Description

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

new album 'Brothers & Sisters'
Single ‘Jet Boy’
Out November 23

New York Dolls

Available on Cassette and Cartridge
No space — no time. History repeats itself. The clock on the wall gives me four pm. October 31st 1973. At five o’clock the printer’s final deadline comes into effect.

How does one phrase an obituary in two hundred words for a magazine (damn it, OZ was more than a lousy magazine) that has eaten up the best part of the last five years of my life, and a lot of other people’s lives besides. For many of us, ‘working’ at OZ was the focal point of our daily existence. A hideous form of marriage between humans and an inanimate concept. And as in all marriages, the energy feedback remained a continual, occasionally terrifying, two way process with a dynamism and tension that alternately sapped and sustained each partner. We used and abused OZ for our own purposes, we hurled it bodily from one editorial extreme to the other, we left it and came back to it a dozen times, we cursed it, passed it around and then grew jealous of it. We treated it like a baby and it kicked us in the teeth. We spat on it and wasted it. And now that it’s an adolescent and leaving home, none of us can believe it.

The names of those specifically responsible for the production of this last issue are listed below. For me to have included the names of the people whose collective energy nurtured OZ Magazine over the past six years would have literally taken pages. They know who they are. Some left happy, some left sadly. A few stamped into the night threatening vengance and jibbering like madmen. Many are still in touch. A couple are dead. All of them deserve medals.

It’s getting late and I’m not sure how to finish . . . history repeats itself. No space — no time.

Felix Dennis.

A proportion of the profits of this magazine will be paid to the liquidator of OZ Publications Ink Ltd., for distribution amongst the creditors of that Company.

THE LAST ISSUE OF OZ
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The centre spread pin-up is from the book 100 Years of Erotica by Paul Aratow, published by Straight Arrow Books, San Francisco.
'He who fears change, fears life itself'—Marquis de Steppevile.

It's over half a year since what most of you probably assumed to be the last Oz (faithless bastards) appeared. Our cohorts in the Altpress haven't just stood still; there's a summatime of developments on various fronts. Gay News, the persistently excellent fortnightly ragfrag, having ploughed along for more than a year on home-made distribution, is now on the Moose-Harland circuit that is run by IT. Private Eye, and this magazine, Michael Mason, GN's business manager, says that the paper's aim, as always, is to 'bring homosexuality into the daylight'—and with a circulation that's grown from 4,000 to 18,500 in a year, they ain't doing so badly... Wardour Mews, Soho, seedy home of IT for the last 18 months, was briefly taken over by a group of men who recently witnessed to another conviction in that magazine's development. With sales dropping and winter coming on, the staff decided to take some time off and produce IT as a monthly, with more pages and more time to work on them. This move necessitated a hasty abandonment of their gangster-owned premises and a scattering of equipment like manna amongst friends across the city... If you haven't seen it yet, make sure you do: Foul is the very first alternative soccer magazine, and it's already achieved what we'd considered impossible: exciting and honest sports journalism...

Called in to revamp the stagnating rock mag Cream, Ed Barker and Mick Parren were more than a little put out when their first new-look issue was cancelled half way through printing. It seems that the publishers Plant News, whose main stock in trade is Osmond Brothers souvenirs and cut price tit mags (including the traditional school boy jerk book Health and Efficiency), had suffered a North country book Health and Efficiency, and this gentlemen netted $25,000,000 as contributions to the war effort... a similar collection in Manchester some days later gathered £1,000,000. Inflation? Don't know the meaning of the word... Yorkshire Underpug Press Magnate John Wilcock (Other Scenes, Village Voice and Oz regular) has also been helping the needy, with a £50 donation to ailing geriatric comic Private Eye for its 'fight against hypocrisy and lying in 22nd Street'. It seems Wilcock—a one-time Mirror man—was burned by his former brother hacks on a recent deal to write five mini-columns for the Inside Page following a 25-year holiday in America. Grasping Eye editor and amateur raps Michael Mason, Wilcock refers. John Wilcock is 83. Richard Ingrams died last year of cranial syphilis.

At a time when youth market publications are invading the world of publishing like the black germs in Aspirin ads, the Reverend David A. Noebel has chosen to offer the world his own unique perspective on such phenomena as The Beatles, Youth Communism, Mariana and Hair, 'The Beatles—A Study In Drugs, Sex And Revolution' (what a title!), distributed and printed by Christian Crusade Publications, Tulsa, puts JP&G exactly where we never knew they were—gathering data at the cyclone-centre of Communist Insurgency. Well, who else would force upon the gullible public such neo-Bolshevist sentiments as back in the USSR/You don't know how lucky you are... Delightfully British Comment of the Year Award goes to Colin Smith of the Observer. Sent to cover the Indian occupation of Wounded Knee, South Dakota, Mr Smith was overheard to comment: 'If only someone would say, "When the moon comes over the mountain and the leaves fall off the trees on the night when the cherries turn red, we will attack the long rifles"'. All I hear is, "Yeah, man—cool it... and we'll study this procedural matter later tonight"...

Paranoia at Broadcasting House runs high—news trainees at the BBC were instructed to monitor every word uttered by the newly launched commercial London Broadcasting service on their first day of transmission. Working in half-hour shifts, the embryo Robin Days began at 6 am, and took comprehensive notes around the clock... On the subject of potted plants, Tower Bridge was recently closed to traffic twice in one day to allow a 30ft plastic rubber plant to sail back and forth on the prow of a...
allowance which, according to Quantas, 'now discriminates against men stewards' money was a hairdressing a month as a result of the

explain the odd case of when asked to identify left hand from their right have difficulty telling their men and 17.5% of women

gist indicates that 8.8% of... a survey recently made

... a revolutionary cosmic potted plants can bring'. ... a few of the less adequate staffers on both rags have been feeling remarkably paranoid. The lucky ones get fired. NME, currently well

be more expected of a formertranquil fetishes of purchasing budgerigars the pet department of Harrods. The hapless

perverts are in the habit—Budgie Bashing. Apparently, these demented activity—Budgie Bashing.

Some of this is by Roger Hutchinson ... the rest isn't.
The underground never even got a decent funeral. It is simply recorded that something that started out in a duffle-coat in the direction of Aldermaston pegged out in a back room full of unsold comic books and barbiturates. The real, unlikely people who, in pub rooms and over duplicators and behind scaffolding stages, took it upon themselves to make a move, have not been asked to comment on the corpse. A new generation of groovers can’t see what all the fuss is about. Apart from desultory cries of Bad Dope and Its The Pigs Again, there is no explanation, an almost self-induced amnesia. Which is a pity because no movement can begin again except out of some understanding of its own history. And that history is so personal and intense it has become virtually psychiatry (psychiatrists being simply the historians of the recent past) alone offering explanations of why earstwhile rebels decide to become sheepfarmers, Stalinists, senior lecturers in Deviant Sociology, recluses, ‘rock writers’, commercial radio hacks or live unhappily ever after in a groovy nuclear commune in the country.

The truth of the matter is not that The-Inspectors-Sold-Out-or-that-something-greatly-beautious-grew-cankered, but that the underground got smashed, good and proper by exactly those forces of which it stood in defiance. It was smashed because it could not, by 1968, be laughed at or ignored or patronised any longer. The underground was able to make really pain­ful attacks on the system’s intellectually based forms of power. Of all the intellec­tual property speculators of the 60’s, it was the most sizeable incursions into capitalism’s ideological real estate, the family, school, work-discipline, the ‘im­partial’ lawcourts and the British Broadcast­ing Corporation. Unlike previous movements of radical arties, it actually transmitted its mood of indiscipline to young people of all classes. ‘It is an attack on family life’, said...
writers who prided themselves on their resemblances to the Lunchtime O'Boozes' automated copy production, drunkenness and despair.

This desperate hackishness was all the more pathetic in people who actually still had ideals, but simply could no longer find words for them. The beats had been evangelical, CND determined sane but desperate, the Underground capable of great moral wrath; the collapse into plain old cynicism, the oldest crutch in the book, was a real full stop to a movement, however hard you tried to stick spangles to it and call it decadence. Increasingly, elements always jostling around in the underground, the love of fashionable intercourse and the dependence of the good offices of advertisers, became dominant. IT became little more than a mouthpiece for the record companies and, although rock reviews were the only things taken seriously by most readers, their authors could scarcely conceal their own boredom.

This process of defeat was complicated, and often illustrated best, in cultural details. It is a fairly grim tribute to the underground's struggle to be able to express yourself in the clothes you wear that such a counter revolution has been effected by commerce that anyone not dressed like a possum trapper on stilts is trying to look like a Tory tennis player of the late twenties. It is a bizarre 15 years which starts with girls revolting against court shoes and twin-sets in favour of existentialist black sweaters and jeans and ending up having to wear them again. It is strange that the system won't even leave our memories alone, so that people are obliged to feel nostalgic over experiences they never even had in the first place. It is a pity that music (which alone makes it all worthwhile) being made by English and American musicians now offers solely the choice between mock urban menace (Mott, Bowie, Reed, half the Stones) and a phony countrification (other half of Stones plus everything else). It is quite literally pathetic that a movement succoured by cannabis and raised in electrifying affections of acid should grow old jittering, crying and quarreling with itself on the corners of Gerrard Street or in a mandraxed haze at the back of the classroom. Marx, in a footnote to 'Capital' describes the opium trade as a revenge against imperialism. What more cunningly wrought revenge is possible than for flowerchildren to wind up
This year seven million tourists will come to London. You can see three million of them any morning in the Abbey, shuffling through like a bread queue, glumly absorbing the babble of misinformation put out by the coach guides. The other four million are in the Tower, standing in line for two hours to see the Crown Jewels (though sometimes the queue to see the Execution Block and the axe is even longer, and what that says about human nature I'd rather not think).

In the afternoon they all change places, but in between times the coaches herd them through the Changing of the Guard, past the Old Curiosity Shop (which isn't) and over London Bridge, which has been sold to the Americans. On Sundays all seven million swarm round to Petticoat Lane, which is this little secret place they've heard about, where you know the stuff isn't stolen because you can see the dents where it fell off the back of the lorry.

Most of these visitors are Americans. Some of them say to each other: 'Shoot, Martha, let's do this Europe thing in style. Let's hire ourselves a car and just take off'. Then the husband steps outside the hotel, takes one look at the London traffic, steps back inside the hotel and says: 'Liss'n, Martha, why don't we just call up one of these car-guides and relax'. And the hall porter, who can smell fear at twenty paces like a buzzard, says: 'I'll organise that for you sir'.

Hall porters are interesting. They have a club called The Golden Key, which is slightly more exclusive than the House of Lords and considerably less impoverished. Hall porters have little things going for themselves in the fields of car-hire, theatre tickets, abortions, light ladies... and driver guides.

So the porter calls up and asks for a private car and a young guide to drive it. What the visitors are after is a taste of old Europe, a whiff of decayed gentility, what they actually get is some unemployable-actor, student, or a subversive underground playwright like myself. It may cost ten times as much as the coach tour, but at least they can go to the bedroom whenever they like (this, incidentally, doesn't mean they want to go and lie down).

So one puts on the old school suit, the ancient tweeds—a bit shabby and shiny now you understand, but good quality once, like the Empire. And one holds the door open for the wife which makes her feel respectable, but also: 'You should be doing that for me, Wilbur'. And you mention about your parents' place in the country and which restaurants to avoid because they're such rotten tourist traps and they just love your accent.

Then you explain that you haven't got an accent, they've got an accent, and they love that too, only not quite so much.

Thus are the legions of middle America, godly folk from Akron, Ohio and Fresno, Cal. Some of them just want to buy some parsnip-lofts, or a lifelike imitation of a corpse. The Vietnam war actually made them more aggressive 'What 'bout Ireland then? They'd snarl. And anyway Her Majesty's Government was happy to crawl up Nixon's arsehole. The Vietnam war actually made them more aggressive 'Why? We'll bomb Cambodia was, as sycophantically as possible. It isn't that they think of that money'.

'Oh. (Pause). Do you have a—uh—black problem here?'

'This is a traditional English pub', I say at the Tower, adding helpfully: 'This is the Traitors' Gate', I say at the Tower, adding helpfully: 'This is the Traitors' Gate'. The wife giggles; the husband gives up at the age of fifteen: 'Well I don't know, Ranald, I really don't know. We did everything we could for that boy didn't we Ranald, and then

Philipp of Spain came over here to marry Mary Tudor in 1554, he leapt off the ship crying 'A stoup of English ale!', drank it back, and threw up on the spot. So anyway they take a few unhappy sips and eat a sad cheese sandwich. This is where we get confidential.

—Do you have a—uh—hippy problem here?

—Oh yes, I say, pretending to misunderstand. The blacks do run into problems. They find it hard to get decent housing and jobs. Their children can have a tough time at school. And you may find this difficult to believe, but they sometimes even run into racial prejudice.

—Oh. (Pause). Do you have a—uh—hippy problem?

To misunderstand all is to forgive all. Not that you don't get a few freaks, even in middle America. Whereas some would argue that the whole of middle America is a gigantic madhouse. I myself do not subscribe to this view. Since the recent disclosures the visitors have been markedly subdued. 'This is the Traitors' Gate', I say at the Tower, adding helpfully: 'Is it original name was the Water-gate'. The wife giggles; the husband gives a lifelike imitation of a corpse. No, they are sadder but wiser out there in Boulder, Col. and Amarillo, Tex. The Vietnam war actually made them more aggressive 'Whattaabout Ireland then?' they'd snarl. And anyway Her Majesty's Government was happy to crawl up Nixon's arsehole. The saturation bombing of Cambodia was, as sycophantically as possible...
freedom and democracy. But a little domestic buggery is going too far. So middle America transferred its hopes and dreams to Spiro Agnew, of whom they used to speak in the same way that their comrades over here speak of Enoch Powell: 'I don't agree with him, mind. But he says things that need saying.' Now, however, it seems that Spiro is far from the mental defective that he appeared; has, indeed, been helping himself to a large slice of the American pie. They are mourning for their lost lamb in Boise, Idaho, tonight. And the loud, assertive attitudes of Americans abroad have disappeared. Now they are very anxious to do the right thing, the European thing. We have culture but no money, and they have money but no culture; so we come to an arrangement.

One can tell the really weird ones because they always want to visit Stonehenge. When we get there, we find four hundred French schoolchildren climbing all over it eating ice-cream, which isn't quite the red, blood-sacrifice, prehistoric dawn they had in mind. Instead they unload their paranoia on the journey back. One man asked me anxiously if there wasn't a new contempt over here for American money, which is sort of like spitting on the Queen Mother besides being the reverse of the truth. A lady was a little worried about her husband: it seemed he had discovered a cheap substitute for aluminium, and the aluminium corporations were naturally trying to assassinate him. Another man was into hip spiritualism ('The night I got through to Jesus Christ—wow, I really flashed') and hoped to gross a million in charitable donations to himself.

Then there was the Latvian from Riga, who had fled from the White Russians, the Wehrmacht, and the Red Army. He arrived in America in the clothes he stood up in, and now he was fleeing from America. What he wanted was the back country. We drove off main roads onto minor roads, off minor roads onto country lanes, off country lanes onto places where there might once have been a packhorse track in Roman times. His hands shook continuously and my driving isn't that bad.

Eventually they screw themselves up to the inevitable.

—'Do you have a—drug problem here?'

—'Oh, God no, no problem,' I say reassuringly. 'What can I get hold of for you? A little grass? A few downers, mandies, coke? I must say your lady wife looks as if she could use some speed'...

In the driving mirror I see two middle American faces trying to force a smile. It's a horrible sight.

Americans are very keen on gaining credibility—'There's St Paul's Cathedral. Well, it was here yesterday.' You can spend hours driving round the terrace of St Paul's, and quite a thousand twitching curtains, looking for the Brighton road... 'This is a short cut, not many people know about it'. Any one who has an XJ6 suddenly cuts across in front of Hyde Park Corner could slam on his brakes, lean out of the window, and scream 'Get off the fucking road you shit-faced capitalist maniac!', before remembering the existence of the couple in the back. There must be parties dining out nightly in St Louis on the terrors of their London holiday, the savagery and greed of the natives.

And sometimes one of them makes a remark so unwise that it paralyses them for the rest of the day. Like the man looking up at Edinburgh Castle: 'That's really a fine castle, but why do they have to build it over the railway station?' His wife gives him the full oxy-acetylene, the 'wait till I get you back in the hotel bedroom' glare.

I look up at the international sky.
'Apart from Alice’s candle, the flashing neon advertising Dirty Edna’s was the only light in the room. Monk and Easy had been rapping for at least 36 hours with the only natural break coming when they sneaked out to the toilet to shoot up more crystal. The kid in the cowboy hat was tracing the red welts on Belinda’s naked back with his fingers. I was trapped between the cowboy, the speed freaks and the wall going on and off...' 

'Good clinical meth man. The dude came round every day and gave him his shot. Didn’t even know what was happening. Every time he felt bad, just sing out for the doc. He travelled everywhere with him'.

'Who?'

'The doc, with Kennedy. Ain’t you listening, man?'

'Sure I’m listening, man. Don’t get paranoid. You know what I mean?'

'I’m not paranoid, man. I know what’s happening'.

'What about Hitler?'

'He was a coke freak'.

'So? What’s wrong with coke?'

'I wouldn’t turn it down, if there was some, but there isn’t so I can’t'.

'Huh?'

'You sure you’re listening, man?'

'Sure I’m sure'.

'So what was wrong with Hitler?'

'He had this doctor called Morrell'.

'Used to shoot him full of coke and belladonna'.

'Right'.

'I mean, imagine being Kennedy, man. Stoned out on meth, threatening to toss bombs at the Russians'.

'I thought you were talking about Hitler'.

'Sure I was talking about Hitler. You want to listen, man. The trouble with Hitler was that he fucked up'.

'He had methadone invented for him when he couldn’t get any smack'.

'Goering'.

'Goering had methadone invented for him when he couldn’t get any smack'.

'Think you were talking about Hitler'.

'Sure I was talking about Hitler. You want to listen, man. The trouble with Hitler was that he fucked up'.

'He was surrounded by junkies'.

'Goering'.

'Goering had methadone invented for him when he couldn’t get any smack'.

'The kid in the cowboy hat had started Johnny Cash at Folsom Prison for the third time. I was trapped between him, the speedfreaks and the wall going on and off. I sidesteped and the room got jagged. I wished I could turn off at least part of it. The overhead went through again and the building shook. Alice’s candle flickered, but she didn’t notice. She just went right on staring.'
show us all her bruises. We’d seen it before, except the kid in the cowboy hat, that is. He’d probably get a kick out of it. He looked the type. Ice stuck his thumbs in his belt and thrust his hips forward. The faggots on the third floor were always trying to get to Ice, and that kind of fast-gun machismo down to a fine art. He’d seen every one of Sergio Leone’s movies at least three times. He turned slowly, scanning the room, watchful and ready to jump. He lingered over the mirror that was propped against the wall between Alice and the mattress.

Ice always refused to have anything to do with the faggots from the third floor. He made that very clear, despite the fact that he hung round their landing a little too much. Ice had paused long enough. It was his cue to speak.

‘What’s happening, huh?’ Nobody answered. Ice’s voice was a fraction too high for the rest of his image.

‘I asked what’s happening.’ Easy looked up with a jerk.

‘We were just talking about world power. Amphetamine . . .’ Easy rolled the word round his tongue. ‘. . . amphetamine power. If you understand what I’m talking about.’ He nodded. A fast tight nod that I’d caught him rehearsing in the bathroom.

‘I understand.’ He turned slowly to face the kid in the cowboy hat.

‘Why all the country music?’ The kid in the cowboy hat rose to a tense half crouch.

‘What’s wrong with country music, friend?’

There was a long silence while they tried to stare each other down. The wall flashed from grey and back to red. It was Ice who finally gave way.

‘Nothing wrong with country music—in the country’. Before the drama could go any further, Belinda put her hand on Ice’s sleeve.

‘Do you have a cigarette?’ Ice pushed her away.

‘I’m clean out’.

‘You sure?’ He turned angrily on her.

‘Sure I’m sure. All you ever do is want things’. It was another of their games. We could all see the almost full pack of Camels sticking out of his shirt pocket. He turned his heel and slammed out of the room. Even above Johnny Cash we could hear this boots going down the stairs. The kid in the cowboy hat climbed to his feet and went over to Belinda. He pulled out a crumpled pack of Luckies.

‘Do you want one of these, honey?’ Belinda showed her nice even teeth in a Marilyn Monroe smile.

‘Thank you very much’. The cowboy lit her cigarette for her. In the flash of light I thought that Belinda was in fact quite pretty. She made a living for herself and Ice by making fuck films. She lost quite a lot of work, though, because he left too many marks on her. I suppose you could say something about all work and no play. The overhead came through again and the building shuddered.

Belinda wasted no time in asking the kid in the cowboy hat whether he wanted to see her bruises. Before he could even answer, she’d started to unbutton her dress. I’d seen it so many times before I retreated behind my eyelids. If she kept him busy for a long time somebody might be able to put on some different music.

When I opened my eyes again I could see Belinda and the cowboy entwined beside the stereo. Belinda appeared to be naked. The neon sign came on and confirmed it. The kid still had his hat on. He was tracing the red weals on her back with his fingers.

‘Why do you let him do it to you, honey?’ Belinda laughed her little squeaky laugh.

‘I don’t mind. I quite enjoy it really’. The neon went off and I waited for the next episode. When it came back on again, the cowboy was licking his lips.

‘Would you let me do it?’ Belinda was outraged.

‘Listen buster, I don’t hardly know you’.

The neon went off again. In the darkness I could hear the kid in the cowboy hat trying to placate her.

‘I’m sorry, sugar, I didn’t mean any harm’.

Belinda forgave him and the neon came on. The cowboy grinned at her.

‘Want to see my gun?’ I thought for a moment he was going to expose his Roy Rogers pricker. It turned out that I was quite wrong. From the waistband of his jeans, he produced a mean black snubnosed revolver. The red light went off, and I imagined how the gun must have been nestling behind his rodeo buckle all evening. It was fortunate that nobody had pressed the point about the country music. I eased myself back into the wall. It always makes me nervous when kiddies start to play with guns.

I couldn’t look at the kid in the cowboy hat. I just didn’t want to know what he was doing with the gun. I switched my attention to Alice. She was still staring at the candle, and there was no entertainment there. Even in the muted light there was nothing attractive about her plain, vacant little face. That left only Easy and Monk. They still squatted cross-legged like a pair of jittering Buddhist monks. They’d transferred from previous world-wreckers to then—now. There was nothing else to stare at but the wall. All that did was go on and off. Red Grey Red Grey Red Grey

In the next redflash the door opened quietly and a guy I’d never seen before slipped in carrying a bottle. He looked around for someone to talk to. Easy and Monk were locked into their plans for world domination, Alice was still transfixed, while Belinda and the cowboy were pressing together on the floor. That left only me. He sat down.

‘You seen Zorbo?’

‘Who the hell was Zorbo?’

I looked him straight in the bottle and grinned.

‘Sure, he left already’. The red to grey and back to red pause. I continued to smile at the bottle. I licked my lips and felt a bit like the kid in the cowboy hat. I wished I had a gun to show the dude. After a while, he got the point.

‘Uh . . . maybe you’d like a drink’. I grabbed it.

‘Sure would’.

I took a generous swallow. It was cheap wine which tasted like it had been fortified with anti-freeze. I paused, took another hit and passed it back to him.

‘Thanks’.

There was a pause while the guy waited for me to offer him something in return. I decided not to be drawn and sat staring straight ahead, doing a passive imitation of Alice. The overhead came through again and shook the building.

The guy jerked.

‘What the luck was that?’

‘Overhead’.

‘Aah’.

‘Anytime’.

I changed, looked at my reflection in the windows and, maybe
Alice continued to stare unaveringly at the candle. A little pool of wax was beginning to form on the floor. The sailor leaned over and squeezed her breasts.

'Believe in free love, do you babe? I believe in free love'.

Alice's gaze didn't waver. Miss Rene looked him in the eye. The sailor began to slobber over the front of Alice's Donald Duck T-shirt. Rene flounced towards the door.

'Well fuck you Jack!' The door slammed behind her and her high heels clattered down the stairs. The sailor reeled away, and then stumbled back to plotting. The kid in the cowboy hat and Easy nodded. I sat and boggled as they raced out of the room yelling. The sailor seemed disinterested and then began to get interested in Monk and Easy. He listened for a while and then finally interrupted their flow.

'You fellas planning something?' Their heads flashed round, and they peered at him with speed-freak hostility.

'We're taking over.

'Taking over what?'

'The world, man. The whole fucking planet'.

'Yeah?'

'Yeah, all we got to do is get it together.'

'Taking over the world seems like a pretty tall order'.

'Monk dismissed the sailor's plebian viewpoint with a fast chop of his hand.

'No problem, once we got it together'. Easy nodded.

'We'd tell you about it only we don't have time right now'.

'The sailor grinned with a dawning, doglike devotion.

'Go ahead. You don't mind if I listen, do you?'

'Not if you don't interrupt'.

'I won't say a word'.

'It seemed as though Easy and Monk had claimed their first disciple. They went back to plotting. They dropped it on the mattress watching them, absorbing every word, his head turning from side to side like a spectator at a tennis match.

'Across the room there was a flurry of movement. The kid in the cowboy hat had taken time out from rubbing his pistol between Belinda's legs for long enough to flip through a Tammy Wynette album. It seemed like a signal to Monk and Easy. They both leaped to their feet.

'We got it!'

'Yeah! We got the answer'.

I rested my head against the wall.

'That's the word, wonderful. We got the answer'.

I shrugged.

'Sorry, why not?'

'People'.

'People?'

'Right, people'.

'Yeah, people. We live off people'. I focussed on them. The red light was reflected in their eyes. They looked like a couple of vampires who'd just spied lunch. I took the time to argue.

'I thought we did that anyway'.

'We go the whole way'.

'No half measures'.

'We catch people'.

I was confused.

'What do we do when we've caught them?'

They looked at me like I was a backward child. I was at a disadvantage. They'd had thirty-six hours to build up to this. Easy spelled it out.

'We process them'.

'Hunh?'

'Some bits we eat. Some bits we get stained on...'

'What?'

'There's all these glands'. Monk picked it up.

'The adrenal gland, the lymph gland, the pineal gland, the pituitary. You got to be able to get high on some of those. Plus we eat the flesh and make ornaments out of the bones. We could even sell them. There's no time to delay'.

I sat and boggled as they raced out of the room yelling. The sailor seemed disappointed that they hadn't asked him to go with them. There was nothing to do but wait. The overhead came through and shook the buildings. Inside of fifteen minutes, they were back again.

'We need help'.

I shook my head.

'I can't move'.

The sailor jumped to his feet and even the cowboy seemed anxious to help. They all trooped downstairs. A few minutes later they were back, struggling with a limp body. They dropped it on the floor. Belinda squeaked. Alice didn't move. I looked at it. It wasn't the best body I'd ever seen. Middle aged, unshaven, dirty, wearing a tattered Army coat, it looked like one of the bums they regularly tossed out of Dirty Edna's. Easy and Monk stood over it triumphantly. I think they would have liked to have their photos taken. Foot on neck, like big game hunters. We'd hooked Alice's Polaroid a long time earlier though, and it just wasn't possible.

Easy looked round the room.

'What we need is a knife'.

The sailor, who seemed so taken with the game that he'd totally forgotten about Alice, pulled a large switchblade from out of his coat. He opened it with a snap. I shut my eyes as they went to work. I couldn't take any more. I could picture the scene as the cops burst in.

I then thought about it. Who'd miss an old bum, it might be okay after all. Provided they didn't go crazy. And who could tell, there might be some good stuff in those glands.

The overhead came through and shook the building.
MARRY ME AND
JOIN THE BAND
YOU'RE JUST A NOGOOD
DOWNHOME GUITARIST
"Travel narrows the mind and broadens the arse", George Greaves, an old journalist friend of mine. Tangier was fond of saying, I'm sure now that he had in mind the wear and tear on your backside produced by camel saddles in the Sahara or the wooden seats in jolting Greek mountain buses, but in the mid-sixties, when I was finding England oppressive to me as a gay person, I assumed that he was referring to my old fear that getting fucked in the arse would make it expand like a ripening cauliflower. For my emotional and sexual well-being I had to get out of London, but at the same time I didn't want to have a big bum, so when I did hit the road, I restricted myself to active penetration, fettetio and mutual masturbation. A few weeks in downtown Cairo, however, brought home to me the absurdity of this attitude. I threw my virginity to the winds and resigned myself to larger trousers. Of course, the only thing that expanded was my sense of pleasure and awareness of myself: the absurdity of yet another of the ideas planted in my mind by teachers and family became clear.

Ever since, travel has been sexually liberating for me—broadening both mind (never did work out what the first part of the phrase meant) and arse, if you like. Another good reason for travel is that it removes a writing block that I have. I can employ the fiction that if I write about somewhere far enough away from the place where my article will be published, fewer people will notice what bullshit I am writing because fewer people will be able to pick up on the mistakes. On that basis, Amsterdam is a very poor substitute for Outer Mongolia, what with the Common Market and it being only a few cheap hours away and all that, but it was the only place I got to this summer, so it has to do. Naturally this has been a very difficult article to write.

I went to Amsterdam mostly for a holiday, but also perhaps to get involved in something other than magazines or writing, which for years has occupied far too much of my time in London. I had in mind a travelling troupe of actors, dancers or acrobats, but as I had not performed publicly (at least by choice) in any way since my innocent pre-pubertal days as a child star in such charmers as Toad of Toad Hall, I needed something simple to start with. I thought longingly of approaching Hibiscus and Angel Jack who were there from San Francisco with The Angels of Light in a show of breathtaking banality—ineffective nudity, dope, costume changes, and old Broadway songs like 'We'll Build A Stairway to Paradise' sung out of tune by mixed choruses of voices full of sweetness and light without any instrumental accompaniment. It was a cross between the Garden of Eden and Busby Berkeley, and their entire budget was obviously spent on tinfoil and glitter. Watching the show I felt like a rabbit in the headlights of a car, so bedazzled I had to move, he said. 'Good for business too'.

He had about a dozen glove puppets with bright, carefully made clothes and shiny, well-delineated painted heads. There was a Mary Whitehouse mother figure, an alcoholic father, a long-haired girl, a short-haired boy, a priest, a couple of nuns, a cosmic guru, a black man, and two or three all-purpose puppets with prominent noses, bald heads, double chins and bad vibes which could be used for psychiatrists, politicians, property developers and any figure starting with 'p'. His props were uncomplicated—a bed, a toilet, a bath, a table, a telly, and an indoor and outdoor backdrop.

Each of the male puppets had a hole in his trousers for a piece of rubber tubing, which could be made, when the plot required orgasm, to protrude and squirt water over the audience by squeezing a rubber ball, which we usually remembered to fill before each performance. Each of the female puppets had an electric light, representing a cunt, set into the front of her dress, which could be made to signify sexual arousal by flicking a transistor battery switch, operated by whoever—I, Adam, or Kathy his assistant—manipulating that particular puppet.

Every day we carried the theatre folded up in a tin trunk through the streets to the Vondelpark, where we set it up under the trees, and when an audience had been attracted by the bongos or
whatever, she would do a belly dance she had learned in Tunisia to warm them up. Nothing was ever happening in the park and it was easy to trap a large crowd, mostly teenybop freaks and park hippies, but a selection of Dutch matrons and German tourists with their children as well. The police checked up on us as we were setting up the first time. We had no licence, but on being told that it was 'puppets, you know, for kids', they gave big smiles and went away.

Adam's main targets were the persecution of the Roman Catholic Church and the Jesuits, the evils of sexual repression and censorship, and the hypocrisy of the Victorians and their successors. He extolled the delights of fucking and shitting and made mock of prudish Anglo-Saxon attitudes in these more than pornographic teatable areas. My first contribution to his theatre was back stage, making farting and evacuation noises, as Adam manipulated his puppet-priest on the toilet seat, while bellowing out a long monologue on the pleasures of a good ol' fashioned gutting therapy for me too, who has suffered embarrassment at having to shit, hung over a rail, in public at pop festivals. This particular sketch was always very popular, arousing great guffaws and the occasional participatory fart, from any audience. There was usually interest too in the new use being made of an old amusement device, even if they were too doped to be conscious of any sexual problems themselves except perhaps that of impotency.

Adam had grown tired of the limitations of his repertoire and was anxious to upgrade his material. After a discussion we came up with a sketch entitled The Death of Janis Joplin, the Rise and Fall of a Superstar. Unfortunately, much as we liked Janis, neither of us knew much about her history, and having no time to make new puppets, we had to weave the story around those we had. Her tragedy, as performed the next day, was bad and I would get excited and find myself unable to do more than one thing at a time. Life ran along far too quickly with changes of props and characters, and drunkenly dragging guys off the stage into her car at the lights. Her sweet heart was a girl rather than a boy, and I wasn't able to be correct for once and included some tender lesbian love scenes. But I was vaguely embarrassed (embarrassment, the curse of the middle classes) by my own gaiety, as indeed I had been the previous day when I had chickened out of doing a gay liberation sketch I had prepared. I was overcome by shyness, not simple Bambi stuff, but self-oppressive timidity. Had that heavy duty done with GLF at the London School of Economics and All Saints Hall been all to no avail? Would I write for Gay News at my local newspaper? Was it time for electro-shock treatment as my only solution? I decided rather hastily that it was just natural nervousness at performing in public, even in such a friendly medium as a puppet theatre, and not something as semi-religious as I lack of gay conviction. As Adam had pointed out patiently, I was a very hot and bothered performer. My co-ordination was bad and I would get exposed and find myself in the wrong place, at one thing at a time. Life ran along far too quickly in the puppet world for my fat fingers, which had to work frantically to keep pace with changes of props and characters. Voices to switch for a hot sex life was more than fucking producers councillors, and from the minute that Hansel and Gretel flickered on the wall, billed as a gay liberation sketch I had prepared, I imagined a couple of warm springs, fountains in the vapour, music, steamimg pools like natural thermal baths, fountains in the vapour, music, soft lights and nakedness, colour telly and trips to the botanical garden and open to the sky on hot air balloons. I could love tempes with a Robert Crumb fuck-in and orgy-riot whenever communal passion escaped from its box.

The Vienna Sex Puppets evening at the Milky Way turned into a Joplin rock memorial service. The Gay News Magazine (like Oz, a final issue will be out by the end of the year) lent us two cartoons which could have come out of Uncal Wall's personal collection and were originally shown at the Wet Dream Festival, Janis herself had doubted drawing power (she was as remote as Bessie Smith to a good half of the crowd), but from the minute that Hansel and Gretel flickered on the wall, billed as a Janis Joplin masturbation fantasy, a sexual whisper floated around the club and the room was charged.

Piece of My Heart was blasted out over the loudspeakers, then a spotlight played on Kathy as she did her belly dance, announcing its time as Janis Joplin's Dream of Paradise. By the time the puppet drama itself got going, it was almost lost in the sideshows and pretensions of a mammoth production.

Kathy made Janis into a real tough cookie of a puppet, and I, feverishly working away as her mother, father and boy friend, felt itself as a punchy bitch who deserved everything she got. Me and Bobby McGee, played at the end as an accompaniment to the second of the cartoons, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs which was billed as Janis Joplin's Vision of Life. The curtain call and the curse of the middle classes) by my own gaiety, as indeed I had been the previous day when I had chickened out of doing a gay liberation sketch I had prepared, I was overcome by shyness, not simple Bambi stuff, but self-oppressive timidity. Had that heavy duty done with GLF at the London School of Economics and All Saints Hall been all to no avail? Would I write for Gay News at my local newspaper? Was it time for electro-shock treatment as my only solution? I decided rather hastily that it was just natural nervousness at performing in public, even in such a friendly medium as a puppet theatre, and not something as semi-religious as I lack of gay conviction. As Adam had pointed out patiently, I was a very hot and bothered performer. My co-ordination was bad and I would get exposed and find myself in the wrong place, at one thing at a time. Life ran along far too quickly in the puppet world for my fat fingers, which had to work frantically to keep pace with changes of props and characters. Voices to switch for a
cage on a canal just off the Leidse-
plan with a large, comfortable area for watching movies or video, another for eating, another for tea and conversation, and a main room for loitering or lolling about, listening to music, dancing if you wish. Glitter to be thrown for the cunts to flash, and I tended not to realise that I was compulsively making puppets come and switching light bulbs on and off long after the story had moved elsewhere.

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I didn't know whether we could afford this advertisement. By we, I mean Warner Bros. and at this point it becomes crazy because everyone knows Warner Bros. can afford a page in OZ, or a page in the New York Times or any paper anywhere, so what I mean by "afford" is how does it make sense in relation to George Melly's next album which probably won't be in the shops until after you have read this by which time you may have forgotten all about it or gone on to other things besides which you may not even like George Melly or me or you may not like buying albums, you may like scoring them or liberating them or taping other people's. However, as it's the last OZ and as OZ and George and I are part of whatever we are part of, here is an advertisement for "Son Of Nuts" (K 46269) George Melly's second album for Warner Bros. George is featured with the Feetwarmers. They have done so marvellously well this year, in concert and on TV and radio and in the press that they are all giving up their jobs and going full time as performers. They will sweep the world or fail. The latter is unlikely. George Melly is the only entertainer in Britain who will always make you glad to be alive. It is a very good album. Please buy it. You will never regret it. Good luck to us all. And thank you OZ. You were very good.

Derek Taylor
When I hear the word 'fascist' I reach for my gun. Not to shoot the fascist—God knows there'll be time enough for that—but to blast the person who used the word. Because in the past few weeks I've heard everyone, from Robert Carr to Rod Stewart to the referee in the Arsenal-Tranmere Rovers game, described as a fascist and the word has become so overused and illused as to become almost meaningless. An underground sopsorific, a mandy of the written word.

Fascist Pig replaced Yah-Boo in the sixties as an all-purpose expulsive directed at anyone who disagreed with the left or who held any kind of overt authority. The result is that the overuse of the word tends to obscure the genuine and increasing fascism in this country.

Now fascism, as I see it, is a movement towards control of the weak by the strong, based on an elitist and often violent doctrine, of one group of people over another; it grows from both economic and social dissatisfaction and feeds on fear and intolerance. Ask Enoch.

Hard-line fascists in Britain suffered an enormous reverse because of Hitler, and the last war is a blow from which they are only just recovering. But recovering they are, as witness the mushrooming of right-wing groups throughout the sixties and early seventies: the National Front, the Anglo-Rhodesian Society, Action Party, Keep Britain White Campaign, the Racial Preservation Society, the Monday Club, Immigration Control Association, the National Democratic Party, the Free Speech Defence Fund and the National Independent Party.

Many of these groups are as thin on the ground and as divided as many left groups are often accused of being; in fact, all you need to do to form a party is get a suitably stentorian name, whip out a pamphlet featuring repatriation, hanging and a stronger police force, and you'll probably get media coverage and need a chill down the spines of liberal opinion. For many of the groups might well have died the death were it not for the fascination they have for the media and liberals in particular. Lenny Bruce used to have a routine about Lincoln Rockwell in which he pondered on whether Rockwell was just playing to crowds of Jews shaking their fists at him and really only had two followers who were deaf and thought the swastika was an Aztec symbol. 'Who always shows you these articles about bigotry?' asked Bruce. 'The liberals. Hmmm.'

So, pace Lenny, let's take a look at the policies and histories of some of the major groups currently touting for power and membership dues in what they feel is a climate of indecision and national trauma.

One of the newest, by name if not by ideas, is the Action Party which was formed on January 1st of this year out of the ashes of Mosley's Union Movement, which itself had been running since 1948. They have kept the familiar lightning-flash symbol and have been leafletting areas of London with their ten-point programme and requests for people to subscribe to their 4-page newspaper, the bi-weekly Action.

The ten points range from the predictable repatriation, choice of education and capital punishment to the less expected union with Europe and compulsory purchase of houses at pre-boom prices to provide cheaper homes. On the race issue, they want to repatriate all 'post-war immigrants to good jobs and conditions in their homelands'. One of the reasons given for this is the assertion that immigrants have introduced 'diseases unknown in this country for hundreds of years'. I asked their full-time secretary, Jeffrey Hamm, an old Mosleyite, what diseases this referred to and he told me there were now 1,000 lepers in this country 'but we don't want to exploit this issue as people love to brand us as racists'. Can't think why.

They are coy about the size of their membership, but since they are currently facing debts of nearly £5,000 and are making a fairly desperate appeal for money, it would be fair to assume that Action is something of a misnomer.

Their opinions of other right-wing groups are scathing. Powell is called 'absurd', a dupe being used by the Tories as a safety-valve, and furthermore personally responsible during his time as Minister of Health for introducing thousands of coloured hospital workers to Britain; Robert Carr is a 'soft sister' and of the National Front Hamm says 'where they are sensible, they are not original and where they are original, they are not sensible'; the Monday Club 'lunch on Mondays and squabble on Tuesdays'.

At the Action conference on October 7th, Mr Hamm claimed that his party
was 'the party of the centre', that they want a united European Army and hoped Britain would join with Europe and the white Commonwealth to create a third major power, the other two being America and Russia. China, nowhere. Action also has a novel interpretation of the recent killings of African miners in South Africa: the police were actually defending other African workers. But in view of their debts and the fact that hardly anyone seems to have heard of them, Action does seem to be something of a Mickey Mouse in boots.

Mr Webster should know. Since he attended the National Socialists' rally in Trafalgar Square in 1962 he has become a leading Front figure in polarisation of opinion on the racial issues, and polled 4,789 votes at the West Bromwich by-election in May.

While the Action Party have to content themselves with trying to persuade local libraries to take their newspaper and asking for funds, the NF have been fighting elections and are to put up at least 50 candidates at the next General Election; which would seem to be about the best reason for making it to the polling booths since 1945. At the moment the effect of their electioneering is to cut the Tory vote, but the size of some of the turn-outs—businessman John Clifton picked up 3,000 votes at Uxbridge earlier this year—shows that they have the organisation to make inroads into local councils, where they could do a considerable amount of damage. They, too, do a lot of leafletting, most recently in Harringey, Brixton, Hounslow and Brentford where small stickers distributed from their Croydon headquarters claim 'National Front puts Britain first--Stop Immigration, Start Repatriation?'

John Tyndall, the man who now leads the Front, is a former member of the League of Empire Loyalists which was formed in 1954 by A K Chesterton, second cousin to the author G K. Tyndall split from them in 1958 to set up the National Labour Party with John Beam, another leading Front leader, and appeared in a charming Daily Herald photo in 1962, carrying a swastika banner at a National Socialist camp in the Cotswolds.

I attended their conference at the Conway Hall in October and watched Tyndall on the Union Jack-bedecked platform delivering a call to arms based on 'the spirit and the genius of this race, living on proud and defiant'. The word 'race' had a positively Pavlovian effect on the delegates, producing immediate cries of 'yes' and much hand-clapping. I hate to fall back on such a tired comparison as we Adolf, but really Tyndall's strutting hyperbole 'soon we shall hear the sounds of marching columns...the skyline will be red and white and blue...we have the greatest fighters in the country'—was so much of a crip of Hitler that I'm surprised he doesn't come out of his bunker and sue for breach of copyright. But perhaps the saddest aspect of the conference was watching the police and the NF stickers swapped anecdotes about how they dealt with leftist demonstrators. I'd like to send a free holiday on the Black Sea to the gallant photographer who quietly whisked the Internationale throughout Tyndall's closing remarks.

The Front have taken away much of the muscle from the Monday Club which, at its peak in 1971, could claim 34 Tory MPs and 35 Peers in its ranks. Now it is suffering an ideological haemorrhage, gleefully catalogued by the press, because of the refusal of chairman Jonathon Guinness—'It's what your right wing's for—to resign. Guinness and his supporters are considered soft and the expulsion of the Essex branch of the club for the election support they gave a local Front candidate caused further rifts in the Club. Guinness has duly paid the penalty for being a softy by being dropped by his constituency in Lincoln as their candidate in the next election.

By their increasingly obtuse behaviour, the Monday Club members have become an embarrassment to many of their parliamentary colleagues and only a handful of Tory MPs remain with them, although those with strong ties include our old friend Geoff Rippon, Julian Amery and former Minister of Transport, John Peyton. But one of the former members, George Young, who lost the chairmanship battle with Guinness on April 30th, has used the Club as a springboard to further activity in Brent where he hopes to stand in the next election and use the immigration issue as a focus for his campaign. Young, an ex-MI6 man, is in part ironically responsible for Kim Philby's diplomatic rise.

The other groups and parties, while fiercely claiming deep ideological and practical differences, seem to offer pretty much the same kick-out-the-darkies-hang-muggers-jail-IRA-fight-comprehensive-schools-recognise-Rhodesia-kiss-Vorster's-ass formula. National Democratic chairman David Brown, who is standing for Ipswich, is in favour of forced repatriation. Air Vice-Marshal Donald Bennett, the head of the Nation-
al Independent Party, is an admirer of the pragmatic policies of South Africa and Rhodesia.

But what about the Tory party, with whom many of these groups have a strange love-hate relationship? In general, it's criticised for being too gentle with immigrants and criminals, economically spineless and too ready to abandon the British role in the world. At the Tory conference in Blackpool, Councillor Peter Wood of Sunderland put the motion calling for stricter control of immigrants and although Carr didn't exactly give in to what he said, he was pretty flaccid in his objections to it. We even had Willie Deedles, chairman of the Commons Select Committee on Race Relations, telling us that identity cards might well become a reality and no-one could really accuse the Tories of being 'soft on race' with a piece of legislation like the 1971 Immigration Act behind them.

So the Tories find themselves faced with the dilemma of whether or not to go the whole anti-immigrant hog-deporting at will, humiliating immigrants at airports and giving the gentle nod to their more vociferous right wing. As Mr Deedles so significantly put it, 'public instinct is not always wrong in these matters'. Even in the castrated language of politicians, it is clear what he means.

But if groups and parties provide the more flamboyant signs of fascism, it is the less obvious expressions that deserve more attention.

The army, for instance, is currently engaged in fighting British citizens, a significance that seems to have escaped many people in this country. And since our army is still one of the most costly and largest in Europe and has nowhere like Cyprus, Aden and Malaya to play in, we must assume that they are going to become more deeply involved in fighting in Britain itself.

It is certainly a situation that Brigadier Frank Kitson, who made his name fighting the Mau Mau in Kenya and the Irish in Ireland, seems to almost welcome in his book, 'Low Intensity Operation'. He anticipates a situation in the late seventies when the army role in fighting subversion will be much greater. By subversion, he means 'strikes, protest marches and propaganda... the use of small-scale violence'. He envisages the army 'advising the government' and getting involved in the actual running of the country, setting up highly efficient intelligence units. As regards that boring old impediment, the Law, Kitson sees one alternative use for it as 'just another weapon in the arsenal of the government... little more than a propaganda method for the disposal of unwanted members of the public'. Although not totally convinced, at least in print, of using the law like this, Kitson foresees that using the law legally might prove unworkable if it were found to be politically impossible to get sufficiently severe emergency regulations on the statute book'. He adds that 'it is... true to say that unnecessary delay in committing the army may result in far worse complications later on'. And he points out that 'three or four times as many troops might be needed if they were confined to using batons and gas, as would be required if they were allowed to use small arms'.

Kitson was involved in Kenya in the fifties when we used to read about terrible atrocities committed against the genial white settlers. In fact only 36 white people died, while 11,500 Africans were killed. And Kitson is the man who included, in his book. It is this notion of how they used to bring the police into an article on fascism. If you've dealt with or been frag-happy draftees. The British Army has few such disillusioned and consequently poses that much more of a threat to a civilian population, with whom it has little contact.

There's no thrill of satisfaction in bringing the police into an article on fascism. If you've dealt with or been dealt with by the police in Spain or America or Taiwan or Greece or wherever, you can at least put our police in some perspective. But it would be wrong to ignore the potential that the police have to control us, a potential that is already being put to use.

Take the recent raids on 'bomb suspects' for instance. Police smashed their way into houses about as likely to
The two ex-Strawbs debut album. Richard Hudson and John Ford bring you 12 fine and original songs. Includes "Pick Up The Pieces" and "Take It Back".

If you didn’t get this before you still have a chance to grace the old Garrard with a little style. Maybe pick up a new stylus while you’re at it. Give yourself a Christmas present.
Hot from the oven is STEALERS WHEEL "FERGUSLIE PARK". A tasty, tempting serving of a dozen Egan/Rafferty future classics produced by Leiber and Stoller. Don't be left behind on this one.

GALLAGHER & LYLE: "SEEDS" Benny and Graham offer you an album of tight harmony that gives you rock with thought, and music to keep warm by during these next miserable months.

Yes folks, those zany lads are back again with the kind of humour that can destroy your whole neighbourhood. Pick it up next Saturday while you're purchasing your weekend surgical requisites.
They, too, were in the midst of economic crises—infestation in 1923 and the monetary crisis of 1926; they, too, had just suffered a military blow to their national pride, the loss of war, and Britain has just suffered the loss of her empire; their movement, too, was based among the petit bourgeois with a grudge against both organized labour and big business.

In writing in 1930, Trotsky asked what one of those facets must be the Church of the Divine Light, the Children of the Light, the Children of the Light, the Children of Light, the Children of Light? Before they all rush round to consume me in holy fire, I should make it clear that I am not saying that all members of these religions are fanatics or anything like that; what I am saying is that the precise elements in each religion that could easily be exploited in an anti-left fashion. And we all know that there is no army more dedicated than one that knows it is going to heaven.

There are other comparisons that can be made: Hitler's time in jail could be paralleled with the GB transferred by the Lord Chief Justice at the end of the last war to the ultra-right here—in fact, they regard themselves as martyrs already; disillusioned soldiers like the German General Kapp, were at the forefront of Nazism—they were disgruntled with their country's new military role, too, the 'foreign' community was blamed for many of Germany's economic problems in the same way that Powell and his fellow psychotics blame the blacks in Britain; there was among the Germans the same kind of provincial committees—in their case the League of Nations—as the ultra-rightists have of the United Nations; similar techniques are used—as Powell falsifies his figures on immigration and makes up stories of immigrant behaviour, so, too, did the Nazis; the illustrations in 'Mein Kampf' even went to the extent of touching up Jewish noses to make them look longer.

Britain has, admittedly, a long history of parliamentary democracy not shared by Germany and it does have a tradition of doing things through committee and petition. It is this respect for history that keeps the latent fascists at bay. But if an emergency arose, an assassination, more bombings, how long would the 'normal channels' be allowed to flow?
You know you're getting close to Southall when you start passing pie shops with signs out front reading 'English Take-Away Food'. Southall, the city's under one ethnic ghetto, Little India, a town with about as much'n common with the rest of London living as free dope and honest coppers. Cross that open stretch of cold, flat land out along bus route 207 and it's like crossing the border to another country, another continent, where the corner sweet shops stock sticky saffron rice balls fresh from Bengal and the newsagents sell Diwali cards at Christmas. The bus fills up with people at each stop. They're all brown, black, and they're speaking strange languages. The Pakistani conductor stops groaning over changing pound notes and smiles more often.

Home territory. Out here it's also Little Islam. On the streets it's all business and pleasure. A loaf of bread costs more than a loaf of bread in the West. The Pakistani conductor stops groaning over changing pound notes and smiles more often.

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No disciplinary charges were laid. Not surprisingly the January inquiry did nothing to dampen the station’s enthusiasm for duty—in fact it did far more damage to the citizens of Southall than if there had been no inquiry at all. To the police it looked like tacit approval of their more persuasive methods, a sort of official seal. But more than that it gave the station what amounted to a free hand in its dealings with the huge Southall immigrant population. If it could slide out from under a series of pretty solid bashing allegations made by whites and come up smelling of roses, what hope would a black, with just a basic grasp of the English language, let alone English law or civil rights, have of making any shit stick? 'They even beat their own people and get away with it', one Asian community leader was to tell me.

Even at this time the relationships between police and migrants was fraying. There were complaints that the police were interested in blacks only when it suited them, but when it came to keeping the peace amongst the immigrants, they didn’t want to know. After one fight between two gangs of immigrant kids, one boy was left lying seriously injured on the footpath for upwards of half an hour before any action was taken. When the police did arrive they started pushing around the residents who had gathered to assist, and one officer was heard to remark: ‘We only came down here because the person who phoned could speak English’. Also at about this time Judge Grant at the Old Bailey was ruling inadmissible confessions made by two Southall immigrants, Mr and Mrs Bhooi, in an incest trial. The Bhoois claimed they had been forced to confess and the Judge ruled they had signed involuntarily.

The next set of brutality charges to spark of an inquiry came to light purely by accident just two months after the January investigation. Satnam Kane was a West London petrol pump attendant who was picked up by Southall police and charged with stealing £50 from the garage he was working at. He was held at the station for six hours, signed a confession and pled guilty when he appeared before the magistrate the next day. The case seemed sewn up until the magistrate, before passing sentence, questioned Kane as to why he had stolen the money. Despite a string of previous convictions, Kane had kept out of trouble since marrying two years earlier. Why break this two...
year conviction drought? asked the magistrate. I didn’t steal anything, came the reply. They made me confess.

The case was adjourned and once again things were looking a little bad for Southall station. The next day they were looking a whole lot worse when the garage proprietor found the ‘stolen’ money in the back of a drawer where it had been all along. This left Southall holding a confession, not only from a man who denied committing any crime, but to a crime that had never in fact happened.

When Kane reappeared he was represented by Malcolm Hurwitt, a former member of the National Council for Civil Liberties executive committee, who told the court that while in Southall Police Station for those six hours, Kane had been struck in the face three times and had been threatened that unless he confessed his mother and wife would be implicated. A serious allegation of conspiracy to pervert the course of justice was involved, said Mr Hurwitt, and the papers should be sent to the Director of Public Prosecutions. The magistrate made an order accordingly and threw the Kane case out of court. More than four months later the DPP found there was insufficient evidence to justify a police prosecution, which was news to no-one except perhaps the Southall immigrants. After being raised in their respective countries on the myth of British Justice and the Honest Bobby, here they were in London, beaten, harassed and framed. But when they complained, they were ignored.

‘Even if the trial court is not satisfied that the confession was voluntary and therefore acquits, there is virtually no risk that police malpractice that led to the confession will afterwards be forthcoming’, commented the NCCL newsletter Civil Liberty, after the DPP findings were published. ‘Such a degree of immunity from the risk of being found out, even in the case of quite grave misconduct, must very seriously increase the temptation to behave improperly in particular cases’.

205 South African police were convicted in 1972 on charges of culpable homicide, intent to do grievous bodily harm and assault. Only 13 of these have been dismissed from the force—Anti-Apartheid News, April 1973.

‘Temptation to behave improperly . . .’ Yes, it’s a big temptation alright. But it’s not quite that easy. You still have to watch your step. You still have to play it by the book at least part of the time. Can’t just go around picking up people off the streets for nothing. They’ve got to be a bit suspicious. There has to be at least some sort of proof to back up the confessions they are going to sign. You might make a mistake and pull in someone important, someone with friends who can make trouble. Anyone can make a mistake. And then you need warrants to get into their houses. And there’s records to keep. And court appearance where those smart-ass lawyers twist things around and ask questions and make you look a fool. No, you can’t just pick them up for nothing . . . even if
they are black.

Britain's new retrospective immigration laws were a boon for bent, racist coppers. The 1968 Immigration Act and this year's Pakistani Act, the most inhuman pieces of legislation yet to come out of Middle Britain's black paranoia, gave the police more freedom than the British Press. Immigrants can now be detained 'on suspicion' for an unlimited period of time. They need never see the inside of a police cell unless they are arrested and the moment they begin climbing the Air India gangplank at Heathrow. Proof of legal entry is the only safeguard against deportation, and, as many immigrants entered Britain prior to the 1968 Immigration Act, without having had their passports stamped, there are now thousands of black Britons who fear any brush with the law. Immigrants who lose their passports are equally as vulnerable. And the speed with which immigrants are ejected from the country is frightening ... no time for brutality charges ... no time for AIO investigations.

Already since January, 114 people have been detained under the laws and 86 deported. Only 14 have been released. Social workers in immigrant areas will tell you tales of split families, broken homes, passport raids, identification checks and brutality for as long as you want to listen. Meanwhile, at the Tory Party conference in Blackpool, the Government was being accused of softening up immigration. I.D. cards for blacks were discussed as the next likely step. In South Africa they're called pass cards.

Southall Police Station was not slow in using this new manna from heaven. Soon there were ugly rumours doing the rounds of Southall, rumours of people being picked up and disappearing, rumours of passport raids after dark, of driving licence checks where passports were necessary, of police spies paid to name 'suspects', rumours of interpreters pretending to be police and interrogating immigrants, rumours of more bloodletting in the Southall cells. No one knows how many of the 114 people detained under the Act were brought to Southall—"We don't keep figures for individual stations", said the Home Office man—nor in what condition they left Southall. Days, weeks, months, some immigrants were tired of swallowing their pride of Southall Police', it read. 'In the respect of Southall Police', it read. 'In the pride of X Division. Although only a mile or two and Norwood Green was to have taken the lead ball ate deeper into the red brick, a crowd of locals watched cheerfully, not at all upset over the fall of the headquarters of Division X. During the two years' rebuilding, Southall was scheduled to drop in status to a sub-station and Norwood Green was to have taken command. Although only a mile or two apart, the two stations are as alike, well, as black and white. Eighty-year-old Mr Gilbey at the Primrose League again.

Southall's boys in blue couldn't take the change. Perhaps they figured their throttle hold on Division X was slipping, perhaps it was the Royal Humane Society, the RSPCA clinic and The Priory, a small chunk of Jane Austen England, an Empire relic as remote from the Eastern wierdness of Southall as HP Sauce from mango chutney. Southall's boys in blue couldn't take the change. Perhaps they figured their throttle hold on Division X was slipping, perhaps it was the Royal Humane Society, the RSPCA clinic and The Priory, a small chunk of Jane Austen England, an Empire relic as remote from the Eastern wierdness of Southall as HP Sauce from mango chutney.
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Anyway to get down to our new advanced range of books—Original Climax Magazines. These magazines were originally published in Denmark some three years ago, just after pornography was legalised and they were only sold 'under the counter' in the UK. Climax looked for a British distributor, but all were too timid to handle it—hesitantly they argued that it was far too strong and that it could not be sold in England without censoring; and to be honest we too turned down the opportunity of distributing Climax. However, with the new liberal attitude towards erotica we feel that the time is now right to release this new range of books. Whilst in Denmark they are selling Climax 60 we are starting at number 1 and issuing four a month. The series will be published completely unretouched and uncensored, you will see in large, unretouched pages every conceivable sexual detail in bold unashamed action-photos—featuring young and virile Swedish couples.

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DB7 - Young girl would love to meet sexy, foreign lady for fun and games. Coloured girls added. (Essex.)

9 Strong Written Material
Her fingers were soft and gentle. I felt them moving up and down the ticking with her nail at the end, then moving back into my groin. She had a much like a goddess, and I closed my eyes, bursting on the wonderful feeling flushing over me. Then something warm and wet enveloped me. I looked down and saw him licking head between my thighs. I opened my legs, and stretched luxuriously, raising my hips slightly. A few minutes of her expert manipulation and I felt strength returning once again. Her hands moved secrets of time with hers until I was fully erect and spinach to go. Then she stood up, stripping all her clothes until she was naked.

This time I had the benefit, she whispered. I nodded, I knew what I meant. She knelt over me and lowered herself to my waiting. It was ecstatic as my tongue darted into her. And I heard her cry out in ecstacy, then once again her body twisted.

This time it took longer, and was all the better for it. Ellen orgasmed three times before I pushed myself up and emptied.

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"While Janet left the room with Mike I felt the first pang. My wife was about to get by someone else. The pang soon went when I felt Marion's hand unzipping my fly. This girl was a coker. She did a slow strip tease in front of me, twisting and thrusting her body at me until I was nearly going mad for her. I don't think I have ever stripped faster in my life. When I was naked she lay down on the floor, legs apart. 'Take me' she said. 'Take me now and hard, don't play with me.' I said I didn't need telling twice, I just fell on her, grabbing her shoulders and slamming all the way in. She had a marvellous technique, gripping and squeezing her nipples. She was very quick to come off, which was a godsend, because the way she started up to meet me I was ready to shoot almost straight away. He sped very quickly, and although he was small in stature he had an erect and stiff form. He guided my hands towards it, and I was amazed at the size of it, it was stiff and firm. He kissed me on the lips, looked deep into my eyes and said, 'I want you, and I want you now.' He guided me towards it, and I kissed him and kissed me. I felt his thrusts, and I lasted a long time. I looked up at the mirror and I could see his dark head bobbing up and down. I placed my hands over my brain, pulling at the nipple, my hips rising in a rhythm wider and wider, my legs parted.

**BIG Reasons to buy PRIVATE**

*On the advice of the lawyers of this magazine certain sections in this article are censored. However PRIVATE is completely uncensored.*
I doubt that we shall ever see a boutique called 'Salvador Allende'. He was 64 years old, far from pretty, middle class in lifestyle and appearance, a politician, not a warrior. Not the stuff of which teen heroes are made. And besides, fashions have come and gone in Britain since Che adorned the walls of every well-equipped State Smasher's flat—Latin American revolutionaries are now rather passe (perhaps it's since Mick Jagger married one of the side). In any case, they're not entertaining and that's what counts. Maybe I ought to plug the fact that Allende liked to tango, which I hear is all the rage this year.

But despite their differences of age and image, Allende and Guevara were both part of the same movement aimed at creating a socialist Latin America free from US exploitation. Together with Fidel Castro, they were personal friends who understood and respected each other's different roads to the common goal.

Readers of *Oz* who have grown up without growing cynical would do well to understand the significance of the Chilean tragedy, particularly now that those simple certainties of 1968 seem less certain and not at all simple. What were symbols of revolt in the '60s, today take on a sinister ambiguity. After the coup in Santiago, the Army played rock and roll over the radio to keep young people off the streets, and bands of wealthy kids with long hair and faded denim flares could be seen helping to scrub left-wing slogans off bullet riddled walls.

But what relevance, you might ask, can the affairs of Chile, set in a continent notorious for its frequent and violent changes of government, have for placid (Paris 1968?) law abiding (Greece?) stable (Ireland?) old Europe? For the moment, let me merely say this: the next government of France is very likely to be a Communist-Socialist alliance, with Italy not far behind. Even in Britain, after five years of inflation and depression amid escalating conflict (politely called 'industrial unrest' by nice people), it no longer seems laughable for Lord Balogh, writing in the *Evening Standard*, to warn the Labour party that Allende's grisly fate is what you get for being too bolshie.

Besides, the Chilean experience has an 'old-fashioned' ring about it which is instructive in itself. All the things that trendy political scientists tell us cannot happen in parliamentary democracies happened. 'The working class taking power? But my dear chap, we don't have classes anymore in the liberal-affluent-consensus-democratic-industrial-post-McLuhan age!' In fact, the actors in the drama have not changed fundamentally since the Russian Revolution; the smoke screens raised to obscure them have merely improved, having recruited the Marcuses and Theodore Rozaks for added opacity.

In November 1970, the very first democratically elected Marxist government took office in Chile. Called 'Popular Unity' (Unidad Popular), it was an alliance of Communists and Socialists led by Dr. Salvador Allende Gossens, a founder member of the Chilean Socialist Party. Its aim was to abolish monopoly capitalism and US exploitation in Chile by legal means, working within the Parliamentary system. For three years it fought bitter and ruthless opposition from within and without to carry out this aim, achieving considerable success and earning the overwhelming support and respect of the working people and peasants.

It ended atrociously in September of this year with a military coup (possibly US aided) and the death of President Allende, shot dead while defending the Presidential Palace. The triumphant military junta then launched a 'white terror' of rare viciousness in order to 'liberate the fatherland from the Marxist yoke'. Factories whose workers resisted the coup were levelled by the Air Force with bombs and rockets, killing thousands. Hundreds more were executed in the streets and several thousand rounded up into makeshift concentration camps to await military tribunals. 'Unofficial' Fascist death squads, eager to avenge three years of humiliation, dragged known socialist supporters from their houses and shot them. The game of Parliamentary Democracy ended (not for the first time) with the side who invented it suspending the rules.

Chile is (or was) anything but the typical South American 'banana republic' of the smug European imagination. A mainly urban and industrial country, where copper and salt-petre mines, iron and steel far outweigh agriculture in the Gross National Product, Chile has a long and sophisticated political history which...
makes France, Italy and even Germany look like banana republics when measured by the number of collapsed regimes and violent political episodes. Chile's parliamentary system dates back to 1833. Until 1964 Chile was ruled almost without interruption by representatives of a small ruling class of landowners, mineowners, industrialists and financiers (dominated by wealthy families such as the Edwards clan), whose attitude towards workers could be summarised as 'let them eat grapes'. Since the late 1940s, the new professional middle classes, whose views tend to be more progressive, have lived with this grimly byzantine saga and the Market Left for parliamentary power.

The Chilean system was rather like that of the USA, with an executive (the President and his Government) ruling through a civil service bureaucracy, and a separate legislature (the two houses of Congress) to make or approve new laws. President and Congress were elected separately and by no means always saw eye to eye, sometimes being controlled by rival parties. But perhaps the decisive influence on Chile's development is US imperialism, which took over where Britain and Germany left off at the turn of the century. Before 1970, US business owned the bulk of Chile's lucrative mining industry, several banks, and had fingers in almost every profitable industrial pie. Unlike the Central American 'banana republics', little agricultural land was US owned, which may partly explain why the US didn't intervene directly against Allende. They had to deal with something far more tricky than a peasant rebellion.

**UNIDAD POPULAR IN POWER**

From 1964 to 1973, the Christian Democrats ruled Chile under President Frei, and failed to carry out its promised and much-needed reforms. In particular, they did not break the US stranglehold on Chile's mining industry, and failed to unleash the huge and inefficient landowners. By 1970, inflation, unemployment and poverty were raging, and the CDP's popularity crashed. With the Presidential Elections approaching, the party's left wing gained the upper hand and put forward Radomiro Tomie as candidate, shattering hopes of further support from the right wing National Party, who offered their own ex-President Allende. And it was the splinter group who finally rejoined the party for the elections. Tomie made several advances offering an alliance with Christian Democrats, but Popular Unity, which had the majority in the Congress, refused to accept him. The Christian Democrats eventually chose Tomie as their candidate, but his right-wing policies were not popular with the workers, who turned to the Left instead.

Tomie's flirtations failed, Frei's winning margin in the 1973 presidential election was less than 40,000 votes, and the Christian Democrats were soundly defeated in the Congress, which was now dominated by the Left. Frei's government struggled to implement its programme, which was largely opposed by the business community, who had significant influence in the Congress. The Christian Democrats were split, with some members supporting the government, while others were opposed. The country was in turmoil, with protests, strikes and political violence. The Christian Democrats were unable to maintain control, and a military coup was averted only by the intervention of the US government, who promised economic aid if the Christian Democrats accepted a constitutional referendum on the future of the country. The referendum was boycotted by the Christian Democrats, who were now in the minority in the Congress, and the military stepped in, overthrew the government and took control of the country. Allende's government was dissolved, and a military junta was established, led by General Pinochet.
broken by the Army at Allende's request. But the peace was temporary. A second lorry-owners' strike this summer brought out doctors, lawyers, shopkeepers and eventually civil servants in sympathy. The Army refused further help and the country slid into economic chaos.

The showdown approached. Workers occupied nationalised factories and armed to defend them. The Reaction was more or less openly discussed. On the other side, Right-wing officers attempted a coup in Santiago, which was put down by loyal units.

Allende's inaction in civil war was wrong. Allende, together with the military, asked three hitherto loyal Generals to take over the armed forces. They apologetically resigned.

In early September, on walls around Santiago, graffiti appeared bearing a single word: 'Jakarta' (the Indonesian capital where tens of thousands of communists were slaughtered after the army deposed Sukharno).

Some six days later, the new Junta, under Army Chief Pinochet, Air Force Chief Leigh and Navy Commander Merino, could inform the world that 'the Allende regime has died of infection'. The roles of executioner and coroner are not usually so boldly combined and many may question the fact, let alone the accuracy, of such a verdict.

The political complexion of the new Regime will present few surprises. The Junta initially claimed its aims to be basically 'democratic', and that any gains made by workers under Unidad Popular could not be revoked (as credible as a mugger asking for change of a fiver). Their record, so far, suggests otherwise.

Three hundred nationalised companies are to be run by 'their owners', as are the large estates. Allende's wage increases have been cancelled and enormous increases in staple food prices (of up to 500%) decreed. Schools and hospitals are being purged. The hunting down and execution of socialists continues.

Most significantly, the 1925 Constitution has been abolished and a new one is to be written excluding the Left from ever regaining power; the Parliamentary system has come to an end in Chile. 'Now', the Generals have promised, 'there will be no more politics'.

This leaves as a probable future a long, painful guerrilla struggle led by the MIR (Revolutionary Left Movement), Socialists and perhaps Communists, whose organisations are by no means destroyed. The outcome—Bolivian deposed, Allende and the Vietnamese expelled—is not a subject for easy prediction, optimistic or otherwise.

A similar caution could also be exercised when drawing lessons for Europe. The 'Parliamentary Road', correctly understood, neither stands nor falls by the Chilean defeat. To refuse a part in electoral politics in Chile (or France or Italy) would have condemned the Marxist terrorists to defeat. Banned between 1925-55 and 1949-58, involved in several unsuccessful compromise governments with the Radicals in the 1940s, it finally allied with the Socialists behind Allende in 1958.

Socialist Party: formed in 1932 after the abortive 12-day 'Socialist Republic' (a palace revolution led by an Air Force officer Marmadeuke Grove). It rejected the Communist political dependence on Russia, and has always been doubtful about Parliamentary tactics, leaning on occasion far to the Left. Joined, rather warily, with the Communists to put Allende up for President in 1958. He came second out of five candidates. The alliance put him forward again in 1964 on a more radical platform, but were defeated by a right-wing counter-alliance.

Radical Party: Chile's oldest left party formed in the 1880s by mainly upper and middle class reformers (gaining a reputation for vigilance in policy and corruption in office). Ruled with Communist help in the 1940s, but soon turned on them and banned them. Moved leftward in 1964 and denounced itself as Marxist in 1971.

Unidad Popular: an alliance of Communists, Socialists, Radicals, MAFU and small socialist parties, formed before the 1970 Presidential Elections on a radical socialist platform. MIR: the Revolutionary Left Movement, a guerrilla group committed to armed revolution who were responsible for assassinations, kidnappings and bank robberies before 1970. After Allende's election they ceased operations and conditionally supported Unidad Popular, while remaining armed and agitation for more radical measures.

THE LEFT

Communist Party: formed in 1921 and consistently pro-Russian. From 1931 onwards it has been committed to a Parliamentary strategy. Banned between 1925-55 and 1949-58. Involving in several unsuccessful compromise governments with the Radicals in the 1940s, it finally allied with the Socialists behind Allende in 1958.

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THE CENTRE

Christian Democratic Party (CDP): this moderate, Catholic reform party rose spectacularly in influence throughout the 1950s. Originally aimed at attracting working class support from the Marxist Left (in which it failed), it is supported mainly by the professional and middle class—doctors, lawyers, technicians, managers, civil servants, some privileged workers such as copper miners, and a section of the peasantry. Its policies reflect the aspirations of these groups—a modern, efficient, capitalist Chile, less economically dominated by the USA, but politically friendly. The CDP has a right-wing leader Eduardo Frei, who see reform only as the last barrier against socialism, and a left-wing under Radomiro Tomic, who see it as a democratic non-Marxist 'alternative' to capitalism (stressing such fashionable things as workers' participation in management and cooperation between classes). The further left split off as MAPU in 1969 and joined Unidad Popular.

THE RIGHT

Conservative Party: the oldest Chilean party, traditionally the party of the landowners and the Catholic Church. Liberalists: arose from industry as the party of the new-rich industrialists and mine owners. Fought a brief civil war with the conservatives over the Church/State question, but now reconvened their old party. These parties dominated Chilean politics until WW2 when the Radicals and then the Christian Democrats eroded their position as 'The Establishment'. In 1964, alarmed by Allende's popularity, they backed Frei (the CDP candidate) giving him the Presidency with a hefty 50% of the vote. When he set out on a course of, what were to be called, radical reforms, they were so outraged and panic-stricken that they merged into a single, extreme right, National Party.

FNLP: successor to various Chilean fascist groups, the National Front For Fatherland And Liberty was responsible for much of the terrorist action against Unidad Popular. With considerable support in the Forces, it has moved openly since the coup; its death squads have executed known leftists in many parts of Chile.

THE ARMED FORCES

The Chilean Army was the first modern army in South America, thanks to re-organisation and training by the Germans during their period of influence around 1900. The British performed the same service to the Navy. Descendants of British settlers have played a strong role in the Armed Forces, hence such General's names as Moore, Pickering and Leigh. Apart from short periods, the Army has kept out of politics; the Parliamentary system was so well established that the ruling groups seldom found need to rule through them. Since WW2, no elected government had, until now, been deposed by the Army. Politically, the Army became as deeply divided as the nation itself, with many soldiers and officers in support of Allende (including my friends, Generals Prats, Pulveda, Pickering). During the coup these forces were immobilised, often violently. The Junta itself appears to lean more towards the Christian Democrats than the traditional Right, but appearances may well deceive.
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"THEY TOOK AWAY MY CREDIT CARD"

I've no more to do with drugs than Einstein has to do with the Atomic Bomb.

An exclusive on interview with Timothy Leary.

At this moment Timothy Leary, aexus medium for a new age, is in the maximum security wing of Pelenson Prison. If the law has its way, he will remain there for the rest of his life.

Illegally convicted twice on drug charges, once on the San Francisco Opispo prison escape and subsequently in the so-called Brot escape, Leary is locked up at a Rock etacked strongly against his seeing clear light for a long time.

But instead of languishing in this materialism Hellhole where the cells smolder, Leary turns a new page. Many have come to a level of understanding his philosophy of expanding consciousness, just as telescopes and microscopes. If you are gonna study the nervous system, drugs are one of the major tools.

You were looking at it from a research view; did you ever get away from that vision, or every time you worked with drugs were you looking at it from research?

Well, the philosopher is looking not just at the nervous system aspects, but for the implications; the great questions like—where do you draw the line between naturalness and what we are doing? We are on this planet, this spaceship Earth. How are we gonna get along with each other? How can we survive and live this heady?

So I've always been interested in finding ways of using our nervous system as an instrument of learning about ourselves and the nature of life. I think anyone who really gets to the forefront of science gets to these basic questions. I don't think there's a mystical, gets philosophic. It's inevitable and I've accepted that responsibility.

I think we need at this time a different kind of scientist. I think that the scientist who really gets to the forefront of science gets to these basic questions. It's the one who's asking questions about drugs.

I've no more to do with drugs than Einstein has to do with the Atomic Bomb. Now, that's a hard one...

All the way through...

You never did ten years ago...

Well, when I was lecturing, if you read my books, less than ten percent of any book I've ever written, or ten or fifteen percent of any lecture I've ever given, is on drugs, and usually the drug question came up in the question and answer periods afterwards. Now when Albert Einstein got to the out, he was asked at the Atomic Bomb...and I'll say, 'Yeah, it's true that it's those crazy mixed up kids who got aborted of the atomic bomb on the base of my theories and blew up Nagasaki and Hiroshima...'. So I have to take the responsibility for drugs as being one part of the philosophy that I've been teaching and studying and working on.

Did you not advocate LSD?....

The use of it?

No, I never advocated drugs. I defended drugs, different drugs, against unjustified charges. But as soon as you start saying marijuana is not a killer drug, you become an advocate.

Where was the research officials really start applying pressure? Well, I don't know how many Americans know this, but I have a very close friend, the person that started Gordon Liddy on his, uh, meteoric career. As much as anyone in this country, I put Gordon Liddy in the White House.

He was out after you went in?

Yeah, he was an assistant DA now in New York, where I had a scientific center. We were studying dissociations, and Gordon was very ambitious. Now, that was powerful people that are kinda going along on his trip, but in those days he was... The first time I was interviewed by the law was on a Saturday night, I was in my bedroom with my wife, and I was talking to my son and the police knocked on the door. And in came Gordon Liddy with 24 armed and bugged people, and in came Tim Liddy with 24 armed and bugged people. And the police knocked on the door. And in came Tim Liddy with 24 armed and bugged people.

Did they have a warrant?

Yeah, but the warrant... they found on marijuana... the warrant was thrown out. They did seize a little plant on the wall, on personnel, and in came Tim Liddy with 24 armed and bugged people. And Gordon Liddy then ran for Congress on the basis that he had done this last year...and from there he went to the White House as a drug expert. And how did Gordon Liddy get to be a drug expert? Through interest in drugs, through me, Timothy Leary. This has been well known, it's been testified to recently, and that was 1956, and it has been in continual...uh...I know exactly how that system works—your phones being bugged, being harassed and so forth. They tried it in the White House and it didn't work.
Ten years ago you were giving advice. What kind of advice do you give young people today? Well, you know I've been off the air for three and a half years and I haven't given any advice. I've been letting other people take over to see how good the advise is they give and pass on. My main advice to everyone is to...we got to learn how to use our heads. We got to realize that the nervous system can be used as an instrument to help us understand why we're here and where we're going. I think we've got to change. In 1974, America is going to be 200 years old. We're proposing that we organize a political party, but not a party of one against another...a Birthday Party. We'd like to see the United States move into its third century with the same spirit we had two hundred years ago. Now, as I look around since I've been back, I don't see that Mr Nixon or the Democrats have a programme that's going to lead us into the third century with this vigour that we need. We'll limp or crawl or kind of stagger into the third century, which I think is a tragedy. So I don't have any advice for anyone. I'm just simply saying that we're going to be broadcasting our ideas of hope and of confidence and of courage...and we don't say we're right, but God knows we're about ready for a new philosophy. It's going to come. Would you give advice on the use of drugs, nowadays? Yeah, I should do that, and I'll look right into the eyes of everyone that's reading this and say that I don't urge you to take LSD in particular. LSD is the most powerful substance that the human being has ever developed for influencing the mind. I've used the comparison of nuclear energy or fissional material. I think that in the right hands, the scientific and disciplined and hopeful people, it will bring about changes. But for, uh...I don't want anyone reading this to get any other message, that I'm telling you to stay away from LSD. In the first place, 99% of what's called LSD isn't LSD. And 99% of the things that are said about LSD are totally lies or fabrications. The whole thing is so confused now that I'll just flatly make that statement. You also said in the past that you are afraid of heroin. You don't like heroin. Personally, I don't like heroin at all. It's a down trip. It's an escape trip, and, although I'm an escape artist, I like to escape into life, not escape from life. I think that heroin addiction is like diabetes or it's like epilepsy. There are certain people that just physiologically and psychologically are so wired up that they're going to be attracted to this mode of escape. And heroin addicts, there would probably be a fifty or a hundred thousand if we'd kept the money thing out of it. It could be handled by physical prescriptions, by doctors giving the way diabetics now use insulin. But if you passed a law against insulin, immedi-
various officials claimed that you had in your possession drugs or marijuana. Were any of those legitimate? No. As a matter of fact I’ve never been legitimately arrested. I’m in prison now because one evening I was in a parked car, and a policeman came up to the car and opened the door, against my wishes, and made a pass at the ash-tray and said: ‘You’re under arrest for...’ I said ‘For what?’ He said ‘for Marijuana’. I said ‘What marijuana?’ And he reached in his pocket and pulled out two joints that I’d never seen before, half joints, and said ‘You’re under arrest’. A year later in Orange County, you know Orange County, the jury believed the policeman’s story and found me guilty for possession of marijuana. Now the judge, instead of getting me bail as I was entitled to for appeal, held up a book that I had been writing and said ‘Your ideas are dangerous, and we’re not going to give you bail and we’re going to put you in prison to keep you quiet’. Now I’m not complaining because I think I should have been shut up then, I’d been around the United States for ten years, talking and spreading my message, and I think it’s good in a public life to have a chance to lay bare all and see what the opposition’s going to do. I thought I’d lay back a couple of years and see how well the other side was gonna do. But last January, in Afghanistan, the American government agents (they’re part of that same Liddy-Narcotics Bureau group) stole my passport and, illegally, kidnapped me. I apparently was wanted back here. I think there aren’t very many philosophies of hope and freedom being broadcast, so they may try to shut me up. To know, the people who have broadcast hope in this country, in the last few years, many of them are killed. I know it’s a risky job, but I’m here and I’m going to keep broadcasting.

Do you think the sentence was put on you extra tough because you are Tim Leary? In the first place I don’t think anyone should go to prison for the possession of marijuana. So it’s unfair for everybody. I don’t think there’s any question though, that if another middle-aged, middle-class person was found with two of these in their pocket, they wouldn’t be doing prison time. But I am Timothy Leary, and I... I don’t think it’s so much my ideas, because there are a lot of people running around the country preaching new ideas. The reason I’m in prison is because my ideas were listened to by millions of people and got a little too popular. That’s my version of it.

Briefly, how did you get out of San Luis Obispo Prison? Well, I’d like to say telepathy, teleportation, magic, that’s part of it. I went over a fence. You had outside help? I was helped after I got outside. One of the people that helped you was a Senator’s daughter. It was Senator Blank in the book. Does it remain that way? Uh-huh, yeah.

Well known Senator? Very well known. Does the Senator know? Oh, sure.

Three hundred of the eighteen hundred people in this prison are here for drug use or sale, or whatever. You said you have to accept some responsibility for the drug revolution. Do you accept the responsibility for them being here? Why, no, because if the government had followed my suggestions ten years ago when I testified before Congress, we wouldn’t have had this drug problem. I predicted exactly what would happen, laid it all out, warned them against it, and created a new class of criminals. You know I in 1969, before Nixon took over, the Narcotics Bureau had a budget of twenty million dollars. Today it’s two hundred and forty million dollars. It’s an army of narcs going around knocking down people’s doors, and as you well know... And the drug use is going up. I could solve the drug problem in this country in six months. How?

Well, it depends how much leeway I had. What I’d really like to do to eliminate crime in this country would be to eliminate cash money. Now, I think you’re very well aware that the drug problem, much to my horror and to my anguish, in the last few years has become very closely connected with money. In the early days, 1960, 65, it was only a free, voluntary grouping of people who were looking for new ways to use their heads and to find a new way of life. But in the last five years, to my horror, a money situation has developed. Now when they bust a big heroin dealer they don’t say: ‘Well, it could have ruined a few hundred lives...’ Mostly they say, ‘Five million dollars, ten million dollars’. I think if we eliminated cash money, eliminated personal checks, and had everything on the basis of personalized docketts, all money transactions would be computerised in your bank. You could only cash money in your own bank. If there wasn’t all this free, anonymous money floating around you wouldn’t have dope dealing, most of the crime would be knocked out. You wouldn’t have Watergates because you couldn’t have all those little White House people with their bags full of this cash running around. Now, I’m glad to say, looking at the prison administrators, I think that Pelican Prison has come up with an experimental model of how to do away with financial crime. We have twenty thousand prisoners in this state who probably deal with several millions of dollars a year—maybe as much as twenty million dollars—with their canteen and their hobbies supplies and all that. And there’s no thievery with all this money being passed around, administered by the prison administration. The reason for
that is, they do away with cash, you can buy anything you want, that's legal, but you have a docket; you know exactly how much money you have. You should have your own picture and your own thing in front of it.

What about brain damage by the use of drugs? Do you think that you've suffered any brain damage, whatsoever?

Am I insane? Of course, that's a very tricky question for anyone to answer. I've lived through the 30's, and the 40's, and the 50's, and the 60's, and I think that anyone who's still erect after those years has had his sanity tested. I'm 52 years old, facing the problems of maturity and getting old. I've been through a lot of rough times in the last few years. My career has been ruined, they took my credit card away at Harvard and I've been harrassed by the United States government pretty heavily. And I've been in four prisons, all without committing any crime that I know of. I've been in solitary confinement for four months. In addition to all of these pressures I've probably pushed my nervous system as much as any human being living. I've taken LSD over 500 times, I have experienced a wide range of these bio-chemical and neurological possibilities. I think I'm the strongest, sanest person around. Now I'm not making any guarantees for the future, but that's just my opinion. But then, you know, in my position I have to really check myself pretty carefully. Is there any objective in this? Well, I find that the people that I talk with, get to know me, seem to think I'm pretty sane. I've written two books just in the last few months and the book Hope Fiend got a quarter of a million dollars advance. So somebody at Bantam Books didn't think it was insane. But, perhaps one of the most comforting things that I can think about is, I wonder where my head is at, is it? I know I'm in prison because they're afraid to let me go around and express my ideas. If I were free from prison I would go back lecturing at colleges. I know, I always used to draw the largest crowds in the history of college. I could go on the platform with any psychiatrist, or philosopher, or government agent, and debate them, my ideas against theirs. And you know, if I'm insane, my government should be happy to let me out and let my insanity be apparent to everybody. Now there's something very ominous about this tendency to call anybody that you don't agree with insane. A hundred years ago they said you were possessed by the devil, or you were a heretic. Twenty years ago, they said you were a communist. The really sophisticated totalitarian method now is to say that someone is a dissenter, that is against the society, is insane. In Russia now, very smooth, they take their philosophers and their dissenting poets and they don't put them in Siberia any more, they put them in an insane asylum.

Maybe it is insane to be against what's happening in the United States today, maybe it's insane to try to have hope that something could be done about it. So, if that's insane, count me in. But, otherwise, make up your own mind.

You're an optimist... A hope fiend...

Yeah, I've been called an irrepressible optimist. The opposite of an irrepressible optimist is a repressive pessimist. And I think that's what's running the country today.

What do you think of your future? Do you think you're going to walk out of Folsom Prison a free man one day?

I think my future is very intensely connected with the future of this country. You just can't keep your philosophers in prison. If I am kept in prison, it's going to be a very bad symptom for freedom and for hope and for union. After all, in a way, I'm a spokesman for millions of Americans, and how are you going to bring the country together if you're going to be locking up people that are saying things that many people believe in. It's never worked before. While we've been sitting here and chatting, I've been wondering what's on your shirt.

This is a very interesting symbol for some of us. This is a replica of the remnants of a living organism, that was found on a meteorite that came from inter-star or extra-planetary space. This is proof of life exists somewhere off our planet. Now we feel that this is the first contact with higher intelligence, or somewhere out there, there is another point of view. And we've taken this as a symbol of the new hope philosophy that we're talking about. Now the figure 8 also represents the fact that it takes eight thousand dollars of the tax-payers money to keep us in prison. It's also the infinity sign, implying that the nervous system has an infinity of possibilities. Sometimes in the fall, we're going to see in the sky a meteorite. Have you heard about it? It was discovered by a German astronomer. We call this light that's going to come into our solar system, you can see it in the daytime as well as at night, we call it Starseed and it's a very interesting symbol that we're visitors on this planet Earth, we're not going to be here very long, we gotta get back in touch with the greater picture, and it's a symbol of unity and hope.

Do you have a final comment you'd like to make?

I think I've said pretty much what I had to say. We're going to keep broadcasting, there will be more messages and we'll be glad... very glad to hear from anyone in the audience who'd like to keep this dialogue going.

We wish to acknowledge the invaluable help of John Grissim and ex-Oz art director, Jon Goodchild, for unearthing this exclusive interview and airmailing it from San Francisco. Thanks lads!
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minutes, the opining end with Noel Coward's celebrated chauvinist ballad Don't Let Be Beauteously To The Hun. And when I discovered from the press book that the home movie sequences had dubbed sound (the originals being silent) made up by the film makers for 'period feel', my suspicions about their motives were vindicated. Hell and farewell. Dick Fountain.

ELECTRA GLIDE IN BLUE
Director: James William Guercio (United Artists)

How's this for a piece of sympathy for the devil: the adventures of a young policeman trying to get his lifestyle sorted out while patrolling the Redneck deserts of Arizona. John Wintergreen (Robert Blake) is a motorcycle cop, basically a nice guy, not out to 'get' anybody, playing it by the rules. But he wants to get off the bikes and become a detective, and in order to do that he is prepared to stand by while a low officer plants a passing hippy and a senior detective roughs-up the inhabitants of a local commune. Eventually the corruption and bigotry around him becomes too much. His refusal to play the pig costs him his chances of promotion and, finally, his wife.

Electra Glide in Blue marks the entry into film-making of James William Guercio (of Chicago and Blood Sweat & Tears fame). Like most of what is good (but not great) in contemporary music, the film is heavily derivative of what has gone before. It has already been dubbed an 'Easy Rider from the other side', but the references to other films are wider ranging. The senior detective is borrowed from Coogan's Bluff. Wintergreen's sidekick resembles, and meets the same fate as, Gene Hackman's bent narc in Cisco Pike. And there are two beautiful re-creations of scenes from Scorpio Rising (Kenneth Anger's half-hour motor-psychic fantasy, which in retrospect is one of the most influential films of the past decade). These references are used ironically, as a comment on the original material, and their effect is probably lost if you haven't seen the films in question. Unfortunately, Guercio's own direction-al style isn't as strong as his sources, and more often than not the irony comes off looking like plagiarism. He is, however, enough of a professional to make it all work as a piece of entertainment, and the overall impression is that this may well be the ultimate road film. Not the best, by any means, but a kind of summary of all that has been most interesting in American films of the past few years. It's significance lies in being not the 'other side' of Easy Rider, but the other end of the road.

Clive Hodgson.

THE LONG GOODBYE
Director: Robert Altman

The Long Goodbye is a travesty. A travesty of Raymond Chandler's novel of the same name; a travesty of Chandler's archlyתחי private eye hero Philip Marlowe; a travesty of a cinematic tradition stretching from The Maltese Falcon to Hitchcock's The Big Sleep. It is, however, a deliberate travesty, a very carefully thought out and amusingly executed movie to which, for most of its length, only a truly fanatic Chandler admirer could object.

From the opening scene, where Elliot Gould's Marlowe, desperate to please his flizzy cat, it's clear that Altman is out to trash Chandler, to pay a final goodbye to the seedy, less romantic and unbearably resourceful Marlowe, the lone crusader against injustice immortalized by Bogart and Dick Powell. Gould's Marlowe can't even feed his cat. The wittiest wisecrack he can come up with is 'Fuck you.' He is pushed this way and that by tough cops, dumbshit mobsters, scheming women. At no point in the first hundred minutes does he control the course of events. 'It's OK with me' is his catchphrase.

Chandler's novel, upon which this film is so loosely based, was a somewhat overblown treatise on the death of all moral values. Marlowe churns tenaciously to his code of loyalty, honor and truth. He didn't believe that his friend Terry Lennox had killed his wife. And in the end, he was proved right. In the film, though, Marlowe is conned, misled, abused. Lennox did kill his wife, did make Marlowe an accessory: 'What else are friends for?'

This is the crucial reversal in Altman's film. And it leads Marlowe into his one big scene, his one independently initiated action. A scene in which Marlowe kills— executes— Lennox in cold blood, and is revealed as a truly dangerous man, a fanatical corruptor of justice in a world where justice has no meaning.

This final scene doesn't work. In attempting to deal the death-blow to the Marlowe myth, Altman instead contrives to ruin his own film. Marlowe's actions are not justified by anything which has gone before. They appear completely arbitrary, Altman's final insult to an audience foolish enough to identify with such a hero. The Long Goodbye is nicely acted, nicely filmed, but it's a failure all the same. And one must suspect that Marlowe will be remembered long after Altman is forgotten.

Andrew Weiner.
Records, Recorded Cassettes and 8 Track Cartridges.

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1. Getting Back to Molly
   VARIOUS (MUSIC FROM FREE CREEK)
2. Too Many People
   GRAHAM BELL
3. Dark Side of the Moon
   JO'BURG HAWK
4. Regent Street Incident
   STRING DRIVEN THING
5. Return of the Giant Hogweed
   GENESIS
has aspirations. Jodorowsky’s ‘plot’ divides into two distinct episodes, both of which illustrate the Mole’s burrowing and search- ing. Tracking his way, accompanied by his naked son, across Dali-esque wastes, the black-clad gunslinger is playing at God. A stern, just, retributive Deity. El Topo seeks perfection at the instigation of a girl who calls on him to leave the boy. He defeats four masters of mental powers which increase in inverse proportion to their physical attainments. But in the very moment of his victory he sees it as merely hollow and destructive. The girl leaves. He is crucified with bullets, literally—there are stigmata on hands and feet—and left for dead. Rescued, with obvious symbolism, by a tribe of cripples, mutants, all the victims of in­cest, he seeks to rescue them from their imprisonment deep beneath the mountain. Once again he takes on the mantle of God. The ‘mole’ of his name comes physically as well as spiritually into evidence. He will dig a tunnel through the mountain and let the tribe free. He and a dwarf lady, his lover, beg in a nearby town—a town that, filled with physically whole people, is steeped in the single motif of blood. It is the ultimate in sick vileness. Hypocritical religious parrottings, wholly corrupt in government, life is a long round of bizarre variations on bread and circuses.

El Topo is an incredible film. It makes any one ‘interpretation’ an impossibility. One can only essay one’s own opinion and wonder how much was missed. Jodorowsky’s film seems a bleak, stifling vision. It is not a film that makes any one ‘interpretation’ if accurate, view of humanity. The average person is spiritually into evidence. He in sick venality. Hypocritical people, is steeped in the single religious parrottings, wholly corrupt in government, life is a long round of bizarre variations on bread and circuses.

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So complacently does Mr. Jodorowsky accept this interpreta­tion of his life’s work that his book, while an interesting and amusing account of twentieth century film censorship, fails to meet even comprehend the alternative view that his cutting room counselling, institutionalised in the form of the British Board of Film Censors, have undermined the anti-censorship movement and have, in the long term, retarded the cause of freedom in the cinema.

The BBFC is one gigantic confidence trick. It has no legal status whatsoever. It is constituted and financed by the film industry in the interest, not of freedom, but of the industry’s own continuing profit. By an historical accident, films, unlike other media, are not subject to the obscenity laws. This unjustified privilege has only been retained by the BBFC’s proving itself more repressive than the law itself, waving its scissors in terror. Mr. Jodorowsky testifies at Albert Finney licking an oyster in Tom Jones, symbolic buggery in Bergman films, Molly Bloom’s soliloquy, the mention of a cabinet minister in The Christine Keeler Story, and any attempt to depict the pleasures as well as the pains of drug-taking. This has nothing to do with artistic freedom, but a great deal to do with the profits of a film industry insured, by BBFC pre-censorship, against criminal prosecution.

Having escaped the rigours of the law, one might think the film industry would show some concern for those less fortunate. Not a bit of it. The victims of censorship in this country, the real liberal heroes, have been small publishers like John Calder, Marion Boyers and Maurice Girodos, underground magazines and independent booksellers. They have struggled without financial or moral support from the wealthiest sector of the Arts—film industry or any part of it has not to my knowledge donated to any obscenity appeal fund, nor has it subscribed to the work of organisations like the National Committee for Civil Liberties or the Defence of Literature and the Arts Society, the only organisations struggling against the obscenity law.

The film industry turns its back, puts John Trevelyan on the head for keeping it out of the courts, and counts its cash, withholding significant publishers like Dobson and Wrate, whose work benefits the film industry by pushing forward the bounds of public acceptability, are sentenced to savage gaol terms for obscenity. Advances are only fighting for them. The acquittal of Last Exit to Brooklyn legitimated novels about homosexuality and the acquittal of Nasty Tales was a successful test case for the availability of underground comics. Had Mr. Trevelyan and the BBFC never existed, those battles might have been fought with similar effect over Clockwork Orange and Last Tango. At least this possibility would have involved the film industry in the anti-censorship cause.

Mr. Trevelyan wants censorship abolished, but does not realise that so long as the film industry occupies its elite position above the obscenity law, there will be no pressure from that quarter for reform. The smell of burning celluloid is just the sort of irritant needed to stimulate a new attack on laws which are presently being used to gaol booksellers, but not cinema management, for giving the people what they apparently want.

STRANGE ECTASIES edited by Michel Parry (Panther, 30p)

OK, so you’re hip, you read Oz, you take drugs (don’t you?) well, if you thought you’d tried every mindblower in the psyche­delic pharmacopeia, you’re in for some surprises. Today’s drug culture, from aspirins to heroin, coffee to marijuana, was written about long before it actually came to pass, and Michel Parry has collected together the best drug stories around from the genre that knew all about it before it happened: science fiction.

H G Wells invented speed at the turn of the century, but his 'new accelerator' was so fast that the world appeared to slow down like a 78 rpm record played at 33, and his protagonist was in danger of burning up from friction with the air. Wells didn’t like people much, from this story: his description of Folkestone locals sitting in a charabanc, frozen in careless gestures, staring unwinkingly at eternity, are unforgettable. Parry has collected together the best drug stories around from the genre that knew all about it before it happened: science fiction.

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Illustration by Rand H. Holmes (Georgia Straight)
your immediate future—in the case of Smith's hero, abruptly cut off in a dark alley, or Arthur Machen's 'The White Powder', described by H. P. Lovecraft as 'the absolute calmation of loathsome fright!' and far too horrible for me to go into.

On the good trips side, Chris Miller's 'Pipe Dream' (reprinted from The National Lampoon) produced such envy and desire in me that I still haven't recovered from just reading about this superdope; everything that dope should be and never quite is, the ultimate high. Chris Miller has been described as the funniest writer since S. J. Perelman and this story is the nearest the collection comes to funky, freaky, comic-strip surrealism and there's Fritz Leiber's gentle fable 'The Secret Songs' (1962), of the omniscient crocodile invented by Owen and Donnie, the modern couple, one on downers, the other on upper. Other classics therein: Norman Spinrad's 'Objectivity' featuring the imaginary hallucinogenic Omnidrene (soon to be seen in action in the forthcoming Opeth movie); Frederik Pohl's 'What to Do Until the Analyst Comes', i.e. chewing euphoric non-habit-forming (?) gum; and more!

I think I can safely say that if you are at all interested in either drugs or science fiction you will enjoy this book. Recommended reading position: horizontal, stoned, late at night.

Caroline MacKechnie.

BILLION YEAR SPREE
Brian Aldiss (Weldenfeld & Nicholson, £3.75).

Science Fiction has come of age, out of the Ghetto of Retrodard Boyhood, beyond the Bug-Eyed Monster Barrier and, if Aldiss's judgement is correct and Sci Fi is primarily a creature of 'prodromic utopia', then it seems sparkling, assured and widespread. We live in an age of science fiction come to life; Prometheus is a Released Man, banished but he's moved into our living rooms and even wears his slippers by the fire.

To understand the twentieth century it will be to Wells and Aldous Huxley, Orwell and Olaf Stapledon that future generations will turn (for an analysis of our times. Aldiss, with great precision, derives two poles, an analytical one bound in conscious thought and desiring the stroke of some great man, a dream romantic one, begun by Edgar Rice Burroughs, where Tarzan and his fellows battle ever onwards against colossal odds. Between these two, the genre we call Science Fiction is drawn and woven.

Hugo Gernsback coined the phrase first, back in the twenties when he edited Amazing Stories and, although inaccurate from the start, it has none the less been applied to a wide range of stories. Here is Aldiss's definition: "Science Fiction is the search for a definition of man and his status in the universe which will stand in our advanced, but con-

fused, state of knowledge (science), and is characteristically cast in the Gothic or post-Gothic mould'.

So for Aldiss, the whole shebang starts with Mary Shelley and Frankenstein, the first exposition of the theme, at once atheistic and doomed, of man's triumph over matter and, in the end himself (or not as the case may be). He slots in Edgar Allen Poe and a host of Victorians as further precursors of the genre, and these early chapters are the best, simply because, with less material to discuss, his analysis is that much more detailed. By the turn of the century, with Verne and then Wells, he picks up speed. But on the whole Aldiss (a good swift writer on his own account) misses nothing. He traces the coming of Burroughs, the Gernsbackian tradition of mechanical fiction and the eruption in the thirties of E E Doc Smith, who really kicked off the billion year spree with such massive works as the Lensman saga. Then the forties, John Campbell and Astounding (the magazine that often 'smelt so much of the research laboratory that it should have been printed on filter paper'), the mad loony worlds of A E Van Vogt, the robotics of Asimov, Heinlein and his time puzzles. The birth, really, of the present day traditions.

Of course by now the rate of progress is fast indeed, an endless selections of authors and titles takes up most of the latter half of the book and I for one was pleased to see Mr Aldiss latching out the prizes and awards to all of my personal favourites. Mr Alfred Bester, his classic Tigr Tiger (what Aldiss calls 'wide screen baroque'), Shockley, Pohl and Kornbluth, old Arthur C Clarke, Simak, James Blish, Kuttner, Harrison, Sturgeon—the list is endless, leading on into the New Wave of the sixties that sprang up around Michael Moorcock and that strange genius J G Ballard, who perhaps best epitomises Bill Burroughs's statement that 'a paranoid is a guy who's just discovered what's going on'. Harlan Ellison and the dangerous viewers of visions, Zelazny and Dietch, Delaney, Sladek and Ursula Le Guin—the new wave is an ocean and the the white powder of old, semi-psychotic hard core SF of the Campbell/Heinlein masculine school has been transferred with a strong injection of grace and style into something that you'd better believe is going places fast.

Brian Aldiss has produced an informative and entertaining history of the growth of the leading literature of our times. It should appeal to a great variety of people from hard core, opinionated buffs, to the ignorant, for whom the genre is something vaguely concerned with space ships or robots and to whom I heartily recommend the Billion Year Spree. After all, they have nothing to lose but their brains.

Chris Rowley.

Curlouser and curlouser. It took until 1968 for people to start getting nostalgic about the '50s, but in and about, it ain't even 1974 yet and already there's a hankering for the '60s in the air. And who should be leading the发出 from the '60s nostalgia but David Bowie. Curlouser and still curlouser.

PIN UPS brings together songs by the Who (I Can't Explain) and 'Anyway Anyhow Anywhere', The Pretty Things (Rosalyne and 'Don't Bring Me Down'), The Yardbirds (I Wish You Would) and 'Shapes of Things', Them ('Here Comes The Night'), the Pretty Things ('See Espresso Fly'), the Kinks (Where Have All The Good Times Gone), the Merseys (Sorrow), the Easybeats ('Friday On My Mind') and the Mojo ('Everything's All Right'). So far, critical reaction has veered from the lukewarm to the downright contemptuous. On certain levels, the adverse criticisms have been justified, but it all comes down to this: what criteria are appropriate for dealing with this particular venture.

All right, first the bad news. Bowie has failed to differentiate between songs he likes and songs that he can't sing without identifying his basic vocal approach. Basically, Bowie's vocal style has been developed to express lyrics, and in some cases even act them out. Therefore, this approach only works with good lyrics. Since only 'See Emily Play' and 'Where Have All The Good Times Gone' have anything approaching what are generally regarded as good lyrics, most of the songs collapse under the weight of what Bowie puts into them. In addition, most of the songs are r'n'b (albeit r'n'b once removed) and Bowie really isn't an r'n'b singer, though he can sing in the appropriate style if he's sung r'n'b before. Therefore 'Rosalyne', I Wish You Would' and 'Everything's All Right' are well sung, and 'Anyway Anyhow Anywhere' picks up remarkably well after a ditto opening where he tries to sing like Elvis (Elvis, not Reg).

With the exception of 'I Can't Explain', where an attempt to do a Vanilla Fudge slowdown collapses almost instantly, most of
the tracks are very neatly arranged and played. Mick Ronson (guitar), Mike Garson (piano, keyboards), Trevor Bolder (bass) and Aynsley Dunbar (drums) carry themselves like officers and gentlemen throughout.

If you were into all this stuff first time around then you probably won't touch this with a ten-foot dildito unless someone tries to talk you into it. Allow me to try, however. If you approach it as a fairly charming piece of nostalgic self-indulgence, then you're not going to encounter any major barriers.

On the other hand, if all the things I've just said are true, then you're really going to dig it. To Pin Ups in the spirit in which it was made and it's mostly an okay album, and on occasion (particularly 'Where Have All The Good Times Gone?') it's considerably better than that.

One problem remains. What the hell is going on in the '70s that people are going to get in with the back-up band in black outfits, then? You gotta think ahead, y'know. Charles Shaar Murray.

BEST OF SPIRIT
Spirits? They were well named. Even now, from this distance in time, they elude critical judgement. What, exactly, were they about? The deadly cool Los Angeles soft rock of Fresh Garbage and Mechanical World with which they launched their careers; the inspired post-cream heaven hook of 'O' Grave I Line On You' and '1984'; or the pure dumbness of something like 'Animal Zoo' or 'Mr Skin', tracks which nearly deny the title of this collection?

Spirits, or at least the original Spirits who made all the music contained here, split up a couple of years back. The old story: musical/personal differences? Inability to hold on to a definite style? Mass popularity on the part of the record-buying public? Structural non-functionalism? I don't know. But I do know that Best Of Spirit is a fine album. A few of the selections are open to criticism, but overall this is pretty much the best of Spirit, including their best song ever, Randy California's long-deleted 1970 paranoid opus single '1984'. That one, at least, still sounds as fresh as ever, and CBS should re-release it while there's still time ...

The next time I came across you let it come will you let it run your life?
Andrew Weir.

SUZI QUATRO
Suzi Quatro (RAK)

It's hard to know about Suzi Quatro. The first time I ever heard of her was when there was a full colour picture of this lady in her black leather suit and make-up boots swinging a big old Fender bass. The second thought, I must confess, wasn't where can I hear her single, but how can I get to meet her.

The caption informed me that she was from Detroit, that her hit single was a foregone conclusion and that she was being managed by the redoubtable Chas Chandler. My carnal dreams faded. It looked as though the lady was too well protected to knock on your door but you know it's no game you're never out of their sight 1964 knocking on your door will you let it come will you let it run your life?

Quatro seemed very fine. There's just one other thing that bothers me. It took me a while to put a finger on it, but in the end I got it. Something about her reminded me of Lulu, and it was all over.

Mick Farren.
Founder of the Fillmores Bill Graham, America's top rock promoter, said this about Traffic on the road, "...Traffic is by far the most outstanding band playing contemporary music today".

This new, live double album set, captures the energy and brilliance of the early 1973 concert tour, and is specially priced at £2.99.

Produced by Steve Winwood and Chris Blackwell.
QUADROPHENIA
The Who (Track)

'Inside, outside, where have I been?'
Out of my brain on the S.15'
History should be written in the medium most relevant to the era under review. Undoubtedly innumerable words are on the way, indeed no small number have already been delivered, all intending to explain the phenomena that constituted the world of the young in the early 1960s. The era of Mod. But the printed page can never do real justice, no matter how learned its contents, to an era in which music—its purveyors and its audience—set the scene.

Quadrophonia, the Who's latest product, or rather magnum opus, provides that history, and in the medium best suited to its telling. 'Read no history, nothing but biography, for that is life without theory' said Benjamin Disraeli, a stylist of whose sartorial elegance any Mod could have been proud. Quadrophonia is just that: biography, one lousy, screwed up week in the life of a Mod. Hang on, Jimmy.

Tighter than the last opera, Quadrophonia has even more to offer. Facts and fantasy, frustrations and stimulant-induced fun are dealt with by the Who, under the inevitable guidance of Pete Townsend.

There are so many strands worthy of discussion. 'Punk and the Godfather' takes up where Tommy left off. The victorious clash according to the principle of the status quo, mingled with other issues, in particular the evocation of the off-duty Mod, suffering, 'always at someone's bedside' or, other songs which evoke the whole world of the frustrated, alienated and always searching young, just ten years ago. 'I don't suppose you remember me, but I used to follow you back in sixty three' sings Jimmy, and it all comes flooding back.

But the music, essentially variations on the theme of rebellious riffs, embellished with Moog, violin and horns, isn't really what makes Quadrophonia so impressive a work. It is its undeniable status as a social document that grabs the listener. The anonymous liner story breaks the normally accepted musical level of craziness, replacing a two-way split with a four-way improvement. Jimmy tries to come to terms with life—it is up to the individual to decide how far he's successful.

As to the success of the whole album, there's no problem for the Who there. But let the poor sods be dreading four years of playing this one on the road.

Jonathon Green.

GROUNATION
Count Ossie & The Mystic Revelation of Rastafari
(3-album set, Ashant, £4.99)

Rasta Fari was the uncrowned name of Halle Selassie I of Ethiopia. Upon his accession in 1930, the Rastafarian Movement was born in Jamaica out of the message of Marcus Garvey, a movement instilling the rich imagery of the New Testament revelations and much of the lament and prophecy of the Old Testament, as in Psalm 137: 'By the rivers of Babylon, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion'.

Adherents, living a simple mountain existence and preaching a 'God in man and man within love' doctrine, have become a Jamaican legend, due mainly to their more sensational traits—long, wild hair, colourful clothes and their sacramental regard for marijuana. Their 'Back to Africa' banner has won them the hearts of Jamaican youth, frustrated by the iniquities of white society. Their music, primitive of rhythm and complex of variety, has given the island a national sound—Reggae.

Not that this beautiful album, a compressed expression of the Rastafarian cult, is Reggae. It is tribal music, offset with percussion, gleaming with emotive zeal. There are traces of '50s black jazz and Pocomanic gospel, but the whole is the ecstacy of resurgent spirit overcoming suffering, indignities of the body, darkness of the soul. There are uncultured, but not illiterate, poems of affirmation from Joseph Ruggles and a 15-minute narration to chanting steel band arrangement from Brother Sam Clayton, who is also credited with the exquisite 'Ethiopian Serenade' (source of an unmentionable Byron Lee pop/Reggae hit).

The traditional 'So Long' is magnificent, as is the 30-minute 'Grounation'. This latter, Osie frothing a frenzy on bongos, is a hotch-potch of traditional folk and Rasta tunes, many of which have been adapted to Reggae hits (the Ethiopian's 'Selah' and Gigiri's 'Zionjah'). A re-working of 'Oh Carolina'—the mid-sixties disco rave cut some 12 years ago by The Folks Bros backed by the Count Ossie Afro-Combo, is also featured.

I cannot see this masterwork appealing to the bland ears and butterfly minds of the New Decadent, whose notions of Jamaican culture are limited to the bus conductor or 'What Soul', the party showpiece. But I love it and my heart goes out.

Penny Reel.

TAKIN MY TIME
Bonnie Raitt (Warner Bros)

Bonnie Raitt's voice is that rarity in rock: a sound which thrills the ear and gladdens the heart. She took a while to sink in, mostly, I guess, because I never expected to hear a white girl sing with such soul and flair. She reminded me of Van Morrison.

On this third album she sounds more relaxed and confident than ever, phrasing with sweet muselarity and generally being every bit as devastating as I expect her to be. She has occupied a central place in my affections for almost a year now and, coming from someone who has had a different favourite girl singer every three weeks since I first heard Connie Francis bounce through Stupid Cupid, that's some recommendation. Though the instrumental work on her last LP Give It Up had a definite jazzniks-jamming-Bonnie flavour, its high points were two of her own songs—the acoustic ballad 'Nothing Seems To Matter' and 'You Told Me Baby', where she cut loose with a rocking sixpiece band.

This time producer John Hall has done the obvious thing by creating a recognisable group sound on seven of the ten tracks, centred round bass, drums, Bill Payne's piano and his own electric guitar. The lady sings the blues, tender ballads, Mose Allison, saucy calypso and even whoop-it-up trad numbers, but is at her best on a group of tunes by such underexposed young American songwriters as Jackson Browne, Joel Zoss and Eric Kaz. Browne's 'I Thought I Was A Child' reveals him again as the most succint and characteristic song-smith since Tim Hardin, and Bonnie is the best possible advertisement for him. She also illustrates that the material does not always show her to best advantage and the production contains a few minor flaws of taste, particularly the horn and vocal arrangements and some curiously geriatric harp by Taj Mahal. It's problematic, since she is so brilliant, that it must be hard to assemble a group good enough to back her. Maybe the Allman Brothers could carry it, and capture the exact blend of accuracy and spontaneity which turns a good album into a masterpiece.

An authoritative producer should be able to make her next album into a landmark on the scale of Moondance or Gasoline Alley. Really. You better believe it. Bonnie Raitt is the girl singer of the Seventies.

Myles Palmer.
A famous Australian opera singer, the perpetrator of Peach Melba, was forever announcing her absolutely final last stage appearance. Or carries on in the same tradition, and I wonder just who is laughing all the way to what bank. (At the rates you're charging for feature articles these days, Richard, I should think it is most likely the Bank of New South Wales—Ed.) But Felix is almost psychotically persuasive and smilingly promised during a green milkshake a great issue, folks. So good rhythms and higher expectations. Standards are most likely the Bank of New South Wales (At the rates you're charging for feature articles these days, Richard, I should think it is most likely the Bank of New South Wales—Ed.)

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In Your Wanker's World This Month:

'It's Better Than The New Statesman'
Dean Anthony Confesses:
'I Wrote Filth For £25 per '000 Words. It Was Easy.'
Saucy Amputee Funnies:
More Rib-Ticklers From Your Favourites And Ours, Those Limbless Leggy Lovelies.
Memoirs Of A Medieval Pervert:
This Is Strong Stuff.
Hi Wankers!!!

Wow! Everything's coming up on target, hasn't it? Christmas comes but once a year and with it we at W.T.B.O.M.L, a mere money-making device, are bringing you our Bumper Fun Issue.

Let's not beat about the bush. Let's, in fact, be perfect Frank, pull a single punch and make everything perfectly clear: Sex Is Where It's At.

But for some reason half the fuddy-duddy, old-school-tie, dyed-in-the-wool spoilt sport don't agree. These self-appointed 'reformers' have but one aim in life: to make everyone else suffer. Was it not the great writer, H.L. Mencken, who once said: 'Conscience is the faintest whisper of the tiny icebox. All yours, and we mean all, for a generous £5.00.'

Meanwhile, Wankers, your very own magazine, W.T.B.O.M.L, is bringing you what you like. What we all like. Sex. With a capital S-E-X. We live in an age of constant change. What you and I think is thrilling today is tomorrow's also-ran. Everything in life moves, and what seems to be the starting point to what is surely man's prime interest. You, yes, the foetid, the foetidess, its foetidness, its foetidness, was its foetidness, the fixity of foetidness, the urge for pleasure, no matter what form it may take, must surely stand foremost among all our most intimate desires. Wanker's World - The Big One Was Like - how determined to plunge its very depths of this bondage. This month, Fantasy Factfinder, our regular in-depth probe of sexual norms, will take the accent on the S and the T and have a hard look at: 'Self-Abuse or, as we put it, You Can't Always Get What You Want.'

Fantasy Factfinder: 'OK, now your mother's told us about...'

FF: 'She just said that you always had, how shall I put it, a personal partiality, when a mere lad. Now, perhaps you can tell me just how it all developed.'

TOP: 'Well, you're not really going to print my name aren't you, so I'll tell everyone about my little ways... are you?'

FF: 'But why?'

TOP: 'Basically because I can't be bothered. Just cos' this is a six-part series they think they can get away with a cut-rate lineup.'

FF: 'Not a one.'

TOP: 'That, to be honest, isn't for the thousand or stop press, as far as I'm concerned.'

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Come As You Like

Dear Wanker's World—THE BIG ONE MEN LIKE,
I'd like to tell you something that happened the other night. I'd just got my selection of books out by the bed—now, mind you they're not all the 'hot stuff' that WWTBOML is, but not bad anyw ay - the other night, and you'll never guess what happened. Well, it was just the other night and there I was, my books, and I'll not deny it, they're not as well, you at WWTBOML know what I mean, if you see what I mean, y'know, right, my books, all out by the bed. Or now I think about it maybe it was the sofa. Or the bed. Y'know I've always preferred the sofa for some reason, so maybe it was the sofa, or perhaps ... Anyway, sofa or bed—oh, yes I just realised why it must have been the sofa, because my brother Alf's 12 year old daughter came to stay one time and if you looked very carefully when she leaned back you could just about see right up her ... Christ... I've run out of 2p bits... Oh hell, oh ... By Phone-A-Fantasy.

Now, that's what you'd like to do. Look at that four-colour flesh. All that printed artefact flaunting itself. Brazen, shameless. That knife, the hat ... Think about it ... what you could do with the knife. Hack and slice, and cut and eviscerate and disembowel and tear and mutilate and wrench and rip and ... Oh ... Oohhh ... Ooo00000000!!! Mmmm. Better now? Relieved ... satisfied? Big deal. Or rather, tough shit.

Thora, or Brenda, Suzy or Lulu, is impervious to your throbbing miseries, miles, psychic and physical from your tragic aspirations. Out of reach, utterly beyond you. One look from you, mate, she'd be over the hills and very far away. After all, a girl's got taste. And you're strictly not part of it. Nasty. Sickening. Saddening.

It's all the big con. All the easy lay that couldn't be harder. The 50p for fuck-all. The come-on that leads merely to yet another rip off. Sorry punters, suckered in again. And you love it. All the way to death.

Oh, Thora. Or Brenda, or Suzy or Lulu or ...

THORA
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ALL BOOKS DESPATCHED PER RETURN UNDER PLAIN COVER.
There is an unhealthy trend in current music business thinking away from live music and towards people living their entire music life within the confined comforts of their own homes. Just witness the huge increase in the number of 'live' albums now on sale—neatly packaged concerts ready to be switched on and off from the armchair. It’s not that I’m against a better produced sound mind you, but what I want to see is a clearer distinction between acknowledgedly recorded and reproduced sound, and attempts to recreate the original performance.

This swing away from live performances is partly due to the now highly developed art of live recording—millions of microphones leading to the mobile recording van parked behind the stage. But mostly it’s due to the hi-fi system explosion on the record-buying market. Without hi-fi, live albums just wouldn’t be possible. It was the classical music fans—the staid, stay-at-home, electrical engineering types—who pioneered stereophonic, and now, with the ‘new, 4-channel, surround-sound quadrophonic system’, they’re again breaking new ground.

The original idea behind the development of quadrophonics was the recreation of the ambiance of the concert hall—the little bit of echo and reverberation from the back of the hall. It’s this that creates the feeling of presence, the feeling of actually being there, and the best way, it was decided, to get this out of a hi-fi was to have two more speakers at the back of a room.

Of course it doesn’t really work: any room has its own size and echo and what concert hall quad trys to do is dwarf the effect of that with the recorded ambiance. On the other hand, if you’re not just committed to re-creation but to creation of a new and possibly devastating effect, the potential of quad is exciting. Just as stereo, in the hands of innovative rock musicians, moved from being merely an attempt to re-create the Albert Hall to exploring sound separation, so too could quadrophonics be used to open up new fields.

But does—as the numerous blurbs in the sound magazines claim—the quadrophonic system render the stereo obsolete? Or is it really just an excuse to sell more gear; a bit of technical gadgetry to turn the ‘fi’ in hi-fi into ‘finance’ rather than ‘fidelity’? For quadrophonic sound sure doesn’t come cheap—roughly speaking it’s double the price of a stereo.

There are essentially four parts to any reproducing system: the programme source (tape, disc or tuner), the control unit or pre-amplifier which controls and adjusts the signal from the source and feeds it into the power amplifier so that it is strong enough to work the speakers. With quadrophonic, however, you need not just two of everything as for stereo, but four—four channel programme sources, four channel pre-amps, four power amps and four speakers.
In addition, as it's extremely difficult to store four channels of sound on a record, quadrophonic also needs a decoder. At the moment there are three main systems of decoding being plugged by three separate groups of companies. Two of them work by reproducing signals contained in the existing stereo groove a little out-of-phase. Out-of-phase is a bit like fucking with somebody you don't know too well—occasionally you're pushing and they're pulling, or they're pushing and you're pulling. Either way you're out of rhythm. Normally on a stereo when one of the speakers is alternately going whoosh while the other is going woof, you miss a lot of sound. But with a phase shift system, the decoder uses the fact that the signals are deliberately recorded out-of-phase to generate another signal, or pair of signals, to be fed to the two rear loudspeakers.

The third system—the CD-4—is more complicated. Stereo happens because each side of a record groove has a different wiggle and the stylus tracks in two different directions giving two signals. What the CD-4 system does is to put two signals on each side of the record groove. This is done by using the same process as is used to put two signals into stereo radio: the front and rear signals are added together, making the main wiggles; then the front is subtracted from the rear and slotted into the groove, but at twice the frequency. This system uses a multiple decoder—not the same as an SQ or QS decoder—which takes the two signals and then mixes them to the following recipe: added signal (L+R) plus subtracted signal (L-R) which means the two R's cancel out to give L (at twice the strength); added signal (L+R) plus subtracted signal 'reversed positive to negative' (L+R) which means the two cancel out to give R (at twice the strength). Phew!

But all three systems have their faults, some of which are detailed in the following chart. The biggest trouble with the phase shift systems occurs when a quadrophonic record is played on a stereo or mono system; phase shift has a habit of occasionally losing an instrument or a voice altogether. Discrete (CD-4) is fine on this score, but what you're asking of black plastic and stylii is that they cope with wiggles three times as fast as the present limit (20,000 wiggles per second). If you think of how quickly records get worn and how quickly delicate wiggles—the top notes—get knocked off, you'll realise that a record which has 60,000 per second isn't going to last too long. But there's an even bigger problem with CD-4: as the decoder unit is the equivalent of two separate radio tuners,

<table>
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<tr>
<th>SYSTEM</th>
<th>WHAT KIND IS IT?</th>
<th>WHAT'S GOOD ABOUT IT?</th>
<th>WHAT'S BAD ABOUT IT?</th>
<th>WHO MAKES EQUIPMENT FOR IT?</th>
<th>WHO HAS RECORDS FOR IT?</th>
</tr>
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<tr>
<td>QS</td>
<td>phase shift</td>
<td>It's the one that most of the manufacturers rate. The signals could be more separated. Some bits disappear in mono.</td>
<td>Some bits disappear in mono playback.</td>
<td>Sansui, Sony*, Pioneer*, National*.</td>
<td>Pye</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SQ</td>
<td>phase shift</td>
<td>Currently the front runner, in terms of record sales. The signals could be more separated. Some bits disappear in mono playback.</td>
<td>Some bits disappear in mono playback.</td>
<td>Sony*, Pioneer*, National*, Rotel*, Trio</td>
<td>CBS, EMI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CD-4</td>
<td>discrete</td>
<td>The four channels are clearly separated on the record. Decoder is virtually the same as two radio tuners, and about as expensive.</td>
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<td>JVC, Sony*, National*</td>
<td>RCA</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

* Three-in-one decoder available.
there's a lot more circuitry to pay for.

And on top of all this, as there's still a battle over which company's product will become standard, the serious seeker after quadrophony will have to go for the whole rotten deal and buy equipment, especially a decoder, which can cope with all three systems.

If you already have a stereo system and you want to go the whole way, you'll need another stereo amp as well as the extra speakers. I'd recommend the Sony SQA 200 combined decoder and second stereo amp (£66), or the smaller SQA 100 (about £50).

There is another way to get a four channel programme source, and it's probably the one which will win in the end. Tape, which doesn't need a decoder as it's possible to record all four tracks on one place, will replace black plastic. In fact many current tape machines already have what their manufacturers call 'four track capability'. This means that, for a small sum, they'll whip out the existing 'four track' head (which actually plays two tracks one way and, when turned over, two tracks the other way) and replace it with a tape head that records and plays back four tracks at once.

Likewise with cassettes. But a word of caution about cartridges: forget them. The endless loop they work on means they're mechanically unhappy and, no matter how easy they are to convert to four-track-head operation, their frequency response will always be bad.

And something else for the future. About seven years ago when I was the only one around who had a stereo and there were rows three deep in front of Sgt. Pepper, I said without thinking too seriously that 'That's nothing. The logical extension of this is not four tracks but eight tracks—one at each vertex of the room'. It's still only a dream and this new fangled quadrophonic is still only two dimensional (there's no up and down in it, no vertical information).

Meanwhile, you can still achieve an ambient effect without buying a quadrophonic decoder, or a second amplifier. All you need is a second pair of speakers, some wire and a close look at the diagram below. This idea is the brainchild of David Hafler and it works because, even with ordinary stereo records, there is always a little out-of-phase information. You don't hear it because it isn't as loud as the main signal, unless it's deliberately accentuated on tracks like Saucerful of Secrets and A Day in the Life to give that weird sucked-out-into-the-stereophonic effect.

If you wire up the two extra speakers as shown, they'll pick up all the out-of-phase sound which is mostly either the old, may we become more dangerous'.

In working class politics. As Tom Mann used to say 'As we grow and better organised, less myth-ridden and above all anchored in reality'. It's still only a dream and this new fangled four-track sound won't be spread out in so much detail as the front speakers too. The only difference is that the rear speakers will pick up all the out-of-phase sound which is mostly either the old, may we become more dangerous'.

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th gets high on death.

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th treats world wars like a line of good coke.

th is when you stop listening to your inner voice
for so long it stops listening to you.

th is when every stimulus contracts your mind,

th is when other people's body clocks strike the
every minute.

th is passion being drip fed to sentiment.

th is having nothing to lose and further to go to

th is the wax in your inner ear turns into a
homeopath who sits in one scale throws shit in the
other and tells you you're balanced.

th is when your eyes blink and take photographs
but you know the developers gone stale.

th is being greedy to have all your pain at once.

th digs you deeper than anyone.

th is worrying other people into the force field
of your own satisfaction.

th is when other people's image of you drops to

Death Poem

Death is taboo, but there's no taboo against dying.
Death chain smokes all forms of life.
Death defaces you to your face.
Death is for failed suicides.
Death floods your meat with adrenaline so you're
inadmissible.
Death is using your imagination out of despair not
desire.
Death makes guilt gilt-edged.
Death intensifies the Charlie of your smiles.
Death reigns fear from behind.
Death gets high on death.
Death is a conspiracy of kakakakakakakakakakak consciousness.
Death treats world wars like a line of good coke.
Death is when you stop listening to your inner voice
for so long it stops listening to you.
Death is when every stimulus contracts your mind.
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hour every minute.
Death is passion being drip fed to sentiment.
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of your own satisfaction.

Death is when other people's image of you drops to

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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Birth Year</th>
<th>Occupation/Notable Works</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Syl Johnson</td>
<td>1949</td>
<td>Country singer, recorded &quot;Country Boy&quot; in 1960</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forever</td>
<td>1946</td>
<td>Playing guitar since age ten</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brian Jones</td>
<td>1949</td>
<td>Lead singer of the Rolling Stones</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Delaney Hram</td>
<td>1947</td>
<td>Member of the Delaney Bramlett band</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pete Townshend</td>
<td>1946</td>
<td>Guitarist, led the Who</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duane Allman</td>
<td>1946</td>
<td>Guitarist, formed the Allman Brothers Band</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dickey Betts</td>
<td>1945</td>
<td>Guitarist, formed the Allman Brothers Band</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan Akkerman</td>
<td>1946</td>
<td>Dutch guitarist, led Jan Akkerman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Muddy Waters</td>
<td>1944</td>
<td>Blues singer, played with many legendary bands</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bobby Keys</td>
<td>1944</td>
<td>Saxophonist, worked with the Rolling Stones</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buddy Guy</td>
<td>1914</td>
<td>Blues guitarist, &quot;King of the Blues&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clarence &quot;Fatha&quot; Thomas</td>
<td>1934</td>
<td>Blues singer, &quot;King of the Blues&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Albert King</td>
<td>1923</td>
<td>Blues guitarist, &quot;King of the Blues&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Les Paul</td>
<td>1915</td>
<td>Electric guitarist, inducted into Rock &amp; Roll Hall of Fame</td>
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<td>B.B. King</td>
<td>1925</td>
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