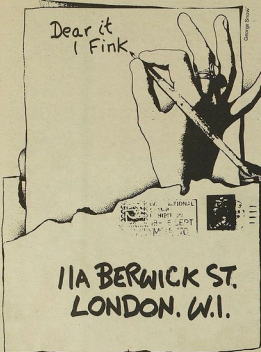


it



IT 121 JANUARY 13-27 15¢





Dear IT:

First point—your magazine isn't worth 15p. 10p was OK but you can't justify a 50% price increase. I can just imagine the consumer reaction if the Mirror tried to raise their price by 50%. The people who need IT most can't afford three bob for a copy.

Second point—if you are gonna rip us off at 15p a time, for fuck's sake print your mag legibly. I refer, for instance, to pages 14 and 15 in IT/120. I'm shit sick of u/g mags like IT and OZ superimposing "far out" designs on their printed pages—so that you can't see the picture and you can't read the print. IT is a vital communications medium so please make damn sure we can read what you print.

Third point—we want more "regional news." It may surprise you to realize that about 80% of the population live outside London, and many do not have a regular local mag of their own. On one hand you recognize this need by distributing nationwide, but on the other your news pages are full of life in Notting Hill Gate—and hardly anywhere else. All right, so you millions of country cousins don't live in Viet Grove with all you furry freaks, but we buy your fuckin' mag so we want nationwide news coverage. Maybe the need is for UPS—UK to get more together.

Your mag's not all bad really—apart from the price. This week's issue (IT/120) is pretty bad but I'll accept the "Xmas delay" excuse—so long as the next issue is better.

Sorry if this letter sounds too angry but writing it helps me pass the time. If I hear any good jokes about Leeds police, I'll send you them.

Luv, Steve A, West Riding Pig-fuckers, Eldon Chapter, Leeds LS8

Dear Steve, thanks a lot, these things need saying. We're sorry too

'bout the price rise, but can only say that it has been followed by Ink, and that OZ is going up soon. It was the first rise for about 2½ years. Re: your request for more regional news—we need more regional contacts. Anyone reading this mag is entitled to contribute to it and we should be very pleased if more people wrote to/for IT on regional topics/news—contact Paul Lewis at the office.

Hello IT,

Reading one of your recent issues I was surprised to read some letters from so called turned on people about the IRA—they have been brain washed the same as the rest of the British people. I am English and was over in Ulster at Christmas and what I saw nearly made me cry. As the IRA, being a set of mad bombers, are the sole protectors of the Catholic population from the Army, and UVF, of whom no body in England has heard off cos Mr. Faulkner and Maudling and British press and television deny their existence so there is no need to report them. Yet every hundred yards or so down the Shankill a hundred per cent Protestant area, the letters UVF are painted on the wall a foot high.

Both sides have vigilantes that patrol their areas if the Catholic ones are seen by the army they are detained, beaten up and possibly interned, in the Protestant areas they have wooden and barbed wire barriers they pull across the streets at night and huts to sit in and the army don't say a thing if the Catholics build barricades the army move in to kill.

Do people here really believe that the IRA would blow up McGurks bar and kill 15 people all Catholics and shoot Catholics in the street? Do they really think that the Catholics are terrorised by the IRA can't they see it's the army and the

UVF they are frightened of. Doesn't it seem odd that there are now Protestants interned. Faced with this and no jobs or houses for them can you blame them for fighting? They have tried everything they possibly could, violence is a last resort. After the civil rights demo-

nstrations in the bogside in 1968 when the B specials who now make up the UVF shot four people and burnt dozens of families out, it was then the army were called in but came under the control of the same people who were causing the oppression in the first place so the Catholics now have another enemy who are only another tool for Faulkner and his fascist government.

The Catholics have to put up with the army searches when they kick the doors open, smash up furnitures and fire places looking for arms (which they usually bring with them anyway as they have found ten times more than the IRA possess), and take anything they fancy. And as far as Catholics are concerned the British troops are foreign soldiers occupying their country and remember, no one condemned the French resistance in the last war, except maybe the Germans.

The last thing I have to say is why don't the alternative press do their job and report the other side of N. Ireland apart from that will people reading this now think before they believe the television and the papers.

Lots of love and peace,
Alan Wadforth, 17 Glenfield Road, Balham, SW12.

Dear IT,

I am writing this letter to let any freaks who read the article on "Psychiatric Fascism" IT/120 know that it ain't a load of old bullshit. I was involved with a "black" magic cult in Spain several years ago and after I left they gave me two years of hell and several nervous breakdowns. Dead kittens and pigeons in the post tend to fuck one's head up a little.

Once upon a time I had a friend called Andre and he went to The Process in London. We ain't seen him since except that his mother rang me to say that he was in a bin somewhere or other. ?

When in Spain drugs and hypnosis were used and various forms of mind bending games played. After I left (when someone killed himself) blackmail was also used in a mild way. I give this warning in all good faith, don't get mixed up with the death of other people unless of course you want to die.

I can't sign my name for fear of mind fucks again, but I will phone you so that you know I'm not faking. Love.

High there!

In reply to Brother Emmanuel (pass me a bomb, I can't help it, I'm tripping) Goldstein of damp pad, Cheltenham, is, as a local, lovable, furry freak dope dealer would like to gently reproach him for his opinion of our professor.

Fuckpig.

Charge 1. The deals are too small. I do not admit they are and if they are this is because silly revolutionary bastards keep telling people to rip us off and public spirited shit-house rats keep gassing us up; so we lose the dope or the bread or both, and say "never

mind lads, who do we know who'll lend us the bread for /soz, 'till we get it together again?"

Charge 2. We make huge profits. Go back to sleep.

And once again it's opportunity knocks for Brother Goldstein. Yes, we do have a store on HP after seventeen attempts to make one out of an orange box, we all agreed the system had us beaten.

Also Brother Goldstein, as one psychiatrist to another, I can safely say without fear of contradiction that we are the most holy, loved, adored, praised, worshipped, idolised, wonderful, fantastic, psychedelically incredible beautiful ferout and in group of (stand back and observe) the vibrations are too fucking much mirror-men that God has, with our help, placed in this starship. And if bombs and guns are still your scene then get in line! All power to those who don't need it.

Buy all your hallucinogenics from Dopey Dealers Ltd (there's a branch in your town) and remember folksbuy, buy, buy. And in the words of our exalted, most gracious and noble friend, Timothy, I raise my glass of acid and say, "Our only hope is dope."

Mirror Man, Stockton on Tees. (name withheld because our local pork burgers are after me with a parking ticket for the rolls).



Dear IT

I want to tell you about an organisation of which I am a reluctant member, so that desperate heads who turn to it for employment, as a last resort, will know what to expect.

This organisation is called Manpower and has its local office at Bayswater Road. This is an organisation which exploits our labour in the most blatant and unloving way. And we can't fight back because we need the bre 2. They charge employers about £1 per hour for my labour and give me about half of this. This may sound OK as far as bread in pocket goes, but most jobs are in the suburbs and it often takes an hour or two to travel there and the same to get home. Because of this we are often out for 12 hours per day and all for about £15 a week.

Love, exploited.

IT is published by Bloom (Publications) Ltd, 11a Berwick Street, London W1A 4PF (01 437 1312) and printed by Daëlia Publications Ltd, Kidlington, Oxford, UK distribution by Doreen Barnes Ltd, 11a Lever Street, London EC1 (01 253 4882)

ROCK 'N' REVOLUTION AND THE FREEDING OF

JOHN SINCLAIR

John Sinclair is free. His release on 13 December came after he served two years 4 months of a 10 year sentence for possessing two pistols.

In freeing John, the Michigan Court reversed their decision of five weeks earlier not to grant John bail pending appeal. Their ruling came three days after a massive Free Sinclair concert at the University of Michigan. Tickets were sold not only before but after the Rainbow Peoples' Party (formerly the White Panthers) told the press that John Lennon and Yoko Ono would be appearing with other movement leaders and rock bands.

The rally was the biggest event so far in a campaign that began shortly after 25 July 1969 when Judge Robert Colombo sentenced John to 10 years for giving two joints to a couple of under-cover agents who begged him for some grass. Two days before the rally, the Michigan State Legislature passed a new drug law under which the possession of marijuana would be classified as a misdemeanor with a maximum sentence of one year in jail.

Referring to the bill's passage, Len Sinclair said, "We can't help but take some credit for ourselves, because we started working for the lessening of marijuana penalties back in 1966."

The new law does not provide for the automatic commutation of lengthy sentences dating back to the old law. Yet faced with the prospect of a highly successful rally of 15,000 young people appealing the bill out of National movement figures wherever they mentioned the word "revolution", the seven justices of the Michigan Supreme Court drafted their own escape route. They didn't want to see the size of the next revolution-and-rock rally. (L.N.S.)

ANGRY BRIGADE:

MORE VICTORIES

Committee proceedings against the Stoke Newington 10 started with two more of the Angry Brigade "conspirators" being freed.

Pauline Conroy and Chris Allen were released last week after the Attorney-General announced he was not granting consent for proceedings to continue against them "at this stage." The phrase "at this stage" was emphasised.

Chris had been in jail since 18 November and Pauline had been on 20,000 pounds bail, and Gifford, asking for an order preventing police "harassment" of Pauline, was told by a magistrate, Harold Beaumont, that his application was "thoroughly ill-conceived."

The release of Pauline and Chris follows the "not guilty" verdict on Ian Purdie at the Old Bailey. Ian has now been granted bail on his own funds charged on condition that he lives with his mother and reports to the pig station twice a day.

The hearing continues against Jim Greenfield, Anna Mendonco, John Barker, Hilary Crook, Stuart Christie, Chris Brink, Angela War and Kate McLean, accused of "conspiring together with Jake Prosser and others unknown, between 1 January 1968 and 20 August 1971 to cause explosions likely to endanger life or cause serious injury to property."

WACKY WORTHING

WORKOUTS

After years of suffering the unenviable reputation of being the largest odd folks' home in England, Worthing finally tasted its revolution in Christmas

activities which so far have led to ten arrests. Here's how it went:

Christmas Eve saw all the frocks in the Theres's kitchen, local pub/madness/drinky and generally making merry. Too merry by half though, as a republican who closed the pub at 10.30 and got the furr to push everyone into the street. Cars got their windcreens smashed and tyres cut, helmets flew in all directions and policemen got beat about the head. Out at 1.50 the frocks there, they managed to get seven, who were taken to the station. A crowd followed them and about £100 worth of damage was caused to a Pandar standing outside it. All the people arrested spent the rest of the night in cells and were fined the next morning on charges ranging from assault to obstruction. This, as it turned out, was only the beginning.

During the following week several anonymous phone calls threatened to blow the police station sky high. The Worthing pigs were getting really paranoid by this time and they reacted—and how.

The afternoon of New Year's Eve they made three simultaneous house raids with warrants made out under the Explosives Act. Adrian Francis was arrested and charged with conspiring to cause explosions. Al Smith's House was raided by two armed Special Branch and about 30 furr who combed the whole house, prodded the garden with long sticks and took away an Angry Brigade badge, a candlemaking kit, which they may use for making bombload other subversive items. Al was taken and arrested and is to be charged on 20 January. Ian Grant's house was also searched thoroughly—they even looked up the chimney for dynamite when there was a fire burning in the grate!

Nothing was found in any of the raids and Al and Adrian are now out on bail. That night the whole police station was barricaded and surrounded, two searchlights were positioned on the roof. The only explosives were an array of handkerchiefs and two smoke bombs.

As well as all the people already mentioned, there are eight people on heavy duty charges—they all appear in court at the end of January. One thing's for sure—Worthing's sure not going to be the same again.

NAUGHTY PIGS

Nottingham pig, John Avery, got 7 years recently for robbing the homes of people known to be on holiday by the police. The pig and his accomplices used a pandar for the robberies.

A Surrey policeman who was given seven months for stealing £3 from a shop said he took the notes "just because they looked pretty."

HOW TO TELL IF

YOU'RE BEING FOLLOWED

Michael Gifford, said to be a member of the IRA, and accused with others of conspiring to rob a bank to finance IRA operations, explained in the Old Bailey. "If we suspected we were being followed by the Special Branch, we used the trick of turning round suddenly and pointing straight at the man. If the man was a Special Branch officer he would sometimes walk away, but if he was a civilian he would come and ask us what we were doing."

"OZ is a widdid rag produced by an equally widdid bunch of petty bourgeois degenerates. There would be no place for such a publication under socialism."

—Irish Liberation Press

VALPREDA DEMO

March and demo to protest about the trial of Pastre Valpreda and others, accused of causing Milan and Rome bombings of December 12, 1967, from Speakers Corner to Italian Embassy, will be on Sunday 16 January at 2 pm. Further info from Organisation of Revolutionary Anarchists, c/o 68 Chingford Road, London E17

BRADFORD BURNS

Reports from Bradford suggest pig activity is getting heavy in the area. Gashers writes, "They are stopping

discrimination in employment, education, and training on grounds of sex.

Please send letters of support to local MP's etc., asking them to vote for this bill at its SECOND READING on 25 JANUARY.

There's a public meeting in support of the bill on 18 January at Cooney Hall, 25 Red Lion Square, Belbcon, London at 7.30 pm. Further info from the Women's Lobby, Flat D, 5-7 Eastham Street, London WC2 (01 226 7709) or Women's Liberation Workshop, 12-13 Little Newport Street, London WC2 (01 734 9541)

acid in their own private lives. I know that it's asking a lot but if enough of us do it—and please be sure already by the other signatures with my name that there is a fair start—it just might work. Believing in miracles of course!

Bill Dwyer (Bill already has gathered 64 signatures (all genuine) in the first week. Write and pledge your support. Get others to do the same. If enough people testify, the pigs will have to give up their best hat they'd never brought the case.) 401 Holland Road, London W14 (entrance Napier Rd). Phone 602 4027



DEAR BROTHERS

AND SISTERS

I have been busted with what eventually may prove to be 1400 lbs of LSD.

This is a simple appeal for help and courage. I shall be fighting the case on a basis of no guilty intent, that this is a matter of conscience in which I believe acid is a holy sacrament which greatly assists the individual in cleansing himself of selfishness and the various million inhibitions bestowed upon us by an authoritarian, moralistic society.

I shall be calling sufficient evidence to show that I was not motivated by personal profit but lived as an equal in a commune where the ambition was the growth of communes, giving substance to an alternative society.

What I need now is as many people as possible to testify in court the beneficial effects of

POLICE FIVE

John Guest was coming out of the Woburn Ash concert at the Red Lion, Leytonstone, when he stopped to help someone who had fallen into the road. Some passing pigs grabbed him and took both of them up on the station, beating them up on the way. The pigs now say John was in a fight at the pub and it accused of beating up a pig and wrecking the station. If anyone saw what really happened, John would like them to contact his solicitors: Philip Kowal or Ian Sharritt at Kent House, 87 Regent Street, London W1 as soon as possible.

DRAFT RESISTANCE

IN ISRAEL

On 2 August 1971, 3 Israeli men and one woman, about to be conscripted into the army, wrote an open letter to the press stating: "We were not born

ANTI-DISCRIMINATION

BILL

Wille Hamilton, MP for West Fife, has introduced a private members' bill to the House of Commons outlawing

ISLE OF WIGHT

ROCK
The Isle of Wight County Council has announced the conditions they will impose on any future pop festival on the island.

- The main conditions are:
1. Site to be cleared of perishable liquor within one week and all other liquor within three weeks.
 2. Separate washing facilities for each sex.
 3. A water supply within 250 yards maximum of any campers.
 4. One WC for every 75 persons expected.
 5. A mechanical digger and a vacuum tanker in constant readiness to tackle drainage problems.
 6. No public address system to be used after 11 a.m. except for emergencies.
 7. The organizer must obtain, at his own expense, any consent or agreement required from owners of land adjoining the site.

PIGS INVESTIGATE

PIGS
The Police are investigating corruption among the London traffic pigs. Even though such investigations are always whitewashes, they can be useful, as the one into the London Drug Squad has shown. Little has been heard from them since the "independent" police investigator arrived. Still, things will soon be back to normal.

Meanwhile, the Leeds Court schedules are crammed full with pigs on trial. Latest are two detectives accused of accepting a bribe.

WHO ARE THE SAS?

DESPITE the official denials, the Special Air Service - SAS - is now active in Northern Ireland. They seem to be there in the normal "undercover" role they play.

According to the IRA they have already helped kill 3 British soldiers in March of this year. "Hisite had to be created in the common soldier for all that was Irish" (see IT/118).

The situation in Ireland is ideal for the SAS, they are the elite of the British Army and some of the best trained soldiers in the world. The much publicized US Special Forces are known to admire them highly.

They're basically trained to act as undercover/guerrilla troops, usually in groups of three or four, each soldier being able to "look after himself" unlike the normal British soldier who needs orders.

The SAS have been active in the majority of conflicts that the UK has been involved in since the last war. For instance, in Malaya against the Chinese communist guerrillas, and in Sarawak and Borneo against the Indonesians.

They are known to have been training in the last couple of years in undercover work, dressed as civilians, some of this training took place in Denmark, and incidentally playing havoc with the Danish Police.

The standard required by the SAS is far higher than that of the normal British Tommy and for this reason they have been permanently under strength since the last war. Individual soldiers in the SAS can often speak three or four languages.

are able to use the majority of small weapons available in the world - Chinese and Russian included, and are trained parachutists, etc. etc.

The motto of the SAS is "Who dare win" and their symbol the winged dagger striking downwards. The commanding officer is titled Colonel Commandant, Major (Hon) Braggart, The Viscount, Lord of Theosop. The three regiments of the SAS are:

- 1st SAS Regiment: the 2nd SAS Regiment: the backbone of the SAS, the elite of the British Army and the one probably in Ireland.
- 2nd SAS Regiment: the reconnaissance regiment.

Further information on the SAS might be obtained from their records office at Queen's Division, Light Division, Para., SAS SASC, Higon, Barracks, Exeter, Devon. The office in charge being Col. D.J. Wood and the telephone number is 0392 76581/7.

(News from Ministry of Information, White Panther Party, UK)

WHITE PANTHER PARTY UK

WEST LONDON CHAPTER
Box no. WPK, 11a Berwick Street, London W1A 6PP now formed three months, putting out propaganda on public transport and generally getting access to "Strait's", produced magazine "White Trash" price 1p (inc. 50p) from above address. Have started a free food programme, already distributing in Portobello Road.

RUPERT KIDNAPPED

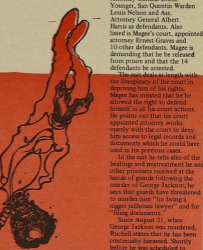
Two Rupert Bears were recently stolen from a food firm's storeroom in Esher, Surrey, where they were waiting to be sent to the winners of a painting competition.

The crime was even considered important enough to be mentioned by Shaw Taylor on "Police Five."

"Imagine everyone's surprise when the bears turned up hanging from a tree with a note which read, "One day, Shaw Tayles, one day..."

GROCCER SPURNED

When President Tito arrived in the rain at Heathrow Airport last week, he hurried straight past a soaking Mr. Heath and clambered into a waiting car. The unexpected grocer was fazed to go with undignified haste in hot pursuit. By the way, who's President Tito?



RUCHELL MAGEE SUES THE STATE

San Rafael, Calif (LNS): California State officials were hit with a suit last week totaling \$8,500,000. The suit, filed by Ruchell Magee (the lone survivor of the Marin County Jailbreak in which Jonathan Jackson died) in US District Court, charges that the state has illegally held him in prison for his last 8 years. The suit names State

Attorney General Evelle Younger, San Quentin Warden Louis Nelson and Judge Attorney General Albert Harris as defendants. Also listed is Magee's court, appointed attorney Ernest Grayson and 10 other defendants, Magee is demanding that he be released from prison and that the 14 defendants be prosecuted.

He with the Conspiracy of the court in depriving him of his rights. Magee has insisted that he be allowed the right to defend himself in all his court actions. He points out that his court appointed attorney works openly with the court to deny him access to legal records and documents which he could have used in his previous cases.

In the suit he tells also of the beatings and restraint he and other prisoners received at the hands of guards following the murder of George Jackson. He says that guards have threatened to murder him "for being a nigger jailhouse lawyer" and for "filing documents."

Since August 21, when George Jackson was murdered, Ruchell states that he has been continuously harassed. Shortly before he was scheduled to appear in court last month he was test-gassed in his cell.

Ruchell has been incredibly successful with the motions and documents he has filed on his own behalf, so far. He has had judges removed for prejudice and proceedings moved to higher courts where the constitutional aspects of his case can be heard. Ruchell maintains that the Marin County Jailbreak was a slave rebellion and that he had been unlawfully confined for eight years previous to it. If he can prove his case of illegal arrest and slave rebellion he will escape the mandatory death sentence that a hanging over his head.

MICKEY MOUSE MEETS THE FURRY FRIENDS

A year ago the Board of Trustees for the Walt Disney estate opened a college outside Los Angeles because it had always been one of Disney's dreams to sponsor "in place of learning where young artists could study together under the finest of teachers."

However, in that year, the dream has turned into a nightmare. Not least because of the main north politics, drug taking and political barbarism. One teacher even announced he would teach "hope, peace and going home". The last student for the Trustees was when the college's first magazine was filled with porno pictures. The Board is now considering stopping its financial support for the college.

In fact it seems to be hard times all round for the Disney dream. Even the imitation snow on the "Mattehorn Bobahag Ride" at Disneyland caught fire the other day, dropping molten glass fibre on three riders.

WELCOME TO MIAMI!

The 1972 Democratic Convention will be held in Miami Beach and Police Chief Rocky Porcenne will no doubt get the Pig of the Year Award.

He's just been given \$600,000 in Federal & State money to prevent a recurrence of the '68 Chicago battle. The bread will buy night vision and optical devices, bomb and gas detectors, pig helmets with built-in walkie talkies, scramblers to stop interception of pig communications, closed circuit TV systems and 2,000 pairs of nylon hand handcuffs. All in all could be the most widely audio taped battle in history. Rocky says, "We are preparing for any eventualities and anticipating nothing."



PROGRESS IS OUR MOST IMPORTANT PRODUCT...

Glasgow is no mean city. The hideous ugly child of a once invincible empire, whose pride and intolerance was surpassed only by its vicious cruelty, was at one time reckoned by United Nations statisticians to be the sixth most violent city in the world. The empire has crumbled, and now the dirty, decaying tenement slums of Glasgow, for so long the common denominator in an essential network of social relationships, are being torn down and replaced by the sprawling, impersonal, 'modern' housing schemes, where each family is forced to live in its own island of controlled isolation. But violence still pervades this unique city. The street gangs, most of whom are young and haven't yet achieved the fashionable trendiness of their older but no less violent brothers, still have to turn to violence as their only means of self-expression.

The size of some of the gangs in Glasgow comes as a surprise to anybody with little previous knowledge of the city. For instance, the Blue Angels, a Glasgow bikers gang who now have chapters extending from Central Scotland to as far south as Leeds, they are probably the heaviest and one of the most together groups in Glasgow.

Attempts have been made to bring the alternative community together, despite pig harassment, with a reasonable amount of success. GAP (Glasgow Advisory People) an information shop started early in 1971, becoming an umbrella structure under which most of the alternative groups could 'wick, housed a legal clinic, Chairman Union, Black Box news agency, White Panthers, Seed Centre and Drug Care unit, all of which worked with Glasgow's large freak population and the poor of the surrounding districts. Inter-

sective squabbles, pig hassles and the continual character assassination seem to have obscured G.A.P.'s precarious financial situation, and in October G.A.P. finally collapsed, to re-emerge shortly after as the 'Forever People' which met a quick and final death. The groups that worked under the GAP umbrella re-formed in various parts of the city.

'Skill' magazine is Glasgow's only source of the alternative community, it's policy, in political terms, lies somewhere between 'Solidarity, White Panthers and Situationist International'. In its short existence it has been subjected to heavy pig harassment, street sellers being arrested and copies of the mag. confiscated, etc. etc. The magazine has now been given over to a collective editing (it is a two issue) bid to ensure publication despite the harassment. The new collective will operate a policy of "no compromise" with the pig's death culture, unlike Glasgow's other 'underground paper', the 'Word'. The Word has been accused of 'selling out to the frinks' and "making patronising Marxist overtures to an identifiable leadership".

Of the groups that left GAP, the Chairman Union seem to have been the most successful so far. They now operate from Dalmeirack Road in Glasgow's east end. The Union members are representing claimants and putting forward cases at SS Appeal Tribunals in the never ending struggle with the SS and Labour Exchange, pig harassment and generally

welcome the east enders to drop in and talk with them. Unfortunately they have been receiving a lot of eggs from a local gang, who have been dropping in and terrorizing them. 'White I' was in Glasgow, one of the members. Sean, was just recovering from an eye wound, after being attacked by a guy with a screwdriver, for no apparent reason.

Generally, however, most of the gangs in Glasgow can relate to the freak population. A lot of the kids are turning on to acids and acid, although downers like mandrax and other death culture drugs have unfortunately been around for some time. Long hair and colourful but trendy clothes are the accepted norm. The youth in Glasgow is a growing market for exploitation

by the big rip-off boutiques which are springing up all over the city. Old established street gangs like the Cumbie, who first were spawned in the crumbling slums of the Gorbals more than forty years ago, still set the pace for the 'yag' boutiques that exist today. A unique set of levels exist within each gang. The top level is the older men (my age above 75) then the Young Cumbie, the Young Young Cumbie, the tony Cumbie, the Baby Cumbie, Mini Cumbie, Toddler Cumbie and so on. When the Young Young Cumbie, for instance, become too old, the Tiny Cumbie step up and so it goes on. The amount of gain, members 'stealing up' gets less and less as the amount of housing schemes, which separates gang members from each other and forces them into 'respectable' married life, increases. But even in the housing schemes a huge reservoir of scottie, half-cultured, resentful kids exist, who can only expand their sexual and social energy in violence.

"THE PIGS KNOW WE CAN GIVE AS GOOD AS WE GET."

The Blue Angels are working class guys who first formed a bikers chapter in the tough Maryhill district about ten years ago. They still retain that zeal—the spirit of the age which distinguishes them from both the street gang and the freaks of Glasgow. Lennie Reynolds, the Blue Angels' acquaintance and highly respected spokesman/secretary, talked about the Blue Angels to me:

"We've got a selective point of view, like *Bastards and the Hell's Angels*. We draft in the new guys, three months for their colours, then they get a membership card and we watch them. If they're a fuck-up they get battered and thrown out of the club. We don't give them a fuckin' chance like 'apprentices', learning their trade so to speak. About one in every ten eventually become Angels."

"Figs hassles." "No, we're respected. The pigs know we can give as good as we get. The riot wagons know it too, though we lose later on. They can pick us up after a battle, but not before we put a lot of them into hospital."

"Freaks and politics." "We get on great with freaks. We score most of our shit and acid from them. We don't get involved in

their politics, although we get on well with the White Panthers. We'd do anything for them and so on. But you must appreciate Glasgow is a violent city, and it's not because of politics that a gang would just wipe a group of freaks out of the world. It's because all these guys are trooping through their territory."

"The gangs are a potentially powerful force. You can take any working class guy in any working class district, and with unemployment, etc. etc. he's just got to be a lonely, angry, that is, he's an exceptional common human operating on his own. But most of these guys just want a couple of bob in their pockets, whether it's from a wage or a bun. Most of the left wing guys, revolutionaries, militants here are middle class fuckers who've never had to stay in a striking shop or in a Maryhill of Glasgow."

"CLEANING UP THE DRUG SITUATION"

Heavy pig activity is not only used of controlling the Blue Angels or the gangs. There are numerous proved reports of freak being beaten in the streets and kids being locked into and illegally searched by the Glasgow 'untouchables'—plain clothes clerical squad pigs who cruise around in disguised vans, originally used to quell the gangs and now becoming the instruments of Chief Constable McNe's threat to "clean up the drug situation." The drug squad itself frequently uses bullying tactics to force arrested freaks to grass on their brothers and sisters, making so strenuous to conceal their strong arm methods. The White Panthers and other alternative groups have been infiltrating the freak haunts, and getting freaks to help to resist the pigs and fight to stop this blatant form of friendly repression.

The local, friendly neighbourhood, District Inspector John Brown of the Drug Squad is Glasgow's answer to P.C. Palley of Notting Hill Gate. He is a dedicated man, who loves playing pig cops and robbers, although the strain tells on

him, especially around the eyes (as in the strain). He is ruthless in carrying out his decision, declaring that jail is the prevention and the cure. I watched Brown, while sitting in the State bar—a freak pub—push young girls round the pig and make her point out the people to whom he had sold her.

Freak haunt, the Maryland club in Scott Street, has survived only because it has compromised with Brown and his squad. The pigs allow the freaks to be contained in this dope smoking paradise, as long as they pay their entrance money, that is. Both the management and Brown's squad are satisfied with the convenient set-up. The management get the bread and the pigs get the city constabulary. It is virtually another jail in Brown's prevention and cure therapy.

Despite this subtle repression, the freaks, who very little style evolved in the State bar and the Maryland, are becoming more conscious of the nature of the repression and so often they've been subjected to. Any hope for change in Glasgow lies in this new consciousness and awareness of the exploitation within their own culture.

THE NEW URBAN GUERRILLAS

The gangs in Glasgow, if so motivated, could be the new urban guerrillas. The street gangs are mean violent motherfuckers who, if well organized, would be a force to be reckoned with. The gangs are the most oppressed part of the community, probably more so than the freak population. They are so bitter, confused and frustrated that they have not the insight to understand that the same society that harasses and jails freaks also dope charges and for wanting freedom is the same society that contains them in their gang ghetto. Gang fighting divides the people. It plays into the pig's hands, for when a neighborhood is divided, as ALL of Glasgow is, it is temporarily conquered.

The revolutionary potential of Glasgow is enormous, but so much of the people's energy is

continued on page twenty-two



**METTA**temporarily homeless but still alive. **ABERDEEN**...project**OUTPUT**

Both Arts Workshop, The Organ Factory, Cleveland Cottages, London Road, BATH 0225-27878

SEARCH93 Abingdon St, **BLACKPOOL** 10-4 Mon/Sat. (0253) 56528 messages only)**BENEFIT**1320 High St, Bromley, **KENT** 01 409 4801**BIT by BIT**7 Victoria Road, **BRIGHTON** (0273) 27878 phone temporarily cut off)**BUZZ**10 Whaley Road, **BRISTOL** 8 (0222) 36117)**OHM**5 Beacon Terrace, **CAMBRIDGE**, Cornwall (020 92 4472)**RESPONSE**430 St. Peter's Street, **CANTERBURY**, Kent (0227 64945)**RIB**58 Charles Street, **CARDIFF** (0222 44441)...now open 7 days a week)**ORGANISATION**44/45 West Street, **CHICHESTER**, Sussex (0243 88338)**TOUCH**c/o Last Homely House, 45 Chigham Street, **DUNDEE**...**about to move soon****MOTHER GRUMBLE**Parrot Publications, 13 Silver Street, **DURHAM CITY**...**project****BRIDGES**The Old Manxway, 23 St Albans Rd, East, **HATFIELD**, Herts (85 68834)**OUTSIDER**4 Shakespeare Street, **HULL**, Yorks**WOMENS LIB INFO SERVICE**140 Apsley Rd, **LEAMINGTOWN** SPA, Warks (0926 28862)**LIP**c/o Anarchist Bookshop, 153 Woodhouse Lane, **LEEDS** 2 (0532 30071 ext 67)**HOT MANNA**contact Mesto at St. Marys Social Centre, **LEWES**, Sussex (Tues & Thurs)**JOHN HITCH**11 College Avenue, **LEICESTER** (0533 22264)...project**NIB**Stoney House, Upper Parliament Street, **LIVERPOOL** 6 (051 700 3029)**ADVISE**313 Upper St, **LONDON N1** (01 226 2065 (mainly for black brothers and sisters)**AGITPROP**249 Birkhall Green Road, **LONDON E2** (01 739 1704)...**adical political****A.L.R.**71 Steeple Green, **LONDON E1** 750 2406)...mainly for artists, etc**BIT**141 Westbourne Park Road, **LONDON W11** 180 (01 229 8219 - tries to be 24 hours)**EAST**270 Barking Road, **LONDON E8** (01 471 2276)**RELEASE**70 Piccadilly Road, **LONDON****W11**

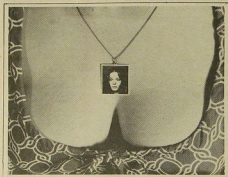
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(see Aod)

61 Hunters Lane, off Yorkisthve Street, **ROCHDALE**, Lancs**SPACE EARTHWORK**Little Hill, Radford Street, **SHEFFIELD** 1 (0742 22298 another John King)**NEWCASTLE ON TYNE****INFO CENTRE**planned by Joe. Pells and others at present working for South Shields C/O, 4 Lane Road, **SOUTH SHIELDS** (08943 82213)**CLEVELAND WRECKING****YARD**175 Newcastle St, **BARNSTON**, Stoke on Trent, Staffs (0782 86024)**BOB/CLIVE/JENNY**"Confidence" Coffee Bar, 122 Terrincks Rd, **EASTBOURNE**, Sussex**BLACK BOX**News service covering Scotland and Ireland, **GLASGOW** (041 883341/79443381)

CLOSE TO EVERY MOTHER'S BOOB



Do you ever split the family scene, search for something more beautiful, take off on a trip of your own? Does your father blow a fuse, and your mother blow her cool, paranoia eating into her brain as she clutches your photo and your memory to her breast? Both of them go insane with worry, yet they're capable of getting into scenes worse than you ever dreamed. That's what Miles Forman's "Taking Off" is all about. It's a movie to turn on your laughter but also turn on your mind. After two smash hits runs at two West End theatres it's now showing at specially selected London cinemas. If you've taken off or you're thinking of taking off, "Taking Off" is a film you've got to see.

taking off A FORMAN-OWEN-HALDMAN INC. PRODUCTION
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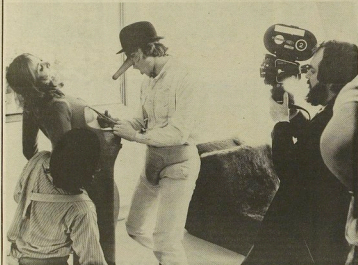
THEIR NEW SINGLE

Pretty as you feel

66 0500



WHAT'S STANLEY KUBRICK BEEN UP TO?



It's been 3 years since 2001: A Space Odyssey, 7 since Dr. Strangelove, 10 since Lolita, 14 since Paths of Glory. Last month he completed A CLOCKWORK ORANGE x

It's based on the novel by Anthony Burgess and stars Malcolm McDowell; he's a young tough into rape, ultra-violence and Beethoven.

"s satiric, sexy, sardonic, ironic, political, dangerous, funny, frightening, violent, metaphorical, musical!"

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 Original Soundtrack recording at Warner Bros. RM 821

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- **Sex in Marriage**. By Dr. Werdell M. Koehn and Richard Warren. A two-volume illustrated guide to every conceivable by-stand of sexual satisfaction for the sophisticated couple. Over 100 delightful photographs of gals in knickers together with their own as often innocent as mysterious consensents of the subject. 85p
- **American Lesbians**. Gals will be boys, sometimes, in this startling document of 111 beautiful female homosexuality reveals so well by the means of 150 full-page photographs. Over 42 85p
- **Unusual Sex in Pictures**. By Dr. T. S. Peters. Chapters include: Unusual Sex; Unusual Sex and the Law; Paraphilia; Group Sex; Intersial Sex; plus 100 striking photographs. 85p

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HAMMERSMITH TOWN HALL

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and other bands

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State size and colour required: 75p.....

T-SHIRTS (scoop-neck T-shirts with contrasting sleeves, body yellow, sleeves green, 3 sizes, usual medium and large)

- Short sleeved** Size..... £1.00.....
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Sorry, no more Dylan 1966 albums at the moment, we are waiting for deliveries in January and will add this back then!

Please allow 30 days for processing. Overseas orders should add 30p extra postage (sorry!). All payments cheques/postal order made payable to ITMAIL and sent with this order form (just tick off the items you want to)

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(advertisement closes 13 January 1972)

And now, a short message from our leader. Would the persons who sent in the following postal orders (check your counterfoil) please contact ITMAIL (tel. 437 1312):
70p 97005—255965 issued at Queens Road, Nuneaton, Post Office £1,001240—000079 issued at Nuneaton, Warwick
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Ta'

Coming soon—Hawkwind embroidered patches.....

Please add 10p to all orders to cover handling. Allow 30 days for processing. All payments should be by cheque or postal order made payable to TROYST DESIGN COMPANY and sent with this order form (just tick off the items you want to)

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articles, ad, anything to
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Paul of IT would like to offer a good home to a female kitten 6-8 weeks old. If you can help, please ring 437 1312 (11 am-3 pm).

ZH TOM VAN READY AND WAITING
to drive bands or whatever. Any time, any place. Heavy driver, cheap rates. Call A.O. at Epping 5544

ANTHONY VERITY

Rotten Paraphernalia in book; he can be written to at Ward 9, Horton Hospital, Epsom, Surrey or telephoned on Wednesdays at Epsom (391) 20030. *Caution:*

Sanskrit meditation, Thursdays 7.30 at 35 Sherley Rd. SE5, Nil Boonam. Enquiries 701 2406; starts January 26. Concepts in Physics, Mike Tait and David Millard, Starts in March. Enquiries Mike Tait 702 0389 (home) 607 6767 ext 248 (office). Alternative Society, Contact Robin.

Rex Ballroom, Bognor, Sussex
Wednesday 26 January
7.30—11.30

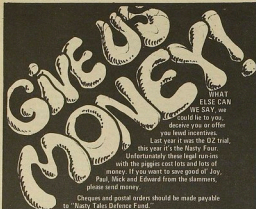
HAWKWIND

PINK FAIRIES

Castle

Lightshow, disco, bar, stalls

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WHAT ELSE CAN WE SAY, we could lie to you, deceive you or offer you lead incentives. Last year it was the OZ trial.

This year it's the Nasty Four. Unfortunately these legal run-ins with the piggies cost lots and lots of money. If you want to save good of Jay, Paul, Mick and Edward from the slammers, please send money.

Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to "Nasty Tales Defence Fund."

This Nasty Tales prosecution is calculated to shut down both IT and Nasty Tales. Don't let them win. Please help.

Nasty Tales Defence Fund
11a Berwick Street
London W1A 4PF



NASTY TALES No. 3 is out now, price 20p, from your favourite bookstall or by post from IT, 11a Berwick Street, W1A 4PF (1+ 5p p&p please). BULK

NASTY TALES 3

ORDERS for streeting (who not call in!) at 121p each (incl. order: 8) from the same address. Incidentally, IT now makes you more money in less time than any other s/g paper at 71p each (total at 15p) for 10 or more.

A NASTY BALL

As part of our efforts to fight the Nasty Tales prosecution, IT presents the special event of the year
A NASTY BALL
at Burngans, Coventry Street, London (W1) on
WEDNESDAY 2 February from 10-11pm (doors 10 3 a.m.)
Bands who have so far offered to play include **PINK FAIRIES**, **BISHOPS BIG BOPPERS**, plus strippers, DJs, Nasty Events and more surprises which will be revealed next issue of IT. Friends, look and Time Out. Advance tickets from usual outlets or call 437 1312.

LATE NIGHT FLICKS

WEDNESDAY NIGHT PICTURES
A 90 min. all night festival of films and goodies at the Electric Cinema, Portobello Road. See next issue.

THE LANCHESTER POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE COLLEGE ARTS FESTIVAL (JAN 28th - FEB 4th) PRIORY STREET, COVENTRY.



PREMIERS & WORKS COMMISSIONED FOR L.A.F. include 'WINTER RISING' to be performed by COSMIC CIRCUS which itself grew from the Mike Westbrook Band and the Welfare State. Another premier will be the Johnny Dankworth Band with the London Sinfonietta Orchestra performing 'MEETING PLACE' by Banks and Taverner.

EVENTS - the building of a MAZE (itself then packed with 'events') EXHIBITIONS in shop units, CHILDREN'S ART, ART FACILITY, ARTS WORKSHOP also the CHILDREN'S MURAL and PUBLIC PAINTING and SCULPTURE.

Street theatre gatherings with children will unify the whole thing with medieval type markets, stands from organitators like BIT and FRIENDZ, THEATRE WORKSHOPS will involve students who will then perform the works during the Festival.

INFILTRABLES - STRUCTURES by a group of Architectural and Arts Fac. students.

INTERACTION - ACTION SPACE - YORKSHIRE GNOSES - PEOPLE TIME SPACE THEATRESPEIL - GENTLE FIRE - OVAL HOUSE CO. - COMMUNITY THEATRE (Bradford Art Coll. General Will, Red Ladder) - KEN CAMBELL.

AMERICAN BELES ARTISTES: Eddie Guitar Burns, Lightning Slim J.B. Hutso and the Hawks, Homesick James and Memphis Slim. JAZZ (see above) plus Ken Colyer with the Tierra Buena Band. POETS: Adrian Mitchell, Brian Patten, John Montague, Adrian Henry, Michael Longley, Christopher Logue. CLASSICAL: Stradivarius Trio with Warner Giger.

English Chamber Orch. with Ernesto Betetti performing a guitar concerto. Orchestra da Camera performing Bach Mass with choir. BAROQUE: Musica Antiqua Trio. BRASS BAND: Grimethorpe Colliery. VARIETY: Rogers & Starr. THEATRE: 'The Rivals', 'The Two of Us', 'The Paradise Sorry Now'. FILM: open screening, Losey and Hitchcock. INTERNATIONAL CLASSICAL GUITAR COMPETITION' LIGHTSHOWS & MULTI MEDIA, Uncle Dirty, Mandala Lights, Low Moon Spectacular. FOLK: The Spinners.

SLADE, VIV STANSHALL'S ex BONZO entourage, THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN and ROGER RUSKIN SPEAR, ETC' ETC' ETC' plus

A PINK FLOYD CONCERT and a CHUCK BERRY, SLADE and BILLY PRESTON CONCERT

*tickets on sale: usual agencies or from Lanchester Polytechnic. Many free events. see me: papers for further details. Daily buses from London.

GETTING OUT OF THE CAB TO the cold air, with the big red and green sign of the American flaring over their heads, they decide to go up to the room and continue their business discussion. The lobby is rank with the odors of Oriental food. The Pinoy Pinoy, a Philippine restaurant, beckons from the left. Its goofy sign triggers Terry into a bit. "Hey, Arnold, dig the concept of a Filipino. A guy with a gold tooth who comes quick and giggles!" Zap! There's an attraction for you, Arnold (Lenny's lawyer) grunts his pleasure. The switchboard girl gets up from her chair and says, "Mr. Bruce, here's a list of the calls that have come in for you ... there's a lot of them."

Damn well that's here! When Lenny Bruce comes into a hotel, the switchboard lights up like a Lufthansa sign in London. Every jankie, single-man and jazz musician in the city is trying to get through to Lenny. All the dope fiends want to lay a taste on him so they can hang out together. You know, "Let's get Lenny high, and dig his crazy head!" That's how he was to go out that hotel window years later in San Francisco. Some dumb hippie chick wanted to turn him on to LSD. She slipped the acid in his coffee, and Lenny flew out the window. Ball-assed naked, he dropped 20 feet and smashed himself into bits. What a delightful prank!

Almost as bad as the junkies are the broads who crash his quarters. Every pointed-up, quarter-belt hooker wants to crawl in the sack with him. Give him some free stuff, just like the freeds. Lenny can't stand these freakie chicks, he's got his mind on business these days. Chicks don't mean a damn to him. He could go for a month without getting laid. Or he could jump the next broad who comes through the door. It really doesn't matter. What counts now is writing material and getting his price up and moving into TV and films and just keeping the show on the road. Chicks are the pre-occupation of the unemployed. Once inside his Duffy-blue command post, Lenny starts to issue orders. He's got a job for everyone. Arnold has to get on the phone and start negotiating a deal with "Roger." They want Lenny to do a monthly column: safety, funny, hip, contemporary stuff like he does on the floor. Solid! He'll be the hipster Dorothy Kilgallen. Let them come up with a number. Terry must prepare surgery for the next case: the famous star of nightclub, TV and film, Lenny Bruce—who will soon be needing another injection. Lenny loves to play doctor and at this point in his life he's got more gear than the emergency room at Mt. Sinai. Terry must get the needles into immersion injection (plopping them into a jar where they look like gleaming little tadpoles) and prepare the regular hypodermic syringes. Disposable are great for a fast blast, but they aren't for everyday use. Less finicky honest than regular needles, they have tiny burns that hurt like hell and tear up your veins. Lenny, meanwhile, buses himself with the utensils of cooking: the heavy kitchen matches and the spoon and the cotton batting. Actually, Davidoff is far more potent when taken by mouth. But Lenny is just as hooked on the spike as he is on the drug. He makes jokes about shooting aspirin and often inoculates himself with penicillin.

lin. Any drug that isn't soluble —like Dolophene—makes no sense to him. After all, what would shooting be if it weren't preceded by an elaborate ritual. The ancient medicine man standing before the hotel campfire mixing his potions and bringing them to a frothing boil over the white man's safety match!

Apart from his stroke books, Lenny's got a lot of reading material in that value. It's got Time, Newsweek, Life, Variety, Down Beat, Metronome, TV Guide, the local papers, books on drugs and show business, novels, picture books, caption cartons—a whole library. The librarian is Terry. A real bookworm this guy is. A tall, shy country boy from Modesto, San Joaquin Valley, he went to collage and music school, featured himself as a jazz musician, then when times got bad for jazz in the late forties, he drifted into the burlesque business. Lenny met him at Strip City in L.A. It was a Sunday night. Ethnic night in these flesh joints. The whole house was full of lipping, smiling Japanese gardeners from gardens dying to get a look at some giant white tritite. As Terry vettled down to play, he noticed this new MC teaching the piano player the changes for his opening number. The number was "Remember Pearl Harbour." That killed Terry. By the next night, Lenny was friends.

What grabbed Lenny was the fact that Terry was a reader. One night Lenny asked Terry to draw up a list of 50 books every educated man should know. Poor Terry. He never got beyond the 10th grade. But he came from the sort of Jewish family that reverences learning. His father was always quoting Pearl Buck. Lenny was always saying, "Wouldn't it be great to just sit and read!" Really get down with it! That was what Terry simply hadn't got the patience, the concentration, the "sitstifness." If he pushed too hard, he would get a terrible head-

ache. But here was Terry totting around these library books. Sitting there at the table between shows riddling off titles like a college English professor. Evelyn Waugh, Aldous Huxley, Jean Paul Sartre, "Black Lamb and Grey Falcon," "White!" Lenny was impressed. That was three or four years ago. Now Lenny Bruce is famous. For what? Not just for doing bits, man. Lenny is the hipster hero, par excellence. Around his face and figure and fast-talking mouth resonates the whole hip culture. He's the "Playboy" playboy come to life, with a gorgeous gut in one hand and in the other a copy of Dr. Schweitzer. When he walks out on the floor with The New York Times rolled up in his fist and a heavy furrow running down his forehead (which gets the girls horny), he looks like some New Wave writer, figuring out an existential detective



Lenny with attorney Seymour Fried in court.

story that could run in "Esquire" while they were filming it at St. Tropez.

When Lenny starts to spritz, interspersed with the hip jargon, riding along the boss and beats of his Broadway-Brooklyn tachycardic speech pattern, are allusions to bad sounds like Stravinsky, Picasso, Charlie Parker, Jose Lennon and James Joyce. He is into jazz, existentialism, analysis, pyrote cunts and California. He is concerned about the racial scene and the man in the White House and the economy and the way the country is changing. He has a philosophy, an attitude. He speaks from experience, but he's done an awful lot of reading. "Yes," he muses onstage, a finger arced across his lip, "I like to read for a couple of hours every night before I go to bed."

Well, why shouldn't he say that? It's part of his act, part of his image. But the image is a bitch to sustain. Let's face it. He isn't that knowledgeable about jazz. He's never been to Europe. Most everything he knows, he picked

up from the movies. Yet the trick is the same. Lenny's neither a reader nor a skimmer. OK. So what's he supposed to do? Just accept it and be a schmuck? Oh, no! There are always people who can help you. You don't have to take a lot of shit from them either. You just sit a guy like Terry down and say, "Now look man, here's the gig. I need an intellectual seeing-eye dog. Somebody who can check out the papers every day and read Time for me, do a little research for me and just set me up nice so when I get out tonight I'm the best informed person in the city. Dig it?" And the system works fine. Terry, or Richey, or Benny, or whoever is travelling with Lenny, is always a smart, studious sort of cat who can feed him facts and help him learn big new words out of the dictionary. After all what is literacy? It's words. How do you learn words? You hear them. If you have a good ear and a tongue that can mimic anything you hear, you can learn whole languages by rote. Lenny is a mind-mouth man.



Lenny with attorney Seymour Fried in court.

up from the movies. Yet there is a way of handling the problem. Mort Sahl found the solution before Lenny. It's called Osmosis.

The way Sahl worked? Wherever he was, at home or on the road, he would have his room lined with magazines and books. He never read anything. He was a voracious skimmer. Yet by flipping through this and staring at that, reading a sentence here and picking up a word there, he got a very good idea of where everything was. When he went into his monologue, you would swear that he had digested the whole world for that week. Charles DeGaulle, Dwight Eisenhower, segregation, Shelley Bernan, trade unions, Dave Brubeck, "Marty," New York, Berkeley, sandals, J.D. Salinger, filtertip cigarettes, the State Department, Dick Clark, German radios, birth control, Charles Van Doren, Adlai Stevenson, national shoulder suits, Cuba, Israel, Dave Garrowsay, the Doner's Club, Billy Graham. Now Lenny doesn't need all this crap. After all he has an imagination and he's really funny, not just nervous like Sahl.

His brain is between his ears and his tongue. All he has to do is get the hang of a word and he finds a place to slip it into his act. That night he walks out on the stage and reads the verbal bomb right on their heads. Flamboyant, Rationalization, Heroulean, Propinquity, Pellegra, Bam, bam, bam. He's killing the people with his polyglot, multifarious atom bombs. Power words like James Joyce must have known.

THE KING

The King rode into the forest after dinner to hunt deer, with his red-haired companions, the Devereux Court Hunters, at 22 or 30 years younger than the King. Robert Fitz Hemon, the King's oldest and closest friend, the King's Groom, the Devereux figure, William, Zeno Gilbert de Langis, Robert de Montfort and William of Ireland. In the account the story shifts now to the King and his wife alone with Walter Tirel. The king was sitting when a stag came and the King, drawing his bow, looked an arrow which hit, but did not kill, the animal. The wounded stag ran to the west, watched narrowly by the King for some time, though he had to steady his eyes from the glare of the sun. Another stag passed by which Walter Tirel shot at and missed. The arrow flew in and struck the King. Clutching at the staff where it protruded from his breast the King fell forward, breaking the arrow in his body as he hit the ground. He died narrowly, without uttering a word.

This account of the death of the red-haired King, William Rufus, is based on the account written by William of Malmesbury, who is generally considered to be a careful and truthful chronicler. It seems to be a straightforward account of an unfortunate accident but behind the simple tale of the death of a king lie much more curious happenings.

It is important to remember that England at this time was not a completely Christian country, the King himself was strongly suspected of paganism, certainly he was not an orthodox Christian. By ancestry Rufus came of pagan stock, his grandfather being Duke Robert of Normandy, known as Robert the Devil. The son of Robert was William the Conqueror, who married his cousin Matilda, thus giving Rufus a pagan ancestry on both sides of his family. The King's chief minister, whom he made Bishop of Durham and his "personal" chaplain, was Henry Fitznabard the known son of a priest and a witch.

The mystery religions form a pathway to a certain extent with Christianity. Gnosticism, though probably older than Christianity, is in some sense a seemingly high mystical form of Christianity. In all their cults and beliefs, the spirit of mysticism or leader-like, the King is seen as the father of the community. The central figure of all these religions is the youthful God who dies and rises again. The initiate to these religions is identified with the fate of the God. He sees the death of the God and rises again for immortal life.

Now the greatest strength of the mystery religion is its secrecy, about its rituals, its rites and so on must become commonplace, therefore the initiate must be, after initiation, bound by oaths to keep secret the things he has seen or done. This of most pagan religions could be enforced by numerous purification rites, castings and banishments. Everything was held to the initiate, believing he held a sacred trust and special purpose. The general sense of the mysteries can be defined as

the bringing of salvation, and it is an age-old belief that salvation is not received without sacrifice, with a voluntary and voluntary participation. The coming of salvation, in folk belief, involves the Blood Sacrifice, the King in the Wood, the Priest who slays the Slayer, and shall himself be slain. Blood is a and a mysterious substance, the life essence in the absence of a vital soul. It was believed that in the ritual shedding of blood it was not the taking but the giving that was important. It was a sacred act when life was given to preserve life, a bond of union with the Super-Natural. Therefore it can be easily seen that the voluntary sacrifice of the hero is not in its appearance, violence, can be a lofty ethical act, considering the moral goals of surrender, chastisement and self-sacrifice. The act of great courage, capable of being performed only by those of the highest moral and spiritual character such as Heros or Kings, is not "killing with the God" we must offer only the best, mass sacrifice of slaves or criminals can only be a corruption of a higher ideal. We see this in the story of the Holy Grail with our Divine Victim, for surely the story of the Fisher King in his Waste Land can only be a dire warning of the misfortune come on the earth when the needed sacrifice was not made. When the victim was not the sacrifice and became aid and ill, his dimming vigor was matched by the intensity of the Waste Land.

The suggestion is, that Marie-Matruy and others have put forward, that William Rufus, King of England, was the knowing victim of a six-year ritual. The chief festivals of the seasonal cycle are 1 May, 1 August, 1 November and 2 February, that is, they are connected with the breeding seasons of Poodmas, Lammas, All Hallowes and Candlemas. Rufus was killed on Thursday, 2 August 1100, the "Innocence of Linneth."

Though history gives William Rufus a black name, on closer examination he seems to have been a dutiful son, an able and energetic ruler, a fatherly friend, a generous enemy, reckless courageous and definitely open-minded. In fact, he possessed all the qualities and pagan virtues. Most authorities agree that he was never known to break his pledged word, and this was only if he swore by the Face of Luca, an oath which is in itself strange. Pagan and Christian sources explain this favored oath of Rufus by telling the story of the face of Christ covered by Nicodemus and bound to the mast of a ship. This ship was set adrift without order or crew until it reached the shores of Turkey and drifted up the river to Luca. Nicodemus is said to have carried the face of Christ and placed it on the mast. He was impressed on a handkerchief preserved by (or given to) St. Luke. Other people suspect that Rufus was naming on oath to his God, Luca or Luca, which may well be a corruption or variation of Luok. Rufus as a pagan perhaps held his God as a deity, a divinity, although eternal and universal. A god who revealed himself throughout nature and whose most splendid

revelation was the sun.

Rufus was unmarried and whether from truth or malicious rumour was suspected of homosexuality. The main "evidence" for this comes from the fact that unusual men in those days that the King had no mistresses or illegitimate children. However, if Rufus was conscious of his role as the Divine Victim, or if he belonged to one of the Gnostic or Mystery cults that believed in chastity, this apparent lack of sexual activity is not unusual. In some of the cults homosexuality was encouraged, as being either a purer form of love or a way of satisfying the flesh without the danger of adding to the sinful population. Many of the troubadours were members of Gnostic sects and for the last two years of his life, one of William's closest friends was William, Count of Poitou, the first of the Troubadours. Again, the Grail is closely connected with an orthodox belief, Rufus had some contact with Bleddin, the son of Cadwaladr. Bleddin is the author of one of the earliest Grail romances.

William Rufus is believed to have spent the night of 1 August at Castle Mowood, a small castle in the forest, during the night he was taken ill, whether from a stomach upset or some form of food poisoning, we do not know, no one else in the castle seems to have been affected. Perhaps at this late date even this devote and dedicated King was having second thoughts. The King is said to have sat up most of the night and stayed in bed much later than usual in the morning. He is said to have looked extremely shaky when he died eventually the day following the morning dream. Rufus was well-known for his disbelief in prophecy made by a Christian priest. "Just like a monk," Rufus grumbled, "He dreams for money. Tell him to go away." Nevertheless Rufus was the monk, too shitting.

If it was probably around 4:00 that the King fell down to die, the King was heard to say to Walter Tirel, "Remember what you've heard Walter and take appropriate action." As many of the other happenings are meaningless and insignificant remark if taken alone but becoming much more relevant when added to all the other events.

The King had fasted all day but is said to have eaten and drunk more than usual at dinner. Again a perfectly human reaction.

Perhaps it was around six when eventually the hunting party started to get ready. Whilst Rufus was dressing, a man brought some newly made arrows (according to some authorities six of them). The King selected a pair and gave a couple to Walter Tirel, saying, "The best arrows for the best shot." As they were about to set off, another monk arrived, this time from Selsey, the Normal Abbot of St. Peter. Another monk had dreamed that the King would be in danger if he went hunting that day. Against the monk's advice, Rufus replied "Does Serbo think that I believe in the dreams of every snoring monk?"

About half an hour later William Rufus lay dead. A King killed in a grove in the depths of the forest at dawn. Tradition says that he died by an oak tree on the site of a pre-Christian church. The King's slayer is said to have stood under an elder tree whilst making his shot. The elder is called the crucifixion tree, the tree of Doom. In English folk tale, to burn logs of elder is believed to bring the Devil into the house. There are definite reasons for the apparent stress on the type and presence of trees at Rufus' death. The death of Divine King seems instinctively linked with trees. Jesus was crucified on a wooden cross, Odin hung 3 days on a tree. Arns was exposed on a tree after death. Britain in fact has a long history of tree worship and tree reverence. People will still give extraordinary respect about the falling of old trees, and for "y days" perhaps for sentimental or aesthetic reasons.

Folk legend in the New Forest says the oak under which Rufus was slain bled every Xmas day, reminding us of the Glastonbury Thorn. Ecclesiastical writers insist that as Rufus' burial no bell was rung, no mass said, no offerings made for his soul. The poets give us a different story, telling of extraordinary commutations, the peasants bewailing the death of their red-haired King, which legend said was taken to Winchester on a hearse cart, covered by a dark cloth.

The troubadours say the body was strewn with flowers, that there was such mourning as no man ever heard of before, or would ever hear again till the day of doom. There is an interesting story told of Bishop Lacimer that seems to confirm the peoples' continued belief in a vegetation deity. Bishop Lacimer had been known to complain of the peoples' tendency to celebrate the King's festivals at the expense of the Christian one, at his burning certain onlookers were heard to remark that it was unfortunate the burning had not taken place earlier in the season when he might have saved the crops. We have one more link with the Holy Grail and the King's Mysteries. In many of the Grail Romances, the hero or heroine meets with a strange and terrifying adventure in a mysterious chapel. The Perilous Chapel though the version differ, the usual components comprise a dead body on an altar, strange and threatening voices and other natural happenings. There is a story told of a dream Rufus is said to have had the night before his death.

The King found himself alone in a Chapel in the Forest. The walls were hung with purple tapestries embroidered with ancient legends. Suddenly all these disappear and the walls and the altar are bare. Lying on the altar the King sees the body of a naked man. Rufus tries to eat this body but the man says "Henceforth thou shalt eat of no more" and vanishes. Another version says that at first the King sees the body of a stag which changes into the body of a man.

We shall now know whether the death of William Rufus was

a politically expedient murder, an accident or was in fact a ritual sacrifice. Whatever is the truth, I think that there is a strong reason for thinking that the people and the poets did so the King's death at a spot of fertility rite. Perhaps once upon a time a King did die for his people? Whether he did is not as important as the fact that the people believed that King In had died for them and their land.

by JOY FARRER

Graphic by FARRER



For some months, persistent rumors of guerrilla activity in the High Sierra had been going around the Bay Area—rumors that the Midnight Raiders—a group of militant, highly-trained revolutionaries—were planning a series of strikes aimed directly at the "pig record companies and rip-off FM radio stations." I tried to make contact with the Raiders, but nothing came down. Underground newspaper contacts advised me that it would be impossible for a member of the press to penetrate the liberated territory. Still, I put out the word whenever I could: I wanted to speak with a representative of the guerrillas, and would submit to any security measures necessary.

After six months of hassles when the contact was made it was quite matter-of-fact. I was to leave immediately for Yosemite Valley, establish a campsite, and wait; I would be contacted again.

The Valley was relatively deserted when I arrived. The paths to the East were still closed by snow, the ground was frozen solid, and the Valley was still in the grip of winter. Luckily, firewood was plentiful and I kept a fire burning around the clock. I passed the time reading, exercising, and writing.

On the morning of the fourth day, I was awakened by soft-puffs outside my tent and a voice saying, "Spring's late this year." It was the recognition code.

"Yeah, it'll be a gas when it comes," I replied, and pulled on my clothes as quickly as I could. When I stepped into the frosty morning, a young man was warming his hands by the embers of my fire. He was dressed in heavy winter gear: an anorak parka with fur-lined hood, skiing gloves, warm snow boots. He carried a rifle.

We shook hands, introduced ourselves, and prepared for the hike to camp. The man's name was Bob Dylan, real names were never used. "It's a two-day climb," he said, "so you'd better backpack. We'll have to bury everything you leave behind." Soon I had nearly everything I needed strapped onto my back. We scattered the ashes of the fire, kicked dirt and twigs over the campsite, and set out through the woods.

Soon we were climbing a steep trail that led directly up one of the Valley walls. We walked in silence. Dylan keeping a close lookout. After seven hours, a small side trail appeared to the right. A sign hung from a chain, reading: "DANGER—TRAIL—CLOSED DO NOT ENTER." We stepped over the chain and continued our climb.

"Hey, is this cool?" I asked. Dylan just put his finger to his lips and kept walking. Half an hour later we found ourselves on a section of trail running directly along the edge of a sheer cliff. There had been a guard rail; I could see it lying halfway down the cliff, wedged into some stragglers. The ground was covered with snow, and Dylan pressed himself against the rock wall on the side away from the drop. Then he traversed the dangerous section with infinite care. I followed, slowly and fearfully. A few hundred feet further along the trail we left the precipice, cut sharply around a rock outcropping, and stopped.

"It's cool now," said Dylan. "The pig never come up here, and even if they did they wouldn't make it past the slide. There are brothers up the slope with big rocks ready to roll down. As a matter of fact, that's how the fence got offed." He reached into his parka and pulled out a joint. We passed it back and forth carefully to avoid dropping it on our gloved fingers.

"In'n' dope supposed to be counter-revolutionary?" I asked. Dylan choked on a laughful of smoke, coughed and shook his head despairingly. "Are you kidding?" he asked.

"No, the Panthers..." I started.

"That's their trip," he said. We dug the Panthers and everything, but we've got our own thing going. They know about it, it's cool."

I gestured at the rifle. "Don't the rangers hassle you about the guns?"

"One tried a month ago," said Dylan, grinning at a thoroughly rusty gun. "His had no accident."

"Oh," I said. "Uh...how long have the Midnight Raiders been up here?"

"I've only been around for a couple of months," he said, "but some of the guys have been here for two years. It's a good place to hang out. No smog. It's clean, you know?"

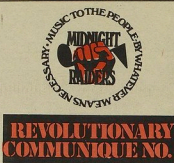
I nodded, and we started climbing again. The dope was being killer, because the next portion of the trail was definitely hallucinatory. It seemed to go on forever. I think we crossed a heavy waterfall (hanging onto pits), but it seems incredible, in retrospect, that I could have such a traverse. After a while we were walking on a broad plateau, which took us the rest of the day to cross. By sunset we had reached the base of a small mountain.

"It's only a couple of hours from here," said Dylan. "But it's a rough climb in the dark. We'll trash here for the night, and make it on in tomorrow morning. We've got some rice if we can find firewood." We were both hungry, and finding wood didn't take long. Soon a fire was blazing, and we watched the stars coming out as we ate.

After we had done an after dinner joint, Dylan got to his feet. "Stay here," he said, "I'll be right back." He slipped from the circle of firelight, and presently I heard music coming out of the darkness. Then Dylan was back—carrying a small guitar.

"Far out," he said. "I stashed this last week and it's still here!" He sat down near the fire and began to play. He was really great.

"Hey man, have you ever recorded?" I asked after a while.



REVOLUTIONARY COMMUNIQUE NO. 1

by the black shadow



Dylan's smile disappeared. "Yeah, once," he said. I waited. His eyes burned with sudden bitterness as he went on. "That's why I'm here. That's why we're all here. We've been ripped off by the pig record companies one too often! I understand them when they said they understood our music. We let ourselves get sucked in by their tag-time bullshit and artistic freedom hype. We found out where that was at pretty quick. So we've ended up here, together. And a few brothers and sisters from the Weatherpeople (who were trying to make a little bread playing music) ended up here, too."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"We're gonna off 'em," he said, so softly the words were nearly lost in the thin night air. "We're fighting for our lives, 'cause music is our life. And we're gonna

win. Or we're gonna die. But we'll probably win, you know? Either way it's cool, win or die, 'cause if we lose we might as well be dead. We just want to play for people, but if we have to kick some ass to do it—well, we'll kick some ass."

"Off who?" I asked, but Dylan shook his head.

"Tomorrow," he said, and started to play again. When the fire had burned low we got up our sleeping bags and lay watching the stars. Then we were asleep.

Later the next morning we reached camp. Dylan had been silent during most of the climb, and he left me at a large white-camouflaged tent. I waited for someone to come out, but after a few minutes nobody had appeared.

I looked around, saw no one, and slipped inside.

Three large maps dominated the tent: city maps of Manhattan, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Greened pins were stuck into the maps, occasionally forming into clusters. The clusters were marked with small flags reading, "RCA," "Elektra," "MGM," and so forth. I was trying to make sense out of the display when two men entered the tent. They had long hair, and wore army fatigues. Their "names" were Chuck Berry and Ringo Starr.

"Dig the map?" one of them asked. "Four cats were busted getting the information on there. One of 'em's still doing time for breaking and entering. It's a drag, but he's cool behind it. He's getting out in a couple of months."

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"The red pins, dig? Those are recording company executives—homes and offices. The white pins are pig rock stars. The yellow pins are pressing plants and studios. Green pins are "sunderground" FM radio stations. It's all real neat. When we record everybody gets printed copies of the master maps, broken down into sectors. The offices get bombed. Very simple operation, you know? The studios, pressing plants and radio stations get wrecked. And, and, that's where we make our stand, from the studios. The means of production, you dig?"

"What about the executives and musicians?"

"We burn 'em over to the people. If they don't force our hand, that is. If we have to, well... Well, we won't have a lot of time to play games, you know what I mean? We aren't into terrorism as a tactic, but if they rush us we'll probably have to off 'em." He shook his head, sadly. "You want to see the rest of it off layout?"

I hadn't expected anything as well organized as what they showed me. A rifle range, and eight trucks practising with M-1's. A class in bomb construction and demolition. A political education class. A guerrilla radio workshop. A studio, with eight track facilities, where musicians were learning how to place microphones and run the board. A first-aid facility. It was impressive.

Asked about the political education class, Chuck Berry said, "Well, most of the Midnight Raiders are pragmatic Marxists, which isn't the same thing as our classic Marxist-Leninist at all. When a cat comes up here we don't talk him up, but we do talk him up. All we want to know is whether he's ready to put his life on the line for the rest of us. If he is, the politics can wait for a while. But most of us get into politics pretty heavy. It's funny, the way it works out here. It's more pictures of John Sinclair around here than Mao. It's the way we look at things, as musicians."

There was only one question left to ask. "When are you going to move?" I said.

Berry looked at me. He tried to look back with the same intensity, but I finally had to look away. He was away. I got the impression he was looking through me, seeing things I had forgotten were there. When he spoke, his voice was soft and intense. "Why are you here, man?"

I started to mutter something about communication, responsibility of the press, spreading information, but I ran down in mid-phrases. "Was there a story? Sure, but I had passed up stories that had much more had the risks that this one did. I thought hard. Was there a something else?"

I spoke before I knew what I was going to say. "I want in," I said, and left a rush of emotion going through me that left me shaking and scared and deeply peaceful.

"Cool, man," said Ringo, smiling. "We figured you might have it together enough. See, the thing about communication is right on. We have to talk back—why we're moving—it's essential if we're gonna have any support at all once we move. People have to dig that we're fighting for them as well as for ourselves, and the only way that's gonna happen is if someone can write it down and get it out. Ain't it weird. At this stage of the game, we need a promo man! And I guess you're him, if you've got the chops for it."

"The other thing," said Berry, "is that you can't leave. In any case. See, things are getting really close. We were set to boggy two weeks ago, but some of the cats on the outside laid this trip about PR on us. We rapped it out, and they were right. So you're here, and it's getting close to the time. We have to move soon; we can't keep an operation as large as this a secret forever. I mean, we've got centers in Vermont and Topanga Canyon too. We'll at times in one slip...and we've had it."

"I can dig it," I said, and went off to find a place for my sleeping bag. It was a morning ago, and things are moving along. I'm sending this out by special courier; more will follow. But not much more. Sometimes words are more effective than bullets. But finally it comes down to armed struggle. When that happens, I'll be in the streets, setting it down as long as I can put pencil to paper.

The people's music must belong to the people. If you can dig that, keep your ears open and be ready to move. The Raiders will be in your town soon. Maybe we're there already. You never know, you dig?"

WUSA
(Starts Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, de. 3000
Boulevard
PLAZA, Lower Regent Street

At last the liberal filmgoer who has yearned for the freedom to take a cold look at the gross economic mire in the position of our liberal class has found it. A series of abstract, non-linear, Aesop-like parables, the most in its kind, are directed to lead you up at cuts and omissions to be slow to anything that might stir and drag you down.

WUSA is an American who's right-wing racist actions. **WUSA** has a tendency for a few of the same who will act as a guide for its "New Africanism." Newman, as Rheinland, a sensitive African immigrant, returns home about the job from Farley, a black preacher, who offers the information in partnership of a loan. Later on, Rheinland meets Goodfellow (Maurice Woodard) by the waterfront. Goodfellow is trying to find a job, but he is down and out. She has at some time been a waitress, but is now, as the 1967 Rheinland, "too young for the phone company and too old for the river-and-ohms." Rheinland buys her a meal, she takes him to her room, etc.

Next day, Rheinland goes over and gets the job at WUSA, becoming, as he says, "part of a pattern in somebody's head." He and Goodfellow move to the French Quarter, and it is there that the contradiction begins to show. For one of their neighbors is a highly idealistic liberal investigating the white cheque misuse, mainly among the blacks. His development is being rejected by the black community, coupled with his certainty that what he is doing is for the best, is well-contrasted with Rheinland's waning self-certainty and increasing cynicism about what he is doing. Goodfellow only adds to this with his heavy criticisms of Rheinland's self-out, and the Rheinland takes a similar turn to that taken between Newman and Piper Laurie in "The Hustler" - Newman takes to staying away from home, only returning for clean clothes. Meanwhile, Rainey discovers that he is being used by an ambitious politician linked with WUSA. He tries and fails to attempt to throw blacks off the welfare rolls. Rainey confronts the politician in the local Playboy Club and questions to get the whole story. He is told to leave town, and on returning home is threatened by hired goons. A conspiracy to overthrow gets a similar turn and events proceed to be dominated by a massive national riot, organized by WUSA and hosted by Rheinland. At the national level, Rainey edges along an over-head canal, and under cover of a display painting, gets in a shot at the black goons. A random riot, Rainey is beaten to death by the crowd. Rheinland leaves with the prostitute after

trying to placate the crowd over their own goings and Gertrude, who is in a state of mind to be brought by Rheinland to the rally, and who, having gotten bored, gave her his pass to enter for the rally. Gertrude, a communist active in her club, and Rheinland, returns home and finds out Gertrude is dead. One of her other aces, a creature, and almost (but not quite) broken. "Don't worry about it, Rheinland," says Gertrude's dying "Mama," says Rheinland, "I'm a communist. I'm a communist." The liberal who acts as the one who has seen the goings and comings of the liberal, is named, WUSA, and probably the film company distributing it to many people so to speak as a guide.

GRADUO

STRAW DOGS
Dir. Sam Peckinpah
Paramount, Lower Regent St

"I suppose 'Straw Dogs' to be full of gratuitous violence but it's not wrong. It's time there are some killings and other violent acts, shown in shocking detail, but if no one did feel that was anything but necessary.

Director Sam Peckinpah is obviously a man with no time for squawking liberal pacifists and liberals. I enjoyed Dustin Hoffman's performance as a liberal American who's retreated from the heavy scenes going down in the Cornish village, in a Cornish village.

At first he is treated as a joke by the down-to-earth locals, and feels the urge and advance of himself for being scared of them. It is only when he gets over his fear of violence and stops letting them push him around, that he gains his pride and finds content.

Peckinpah (who made "The Wild Bunch") makes sure that you come to terms with the violence as well. There's nothing stylized or fantastic about the killings and injuries but there is a lot of excitement and laughter to make them more acceptable. It's a totally gripping, very convincing film that recreates the tension of the night in the Cornish community where man's basic violence and sexuality are basic and only thinly concealed by a veneer of respect for the law and the church.

Flax

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE
Dir. Stanley Kubrick, based on the book by Anthony Burgess
WARNER West End

The adventures of a young man whose interests are rape, ultra-violence and Beethoven. A strange mixture, one might think, but oddly enough it works.

The time is the future, and the setting is the breakdown of Western civilization. The government is blind and repressive, youth violent and unrestrained, drug taking and profane. Their environments are bleak and pushed to sexual brutality. One young man is finally caught, being betrayed and killed by his gang after he

has murdered a woman. In prison he ingratiates himself with the chaplain, and eventually goes to a seminar where he is given the therapy of film by violence, and so, as an unwilling participant, then becomes a member of the Synchro-kinetic motion picture background music to some of the worst scenes of the film. Eventually, after a shocking demonstration of what has been done to him, he is released, to find himself "totally unable to violence." He watches violence at every step of his life. Then he meets with a man he likes. Now, think the man, a writer, is political, and

All in all, an excellent study of a presentized future, with a tendency to be a bit too heavy, its pressures to conform, mainly rebellion and boredom to their ends. Hoffman's follow up to "1900" is like other side of the coin, and one making far more sense. And his skillful playing down of violence through the use of music, makes that the shock of raw violence, when it comes, is dulled by sympathy and identification. Not a bad film, but it should stay up its good reputation.

Bradford

BOOKS

MOSCOW NIGHTS
by Vladimir Alexandrov, translated by Michel M. Masson, Olympia Press £2.50

Free love was one of the modernist ideas which were widely influential among Communists in Russia during the twenties. Its chief exponent was Alexandra Kollontai, who regarded the family as an old-fashioned bourgeois institution, and thought that individuals living in a society that was to be really be liberated. Anyway, it seemed only natural to link the repression of the sexual instinct with political oppression, and demand freedom from both.

But the sort of dedicated, conspiratorial revolutionary who believes passionately in the party and Lenin disappointed Stalin finally suppressed all such ideas and behaviour, so that the Soviet Union is now one of the last bastions of bourgeois morality, the sort of place where Malcolm Muggeridge can breathe free because there isn't a sex couch in sight. And for much longer, however, if Olympia Press succeeds in its plan to spread the benefits of the permissive society eastwards, the first offering is actually claimed, though not very convincingly, to be a product of the Russian underground, satirically undermining the bureaucracy and its rigid moral code with exuberant, prurient gusto.

It starts well, with a funeral at which a young widow whose face seems full of carnal lust rather than grief is confronted with a huge, disorienting, disoriented penis sticking out from behind the bushes. This rampant, Marxist phallus belongs to the cruel-faced "Tovar," whose hands are joined with a variety of girls form the hard core of the book. But the storyline of a

gang of black men who assault a white girl from prostitution and drugs by lying on suspicious furniture with very strong enough to make it much more than a rather sentimental sexual catalogue. It continues in a way which is very dry at which the political toward suffers a slight organic death, crushed between a pair of powerful female thighs. But perhaps the most effectively Bolshevik chapter is about a cosmopolitan who finds his seventh heaven as a feminist agricultural machine specialist, until the exorbitant political theories of Moscow lure him back to the city.

Kathleen Barber

WOMEN IN LOVE WITH WOMEN
by Karen Walton, Olympia Press

This book is almost as bad as "Flax" but it's a little better, mainly a campaign against it because it's so boring. About many people will read that the first few pages since the repetitive stereotyped descriptions of face after face become so monotonous. All the heroines have common blue eyes, golden hair, marble white thighs and dripping cunts.

The outrageous part is the book on the cover which says "This unique book makes history at the first house it's like it is a study of the secret world of the lesbians." This is not correct: it is the world of sex as some women, many women know it."

And now for some of the "points on the inside pages:

"Lesbians as a group tend to be generally solo-masochists. The Lesbianist is a direct result of its (auto-)masochist presence in the personality."

"Sexual inversion is the way that the masochist chooses to punish himself."

"She could glory in that [Anna's gushing 'love-juice'] in spite of her guilt for being able to control someone as a man might, as being a powerful woman, a woman who was not a woman." (A woman can't be powerful!)

"The girl begins to assert herself in the world, her normal sexuality will develop, and the female subculture, sexual if at least, will seem pale by comparison."

"She was taking a substitute for what she really wanted."

Does Karen really believe that a man is automatically a better lover than a woman? I suppose the must, since she still believes in the vaginal orgasm and calls it a "program" "an insipid orientation."

Her book does point out, however, that many women, particularly frigid by their selfish or ignorant male lovers, are able to discover their sexuality with another woman who is usually more sensitive and understanding.

Suzette Sorrell

Am I glad to observe that the result of the investigation is also found it possible. The result is?

I do agree that it would be well to try and buy a copy, however the magazine is more or less not claim to be the "Landscape." Probably the best way of describing the magazine is to quote from the letter I received.

"I hope that the magazine will appeal to the intellectual side of the Underground and also many so called straight who are concerned about some of the things being done. I am concerned about the past part of the magazine published in the form of an interesting alternative to daily ideology and news" and get it together. "I am sure that a high degree of reader participation and feedback is essential to making the magazine help write it, help set it, also because of the wide range of the magazine is to be a good thing. I am sure that the magazine will be a good thing and other people will be interested in other people's opinions about ideological and other things. I am sure that the magazine will be a good thing."

The first issue of Protost will have a run of around 10,000. Advertising for charities and other deserving non-profit organisations cost £200 a page which is a little above price cost. Try it.

— Jay Forster

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This is a little more put out by a guy who at one time worked for one of the more important national Sunday newspapers.



Classified advertisements in IT cost 10p per word (company) or 5p per word (individuals). Box numbers are 50p extra. Ads for pads are free. Please send your address - together with cheque/PD made out to 'Books' (Publications) Ltd - to Joy, IT, 11a Berkeley Street, London W1A 4PF - to reach us not later than one week before day of publication.

COMMUNITY

NEW Information Bureau, N.L.B., Stanley House, 130 Upper Parliament Street, London W1P 0LP (01-735 9099/9976) for young people by young people, 9am-11 pm/24 hours open. ACTION on Education, Emergency accommodation/Lease/Medical, etc.

THE New Chile Society & the Young Liberals present a Simon Tortoise, Death and Rejuvenation, PARAGUAY 1972 at 7.30 pm Saturday 16 January an Alliance Hall, Palmer Street, SW1 10J street underground. The New Chile Society and the Young Liberals Latin America Commission have joined together to sponsor the public meeting to bring attention to the plight of the political prisoners in Paraguay. The facts detailing the activities of the Paraguayan governments policies of repression were highlighted in a recent report from Amnesty International, which report will be available, and discussed at the meeting. A MOJO... smuggled out of Paraguay, which interviews political prisoners (including one man who has been arrested 80 times) and gives a general outline of the political and social activity as viewed from an anti-imperialist stance. The film will be 20 minutes long. PLUS... Picture Exhibition Paraguanay political jails, etc. Paraguanay music, Handicrafts made by the families of political prisoners, which will be for sale (proceeds to Amnesty). SPEAKERS will be announced. 200 entrance. Chairman: Michael Sheppard.

HELP. New Horizon Centre, 242 0010/2234

STREET AD. 24 hours free legal advice and representation. Any help you need with action, jabs, etc. 33 Southampton Street, London EC8E 3SE 2116

RIB Information Service, 58 Charles Street, Cardiff, S.Wales. All welcome. Visit our coffee room - cheap food.

POSITIVE MOVEMENT is a young organisation. Meet people on Jumble Markets, astrology circle, carnivals activities and community holidays. 10 Lady Somerset Rd, London NW5. 01 485 1646

DRUG Dependents Care Group meets fortnightly on Thursdays at 7.30 at 6 Erdleigh St, London WC1. Contact Douglas Kasper, Walnut Cottage, Moorland, nr Bridgewater, Somerset.

BIT desperately needs cash pads. We are having to turn people away. If you can help phone 225 8219

CARDIFF GLF meets on Tuesdays at 7.30 at RIB, 58 Charles Street.

JOBS

BEGINNERS for photographs modelling. Immediate start 727 0993.

YOUNG male models, all builds, required for male or underworn catalogue. Write to photo to Dean Rogers, 8 Thayer Street, London W1.

STUDENT (not must own £2000). Absolutely anything considered. BOX 121/1

PADS

HELP! I need a flat/room, unfurnished/furnished. London area. Must be cheap! Can someone help a 17 year old child to escape her parents?

MALE, 30, seeks similar in twenties to share house (Manchester) SM, Box 410, London W1X 0VX

TWO guys (laterally curly) urgently need a room in the Sherwood part of Nottingham, preferably with a couple (or more) chicks. No hangups but we've got a helluva lot of electrical equipment. Write to Paul, c/o 9 Sandringham Avenue, West Bridgford, Nottingham. No ripoffs please!

GRADUATE seeks modern chick to share in flat in SW 16 London with similar/very young people. Reasonable rent. Ring 456 9535

CALEDONIAN (12) seeks girl 17-20 to share flat. Sincere, No fakes. BOX 121/2

HAVE you got room in your flat or house for me. Elaine Murray/1/5 Gillingham place. Can afford between 4-6 a week. Please write only, 12 Gillingham Court, Spencer Road, Chiswick, W4.

GUY, 19, wants to share flat with other, bed, Perf. Hervey area. Write to Alan, 260 Carterbach Road, Enfield, Middlesex.

URGENT! Two working chicks seek 1 ground floor mixed flat/house. West End/Northern Line. £3.50-£4.20 a week. Write Ed Williams Street, London SW10.

HAIRY body? Hairy men required for small film part. BM/SALGHIND, London WC1R 3JF

MALE, 19, English, seeks slim girlfriend for sex/fun/good times, etc. Race unimportant. BOX 121/3

YOUNG guy, mid-20s, wants lively broad-based, hairy, uncouth mt friend. Interested, pep festivals, films, sport. Please write. Possible flat-share. BOX 121/4

PLEASE share home. We are 2 head chicks and we want our own s/v flat. Max £4.00 p.w. We'll be living within 2 weeks' time. BOX 121/5

CHICK, 22, would like to share gen with cool, open minded people. Den room, up to £7 a week. BOX 121/6

PERSONAL

MAKE new friends of the opposite sex, in the London area. Unconventional, free available. Free details from SIM 0711 Swinner House, Queens Road, Reading.

COMPUTER DESIGN? Don't move until you've tried the U-Compute data selector, exclusive to Elaine Infield/Books. Us. stamps to bring free details. Elaine (Dept 17A) Berry Lane, Blandford, Dorset.

YOUNG guy seeks some with motor bike, willing to share pad. Devon. BOX 121/7

GAY Grazier (26) wants big like friend with job for weekends London and south. BOX 121/8

LONDON mother of pre-school child seeks others for friendship, unofficial play group. BOX 121/9

DAY School run by children, parents and teachers. Kickstart school, 186 Kickstart, Sydenham, SE26. 778 0149. 2½-13 years.

YOUNG gay Christians (20+) contact Don BOX 121/10

YOUNG teacher gay seeks friend on 23/21 London pad. BOX 121/11

GAY male, 23, very good looking/looks similar for sincere relationship over a year. BOX 121/12

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YOUNG guy needs savvy chick for company on car trips. BOX 121/14

IF YOU like love, peace, music, write me. Peter Baglioni, via Resa, 80/1 39100 (Bologna Italy).

SEEKING young Northern adventurous girl. Afternoon appointments. Middleage joint. Write with agri/details. BOX 121/15

RECORD wanted, 1st, 12th floor elevators. Also US records (Cream, Fusion and early Rolling Stones, Crowdedkiss) Tel: 622 1035

GERRY Murphy, please contact Sally.

IF YOU have ever experienced an hallucination of a whiplow type force trying to absorb you, write to BWAARE GRI, London WC1V 6SX

GUY (18) not a freak. Would like to meet lonely chick. Any age. 1E-50 in an all out attempt to make me happy. Must like motor-cycles. Graham. BOX 121/16

ATTRACTIVE female photographer will photograph you for only £10, 20 photos in comfortable and quiet studio. Appointments only. Tel: 8033 300-midnight.

GAY male art student wants gay friends. Photo please, all replies answered. BOX 121/17

BROADMINDED young photographer will photograph you for only £10. Bookend luxury studios. 272 5068 noon-midnight.

PARTY or private surprise for your guests with a contained velvet/leafe/leafe strip. Write Michael Jennings, 10 Newport Court, WC2

CALLING John Dineen, Guyton John Koon, and other freaks. Phil Hartley is inside on dope charge. Have a story 1922.

LEAD guitarist sought for soft rock/pop group. Write/visit Paul Simon, 91 Essex Street, Halifax, Yorkshire. Also please inform Pummy Farr, if they requested in Feb 1991 of the services, free, of our rock band. We're currently had to reform, but should be happily blasting heads by Easter. I'll write again when it develops. Paul Simon.

FATS always with all an 'Alderman' in 'Aladdin', 'Stobuck-lucking Nani, Say SAG, Always, Peace.

LONELY girl (25) seeking friendship with writing. Please enclose photo. All returned. BOX 121/18

HIPPY Brian, I love you. I was in a messed up scene. Didn't want to hang you up. Please touch swamy time. BOX 121/19

SEX partners magazine. Send 20p for copy and your own ad of 30 words free to go in next copy under Box number. AME, 160 Oval Road, East Croydon, Surrey

GAY itinerant: Come Together 5p. Come out 45p. A Gay Manifesto 5p and more from Agrippa, 248 Bethnal Green Road, London E20AA (please add postage).

CHEAP rehearsal rooms are available at £1.00 an hour at the Hope and Anchor pub, Upper Street, Harington. Phone 225 2293.

Londonside name a Fred, and Neil from Bit see it's dark, hood, good juke box, lots of food and nice landlord.

GUY, 36, North London wants urgent 18-20 blonde female secretary for pleasure. Experience not important. Please phone George 693 7707

MERCHESLY lonely sexually frustrated guy (34) seeks chick (14) with pad for companionship and love. Prepared to travel anywhere. Have car. 2097-3333. Ask for Tom, Flat 4, 6 pm-7pm

BROADMINDED young photographer will take photographs of you for 16.95. Comfortable and quiet studio. 272 5068 noon-midnight.

SCENE - the medium for people interested in science, various interests, age groups for text and less see 200 to Scene (1), 62 High Street, Harpenden, Herts.

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MALE only introductions. SAE to the Golden Wheel, Liverpool 15.

UNDER Hill, rehearsal studios, Blackheath Hill, Greenwich, SE10. Ring 691 1313 Why any time.

BEAUTIFUL romantic male, 36, skinny, trying to find compatible chick to cohabit in the country. Ultimate intention raising enough bread to start alternative style firm in USA. Write Trevor, 2 Whiteley Cottage, Wasting St, Hook/Kiln, Beds. (Phone include pad).

GUY, 23, gay requires work. Anything considered. BOX 121/20

PHOTOGRAPHIC studio for hire, £2.00 per hour. 2, Roland, 104a Bowdler Road, London NW8 0J 328 5757

ALMOST gay wanted: job on Canadian tobacco farm in summer - exhausting but good money. BOX 121/21

JOURNALIST, 29, wants girl with a mind and body. Photos returned. BOX 121/22

GUY (24) needs adventurous genuine chick as partner to explore gay life in us. Write for talk. No sex. BOX 121/23

GAY Male mag. Free (SME) EMB/BD/LWCI

YOUNG guy (21) seeks olive, 16-20, Has big pad and good sounds, etc. BOX 121/24

TALENTED goodlooking man (27) seeks beautiful lady 18-28 for lasting companionship, fulfillment. Sincere replies invited. Photo. BOX 121/25

SEE a "sexy" film made or help in its production? SAE to BOX 121/26

GAY GUY (25) seeks travel companion India or other parts of the world, somehow or other. All letters a reward. BOX 121/26

SHY hairy guy, 22, wants to meet sincere smol shy hippy girl for friendship, festivals. Must be a genuine person. Leeds area. BOX 121/27

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GLASGOW

continued from page six
 wasted, even the religious battles that make so much of the real problem in Ireland are breaking out in Glasgow. The people have to realise that the problem transcends age old religious differences. Another catalytic/ambledia type organisation is needed urgently to bring the alternative community and the people together again, possibly the role could be filled by SKIFF extending itself or by the White Panthers, one can only wait and hope. If things are sparked off in Glasgow, Scotland may have its own Ulster very soon, the barricades have been up once in the last three months, it could be just a start.

JOHN CARBIDDY
 Co-ordinator
 White Panther Party UK
 (I would like to thank Alex McCartney and the brothers and sisters of the Glasgow White Panthers for the invaluable assistance they gave to me while visiting Glasgow). JC.

WILLIE'S HOLIDAY

continued from page seventeen
 Voyage."
 Oh and he whistled us on. And we still have to sell the tickets and maybe, as fuggi, I was going to do some work. What was this crazy land coming to? Jerusalem. Strangely they were happening to me.
 Steps were being taken and now I can't write any more - you understand - because the whole beauty and craziness of Glasgow was just taking over, carrying off and away, bringing clear quiet light. And I'd back in London now, still recovering, dreaming, back to being in on down. More steps methods.

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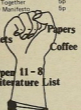
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