energies. Instead of searching for a causal relation that might transcend time and space (and such an explanation would be needed to explain precognition), he considered these events to be psychically related to the same process that creates fantasies in our minds. The laws of nature which are understood to be solely causal based would be amended by Jung to include the accidental variant, the chance factor, the accidental event that the unconscious can produce (as in the case of precognition). Jung found in his own life, and in that of his patients, that the unconscious fantasy world welling up within him was his solid domestic life and his professional work. Without them, he fears, he would have gone mad like Nietzsche. In his own analysis of patients, he often used Freudian and other well-known therapeutic techniques before.

Jung found another aid to constructive encounters with the psyche, one known well to freaks working with his hands. The interpretation of one of his own dreams told him to build models in stone as he had done as a child. He did so, and found, for the rest of his life, a means of understanding himself and placing himself in the world in non-verbal fashion.

Moving onto his own 'individuation' process for confronting the unconscious. Some patients who did not have a predisposition towards encountering the inner world, he kept away from it. In fact, Jung coined the terms introvert and extrovert in his classic study of psychological types and their a priori orientations, introvert originally meaning the type of person oriented towards the inner world.

A dilemma invariably arises for the student of symbolism, the follower of

extensively throughout his career. He began with modern dream interpretation and gradually found parallels and aids to understanding dreams in the symbolism of astrology, Western and Chinese alchemy, Buddhism, gnosticism, primitive religious and social structures. These systems all seek to encompass man's experience and relate it to the universe as a whole. They seek to protract oneness and completeness. They are the opposite of the compartmentalized Western classification systems that work so well in the natural science and leave us fragmented when we try to understand and find meaning in our lives.

A dilemma invariably arises for the student of symbolism, the follower of
1. YOUTH
The initial stage is to bring as many young people as possible within the range of Movement propaganda. This is not too difficult in London and is most much more difficult in the provinces. It is therefore necessary to set up a continuing grass-roots structure. How can this be done? Rather than impose an organisation and personnel upon a community, it is preferable that local organisations be assisted. However, it is necessary to identify potential community motivators. The following is a viable means of accomplishing this.

Stage One: Small advanced team (5) of troubleshooter special at least two weeks in selected community in order to:
1) Prepare reports on dominant social attitudes and institutions in community; any dissenting organisations, attitudes expressed in local and school papers; attitudes and actions of local authority and police; social tensions expressed in subways, buses, etc.
2) Book hall for concert or pre-selected site. Make small propaganda for fly-posting and leafletting in advance of concert. Make arrangements for accommodation for concert and post-concert teams.
3) Percentage of tickets distributed are through local groups (if any). Balance sold at door (low price).

Stage Two: The concert: Rock groups with political content in music (although no to extent that music suffers). Movement takes on role of general issues and local issues determined by research. Groups and local officers work with the concert. It is vital that the speakers be available to any local person who wants to speak with them. Of the persons who do want to discuss anything it should be possible to identify potential community motivators who will be invited to a small meeting to be held two days after the concert.

Stage Three: The day after the concert, the political group will discuss the reactions to the concert and the persons who have been invited to the small meeting. Two persons of this group will remain in the community for one week. Their purpose will be to establish contact through a series of small meetings with local people in order to:
1) Put information dissemination on a regular and established basis.
2) Encourage the formation of local dissent groups.
3) Work out support basis for establishment of groups. Particular encouragement is to be given to formation of local underground newspapers. Limited economic support is to be offered but not for less than three months. Local people are to be made to feel that they will receive support from established groups in London and other large centres and are to be invited to London for indoctrination (See "Special Indoctrination for Conquetry Motivators").

From the foregoing, it should be clear that this is an initial programme for establishing a communications network within the U.K. for the propagation of the underground values of dope, rock 'n' roll and fusing in the streets. This is backed up by the establishment of local groups who will necessarily come into confrontation with authority and through this experience become more committed. At this stage of commitment, the values of a socialist and libertarian democracy will be logically and organically arrived at. In short, it is considered that a cultural revolution must precede a political revolution in this society. The social values of the bourgeoisie already structure must be attacked and destroyed in order to provide motivation for the supplanting of the capitalist system by a democracy of the people.

2. POLICE AND ARMED FORCES
An information agency. The agency will be responsible for the programme directed at the police and armed forces. Revolution cannot occur when the government no longer can control the armed and police forces of the State. It is very easy to indoctrinate the members of these forces. It would be the function of the Information agency to counteract this indoctrination by reporting on any evidence of radical and libertarian propaganda to Police Colleges and Armed Forces colleges. This can be presented as another point of view. There is no doubt that pressure would be put upon the agency by the authorities so care should be taken that no police action is possible either by action or by mention of activities of agency personnel or by material being "obscene or indecent" under the Post Offices Act.

Demonstrations and other acts of Confrontation. (b) Demonstrations accomplish something simply by happening. They are evidence of dissent and help to keep social tension alive. The police over-react and the incident is transformed into a radical. "A Yippie is a hippie who has been hit on the head by a policeman." The most important thing in a demo is to have as much media coverage as possible and to have some photos or etc. Any violence should be pointed out as the direct result of unprovoked police attack. Care should be taken to get photographs of special group police in their busses before police attack and in action. If possible, the link up should be shown. (In static demos, the special group police will pick out the people they intend to attack and this is noticed by everyone watching.)

Financing Operations: (c) Every possible method of obtaining finance should be used. Those include:
1) Donations from 'liberals' for 'liberal' operations. Money can also be siphoned off from these operations for other purposes.
2) Profits from dealing.
3) Profits from rip-offs books, records and cassettes etc.
In general, money should be obtained from operations that are in themselves revolutionary and righteous. Bank robberies, etc. are not appropriate means of financing operations. At various stages. However it must be emphasized that this is not for any reasons of bourgeois morality. When the stage of armed resistance is reached, then armed robbery becomes not only appropriate as a means of finance but becomes a means of propaganda and encouragement in itself.

CLASSIFICATION A1.
SENSITIVE.
AREA CODE: XBBCZT/WATFORD/ASCOT/BARNET
CODE NAME: FREEDOM
NOT FOR PUBLICATION UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES

PROPAGANDA ALL IS PHONY
Sins — i.e. The Gluttony Room, The Greed Room, The Envy Room, etc. might well be four or five of varying sizes all named after the Seven Deadly private rooms for hire. I suggest that Fleur du Mals should do the same. There would either be shielded from the restaurant by bars or two-way smoked glass. A black panther would circulate within this cage. There would be black sugar. There would be black soap, towels and paper in the totally black seats during the summer by an automatically controlled sliding smoked glass roof. There would be a certain amount of black fauna and flora, with cages containing blackbirds, black macaws and maybe even black monkeys. I think it would be a roof-top restaurant which could be opened to the top floor of the complex should be devoted to an out-of-door situation. In other words, it would be a roof-top restaurant which could be opened to the

**Restaurant Complex — Creative Proposition**

**Restaurant Complex — Creative Proposition:** The object of my writing to you is to put on paper some creative thoughts which I have had regarding a new restaurant concept.

**Rationale:** Looking at the London restaurant scene the general indications are that the Italian Trattoria situation has reached its zenith. The film world and the creative advertising community thrive on fantasy. We believe in this respect that it would be possible to create for these people a 'fantasy' restaurant/Night Club complex. I believe that if one can attract showbusiness, the heavy business/playboy element will follow.

**FLUERS DU MALS:** The creative theme which would be followed through in every aspect would be BLACK.

**Example:** Extensive use of smoked glass, BLACK — leather, P.V.C., velvet, plastic, Coloured staff.

It is a fact proven by Mr. Hugh Hefner's not inconsiderable success, that untouchable sex attracts men. I would not suggest that the girls who serve the customers should be dressed as bunnies. What I do believe is that we should have exquisite coloured 'waitresses', picked for their appearance and intelligence. Black Jack will be the house game. Only Black & White and Johnnie Walker Black Label Whisky will be served. All crockery and glass will be black. Wherever possible, black food will be served, i.e. Caviar, Coq au vin, Blackberry Sorbet, etc. etc. In the main restaurant I would like to see a cage built into the walls which would run completely round the restaurant. The cage would either be shielded from the restaurant by bars or two-way smoked glass. A black panther would circulate within this cage. There would be certain 'alcoves' which should be designed specifically for intimate conversation. In these alcoves it would be possible to select the music which you require, either soul, pop or classical. Only black coffee will be served, with, of course, black sugar. There would be black soap, towels and paper in the totally black loos. Black velvet would be the house drink. If it was technically possible, the top floor of the complex should be devoted to an out-of-door situation. In other words, it would be a roof-top restaurant which could be opened to the stars during the summer by an automatically controlled sliding smoked glass roof. There would be a certain amount of black fauna and flora, with cages containing blackbirds, black macaws and maybe even black monkeys. I think it might well be amusing to have bats somewhere in the animal situation. We could also have black mambas and cobras.

**Private Rooms:** Restaurants in the U.S.A. and France frequently have private rooms for hire. I suggest that Fleur du Mals should do the same. There might well be four or five of varying sizes all named after the Seven Deadly Sins — i.e. The Gluttony Room, The Greed Room, The Envy Room, etc.

**The Board:** To pursue, or for that matter, emphasise any sort of negro involvement would be politically unwise. I feel, however, that it would be worth considering the appointment of one coloured Director. Berry Gordy (Motown) would be a logical choice.

**Joining Gift:** Members joining the club would receive a gift from the management. This would be a small piece of gimmickry. Gucci keying specially designed, black writing paper with a white 'Pental', mildly erotic black giant sized postcards to send to their friends, giant black ashtray, Fleurs du Mals After Shave and toilet water for women. These might be sold together with soap, etc. within the club. Members would be sent presents on their birthdays. A black rose for the women, black pens for men.

**Boutique:** I believe also that we should include a boutique within the complex which would sell nothing but black clothes, shoes, hats, belts, etc., also specially designed and exclusively produced Fleurs du Mals merchandise, i.e. soap, after shave, etc.

**The Bar:** Superb in every detail. Maybe coffins to sit around —certainly. Specially designed bar stools with backs like tractor seats.

**Opening Party:** The publicity for the complex is self-generating. We would wish to publicise the complex on an international level, arranging in-depth pieces in the Sunday Times Colour Supplement and major international media. The theme that we would propagate is that Britain has produced an entirely new concept in today entertainment terms. This type of operation is basically something that could only really occur in Las Vegas. What one is saying in effect is that London has for some time been the international arbiter of 'fashion' and we believe that the town is sophisticated enough to accept such a revolutionary entertainment concept. One could, of course, devote ten pages to the publicity and launch of the club but at his point, this would seem superficial. One would obviously invite every major coloured figure in the world to attend the opening and Ella Fitzgerald, for example, could arrive on a black horse. Only black cars would be allowed to park and everybody would be asked to dress in black. We would arrange for a heavy contingent of showbusiness personalities and international names. Obviously, when the complex was established and shown to be highly profitable and, as it were, 'in the black', the formula could be extended to the North of England and rapidly developed in Europe. Membership, of course, would be difficult to obtain and extremely expensive.

Such a project is obviously going to cost. We have access to certain funds and I believe such a proposition might prove attractive to your company. I am confident that the finance aspect of this situation should not represent any particular problem but I would obviously welcome your views.
Gandharva from Hindu mythology means the celestial musician, and it's a score from a non-existent film.
A BIT OF THE OTHER

BIT INFORMATION SERVICE COMMUNITY MUSIC / BITMAN 141 Westbourne Park Road, London W11 1BQ. 01-229 8219

BIT one of the first "underground help services" is still here, just about! It is still trying to be a 24 hour, 7 days a week information service, advisory and referral service. It is trying to prove that it is possible for an organisation to have no directors, figure heads, sleeping partners; without committees, "super-vision" and all! The 8 man staff of 1000 people a week who make use of us, are we also still needed as a stimu­lus to the establishment; to otherstart organisations throughout this country and the rest of the world (the latest being Auckland, New Zealand). We do this through "professional" BITMAN, benefit concerts and COMMUNITY MUSIC. Although break through, we believe that this is only a beginning. To you from a professional: "There is a convincing air of poverty about BIT, applying to both the place itself and the people who run it. The regular workers receive a token payment that is far below subsistence, they wear mostly clothes that they have been given and eat whenever food appears . . ." from article by 'Graham' in BITMAN 4. We received no other "Community Aid Groups" (plus £510 for UCSI).

"In trying to increase our sphere of communication we came in contact with BIT (London) who are invaluable to us. We began to feel part of a scheme of things. When we outlined the plans to BIT, they offered their support and ran a benefit concert for us, which greatly boosted our funds (Dundee) info sheet, Dec 1971.

However, we are all two-way processes and cannot be mere observers or passive targets when we are used. The 'alternatives' to our present society are (hopefully) based on the increased sensitivity and awareness of the effect of one's actions/thoughts on others and mutual self-help. Without the latter we have nothing.

"... SEARCH is a community pro­ject (NOT just 'hip' underground tendencies in the '60s). One of my main arguments against the present "underground" is that it is very much a middle class drop-out affair. I believe the notion "alterna­tive society" is politically, culturally and sociologically a red herring: Radical Sub-Culture — but hopefully!; Alternative Society — Not for a long, long time. If our groups/organisations working towards improvement in social conditions can combine the HONESTY and AGGRESSIVE ENERGY of the working class, with the INFORMATION and EDUCA­TIONAL BENEFITS so far restricted to the middle class, then we could have the beginnings of a new classless culture (RICHARD NEVILLE ON LATE NIGHT TV-UP—WHAT A FUCKIN JOKE!)

Many of the so-called "under­ground" elements are so obviously middle class and out of touch that they waste most of their time! Therefore for any COMMUNITY AID GROUP to concentrate on incense, pot, women's lib, communes, gay lib, Lord of the Rings, abortions etc without relating to the rest of the community would be negative and sad (and boring). LIVERPOOL FREE SCHOOL is the way the "underground" should be going: we're all fuckin' people you know. All these factions eg. blacks, gay lib, womens lib, freaks etc miss one important point: that, although the system may indeed hit them in special ways, the repression/alignment is COMMON to everyone. EVEN yer so-calted capitalist/places etc is. EVOLUTION not REVOLUTION (revolution is out of the question, a meaningless word, except for self-deluded middle-class trendy radicals!) PEOPLE NOT CATEGORIES! RISE ABOVE THE CLASS SYSTEM! Bernard, Search, 93 Abingdon St, Blackpool, Lancs.

We believe that with such support it is possible for Community Aid Groups to continue to:

(a) set up housing and food co-ops, youth clubs, pre-school play groups, free schools, adventure playgrounds, clubs for the elderly, arts labs, street newspapers etc
(b) take over cinemas, theatres, youth clubs, halls and try to create alternative creative activities to the boredom and monotonous of life that exists in so many of our cities. All of these activities help improve the quality of life and help create a change in values that will hopefully make the functions of Community Aid Groups, as we know them today, superfluous.
(c) get rid of financial support, today's Community Aid Groups won't even get off the ground or will collapse when the first bills start coming in. IMPLOSION was, in the beginning, set up to provide such financial support.

"The Electric Cinema, ... was the first organisation that used a regular entertain­ment scene to raise bread to be given away. . . we wanted the profit to go to give Community Aid Groups and for that reason we needed our own "business". Although we have enough left for another 6 weeks -

WE OFFER:收据, stencils, envelopes, unused stamps, paper, stencils, etc. . . . (but do not trade with non-musicians) — UPS Vol 2, no 18;— consecutive translations into Sicilian. Penny McLucas (producer at Warner Bros — which is part of Kinney Holdings Corp) has allegedly its board meetings with the music/entertainment industry very, very, disturbing, especially in view of the amount of money/influence/power they now exercise over what was once "our" music scene: Jeff Dexter, d.j. of AMERICA (who record for Warner Bros), friend of Ian Samuels (producer at Warner Bros — which part of Kinney Holdings Corp) which is owned by Kinney Holdings Corp, and other known names. . . .

"(Paid Advertisement)

Bernard, Search, 93 Abingdon St, Blackpool, Lancs.

We still believe that the original aims of 'Implosion' can be made to work for the benefit of Community Aid Groups. COMMUNITY MUSIC has been started from the 'ashes of Implosion'. COMMUNITY MUSIC will try to help musicians establish their independence and self-respect, at the same time getting a reasonable return for their creative activities. In this we will work closely with MUSIC LIBERATION FRONT and their anti-Agency; COLLECTIVE, as well as all other Promoters, Agencies and Record Companies who are prepared to give Community Aid Groups and musicians a "fair deal". Although we are not, at this stage, a management-agency, we will be happy to put people in touch with groups/agencies and vice versa. At the moment we are looking for any "hangers-on" to help us! You can help now by contacting us or your local 'aid group' and find­ing out what their needs are (at the moment BIT needs money and help). We only have enough left for another 6 weeks — cheap supplies of duplicating paper, staples and 50p/06 single tickets, etc. . . . (5) Politically, I think the concept of an 'alternative', 'underground' society is reactionary in that it by definition admits and accepts the existence of an estab­lishment 'straight' society. It is elitist in many of its attitudes, bourgeois in its self-conscious "separatism" from normal working class life, and anti-revolutionary in that it thinks alternatives can be set up parallel to the establishment — this is often an arty-farty dream — the establishment has the means and therefore the guns and will only tolerate alternatives as long as they are harmless and channel off otherwise militant energies (eg the fate of the 'alternative' in the Bogside). Anyway, there's no reason why we shouldn't work in each other's interests as long as we're careful to remember what those interests are . . . Mike Evan, MUSIC LIBERA­TION FRONT, 70 Huskisson St, Liverpool 8, Lancs.
In the last days of the 19th Century, Prince Maximilian of Hohenlohe-Schillingfurst sat in the theater in Munich, watching a play about the other notable of the Second Reich, while the Kaiser sat in the seat of honour and watched. General Count Dietrich von Hohenlohe-Schillingfurst, chief of the Kaiser's military cabinet, danced into the room wearing a pink tutu and a rose in his hair. He pirouetted and twirled several times around the room to tremendous applause. Then, while taking his bows before the Kaiser's chair, he dripped to the floor, dead of a heart attack. Concerned "sister" carried him to his bedroom, where his body was left while the party continued downstairs.

The next morning the thought occurred to his friends that it just wouldn't be appropriate to bury a general of Max's rank in a pink tutu. The Kaiser was straight (though some say not), but his best friend, Prince Philipp zu Eulenburg, was sleeping with Count von Moltke, the military commander of Berlin. Everyone did agree, however, that he had danced "divinely".

At that time, the whole Second Reich was being run by a gay circle. They may not have run it very well, but they did a bit better than the predominantly heterosexual Third Reich. The Kaiser was straight (though some say not), but his best friend, Prince Philipp zu Eulenburg, was sleeping with Count von Moltke, the military commander of Berlin. Everyone did agree, however, that he had danced "divinely".

Homosexuals, like everyone else, need people to identify with. We need heroes, homosexuals who have "made it", to show us what we can do if we try. We are doubly handicapped in the search: first, many of those who could qualify as gay heroes cop out by being closet queens, and secondly, when a homosexual dog makes it, the world that has accepted him prefers to ignore or deny his homosexuality. Gertrude Stein is an example. She lived openly with her lover, Alice B. Toklas, for many years. She had many admirable traits. She practically discovered Picasso and most of the other greats of modern art, and she almost invented modern American writing. While she did write and publish a not very good lesbian novel, her later poetry, plays, novels and short works directly or indirectly influenced many great American writers of the last thirty or forty years.

Now she and Alice are both dead. The Museum of Modern Art wants their fabulous collection of paintings and Miss Stein's writing is constantly coming back into vogue. Books and articles about these two groovy girls are constantly being published, but most of them ignore the central facts of their lives: their homosexuality and their love for one another. Poor Alice, devoted lover, has been relegated to various roles by these biographers, roles ranging from "secretary" to "companion" to "housekeeper".

We need heroes to show what members of our group can achieve and to serve as models for the young. Increased interest in homosexual heroes and homosexual history would help solve the identity crisis so many homosexuals feel by bringing home the reality that we are not "freaks", but part of a group that has always existed and contributed its bit toward civilization and culture.

But such an interest would do far more than just help homosexuals make a better adjustment. Many in the straight world like to believe that we are some sort of strange eruption on the face of the earth that will just vanish if they close their eyes and wish hard enough. Others think they can solve the "problem" of our existence with more laws, more police, more harassment.

A study of history would show them that their approach has been tried since the Jews first got back from the Babylonian Captivity and it hasn't worked yet. The Chicago cops think the way to deal with homosexuals is to constantly raid gay bars. The first such raid I ever heard of was staged in London in 1820, and those arrested were paraded through the streets and pelted with garbage. Over the years, the means of raiding bars and the punishments have changed, but gay bars have outlasted all of the laws and enforcers of the law.

Voltaire lived near a cruisy street in Paris, and was curious about the homosexuals he saw. He and a friend decided to get blow jobs one night, and did, later comparing notes. A few weeks later, Voltaire met his friend, who said he had tried it once again. Voltaire cautioned him: "Careful, my friend. One time a searcher for knowledge; twice, a sodomist!" If street cruising has been going on that long, can anyone believe a little more harassment now will make any difference?

Strait's point with scorn at drag queens and flamboyant types, and they seem to love to ridicule homosexual-in-fighting. What if they knew that one of the first governors of New Amsterdam was a full-fledged drag queen (his portrait, in drag, hangs in the N.Y. Historical Society Museum). Who could be more flamboyant than Jean Cocteau, Oscar Wilde or poor Richard III? And as far as bitches-fights are concerned, Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo carried on one that would put "The Boys In The Band" to shame!

Promiscuity and "trade" are nothing new, either. Giovanni Bazzi was so lecherous that history has almost lost his real name, and even the most upright scholars and art historians refer to him as "Il Sodoma", nickname he picked up because of his favourite pastime. Richard Wagner was happy enough to play "trade" to Ludwig of Bavaria, who helped him get started in the music business.

Not all gay historical figures have been praiseworthy. Some of the gay Popes were particularly awful, and it is rumored that Goering was gay. As strait's have to acknowledge Hitler, Stalin, Eichmann and other unpleasant types, so I suppose we can afford to admit the skeletons in our closets.

Schools offer courses in American History, parochial schools provide religious history, and there are courses for Negroes to learn of their backgrounds and traditions. But nobody could teach homosexuals history, even if Yale wanted to offer a course and William Buckley would permit it. There simply are no books and no experts. Homosexual organizations and the gay press must encourage such studies. Until we find our past, we won't have much future.
Chris Hardy reviews Timothy Leary's "Jail Notes" (Douglas Books – cheap)

Leary made a noise once, and as a consequence got busted twice, ending up in jail on a twenty year "political" sentence. He has since escaped and had various diversions in Africa and Europe, but while in jail he put this book together, 'Jail Notes'

Everyone knows something about him, the acid freak who believed in his acid experience, as against his (then) habitual one, and who, with the aid of his (then) station in life, persevered in publicising this chemical plus accompanying rituals, cosmic order and delights until he disappeared from the public ear. He is one of that group of Americans (Olson and Watts are others) who, through a combination of academic knowledge and status with a romantic myth-hungry imagination, succeed in roaming the world, pockets and heads loaded, absorbing a thousand cultures and writing a book a year, in order that we may listen to and maybe even believe in, their words.

Like Ginsberg in his introduction Leary seems a bit old fashioned sometimes. He continuously argues his attitude, that is, his religion, however secretly, and marshalls the facts and authorities from his voluminous and flashing brain. However again like Ginsberg, he has a powerful, intelligent energy pushing his words out, and one reads them easily, joyfully even, sometimes. 'Jail Notes' contains a load of anecdotes, quotes (prison records, bible, C. Wilson mostly) and sermons, from various of the seven jails he mentions being put in. Concluding the book are two chapters, one about the Joujouka tribal bands of Morocco, and the other about tripping with his wife Rosemary. The former is an adulation of Morocco, and in particular of the stoned drummers, flute players and one knock-out fiddler of the Joujouka tribe, who can now be heard on record, produced by the late Brian Jones. These people are, naturally enough, very appealing to Leary, and, by appending these ecstatic words to the quite different, staccato, notes from jail we get a heavier effect from both. The Joujouka, with their abidance by kif, Pan and rhythm music, have an "Imprint system" which Leary (as he sees it) had to find for himself, using acid to dynamite the ground layer of karmic and environmental habit/dross. The Moroccan trip also includes vignettes that 'place' Leary; he spends his time drifting from one Burroughs/Brion Gysin scene to another.

For the prison section Leary uses a, some
times rather fey, Berrymanesque style. The detailed reproduction of action, filtered through this vocabulary, often makes for active and enlivening communication: There are many different stories — of crowds, games, people, incidents, and of jail; "Heavy metal gloom overhangs this grey place. Guards walk through it grimly, coughing filter cigarette smoke forty hour week. Faces not happy". The ideas and lectures and advice, on acid, on ontology, society and all the rest, are packed down amongst the people, so that the crowded life of mind and skin, behind bars, gets over. Leary has always been an 'acid saddhu' (as against your ordinary acid head); a teacher of a sort of esotericism now widely popular, drawing on everything from the Vedas, Zen and Blake to nuclear physics: a man who got such a 'religious' hit off acid that he was adapted tips, and gets it down clearly. The image of jail is the image of man's primary experience of life; one of limitation. Leary puts the case for his somewhat notorious key to this cage with the conviction of a doctor who believes in a biochemical one, and an individual drug cure for each personality. Acid changes the senses and inhibits habitual reactions or knowledge. Thus the blinkers of Karma and viewpoint are broken. He's a Bhakta, a body freak, a love freak, finding numerous delights along his rosy path to Liberation. Though he espouses Zen he also grasps, holds and preaches, chemical categories, a sort of empirical mysticism come alchemy: He enjoys personal existence and is happy to believe in definitions, and cures. The book, being broken up into three, is a set of images
It's rather a gruesome task to have to review Tariq Ali's "The Coming British Revolution". First and foremost because it means you have to read it, and secondly because putting down Tariq Ali is an easy and socially acceptable pastime, for a variety of incorrect and unpleasant reasons.

Since the days of the V.S.C. Mr Ali has been ridiculed and lampooned from many quarters; Private Eye's Tariq Ali Baba, to the Grove Graffiti "Tariq Ali is Vanessa Redgrave in drag" (which is a mortal insult to transvestites). But in the majority of cases the racism lying behind the criticism is extremely thinly disguised; there may even be "Englishman, Irishman and Tariq Ali" jokes for all I know. To be a Pakistani Trot in public stirs up all sorts of insect life.

So to avoid misconstructions I shall limit my criticism to T.A. as a member and spokesman of the International Marxist Group. In any case to judge from the book, that covers 99% of him, it reads as if it were ghost written by Mandel.

The book starts from the premise that the capitalist world is today in a state of pre-revolutionary crisis and that revolution is on the cards again for the first time since 1945. Very true, but it's probably the only true observation in the book. Given the truth of its premise, the only sound reason for writing such a book is to make a contribution to the understanding of our situation; some theoretical, strategic and tactical suggestions that might help in the making of a world revolution, and avoiding past "mistakes".

Instead we are treated to a complete rundown of one of the old brands of Trotskyism (I.M.G.'s brand) complete with the sordid history of the collapse of the Trotskyist international, and the ritual denunciation of the other brands (I.S. and the S.L.L. in this country). To be sure he is less (though only slightly less) jargon ridden than many of his comrades; and he doesn't have the philistinic approach of so many Trots. He is perceptive and articulate on several points, but the sum of these parts is that same "brand of practical and theoretical impotence" of which it has been said "Forty years of counterrevolution separate these groups from the Revolution since this is not 1920 they can only be wrong (and they were already wrong in 1920)."

In the chapter on "The New Youth Radicalization" he concentrates solely on the student movement of the '60s and on the V.S.C. No mention of youth subcultures, the Underground, skinheads because they're not a political phenomenon. And earlier on in the book he states that the "British Bourgeoisie could not survive for long unless it dominated a significant section of (the working class) ideologically."

The point that the British Working Class is dominated mainly by its own ideology of the family, which disarms it politically by reflecting its aspirations *within the family*, escapes him. As does the fact that the whole "youth problem" the subcultural crisis, is part of the collapse of this ideology, and that to politicize subcultural revolt will be a most important step in breaking the political domination of middle class ideology.
Whatever happened to the Oz school kids? They have swum in such a disconcerted way, crossed many moppets who conspired to produce Oz 28? Have they now sunk into a life of sin and shame, become the lowlifes that the moralists of England assume they and every child in the country would become once tainted with Oz. What particular bogeyman of our bourgeois society has grabbed them. How many are vegetables, pimps, junkies, prostitutes, homosexuals, criminals? How many have tried to commit suicide, how many have syphillis, tried to fly from an upstairs window. How many have had to be placed in Brostal, prison, homes of correction, or mental hospitals. How many are dead? Two of them, whom we see quite frequently, Viv Berger and The Incredible Bradford, did a quick check, the results of which, apart from the fact that they are all probably seasoned dope smokers, would be glad the day the Bishop of Mary "I think the sentences were about right!" Whitehouses. They are all alive and well and functioning in a sensible manner. Oz is getting on early morning bread delivery, another has joined the civil service. Robb Dougles is doing social work, several are still at school, prefects and doing A levels, others are at University or Art School. Trudi, who wrote Week-End Drop-Out, has handed her a little note: "Sure I sympathise with much of what the Underground press stands for. But I don't think we are going to have any easy victory with the police. We are struggling against but we do think we can start now building a decent and beautiful society for kids and ourselves to live in. Anyone who wishes to discuss these matters with us is welcome to call at the address above named." Bill, calling for people who will witness to the beneficial effect of acid on their lives. Anyone interested call at or write to 40E Holland Road, London W.14. Tel: 602 4027.

David Solomon also, is interested in accounts of how acid has been used, particularly the latter, etc. Have increased your capacity for work or pleasure in work, or interested you in new forms of constructive activity of whatever sort. Write to him c/o Oz. If you don't want to use your name, anonymously.

While we were in the midst of moving furniture and unsold back issues at INK the other day, a Jesus freak materialised on the stairs. He had the well scrubbed look of the fanatic or Mormon and it quickly came out that he was on the other side of the barri- cades. A festival, he said, and others of his group wanted to have a revolutionary chat with Oz staff over lunch some time, to discuss ways of unifying each other's position. I often get the impression that these radical right wing Christians who appear so frequently these days wanting to turn us on to the Lord and thus help us in our predicament, are really desperately pleading for us to help them... never has Christian inferiority complex been bigger, and the Jesus freaks are the most extreme manifestation of this neurosis. His eyes glazed over, sympathy and understanding and massochism. I could find nothing pleasant to say to him so he probably enjoyed the conversa- tion. He didn't agree at all. He didn't think that Christian of St Paul had brought more misery to the world than the words of any other single man - that is a homose- xual. He read Marjorie Ingham's book on acid, and it quickly came out that he had the well scrubbed look of the most dynamic man in the business.

In England no serious effort seemed to have been made with what even­ tually may prove to be 1400 tabs of LSD. This is a simple appeal for help and courage. I shall be fighting the case on a basis of no guilty intent, that this is a matter of conscience in which I believe acid is a holy sacrament which greatly assists the individual in cleansing himself of selfishness and the various million inhibitions bestowed upon us by an authoritarian, moralistic society. I shall be calling sufficient evidence to show that I was not motivated by personal profit but lived as an equal in a commune where the ambition was the growth of the commune, giving substance to an alternative society... Bill Dwyer. Early this year twenty one persons - eight women and thirteen men - met at 40E Holland Road, W.14 to discuss how best to bring some substance to the ideal of a free, co-operative and loving way of life in which, in varying degrees, they had believed. They decided that, in a voluntary and optional manner, they would contribute half of what they earned to establish as soon as possible communes - in both city and country - to cater for the different and varying aspirations of all. All were conscious that this was no opting out of society but, rather, a serious effort to play a part in the new civilisation which has already ever had before. Acid made to one standard - perfection, acid made on a commune which was part of a growing brotherhood of hippies, acid made with love. Some of us have soon discovered the true use of LSD - that it is a tool but not an end. Like a hatchet you may, correctly used, chop down or, carelessly used, chop off your foot. Acid is a love machine, helps people to turn on to life. But love needs people and acid is valuable in helping people one on another. Particularly in view of the tremendous breakthrough that is necessary to reject conventional society with its moralism, anti-philosophy and corruption from the top of the mother sleeping baby's hand after it plays with its sex organs, for example. We don't think we are going to have any easy victory with the police. We are struggling against but we do think we can start now building a decent and beautiful society for kids and ourselves to live in. Anyone who wishes to discuss these matters with us is welcome to call at the address above named.

Bill, calling for people who will witness to the beneficial effect of acid on their lives. Anyone interested call at or write to 40E Holland Road, London W.14. Tel: 602 4027.

We apologise for the increase in price. For your extra five pence you get sixteen more pages of a sort, and less advertising. What you will get for your extra bread next time I scarcely dare to contemplate.

After many letters of protest which cast doubts upon the credibility of Dr J his column has been temporarily shelved while he is at work, on his medical textbooks and Marjorie Ingham's book, An extract from Michael Ginzler's letter follows:

Dr J diagnoses a fissure in ano...
The Students Advice Movement has been set up as a medium for all youth organisations to work with and through. We also want contributors in and out of school for finance and support in numbers. We hope to have one or two contributors in each school to form a committee who will receive information and literature to be distributed (to you). The way we hope to do this is to have an office where people can ring for information and advice once we are on our feet. Hopefully we will start a library available for everybody to use, and a magazine run by you. For the present (and we hope for a short time) we are operating via post . . . S.A.M., c/o INK, 19 Gt Newport Street, London W2 2HJE.

You don't have to be a student to dislike the mass produced child our schools despatch, PLEASE CONTRIBUTE in facts and money. We have no money but during the next month we hope to raise enough to pay for our own offices. What we really need is your help. Remember we cannot give more than you put in. Become involved and although there are no membership fees try hard to give what you can or anything you think will raise money — "Miss a meal for SAM".

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f**k (fuk) v. fucked, fucking, fucks. —intr. 1. Vulgar. To have sexual intercourse with. 2. Vulgar Slang. To deal with in an aggressive, unjust, or spiteful manner. 3. Vulgar Slang. To mishandle, bungle, usually used with up. —intr. 1. Vulgar. To engage in sexual intercourse. 2. Vulgar Slang. To meddle; interfere. Used with with . . . —n. 1. Vulgar. An act or instance of sexual intercourse. 2. Vulgar Slang. A partner in sexual intercourse. (Middle English jucken; a Germanic verb originally meaning "to strike, to drive, quickly, penetrate" (akin to or perhaps borrowed from Middle Dutch fokken, to strike, copulate with); details uncertain owing to lack of early attestations. See peig- in Appendix.*]
"IT'S O.K. HARRY, YOU CAN COME OUT NOW. HE'S GONE."
BACK ISSUE EXTRAVAGANZA

The following issues are available in very limited numbers only. First come, first served. There will be no second chances.

The scarcity of these issues will necessitate a certain price rise: they will cost 50p per copy, plus 3p Postage and Packing each. Please realise that there are literally only tens of each issue, and the first letters in will get what copies there are. Please mark on your voucher an alternative choice in case stocks have run out.

OZ 2: Interview with Mark Lane; saggy British books. (Purists and/or puritans must forgive the sexist aberrations of early issues.)

OZ 4: Solden gold triple cover by Michael English; Martin Sharp Tarot cards.

OZ 5: Flower power strikes! The gigantic poster that almost broke the company.

OZ 6: Bumper fun bonus — John Wilcock's Other Scenes; McLuhan, John Peel et al.

OZ 7: Bob Dylan cover. You loved the poster, now get into the words behind it.

OZ 8: Most unreadable ever. Another plunge into financial chaos. Infamous mis-spelt ish boobs. (Purists and/or puritans must for­

OZ 10: The most suave OZ ever. Final Martin Sharp cover.

OZ 20: Hells Angels. The author of this piece is still in hiding.

OZ 21: Eight page comic freakout, with an ad on the front cover.

OZ 22: 'The most suave OZ ever'. Final Martin Sharp cover.

OZ 23: Homosexual OZ — pre-GLF. Rescued kids issue, the mag that cost the British taxpayer £100,000.

OZ 24: The Beautiful Freaks and Honeybunch Kaminski — the real little yummy herself.

OZ 25: Hippie Atrocities. Wallow in filth as Leper rapes Virgin. 60 packed pages.

OZ 26: Candy Darling and Hollywood's best hung stud.

OZ 27: Acid OZ. The mindbending facts.


OZ 29: Female Energy. Germaine and cohorts in the days when he too still had balls.

OZ 30: Fun, Travel and Adventure.

OZ 31: Yippies. Richard Neville pontificates, in the days when he too still had balls.

OZ 32: Double pack — Angry and Horny.

OZ 33: To live or not, and the latter seems much more likely. Get the horrible facts.

OZ 34: The one that got away. Masquerading as a West Coast comic, this is the prettiest issue yet.

For those who are wondering why, in the midst of this avalanche of back issues, the usual offers of books, T-shirts and other paraphanalia are conspicuous in their total absence, here is an explanation: Our Mail Order Dept has reached more than capacity as it deals with mounds of letters all requesting something from the stores. To give them a chance to catch up with the backlog, and more especially to ensure that no-one who writes in is dissapointed, there will be a Mail Order Moratorium for this issue.

Those who are awaiting their goods, please bear with us; those who want to grab T-shirts, badges or whatever, please wait till OZ 41, hot from the presses in March, when the regular service will be resumed.

The issues listed below are all available in relatively unlimited supplies. A snap at their unique bargain price, each of these OZes can be yours for a mere 20p, plus another 3p for Postage and Packing.


OZ 19: Groupies. Dr G probes Viv Stanshall, the first English appearance of Dylanology.

OZ 20: Hells Angels. The author of this piece is still in hiding.

OZ 24: The Beautiful Freaks and Honeybunch Kaminski — the real little yummy herself.

OZ 28: Candy Darling and Hollywood's best hung stud.

OZ 27: Acid OZ. The mindbending facts.

OZ 29: Female Energy. Germaine and cohorts in the days when he too still had balls.

OZ 30: Fun, Travel and Adventure.

OZ 31: Yippies. Richard Neville pontificates, in the days when he too still had balls.

OZ 32: Double pack — Angry and Horny.

OZ 33: To live or not, and the latter seems much more likely. Get the horrible facts.

OZ 34: The one that got away. Masquerading as a West Coast comic, this is the prettiest issue yet.
Dear SCUM,

Just a bit of advice. Get some lavatory paper, some strong carbolic soap and try hard to clean your foul and filthy minds. It will be a hard job, but try and persevere.

With utter disgust Leo Gradwell.

OZ 40. OZ is Published and Printed by OZ Publications Ink Ltd.. February 1972 19, Great Newport Street, London WC2. Tel. 836-8395
Firstly, two film tie-ins just hitting the London scene: *A Clockwork Orange* by Anthony Burgess (25p) and Alexander Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* (25p). Then we should mention that the reprint of *The Life and Times of Private Eye* 1961-71 edited by Richard Ingrams (£1.50, Allen Lane The Penguin Press hardcover £2.50) is now available in response to huge demand. Mervyn Peake joins Penguins again with his comic novel *Mr Pye* (40p) and Graham Greene is on fine form in *Travels With My Aunt* (35p). George Melly records the whole pop scene in *Revolt into Style* (40p) while Jack Kerouac's classic *On the Road* (40p) charts the beat generation's beginnings. In rather more serious vein is John Hersey's unforgettable narrative *Hiroshima* (30p), built round the experiences of six survivors of the holocaust, now reissued in Modern Classics.
THE KINKS: Muswell Hillbillies (RCA)

It is fashionable to say that the Kinks are an institution. Certainly the continued existence of Ray Davies' merry band of friends is one of the basic assumptions of life, like Melody Maker or being a superhero or the Common Market. You don't tend to think about the Kinks very often, except when one of their records manages to impose itself on your synapses and demands attention. But when you finally sit down and listen to them, you'll find it rather hard not to give serious consideration to the possibility that the Kinks may be the best rock band in England... well, North London at least.

Which brings us to the strange case of Ray Davies. Our very own hip combination of George Formby and John Bolesman. From a rather third-rate post-war television scriptwriter, R.D. Davies has emerged into a sharp and slightly subversive genre of funny foibles and finally to the tragicomic poet laureate of the British working classes, a more convincing Working Class Hero than Mr Lennard, mainly because he is more concerned with the drudgery of day-to-day life rather than with the metaphysics of superdreadm with reportage rather than with autobiography, and windows rather than with mirrors.

Muswell Hillbillies is a funny, British down-home. The covers show Ray and his mates draped along the bar in a pub. Some of them are wearing them funny looks — after all, they do have long hair, beards and tie-dye trousers — but they're at home there, they're easy, they know they belong. Every song is about Britain, which makes for a change from easy American cop-outs. And it's obvious that Ray has been listening to the music of a lot — the music on this record is studiedly eclectic and full of stylistic cross references. Like the Beatles, he chooses to frame each song in a specific musical setting. It's a bit sick to say that Muswell Hillbillies takes you on a guided tour of British life and American music, but it almost sums it up.

"20th Century Man" is the opening cut, and it gives both Ray and everybody else a chance to show off their new tricks. That combination of acoustic rhythm and slide guitars over a driving beat that we've learned to love on Rod Stewart's albums ushers in Ray telling us all about the 20th century. "I was born in a welfare state. Ruled by bureaucracy. Controlled by civil servants. And people dressed in grey..." then in comes Brother Dave to add a modal harmony fresh out of The Young Tradition. "Got no privacy. Got no liberty."

Muswell Hillbillies is the nicest album of the last few weeks, and a great start to the Kinks' renaissance on RCA records after seven years with Pye. The instrumental work is certainly better than I've ever heard from the Kinks before, especially Dave Davies' lead guitar. Lyrically, Ray has once again performed the impossible and surpassed himself, though his pathological clinging to a Utopian future is understandable — after all, we might just win next week — but a Utopian past is harder to swallow cause there just ain't no such animal. Still, Ray Davies is one of the Grand Eccentrics of rock and roll, and he is very precious to us all.

Buy this album.

"You can keep all your smart modern writers. Give me William Shakespeare. You can keep all your smart modern painters. I'll take Rembrandt. Van Da. Vient and Gainsborough..."
WHO IS BETTE SHABAZZ?

Magical Mystery Guests: A walk down memory lane... Mal 'Organ' Evans; Steve Abrams; Edward Paisnel; Michael Argyle; Jann Wenner; Chay Blyth; Joe Orton; Ralph Nader; Herbert Marcuse; Pete Best; Stuart Sutcliffe; Kelaher; Ronnie and Reggie Kray; Lesley Hornby; Martin Cole; R. Crumb; Red Rudi; Danny the Red; Peter Frampton; Suzy Creeemcheese; Neal Cassady; Pete Hain; Mary Wilson; George Lazenby; Marianne Faithfull; Alan Aldridge; TV Mama; Bernadine Dohrn; Otto Muhel; Ernest Bond aka Cmdr X; Dr Hip Pocrates; Tommmy; Edward de Bono; Mick Farren; John Peel; Kenny and Cash; George Melly; Monty Python; Jonathan Miller; D.I. Luff; Tariq Ali; Germaine Greer; Andrew Lloyd Webber; Buttons; Lord Sutch; A suffering old dear in Wolver­hampton; Stoneground; John Cluchette; Richard Brautigan; Bill Graham; Brian Epstein, Andrew Kerr; Tricky Dicky Neville; Alice Pollock; Danny La Rue; Ken Russell; Nimmo; Lord Gnome; Joe Cahill; Sid Rawle; Chris Searle; Robert Pittman; Huey Newton; Barbara Hulanicki; Helen Gurley Brown; Ricki Farr; Sewell; David Medalla; Miles; Nicholas Roeg; Mark Rudd; Curt Le May; Vito Genovese; Melvyn Belli; Betty Shabazz; Myra Hindley; Muhammed Ali; Lin Piao; Ronald Laing; Lenya; Stanley Kubrick; Fleeta Drumgo; Fanya Jordan; Jan Palach; Otis Redding; Eljia Mohmmed; Angelo Dundee; Dubcek, Schizhenitsyn; Dave Døllinger; sundry Hoffmans; David Frost; John Hopkins...

This quiz supposedly covers the five years of Oz's existence. The lengthy list that precedes it should get memories surging, and the questions that follow will hopefully utilise some of these reawakened energies. There will be no prize for a correct set of answers, except for the inevitably increased self-esteem, and for those obsessed, the relevant truths can be found in the column that succeeds the questions.

1

Just a few quotes to start with. Fill in the gaps in the first couple and just work out who or what the rest are about.

'Two's company, ... 's a crowd'
'The Lord giveth, the ... taketh away'
My stomach cannot take the sight of two hairy hedonists spreading the gospel of peace as they vibrate all the way to the bank . . . '
• Goddam the motherfucker . . . 14 heart attacks and he had to die on my week . . .
• 'It gives pornography a bad name'

2

Certain books, as in people, are supposedly "meaningful". Which one's are opened by these lines:
(a) Filipinos come quick; coloured men are built abnormally large (their wang is like a baby's arm with an apple in it); ladies with short hair are lesbians; if you want to keep your man, rub alum on your pussy.
(b) As children we were always proud of two things: our father's wonderful Scottish accent, and our mother's maiden name.
(c) Hernia, hernia, hernia, hernai, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia, hernia.

3

Who or what are: China, aka god, Moon Unit, Amerika and Zak and why are they of interest?

4

Beatles Korner: How many recordings of 'Yesterday' have there been: 32/54/75/119
How was 'Helter Skelter' Sharon Tate's swan song.
Who was Sexy Sadie?
'I'd love to turn you on ... ' 'My love will turn you on ... ' — Changes for John. When was the first and who was the second?
How does who sleep . . . and who, 'never sive me your money'?
When T.Rex weren't the 'new Beatles' etc, who did Marc Bolan play with then?

5

What were Grace and Abbie trying to do to Tricia when they all fell out at her party?

6

Two rock stars smashed their choppers and only one lived; another one got pushed. Who were they?

7

(a) Which Rolling Stone released a single?
(b) Which Rolling Stones album cover had to be changed . . . and why?
Everyone can recite the list of late greats, but let’s have it one more time, and just for interest, what substances or otherwise were they using when they moved on? Pen any four from five.

Everyone can recite the list of late greats, but let’s have it one more time, and just for interest, what substances or otherwise were they using when they moved on? Pen any four from five.

What were these before . . . ?
Twiggy
Baba Ram Dass
Wavy Gravy
Malcolm X
Betty Shabazz and El Hadi Malik El Shabazz

Which of these is the odd victim out?
RFK, Martin Luther King, L’il Bobby Hutton, Rudi Dutschke, Andy Warhol, Malcolm X . . .

‘The Pope wears red socks!’ Who said that?

What connection have a hotel in Cambridge and three manilla envelopes?

What was missing from Mick Jagger’s Performance (but later emerged in Amsterdam), and what did James Fox gain from his?

Who does whom think she is?

Give the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers their first names, and their major contribution to the freak philosophy.

Who recently let down the side on Morning Cloud?

Who drove the bus for Kesey and, earlier on, the car for Kerouac?

Where was Desolation Hill, where were the two Garden Parties, plenty of Phun, and when did Shelley meet the butterflies?

Who said this: ‘On the one side I was exuberantly delighted to find myself in possession of boundless supplies of (the drug) and on the other I was enraged with mankind for having invented the substance that had ruined my life and I wanted to take my revenge by poisoning as many people as I could?’
Tim Leary / Owsley Stanley III / Aleister Crowley.

Give the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers their first names, and their major contribution to the freak philosophy.

Name the Companions of the Ring.

Fill out the figures, and answer to this equation: The Mangrove + OZ + Belfast + Catonville + Chicago + the Panthers all divided by Jake and Ian = ?
NOW I'M AN OLD WORKING SOLDIER WHO HAS FOUGHT IN A WAR OR TWO

BUT YOU CAN'T BEAT THE UNIFORM OF THOSE SCHOOLGIRLIES DRESSED IN NAVY BLUE

N'AIN'T THAT RIGHT?

OH LAWD THAT'S RIGHT!

FROM THEIR BLAZERED TITTIES TO THEIR TIGHT LITTLE KNICKIES

I LOVE 'EM THRU 'N' THRU

Huh huh huh
Criticisms of ‘flippancy’, ‘irresponsibility’ and the like followed last issue’s piece on the demon dope cocaine. Notwithstanding our postscript, many people felt that the drug received an over-favourable handling. Here, hopefully to satisfy all concerned, is an extended investigation of cocaine, its properties, its source and its popularity.

Cocaine: Pharm. A narcotic, bitter, crystalline alkaloid obtained from coca leaves: used as a surface anaesthetic. Cocaine was the first, and for many years, the best local anaesthetic. Although modern medicine has replaced it with the less toxic Novocaine, it was generally used for dentistry, eye, ear, nose and throat surgery.

The Coca Leaf: Several varieties of the brown or green 'coca' bush reaching heights of between six and 16 feet, grow both wild and cultivated on the Amazonian side of the Andes at heights of 4,000 to 6,000 feet. A staple of the South American Indian's life for many centuries, there are records of the Incas worshipping the leaf fourteen centuries ago. Probably for the same reasons that their descendants use it regularly today: it increases endurance and disguises the symptoms of fatigue caused by low oxygen levels at such heights. The total world need for medical cocaine is between 200 and 500 tons of the leaf; statistics from Bolivia and Peru estimate a yield of 12,000 to 15,000 tons – the majority of which is the leaf, chewed by some 8 million people. In a diet of maize, dried meat and potatoes, coca has become vital to the Indians to sustain them in their tough everyday existence.

Importation: The cocaine that arrives in America and England is produced either as an alkaloid powder or as a more water-soluble hydrochloride, and results from a process of washing the crushed leaves and percolating them with solvents and other chemicals. Its use has been frowned on for at least 400 years when Christian missionaries saw the devil in it (presumably because it slightly lightened the burden that they were placing on the unhappy Indians) and it was outlawed in the colonies. Today its manufacture is restricted to government authorised pharmaceutical companies. Latest Home Office statistics...
in their report to the UN, 1970, reveal that in that year a mere 200 grams of the dope were seized. As a Class A drug, it carries penalties of up to 15 years inside. In the States, where you can be fined 25,000 dollars and jailed for life, official seizures of cocaine rose 1,500% in the same year.

Addiction?: Cocaine has yet to be proved wholly addictive in the same way as heroin. Of the two types of addiction — physical and psychological — it is the latter which is induced to the greater extent. Tolerance and physical dependence do not seem to be a common occurrence, but its euphoriant quality makes for a possibility of heavy psychological dependence. As William Burroughs has observed — you’ll snort coke, go right across town to score some more, then come right home and go to bed if you can’t find any.

Properties and effects: Cocaine is one of the strongest central nervous system stimulants known. It is thus medically and pharmacologically opposite to heroin and other opiates which are depressants to the senses. Stimulation first hits the cortex — higher brain centres — and makes the user restless and active, in mind and body — which feelings will last for the short time the drug has its effect. Like with speed, you can stay up all night with continual doses, and the appetite lessens. A cocaine high will make you feel confident, and powerful.

Withdrawal from a heavy cocaine habit can be severe — paranoia, depression and exhaustion can all occur. If things get really bad there are hallucinations — things crawling over your body — and you’ll be sick. Death is possible through choking, and if the cocaine is injected into the bloodstream, there’s a good possibility of a heart attack. As far as the nose is concerned, heavy use, around a quarter ounce per day, will destroy the mucus membrane.

Price: Cocaine is still a status drug for white westerners. Retailing at somewhere around £20 per gram, by which time it’s been heavily ‘stepped on’ to increase bulk and lower potency, it’s hardly the drug for the quid deal purchaser. Rock stars, as usual, have propagated its use, and the hip world follows hard on their heels. For a cocaine dealer, if he can amass enough to buy in, the drug can be highly lucrative. An ounce can cost around £250—300, split into 30 ‘grams’ of £20 each, his profits can be excellent. And most dealers will purchase in kilos; the only way, say most experienced dealers, to get the pure stuff — at least for yourself.

Illustrations by the beautiful Peter Till!
"AFTER YOU WITH THE STRING RUFUS..."

Danae Brook talks to Rufus Collins, former member of The Living Theatre.

The Living Theatre of New York was Rufus Collins's family for a decade. When it splintered into fragments, in Berlin, 1969, he decided to get himself and four of his friends to India to rest from the up against the wall politics of living theatre and learn a new way to get to people that did not involve verbal violence and Yippie tactics. Early in 1970, due to the sustained efforts and considerable inheritance of an ex-member and life friend of the Living Theatre, Olivier Boelen, Rufus was able to go to the University of Shantineketan, 100 miles from Calcutta, with four other erstwhile members of the Living Theatre: Alexander van der Linden, his wife Diana and her five year old son David, Leo Treviglio and Axel Hippolyte. Three other members of the Living Theatre came and went during the eighteen months the group spent in India. It is possible they buckled under the rigorous disciplines imposed by the serious study of Hathayoga and Kathakali temple dancing. Now, the company is at the Dance Centre in Floral Street, Next to the warehouses of Covent Garden, rehearsing their sadhana, (working meditation). This, their life ritual, is to be practised every day, the play of their experience in the East. They call it 'Lila – the Divine Game'. Its creation began just at the time the first Bangla Desh crisis arose. On the 2nd and 3rd of September, 1971, they gave two performances in Calcutta as benefits for Bangla Desh, and returned to England just as war broke out.

Rufus says: "The difference between Lila and what was done in the Living Theatre is a matter of structure, and changed environment. Real environment is that in which one exists oneself, and that is what has to change before any other can be effective. "The Lila company cannot be considered as part of the Living Theatre as it was, because the interest of the Living Theatre was in changing the environment outside them first, then they themselves changing as a result of changing the environment. This company functions in completely the opposite way. We believe one has to change oneself. "It is necessary to take an interior, meditative trip, and to concentrate on the rebuilding of what has been torn down, the planning of what is to come. "If you spend your life destroying what exists it takes up so much energy that you lose touch with what you want to put in as a replacement."
The artist must decide to which group he belongs. I felt I should work with the artist who changes himself, and by the very nature of that change and being able to communicate it, changes others and the environment around him.

The play itself is a prayer, its spiritual significance that all prayers become one, that we are all one, that the journey to enlightenment is a singular experience and the ultimate realization of man's aloneness is the moment of mortality understanding of mortality. There is an extraordinary sequence at the end of the play, when the audience has been taken through the meditations, yoga asanas (positions), cleansing rituals, the sacred songs of the Bauls and dance of the Kathakali, to the Final Song, the words of which run like this:

"In the last days
At the end of your life
Give up work, family and wife
You will see pall bearers
Coming to bury you
And you will be left with
Only your Self inside you."

It explains the philosophy which made Rufus turn away from the forms already used by the Living Theatre throughout Europe and America, the shock confrontations, the screaming harangue, the obsessed monologue, the careering from love to hate to love with less understanding than there should have been and less compassion. It explains why Rufus now detaches himself from the original aims of the Living Theatre, to say:

"In this play I do not think that we are taking steps to enlightenment in the same way as Paradise Now, but rather steps to prepare for the time we click into ourselves. We have none of us yet succeeded in what we set out to do. We have been trying to find a direction which we hope will produce a desire for change."

While in India they changed their life-style considerably. They stopped using heavy drugs: "Chemicals only produce for a short time in a blinding speed and use of energy, the kind of intensive vision that we are now learning to build the body to support, without the breaking down of cells which the stronger chemicals, such as LSD produce.

"We have been into as strong a self-discipline as we could support. I still don't think it was strong enough. Certainly we took upon ourselves new sorts of disciplines that we had not practiced before, in so far as we made a formalized study of Hathayoga, singing and Kathakali temple dance. It demands tremendous physical discipline but the physical exercise is the instruction of the body so that it can begin spiritual investigation, demanding just as much strength.

They rose at 5.30. The cleansing rites required the opening of bowels, vomiting, pouring water through the nasal canals. Then they would practice yoga before breakfast. After breakfast there would be Kathakali dance, after lunch a siesta from the intolerable heat, and after that more yoga and Indian singing. In the evening they studied.

Rufus explains: "In the Hathayoga exercises we learned to put a string down the back of the mouth through the nose, opening the canals, cleaning out the mucus membranes, to increase the intake of oxygen. When one got over the initial idea of passing string through your nose, and the difficulty of finding the right passage, which does take a bit of time, you get used to it. It doesn't bother you. First you make yourself vomit — another cleansing exercise, done by drinking six glasses of warm water in succession and then sticking your middle finger down your throat to induce vomiting. All these are exercises to systematically energize all parts of the body.

"They are not as alien to the Western physique as one might think. 'Yoga' means 'union'. It is not considered 'exercise'. Hathayoga is taken from a more primal source. It is part exercise, part 'asana' which lead to meditation and to the higher states of consciousness. They are positions assumed by the body, and can be either seated or standing. Hathayoga has it down so about 106 asanas I believe, although there were originally thousands.

"In order to train our minds along with our bodies we studied from the University's extensive library which covered the philosophical tenets of Hinduism, Buddhism, Indian Mysticism, Tantric mysticism and music.

They did not find any one particular guru or religion to cleave to. "That is still accepting a formalized kind of religion. I think it is best for man to find his own ritual. One must give life a meaning. Make life a sacred act."

They have been in a hard school for a long time but I think they learnt much. Each of those people I knew as a raving political dope freak has returned with a peace of mind and tranquillity that the past two years has not brought to many.
transference is happening all the time, aren't they right? The magical exploiters — and who can say they smell some of tomorrow's potential? It is the whole movement, however repressed, looks suspiciously like the living thing, however enacted, which anyway is that, like the architecture, it belongs to everybody now for the freak's refining anger, to the numbed heart to which anyway is that, like the architecture, it belongs to everybody now for the freak's refining anger, to the numbed heart.

You may feel that working class people are as bigoted about your lifestyle and values as middlers are. But the source of this bigotry is different, and so, therefore, is the possibility of dissolving it. The middlers are on a permanent tightrope between self-repression and self-gratification. They've traded their wholehearted, risky now for a colourless but (they think) guaranteed then. Their own feelings are the biggest danger to this plan, and the reason that freaks are felt as a threat is because their vibrations call to the numbed heart in the mortgaged cellar. The better-off, more class-confident middlers and uppers are quite willing to be half-enchanted with hippiedom. They can pick up useful portents and patents for the fashion and entertainment industries, if nothing else.

But working class resentment of freaks, as of students, is because the whole movement, however rebellious, looks suspiciously like a minority privilege. In our incense they smell some of tomorrow's exploits — and who can say they're not right? The magical transference is happening all the time.

Since the workers have to work, or at any rate that is how they perceive it — and many, price-pressed to overtime, work as long and hard as the Victorians — is, is the possibility of dissolving it. The middlers are on a permanent tightrope between self-repression and self-gratification. They've traded their wholehearted, risky now for a colourless but (they think) guaranteed then. Their own feelings are the biggest danger to this plan, and the reason that freaks are felt as a threat is because their vibrations call to the numbed heart in the mortgaged cellar. The better-off, more class-confident middlers and uppers are quite willing to be half-enchanted with hippiedom. They can pick up useful portents and patents for the fashion and entertainment industries, if nothing else.

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wish at all costs to avoid recognition of their own sexuality, threat to the delicate balance of family life. The semidetached family, prism of the hierarchic commercial state, represents the stability, the twenty five year lease on love, for which they have traded spontaneity and selfishness. It is already standing safely dead in its harness of insurance and pocket money, fees and fees, barterings of one fuck for a saucepan, two for a hairdo, and they don’t want it suddenly running away with them.

The ecological crisis is a much more serious topic than the porn, and, some claim makes workpeople’s politics look mean and stale. But first, are you sure you aren’t one of those who scruples not to use a whole galaxy to excuse personal inertia? — ‘I can’t get worked up about unemployment because it’s tiny compared advertising campaigns and the incontinent shit pouring from their industrial arseholes. It is their refusal to rationalize public transport and make it free and plentiful so as to starve the private car, and their refusal to mandate the electric car, for fear of denting the profits of the crucial motor industry. It is their inability to arrange full (part-time, highly paid) employment except as an adjunct to hysterical industrial growth. These are the real obstacles.

By all means let’s put ecology at the head of our banner, but don’t imagine we’ll ever get a rational policy towards our soil from profitiers. For they too, like the rightchuss, take symbols for reality as a way of avoiding the latter. The ecological crisis is not, to them, a crisis of the earth but only one of public relations. So millions are spent in America

with the fate of the planet’. What are you doing about the planet, then? ‘Oh ... not driving a car, which I can’t afford at the moment anyway, fortunately; hating plastic; and hoping’. You, me and the cosmos — that is the class-transcending view from the middle. We should be middleclass right through from the library of romantic picture stories to the most rarified ether of freakdom. The great central stratum, the area of social-economic conflict, is wondrously transparent. And yet it is the real source of most human tensions, which we experience, in the guts and the stars.

However, giving you the benefit of the doubt, let’s say you are genuinely concerned about the planet. What then? The answer, boring to recap, is the same: it needs a complete social/economic change. Balls to the politicians who tell us that it is our greed which causes overconsumption, yet who ceaselessly strive to stimulate ever greater consumption for the sake of profit and the national economy. No, my friend, it is not your chocolate wrapper and mine which is devastating the vasty deep. It is their sales campaigns, not on clearing up the shit but on ad-campaigns to persuade the public that such and such a company has an ecological heart. At the same time, ecologists are told that they have ‘overstated their case’, as if they were putting in an extravagant claim for travelling expenses. Their case, forsooth.

So it’s back to the political arena for ecology as well as all other reasons. But a word first about ‘materialism’. A further reason sometimes given for avoidance of workpeople’s politics is that the workers are as materialistic as the middlers, simply want a bigger stake in the proceeds of capitalism. There is confusion here. There is a tacit acceptance of the opposition of materialist and spiritualist aims. But this supposed contest is only the double-illusion of alienation, a division of the human heart into its concrete case and its abstract image. Whatever you think spirit is, it cannot be opposed to matter. Matter is its body, not some alien casing. Spirit is the stress in matter. All concepts, including the most spiritual, originate in the tangible world — just look up the source of your favourite spiritual terminology.

The crucial contests of our world are not between spirit and matter but between individual and collective gain, and between shortsighted materialism and visionary materialism. However bureaucratized and atrophied the workers’ struggle, there is still a world of difference between a struggle which seeks to form the mutuality of men, and personal careerism. Pyramid-climbing necessarily entails competitiveness. My gain must be your loss, and the higher I advance, the fewer equals I can afford. Hence my privatism, my self-distancing from other people, my invention of a personal ‘superiority’ to justify my ambitions. But a strike, a focus for class-solidarities, is still a sharing of struggle and prospects, and leads to different experience and different conclusions. It is the root of human mutuality. But more than that: a strike is also a more daring, more spiritual act than mere rational self-improvement.

But how? How to be involved? Well there are two routes — complementary, not alternative. One is to join a political group. You may find them bureaucratic, philistine, imaginationless — but why give them the competency of thinking them unhokable? The purpose of your joining would be as much to open them out as to clue yourself in. Learn everything they know that you don’t, and have compassion on their shortcomings. If they hide behind abstract phrases and leaders, set them right. Whatever you find to be an obstacle in them is probably just what impedes them in their attempts to reach the workers; so insist on your ‘naive’ criticisms till you get real answers, and you will already have made yourself useful.

The other route is through involvement in your place of work (however reluctantly adopted). When you finally, or intermittently, have to get a job, get one with other people rather than on your own, and work for a boss rather than yourself. It’s better to work for someone you can resent and resist than to schiz yourself by being your own capitalist slavedriver. Being ‘cultural’ and urban-verbal, maybe you’re more likely to meet your employment Waterloo in an office, shop or school rather than a factory or building site. And here, among the white collar workers, there is some tremendous and ripe job to be done, though one often shortsightedly scorned or neglected by the politicians. That job is to make the clerky throng aware that it is part of the working class. It’s not as close to the machinery as ‘they’ are, but it’s close enough. Besides, abruptly, I must cease, for classical theory does not prescribe for the white collar masses. From their struggle itself, leavened with freaky stimulus, will come new theory, new prospects. Be there. Be part of it. Louis Jig Saw 47
YOKO ONO
MIND TRAIN / LISTEN THE SNOW IS FALLING

LISTEN NOW RING 297 8221

APPLE 91
crime does pay

Another attempt at cross fertilisation, is John and Yoko on David Frost with their group David Peel, plus Jerry Rubin cheerfully banging the bongos. The gesture magnificent, the sound horrendous. While the spectacle of a tamed Rubin on Frost has prompted incessant debate among local politicos, their partnership over the rally to free John Sinclair was undeniably successful. Only the next few months can tell whether their rabble rousing will eliminate Movement cynicism, or underline it.

Allen, write us a new Howl, not to the inhume complacency and chromium vulgarity of the fifties, but to the hyper human confusions and contradictions of the seventies; a dream blurred by the traffic jam of bandwaggons, a Movement threatened by junk but itself unthreatening to the traditional citadels of power and madness, a culture which has not levitated Wall Street, but merely lengthened the hair of its brokers.

Not that the achievements are nil. The campuses crackled and smoked for awhile, until everyone settled down to their Phd's. At least the boys are being brought back home, guns still ablazing, but how we gonna keep them down off the. women and children. And even after they've seen Saigon? Tho' they're gonna keep them down off the.

fancied dress orgies, sniffing cocaine and brooding over astrology charts.

Anyway, sensing that my own ambivalences and philosophic manic depressions are not particularly constructive, I've taken a sabbatical from OZ, although persevering as an outside contributor. After this stint in New York, helping to reconstruct the idiocies of the Old Bailey for the off Broadway stage, and a brief re-appearance for a drugs battle, I plan a contemplative rest and an African adventure. (Another crackpot on the bench, may impose a further alternative) It's because there's so much potent play power around — which Jim, Felix and I were personally succoured by during the brief gaol days — that I'm disappointed we haven't yet devastatingly harnessed it.

Lives, relationships, and preconceptions have been shattered and reborn by the movements of liberation for blacks, gays, women and children. And even if the mass of society grinds on, maybe shuffling to a new kind of music, but bowed down by the old kind of motives, then while carving inroads isn't as exciting as blowing up the fortress, it's still better than not even bridging the moat.

Now it's time to grow teeth. If the Underground is to develop beyond a mammoth exercise in merchandising, it must anchor its instinct in action. OZ, if it's not to repeat-eat-eat itself, should link closely with community programmes, especially the unglamorous Bit and Street Aids, Claimants' Unions, court actions, school insurrections, Radical Alternatives to Prison, strivings outside the big city and relate freshly to strikes, working and Third World aspirations.

The danger is to let popularisation degenerate OZ into the lazy ethic of a Rolling Stone or Time Out, efficient, even fascinating, but not basically concerned with presenting anything much except advertising. (Their editors already sound like Lew Grade). On the other hand, as they say in Times editorials, OZ's special quality is not to close its pages to all but revolutionary catastrophe. It should remain a collective inspiration and profit, if any, dribbled back to the community, but without commitment to a specific 'party' line. Ink's gallant ambition to lie every hard core militant's messenger from the Mount, sacrifices humour, suprise and contact with many who, while uncommitted, are floating confused and catching.

OZ has recently, alas, slackened its search for new talent, leaning too heavily on its Special Effects, mistaking the tradition of editorial electicism for sloppiness. Standards, tolerating, sometimes, hysterical, propagandist rubbish. After five years of English OZ, thousands have been affected by the surfaces of counter culture, who by the essentials? What are the essentials? For answers, please turn to future OZes.

Timothy Leary's recent letter on the 'Americanisation of the Movement is, like previous pronouncements, a bewildering mixture of bullshit, banality and brilliance. (For "America", read "capital!") Greed, power, and competiveness are still the great contaminants, and by no means exclusively American. Do revolutionary leaders wish to destroy the system, or run it themselves? Now that sex editors romanticise mobsters, are hallucinogens and mysticism parallel springboards into mini dictatorships? The recent reprint of Psychedelic Fascism in IT and the tales of Mel Lyman and Charles Manson, are virtual re-enactments of the last days of the Third Reich, where Herman Goering was resplendent at fancy dress orgies, sniffing cocaine and brooding over astrology charts.

Oh well, if in the end it means only that Time becomes Time Out, Heath turns into Hefner, Wimpy goes organic, cheese books are multi coloured, to begin a Fourth W.orld, but everyone's still fighting over where to put the flag.
Jerome John Garcia
legend in his own time for his
guitar, vocal and composition work with the
Grateful Dead
has recorded a solo album
Personal • Original • Unique.
A ROCK & ROLL GAME

Contrary to media persuasion and management propaganda, Rock & Roll stars are human beings. They are often fallible, they are often foolish. They are often prejudiced, ignorant and just plain dumb. 'Gods', 'Superstars' and 'Geniuses' they may be, but frankly we mourn the days when rock musicians were paid to play their music and not to preach gospels or expound philosophy.

Here, then, for your entertainment, are twenty quotes selected by Felix Dennis and Charles Shaar Murray from previously published interviews with people in the Rock & Roll business. Each quote has four alternative origins. Only one is correct. The continuations, answers and acknowledgements for source material are to be found on pages 56 and 57.

"I laugh at 'em. I laugh at those parlor-pink revolutionary kids going around saying 'I am a revolutionary by trade'. Bullfucking pukie. They haven't any idea what it is, man. They should go watch a newsreel of the last three days of Budapest, and think it over.

"I probably made millions, but I ain't never seen any of it."
Dear Richard,

You were billed as an "independent voice" in the Evening Standard and as far as that paper was concerned, that is what you were. But the question that kept occurring to me when I read your last column is how independent you are really. You have become identified with a life-style not only in the minds of the straights but also in the minds of thousands of young people who have an image of you as a sort of hippy hero. And you do influence their thinking, like it or not.

I think you would agree that heroes, hippy or otherwise, are not good things. They come too close to leaders and in our society, leaders are power-figures. The ego involvement of the heroes of our sub-culture is all too apparent. The songs about peace and love and righteous society, leaders are power-figures. The ego involvement of the heroes of our sub-culture is all too apparent. The songs about peace and love and righteous

To become part of a collective and all that important to you and yet it would be easier at this point in time to make that good idea a powerful reality with your involvement than without it.

You have been instrumental in the formation of two voices of dissent and liberty in this country (OZ and Ink). But now it appears that your personal involvement is ending. Nothing wrong with that. Perhaps you want to think for a time and then devote your energy to your idea of Freaks United. Good. But somehow I get the impression that you think that something is dead because you have lost interest. That is not a good sign for you and not good for us.

The personal struggle for you has been enormous but when you most needed it you received the love and active support of many thousands of people. Some of those people received fines and now have criminal records for supporting you — they were at your trial — were you at theirs? Did you mention the farce of GLF and all of whom have a standing and wonder why the mystery of the story of Romilar should remain always unknown except to the chosen few; how

Dear OZ,

It is quite apparent that OZ 39 is without doubt the worst ever magazine you have issued! Though I once sympathised, this seems totally senseless rubbish. Any analysis of your magazine would show that its sense of fun, reality even, has steadily deteriorated since the first issue... If there was as much fun in your magazine as the death image then there might at least seem to be some hope.

Wishing you wished love,

David Taylor.
3 Ringold Avenue, Ramsgate, Kent.

Dear Sir,

I refer to your chart "The Medical Effects of Mind-altering Substances", OZ 35 wherein Romilar is classed as a narcotic along with opium etc. and a load of analogics. This as anyone who has taken Romilar properly knows is absolute fucking nonsense of the first degree and not a single one of the properties shown against its name has any relevance to its reality.

I don't know anything about the chemical effects of R on the CNS or any other NS but let me assure you that it gives a spiritual turn-on so revealing that I was sorely disappointed when I came to try LSD some years later; and furthermore that after seven years of sometimes intensive R-tripping I am apparently none the worse and even holding down a good job in international financial administration after doing my four years on the road including a year's begging in India. So much for your 'impaired' this and that, addiction, withdrawal symptoms, etc.

And let me tell you there's a set of international R-freaks who wouldn't be seen dead in London who would read your article with ridicule and understanding and wonder why the mystery of the story of Romilar should remain always unknown except to the chosen few; how...
Dear OZ,
To put it mildly, OZ seems to have lost all sense of direction. For me, OZ reached a high-point in nos 33 and 34. I would describe those as complete. To be quite frank, if OZ is going to produce more crap of the sort that makes me lose all sense of direction. For me, OZ reached a high-point.

Dear OZ,
Grass was where we started. But we all know grass isn’t really hip any more. If you want to be in, the drug of choice is cocaine. Now I remember the first time I was ever offered C. I was pretty shocked. That was what made it so fine. Of course C doesn’t shock anybody anymore. So if everybody is doing C it takes something heavier to enjoy that illicit edge. (Read all about it in your last issue.) It’s the underground version of keeping up with the Jone$h a little morphine, a little smack. Just a little snort. So we have escalation. Well what do you know? We always denied it vehemently when people said smoking grass led to using the harder stuff. It needed have, but it did. What do we do? Admit that we were wrong? Give up our self indulgence and ego trips? Why? Because our cities are getting sick and our friends are dying?

Prohibition wont work. Straighten making speeches and passing laws about a problem they don’t understand won’t solve it. We are the ones who helped create the problem. We turned our children on. We wrote and sang about how delightful it is to think that death could really touch me or anyone I loved.

Dear OZ,

If anyone else feels strongly about the speed with which OZ have made up between a fifth and a quarter of the magazine. I think that’s OBSCENE!

Love Warren.

Nigel Grey-Turner.
The Manor House, Riverlane, Richmond-upon-Thames.

32 strokes, one 31 strokes and another 28 strokes! This figure often escalates as the headmaster often exemplifies certain boys for having "long hair" (hair is not allowed to touch the collar) and for quashing any slight rebellious attitude taken by the boys. Recently one boy refused the cane but was forcibly beaten by the head and was held down by the deputy head and the boy’s father. The boy tried to stop the headmaster and his hand was cut. The severe bruising he received on his buttocks lasted for almost three weeks. One boy who was in his first term of his first year received six strokes, which for an eleven year old is obviously emotionally disturbing. Since this he has "transferred" (euphemism for expulsion used by the headmaster). After receiving a caning the boy is forced to shake hands with the headmaster. When boy refused to do this and commented, "It’s the first time I had my hand in shit for years" he was removed. The results of caning create even more animosity than is already present within the school. Bruses which are always sustained often last for a fortnight.

If anyone else feels strongly in opposition to corporal punishment and is in favour of starting a national movement against caning would they please write to the address below:

Simon Miles and James Lister,
Mount Vernon Lodge, London Rd, Retford, Notts.

Dear OZ,
Having read No 38 I find myself doubting the sincerity and honesty of the whole OZ ‘enterprise’. My contempt was sparked off, initially by a remark very trivial occurrence. A friend remarked that a frame or two had been censored from the strip cartoon, "Honeybunch". We checked with the original in an American ‘Zap’ comic and he was right. You may say that cutting bits out of a strip comic means nothing, never-the-less the fact that OZ has started censoring whether to save space or (I dread to think) protect the public, throws the validity of the entire magazine into jeopardy. OZ has lost its guts — what else do you censor? Your articles have become very ‘acceptable’ these days. The magazine that once spanned all strata of thought and ideas is now exclusively middle-brow. Most of the features could have been written by one man (they’re not are they?).

Yours faithfully (UGH)

C. Newcombe,
28 Bradmore Way, Bromkams Park, Hatfield, Herts.

Dear OZ,

Less talk and more action.

Chris Dawson.
4 Bristol Street, Coleine, Lancs.

Dear Dirty Minded Scum,

In your trivial moments does it ever strike you that it is a pretty vile way of making money to print and disseminate filth? Hardly a manly way to live! You must be mentally, morally and physically very unwholesome as I have said degenerates. Your proper sphere is a brothel or living on immoral earnings — enough to make decent men vomit.

L. Gradwell
68 Musgrave Street, Liverpool 8.
"I haven't seen her in 2 years... In the old days. Beautiful. Used to wipe herself with the American flag after doin' it. And the way she dropped acid lying naked on old Fats Domino records..."

"I believe in what George Harrison says, that you can change the world with love."

"Rock and Roll owes me a living."

"That bullshit about the people's music, man, where's that at? It wasn't any people that sat with me while I learned to play the guitar. If the people think that way they can fucking make their own music."

"Mickie Most, let me tell you about him... all he wants to do is make hit records and all I want to do is play my music."

"You know, English people have a very big thing towards a spade. Everybody in England still sort of thinks that spades have big dicks."

"I think Enoch is the man. I'm all for him. This country is overcrowded. The immigrants should be sent home."

"It will give me great pleasure to tell the public that Mick Jagger is not God Jnr."
14

"Why shouldn't I get 20%? I cured all their problems."

15

"The youth revolution in America is a hype... I like Agnew, but I don't like that Nixon."

16

"I love being a star more than life itself."

17

"I'm 24 years old and beautiful... pink hanging down my legs, sequins all around my bottom and pears hanging round my neck. I'm the bronze Liberace..."

18

"We should send planes to Biafra and rescue all the people and then play at the airport as they come in. Do a show for them Biafrans."

19

"I've had a black leather jacket since I was five years old. I've been wearing black leather all my life."

20

"I am the world's worst groupie."

ANSWERS:

- Robert Stigwood on the Bee Gees
- Allen Klein on the Beatles
- Brian Epstein on Billy J. Kramer
- Phil Spector on the Righteous Bros
- John Mayall
- Country Joe
- Grace Slick
- Tom Paxton
- Buddy Holly
- Jim Morrison
- Jimi Hendrix
- Janis Joplin
- Sly Stone
- Little Richard
- Muhammed Ali
- Miles Davis
- George Harrison
- Leon Russell
- Paul McCartney
- Ravi Shankar
- Elvis Presley
- Gene Vincent
- Bob Dylan
- Johnny Winter
- Yoko Ono
- Chris Welch
- David Bowie
- Caroline Coon
The three ‘R’s
REEDING
RITING &
REVOLUSHUN

"Schools will soon go the way of the workhouse and other institutions designed to keep the poor in their place. Not only are they not doing the job they set out to do, they are breeding all sorts of dis-satisfactions that an already strained society cannot cope with..."

Peter Buckman considers the failure of compulsory education in Britain

Compulsory education has recently become as much a matter for argument as involvement in foreign wars. It used to be something everyone took for granted as a Good Thing, like increased pensions. Most people still think of schooling as a great benefit, a sort of philosophers’ stone that will turn society to gold.

If everyone is forced to learn to read and write, the argument goes, not only does everyone have an equal chance of succeeding, but society will go on improving, and we’ll all stagger one step further along the road to the Better Tomorrow.

But Tomorrow looks like pretty bad news. The pursuit of progress turns out to be a mass suicide pact. And all compulsory education has done is to lay down the shining tracks that lead to that particular Tomorrow.

As with the railways, to tear up the tracks and start again is too expensive. Either they get blown up — which is unlikely — or they rot away. It is the rot that is becoming more and more obvious.

Kids at school have always voted with their feet. Most accept the fact that the law requires them to spend at least ten years inside an institution.

Truancy has always been a problem, however, and at the moment it’s quite dramatic: one kid in four stays away in some big cities, including London. Violence in the classroom has always been a problem too, but recently it’s got huge publicity. We are still a long way from the American situation where there is a cop on duty in the class — to protect the teacher, what else? — but you wouldn’t think so to hear the professionals at it.

But violence and truancy aren’t the root problems with schools. As institutions they simply aren’t doing the job expected of them, which is to turn out kids educated enough to keep the wheels going ever faster.

Schools aren’t teaching their pupils — or, to be fair, enough of their pupils — anything they will later find of use in leading a full adult life. They are not providing the kind of skills society is supposed to need, because society isn’t sure what it does need any more. Unemployment amongst school leavers, let alone university graduates, has never been higher: what kind of argument is that for ten years of training?

Schools haven’t brought about a more equal society, as our Victorian forefathers promised. Has the balance of power changed in 150 years? Class distinctions may have levelled out so that everyone can call themselves middle class, but there is still a divisio
between those who give orders and those who take them. Necessary, some may say. But how many givers of orders are lining up in the dole queues alongside those who have taken orders for generations?

Schools haven't even eradicated illiteracy. Half the school population leaves (at the moment) at 15. Of these, a substantial proportion forgets how to read within three years. Some people have blamed lax teaching. I blame a society that produces little worth reading, that makes reading a pointless acquisition. Whatever the cause, the basis of schooling was supposed to be teaching kids to read and write. And it's fallen down on that.

We have to distinguish "education" and "schooling". Everybody learns from watching what goes on around them. Most learn from their friends, or families, or their gang, or tribe, or community. When society was an open thing, when the basis of life was the village which, amongst all its obvious disadvantages, at least took care of its own (unless they were radicals, or witches, or likely to get into trouble), when, in short, everybody knew about everybody else, as in the underground, then everybody learnt from everybody else. There was no division between learning and living. "Education" — the pursuit of what interests you, the learning and living. "Education" — the pursuit of what interests you, the learning and living. "Education" — the pursuit of what interests you, the learning and living. "Education" — the pursuit of what interests you, the learning and living. "Education" — the pursuit of what interests you, the learning and living. "Education" — the pursuit of what interests you, the learning and living.

Compulsory schooling changed all that, to the point when kids think their "education" is finished when they leave school.

You learnt what you were told to learn, in the manner in which the teacher laid it down for you. Of course there was, and still is, scope for you to wander off on your own, but basically schooling, as a compulsory institution, did two things: it kept kids off the streets, and it taught them at an early age to accept the governing hierarchy that would rule their adult lives. That is, of course, still true of school. Kids have always known, and perhaps resented it. Even now they are not able to do much about it. The Schools Action Union may have splendid ideas and certainly has aroused some strong feelings. But what is wrong with the system isn't cured by having two pupils on a Schools Council, or by abolishing the wearing of uniforms. Of course SAU stands for more than that, and I don't want to do them an unnecessary injustice. What they apparently refuse to see, in their arrogant and dogmatic way, is that the whole system of compulsory education has got to go. Tinkering with it is merely reformist. Any idea of telling people what to learn and how to learn it — marking them according to your standards, not theirs — is counter-revolutionary.

Now this is an attitude that is gaining ground amongst adults. That some people are prepared to think of compulsory education as evil — are prepared to work out details of how education could be freed from schooling — that is the great change in the last five years. Many people still think you are attacking the foundations of socialism, or whatever it is they happen to believe in, when you attack schools. I wrote a satire, in the form of a story of the takeover of a school by its pupils, called "Playground". It included in it a lot of games kids and adults play — and when I read it in places, we played the games, with good results. But the takeover of the school in the book collapses because the oldest kids want to tell the youngest how to behave. And the youngest take no notice. Now this was an attack on the whole concept of dogmatism, compulsion, or whatever most people regard as necessary means to an end. The book got attacked on many grounds, but to my surprise it was the underground critics who seemed to take most exception to it. Indeed the best review I got was in the "Times Educational Supplement", and worst in "Time Out"! Perhaps this was because of the form the book took, which some found difficult. But I suspect it was more because the implicit message in it is "You can't tell people how to learn. It doesn't work." And that makes anyone in the communications business very unhappy indeed.

Schools, as places where you are forced to spend ten years or more of your life, don't work. What's more, they are proving too expensive, which is perhaps the strongest reason for thinking they will soon go the way of the workhouses and other institutions designed to keep the poor in their place. We are entering a time when they are useless. Not only are they not doing the job they set out to do, they are breeding all sorts of dis-satisfactions that an already strained society cannot cope with. Equally important, there are soon going to be more and more adult unemployed — even if they're called "leisured". If a 30-hour week soon becomes normal, what are people going to do all day? You could have 24-hour television, or football, or bingo. What you can't have is adults attending the kind of institutions schools have become. And yet they'll want to learn — to pursue their interests — their "education" at their own pace. To allow them to do so, society will have to become de-schooled. Compulsory education will be abolished, and it will be as illegal to ask about someone's schooling as it is now to ask about their race or politics, when considering them for a job. People will learn more from living than from a set curriculum that was designed by robots. Education will be freed from the grip of the educationalists. And that will be the beginning of something entirely different. For a change.
I stayed in bed late into the next morning—thinking, sinful thoughts. I knew, thoughts of Jim’s body!!

I still have his old phone number... maybe if I could talk to him...

I had no idea you were so good-looking but now I’m alluring, isn’t it?

What the fuck is this, a crank call?

Don’t you remember? We... er, uh... we used to be in the same home-room!

Oh., quickly, quickly, my James, I itch for your warm and tender touch!!

It’s been so long since we’ve seen each other... are you listening, dearest?

It’s all started a short six months ago, a friend had invited me to one of these “kinky street” type movies when....

Sally! Isn’t that guy on the screen Jimmy Nesbitt?

We went to high school together!

I can’t get over it! Sure, Jim was a good-looking guy, but to sink so low...

To think I once had a crush on that slut—people, good grief!

Oh, Jimmy.

LISTEN, I’LL be right over, where are you?

Christ! This chick’s got a rebel hard-on for me!!

Excuse me, is Brenda home?
Hey, Jim...Brenda. I've been waiting for you. Jim...

It's a small apartment, why don't we go and take a look around?

And then...it happened!!

Hey, Jim...Brenda, so you dug my last flick, huh?

I mean, does your family know what you do? Jim? Aren't you embarrassed at all? I don't want to talk about it...

PRELIMINARIES...oh, damn, or damned em...Jim...OOPS! NNNH...

Hey, Jim...what's going on?

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first met OZ early in 1967. In those days it was square, upright, dressed mainly in black and white and told satirical stories out of the corner of its mouth. It had the confidence which comes of being utterly unknown and an innocence which it didn’t hesitate to exploit. It was prone to rather unsuccessful parodies of its elders and fond of what it thought were brilliant attacks on the moralism and alcoholism of the British cultural Left. But, beneath the faux-naïve and the inadequately disguised ambition, was an intuitive radicalism and a directness and a friendliness which was in violent contrast to the pomposity and straightforward lying of most of its contemporaries. With the exception of the young International Times, which even at that time was exhibiting a remorseless lack of taste, and the small, stout and ill-tempered Black Dwarf, which often shouted at it incomprehensibly, OZ was alone.

At that time OZ was to provide, if not the first or the best one of the fiercest and most compelling cries of rejection of the choice offered the young within welfare capitalism. It seldom said exactly what they thought but it did express how they felt. With a voice alternatively cranked with passion and hoarse with laughter, OZ devoted itself to the destruction of those comfortable myths we had been brought up to cherish; the myths of the Cold War, of the disappearance of poverty, of the irreversibility and the infallibility of the police, of the worthyness of the schools and universities, of the existence of democracy. OZ took an early interest in the American war in Indo China, the political regimes of our Nato Allies and the facts of an unendurable poverty and homelessness. And though OZ himself seldom attended the movements which grew to express a rejection of those myths the May Events, the student sit-ins, the squattings and the demonstrations against the Vietnam War were increasingly part of its life.

It would of course be misleading to portray OZ as a stern political critic pontificating over maps of capitalism. It insisted on an almost annoying flexibility, one would meet it one month passionately enthusiastic about flying saucers and the next buried in Lenin. OZ’s personality was so contradictory that many feared a serious mental disorder. OZ felt it had expressed a desire to begin an alternative to the nightmare of the present now. OZ was attempting to promote a cultural uprising, his attack on society was not merely cerebral but displayed in the funk of its colour and music and the sheer delight of boogieing along alive and free. Indeed even at this stage of his life many of OZ’s enemies, their own lives a cage of postponed pleasures and supressed desires, found OZ’s mere existence an outrage. Instead, they felt there was space and time to experiment with new ways of living and loving each other. But other mornings when the attempt to both bring into being a new culture and then defend it politically was too much, OZ could be heard to moan that this was, in fact, become, in an insoluble gloom, complaining that he could hear nothing but cash registers in his ears.

OZ’s insomnia and occasional depression was still concealed from all but close friends and in the famous series of trials (soon to be re-issued as a Commemorative Retrospective Tribute 22 Album Set) OZ was again to show its stamina, courage and organising ability. But although it bore the trial with stamina, and at times relish, the strain was considerable. OZ had finallly stumbled rather than charged across those who control society. In his increase frequently serious moments, OZ regretted that its ideas had not been more carefully thought out and its old desire to shock had not been linked to a movement which could actually organise. It was forced to accept what it had always known, that although the ideas could not be rejected on myths, it is not an illusion itself and that there must be a material basis for free minds. OZ was still prepared to look visionary but many of its old friends were more anxious to carp at its mistakes than develop its ideas. To have OZ been obliged to become notorious, to make use of a fame it already despised and suffer the chorus of sell out from a movement it was tolerating in a surly stagnation. And OZ’s longstanding romance with Karl Marx was increasingly causing both parties pain. The friendship had always been platonic but Marx became increasingly politically demanding and OZ found itself still incapable of surrendering to such a stern even masochistic lover.

It became increasingly obvious in his last years that many of his most deeply held ideas had rebounded. The movement OZ had tried to express had been towards, not an altered form of work and government, but the disappearance of both. But now that OZ was only being rejected, the strain was considerable. OZ had finally stumbled rather than charged across those who control society. In his increase frequently serious moments, OZ regretted that its ideas had not been more carefully thought out and its old desire to shock had not been linked to a movement which could actually organise. It was forced to accept what it had always known, that although the ideas were grounded on myths, it is not an illusion itself and that there must be a material basis for free minds. OZ was still prepared to look visionary but many of its old friends were more anxious to carp at its mistakes than develop its ideas. To have OZ been obliged to become notorious, to make use of a fame it already despised and suffer the chorus of sell out from a movement it was tolerating in a surly stagnation. And OZ’s longstanding romance with Karl Marx was increasingly causing both parties pain. The friendship had always been platonic but Marx became increasingly politically demanding and OZ found itself still incapable of surrendering to such a stern even masochistic lover.

Almost an exile within the Underground and in the impossible situation of becoming a symbol for a generation, OZ was still snubbed by a Left who seemed to refuse to admit they had anything to learn. And OZ’s old and final source of passion, the phallic self-confidence of its Australian youth, was being painfully, finally counter-revolutionary. OZ could no longer wave its cock when in doubt. A sexual politics had come out, people were organising against the family, against the sexual training and sexual guilt that crushed women and hobbled men. The last part of OZ’s life was spent in a whimsical melancholy. OZ had been exhausted finally by demands which he could no longer begin to fulfill and he was left with bright eyes but an irrepressible tedium and among friends reminiscing and he would talk of the old days with a bewildered tenderness. OZ had grown hardened outside, but inside hurt by denunciations of movement at hand he had to bring into being.

The circumstances of OZ’s tragically early death remain unclear. Whether OZ, is dead, of suicide or sexual excess, or whether OZ is alive and operating under a series of new names is unclear at the moment. What is clear is that OZ was bizarrely and for a short period expressed the energy of a lot of us. We regret its passing.
Being the adventures of a young man whose principal interests are rape, ultra-violence and Beethoven.