

MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN VOLUME 2 NUMBER 10 FIVE SHILLINGS

William Burroughs: sex, drugs, the future. Anita Harris & Others: why we're flower people. Wilbur Smith: how to relieve Ladysmith. Henry Slesar: when to miss your own funeral.



MAYFAIR

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Brian Fisk/Publisher and Editor-in-Chief **David Campbell**/Editor **Peter Graves**/Derek Aslett/Art Directors **Graham Masterton**/Assistant Editor **John Adams**/Photography **Erica Crome**/Fashion **Alan Freeman**/Discs **Arthur Pottersman**/Books **William Boddy**/Motoring **Kenneth Dowd**/Clubs **Roger Baker**/Theatre **Pat Asquith**/Readers' Service **Peter S. Bland**/Advertisement Director **Graham E. Mitchell**/Advertisement Manager, George Jackson (Fleet Street) Ltd., Cliffords Inn, Fleet Street, London E.C.4 (01-405 3611) Published by the Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., Cliffords Inn, Fleet Street, London E.C.4. Distributed by Transworld Circulation Company, Bashley Road, N.W.10 Printed by the Upton Printing Group, London and Birmingham **Fiction**: All characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead

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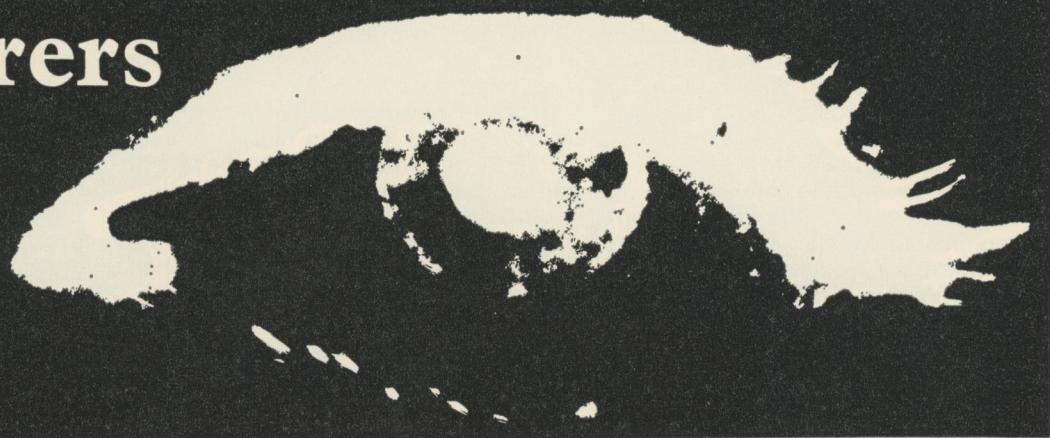
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Mayfairers



We spent an evening this month in a quiet top-floor apartment in St. James's, chewing the fat with some of the world's top writers.

William Burroughs, the soft-spoken author of that incredible novel "The Naked Lunch" was there. Sitting bearded and beaded on the floor was beat poet Allen Ginsberg.

The talk, naturally, was about us-Mayfair readers. Readers who have shrewdly seen what's happening today, and have bought and supported Britain's fastest-growing men's magazine.

Ginsberg: Wow, man, you say you've got 100,000 readers. Why?

David Campbell (*Mayfair Editor*): Simply because of our approach, Allen. So many magazines fight shy of taboo subjects, like sex and religion. We knuckled down to tackling them in a balanced, serious way in the open. We've successfully avoided the shallow approach that most publications have, and explored the too-hot-to-handle subjects like the Church, blue films, wife-swapping, sterilisation.

Our readers support our objective, and that's why we have so many.

Burroughs: This is excellent. There is so much control of magazines—either through prejudice or big business interests—that the truth rarely comes into the open.

Ginsberg: True. I knew a guy—who was concerned with a magazine and turned out to be working for the CIA.

Graham Masterton (*Mayfair assistant editor*): That's an extreme, of course, although it really happens. What we're really concerned with is developing our serious reporting features into a genuine discussion with Mayfair readers. Too many magazines just throw a feature at their readers with a take-it-or-leave-it attitude, and the reader has no right of reply with the author.

Burroughs: Listen, I have an idea. Suppose I were to write for you every month on various topics—relevant, interesting topics—in the form of an academy.

Campbell: That sounds great. But how would you work it?

Burroughs: Well, man, let's take this issue you have coming up. I could kick

off there by putting in the first academy bulletin—let's say on the effect that drugs are having on our society and what we can do about it, because I feel strongly about that, let me tell you. Then I could follow with a different subject the next month.

Masterton: Good. But we want the Mayfair readers to take a big part in this. They have views, just like us here tonight, and it's important they can discuss them direct with YOU, the writer.

Burroughs: You mean they write to Mayfair, and I read their letters and reply to them personally. Rather than the usual magazine gimmick of the editors replying?

Campbell: Exactly. We invite our readers right to the front of the conference table. That way, we all dive in and get subjects hammered out deeply and directly.

Ginsberg: Get the truth, man, because that's what is needed today. The absolute truth about everything.

Brian Fisk (*Mayfair publisher*): We'll get this one going right away. And month by month, we can expand it to bring in all the writers who contribute to us. The readers, ourselves and our authors can have a damned good discussion in every issue.

And a damned good discussion there's going to be. There isn't an adult alive who won't react to William Burroughs' opening bulletin on sex and drugs on page 11.

Burroughs, 53, was described by Norman Mailer as "the only American novelist living today who may conceivably be possessed by genius."

Tall, neat, bespectacled, he made his first impression on the literary scene with "The Naked Lunch"—a savage satire of medicine, big business, drug addiction and capital punishment.

Originally, the "Lunch" was published in Paris by Maurice Girodias' Olympia Press, but now it is available in England. Its successor, "The Soft Machine", is published this autumn.

William Seward Burroughs was born in St. Louis in 1914, son of a comfortably-off Mid-West family. He went to University, but craved something more out of life than a stodgy, respectable career.

He travelled in South America, Mexico and Europe—and still lives a floating existence between London and Tangier.

During the war he became addicted to drugs, as he tells in his first novel "Junkie", published under the pen-name William Lee.

He was an addict for years, and went through indescribable pain and privation. He is now well cured, thanks to the counter-drug apomorphine and the assistance of British doctors.

His experiences have given him an exquisite insight into the corruption of society. His science fiction novels "Nova Express" and "The Ticket That Exploded" carve relentlessly into fraud, mayhem and minority mismanagement.

As you'll see by his first contribution to the Mayfair Discussion, he leaves no stone unturned—stabbing ruthlessly at whatever is crawling underneath.

Burroughs isn't the only futuristic contributor to this month's Mayfair. Just flash a golden glance at centre-spread Miss Mayfair, and you'll see the most space-age look around.

Photographer **Richard Stirling** used a year-2000 formula to gild the lily in the most exciting way since Midas. He covered Golden Girl Joy from head to toe with gold.

And, incidentally, he dispelled one hangover fallacy from "Goldfinger"—you don't need to leave a breathing-space if you get the sudden urge to have a 24-carat bird.

Not if you stick to make-up from theatrical experts Leichners' as they did in the film, that is. Paint may prove to be lethal!

Golden Girl Joy is covered in Leichner's "wet-white", a form of liquid powder which you paint on with a brush. All you need for one gorgeous-sized girl is an eight-ounce bottle, costing a modest 15s. 6d.

It dries fast, and you can even burnish it with a chamois leather!

Soap and water will get most of the gold off, although a Leichner's representative said coyly: "The less-exposed thin-skin parts of the body may need some of our special removing cream

Leichner's make something like 350 shades of greasepaint and liner sticks,

apart from those fabulous "wet-whites". Which means you can have a different colour girl every day of the week.

How long you keep your bird in her gilded cage depends on how long she keeps comfortable.

Or whether you still get a kick out of buffing her up with the chammy . . .

Turning from scientific fact to rip-roaring fiction, Mayfair scores another first with a man-sized hunk of man-sized fiction by **Wilbur Smith**.

Smith shares with Micky Spillane the rare distinction of being a bigger tough guy than his own heroes.

And you'll see how tough that means when you tackle part one of his raw and roaring tale of the Boer War "The Sound of Thunder".

6 Wilbur can draw on his own experience to paint a larger-than-life picture of South Africa and the hand-hewn men who fought there.

He was born in 1933 in the small mining town of Broken Hill in Northern Rhodesia. His upbringing, which took him all over Africa, gave him a taste for rugged sports.

He is a big-game hunter, a sea-fisherman, a rock-climber.

His storytelling debut came with "When the Lion Feeds"—which Mayfair serialised last year. Both this and his second novel, "The Dark of the Sun", are to be screened.

"The Sound of Thunder", his latest, will undoubtedly follow its forebears to the big screen. For, like Wilbur

Smith, it's dramatic, exciting and BIG. Big, too, is the cult of the Flower People. But how big? And how serious. And what is its future?

Robin Brown, 30-year-old producer for ATV, takes his own highly personal camera this month to those bead-rattling bell-ringing Beautiful People.

And his hectic career in journalism makes him just the man to do it. He's as much at home with the Hippies as he is with the "Tonight" team.

Reared in Fleet Street on daily papers, he moved out to Africa and joined Rhodesia Television. He was rapidly promoted from news editor to features producer to controller of RTV's southern station.

The TV censorship that followed UDI—plus his openly-stated opposition to white supremacy—made Robin quit Rhodesia in 1966 and join ATV. He also broadcasts regularly on Central Africa for the BBC.

Robin, married with two daughters, is the author of two novels "When the Woods Became Trees" and "A Forest Is a Long Time Growing".

The Beautiful People is the latest in a line of exact and entertaining probes that Robin has written since his debut in Britain.

A beautiful person who appears in a non-beautiful rôle is **Carol White**, featured in David Quinlan's film pages as Joy in the new film of Nell (Up The Junction) Dunn's book, "Poor Cow".

Born in Hammersmith in 1943, Carol

made her first contact with showbiz watching her father perform a double act in local halls with Tommy Trinder.

A year later she played a schoolgirl in "Carry On Teacher", and at 16 was introduced to screen love-making by Peter Sellers for scenes in "Never Let Go".

Other films followed: "Lynda", "Jail Break", Disney's "Bon Voyage", "Village of Daughters" and "The Boys".

In 1962, she married Michael King, of the singing King Bros. Two sons kept Carol away from the cameras for a year until Michael persuaded her to audition for "Up The Junction".

Her success in this film, followed by her appearance in the controversial BBC documentary "Cathy Come Home", made her name with TV audiences.

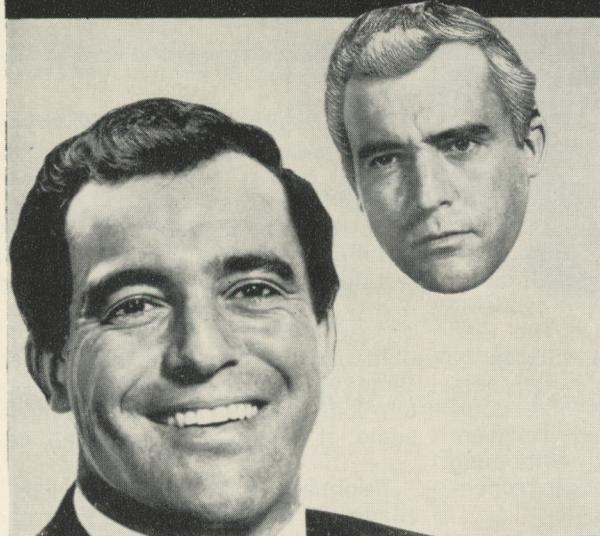
Joy, in "Poor Cow", is a very similar part. Hopeful young girl with wastrel husband (Terence Stamp), living on dreams but ground down by reality.

In fact, the only aspect of "Poor Cow" that Carol finds funny is that in certain overseas territories—meaning India—it will be called "No Tears for Joy" instead.

Other good things in this package for the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness: fascinating words and fine illustrations on vintage cars; a searing portrait of modern India; a tale with a twist from crime writer Henry Slesar.

Dive in and dig it all. Mayfair's going way ahead, and you've got a ticket to ride with us.

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Scene



William Burroughs, author of the devastating novel "The Naked Lunch", tells me that he is singularly unimpressed by "Swinging London." And this will cut the swingers to the quick. For Burroughs is an idol in Hippie-land, and much of the phraseology and philosophy of the flower movement is based on his writings. Burroughs was in England for a lightning visit before moving back to Tangier. He was staying in a quiet top-floor flat in St. James's with designer friend Ian Sommerville.

"I find that London doesn't swing at all," said Burroughs dryly. "It's a pretty phoney set-up all round. I go out into it as little as possible." "These kids don't know what they're at or where they're going. Swinging? The place hardly stirs."

One thing he likes about London, however, are Senior Service cigarettes, which he smokes endlessly. He spends most of his time working on his new novel and avoiding literary soirées. He doesn't involve himself at all in London's new breed of writers. "I don't read much, really" he grunted. "Except New Society and the Autobiography of Malcolm X, which is great."

The Hippies haven't taken long to discover that, to paraphrase Abraham Lincoln, you can't love all of the people all of the time. Their first hate since love was declared is none other than their one-time ally Peter Brook. Brook, according to the underground newsheet "International Times", committed two serious breaches of psychedelic etiquette while filming his Aldwych play US.

He set up his cameras at the Flower-Power playground UFO, a discotheque in Tottenham Court Road.

And not only did he upset the Hippies by dressing actors as policemen, but he actually stopped a record before it had finished!

The Flower People, their petals already stretched to breaking-point by "News of the World" lensmen, reacted unprintably.

Which only goes to show that love is like a violin . . . there's no strain until there are strings attached.

Which reminds me of the young Hippie who, late for work one morning, explained to his boss: "Me beads broke on the way to the office."

Well, it's here at last. The Soho Whisper has hit Town. Twelve pages of nonsense, gags and titillation by that irreverent Aussie, Jim Ramsey. Jim ran the very successful Kings Cross Whisper back home in Sydney. It sold a lot of copies; made a lot of money.

Everyone made a bomb. Now he has moved into London and is operating from that haven for exiled Australians, The White House.

The first issue—price 2s and, yes, they're looking for distributors—is now on sale. In fact, Jim was doing the pub rounds the other lunch-time with a bundle under his arm.

The lead story is "Scots Bomb Manchester, England Invaded." The back page sensation, "Police Believe London Stolen."

Inside there's everything from "Earls Court Declares its Independence" to "Cookery with a Difference"—a feature by Mbongo Mbones, Cordon Noire, highlighting such dishes as "Armpit Fricassee" and "Frozen Ear Delight". In other words, good University Rag Week magazine type humour.

Still, it should sell well in the West End among the Saturday night trippers.

And it seems that Jim Ramsey is giving eight-pence a copy to everyone who sells for him. Which isn't bad. Not bad at all . . .

Customs officials, you will be happy to hear, don't always think about contraband whisky and packets of heroin in travellers' turnups. They paint, too.

In fact, so many customs men are budding Cezannes that they have their own Customs and Excise Art Club, which is holding its annual show at the Royal Exchange this month.

An unreliable source tells me that titles include "When Did You Last Read This Notice?" and "Still Life with 200 Cigarettes and Half a Litre of Toilet Water."

The same source says the pictures have a price limit of £50.

Seems that U.S. servicemen are so taken with the idea of fighting in Vietnam that they're actually investing their pay to keep the war going.

A tough-worded ad for U.S. Savings Bonds reads: "Ten thousand miles around the world, there are people who call them sucker. People who hope they'll give up. Quit. Go AWOL. "But they won't. They care. Enough so nine out of 10 men in the outfit put cash into U.S. Savings Bonds. To help pay the bill. They're the guys in the Da Nang patrol." Kinda grabs ya, don't it?

When is a lion couchant like a helm sinister on a field of gules?

Answer: That was no lady, that was my herald. Which is probably not the sort of question they'll be asking at an Heraldic Brains Trust at the Art Workers Guild, 6 Queen's Square, W.C.1, on October 4.

Still it should prove interesting, crest-wise, that is. It's organised by the Heraldry Society, and is expected to be a dexter old session. If not rampant.

Gear, the kinky interior design shop in Carnaby Street, has just installed closed-circuit TV to deter "an almost unbelievable amount of shoplifting." Managing director Ian Gray told me that light-fingered swingers had been doing away with over £6,000 worth of art nouveau dishes and enamel teapots a year.

The TV circuit cost £800 to instal. There is a monitor screen on the wall, with a big sign saying: "Smile, Darling, you're on TV!"

"It's more of a deterrent than a means of catching people," said Ian. "You can pinpoint the hoodies and nasties when they come in." Greatest offenders, apparently, are French and Germans. Ian caught 14 Fatherland thieves in a single Saturday.

"The Continentals are more blasé about TV than the British," he explained.

Edward Short, please note.

Whatever happened to . . . ? department. I ran into two well-known bandleaders of the '40s recently, and can happily report that they're alive and well.

Geraldo is living at Worth, near Crawley, Sussex, and devotes much of his time to growing prize flowers and vegetables, which clean up top trophies at local shows.

Eric Winston is at Aldwyck, bear Bognor Regis, and still makes appearances, opening ballrooms and local functions.

When I spoke to Eric, he said: "I believe, in spite of all the pop sound, that big bands will come back. People really enjoy them."

Maybe the BBC could revive all their old favourites, in fact. Now I'm busy hunting for Ronnie Ronalde and Peter Brough. And by the way, whatever happened to Mr. Turnip . . . ?

Overweight Americans expressed their disapproval of the current skinny cult by holding a Fat-In at New York.

A 17-stone friend, who joined in the podgy jamboree, tells me that the highlight was the burning of an effigy of Twiggy.

Seems a fair excuse for a picnic, but isn't this -In fad going a bit far?

Going to church is now a Pray-In. Travelling to work is a Tube-In. And, disconcertingly, meeting people one admires is a Hero-In.

Allen Ginsberg, the balding and bearded beat bard, chatted to me on his last evening in London before flying off to Paris and thence on a whistle-stop world tour.

Hamilton chosen by test for the R.A.F.



Hamilton have been awarded a Ministry of Aviation contract for the new General Service watch to be used by R.A.F. aircrews. The contract was awarded after exacting tests at temperatures from arctic to tropical, under pressures from upper atmosphere to under water and in a high intensity magnetic field. This is further proof of the quality of Hamilton Swiss Watches. The General Service watch is now available to the public. It has the same basic 17 jewel centre-seconds movement used in the normal range of Hamilton men's wristwatches. See the full range of Hamilton men's and ladies' watches at your local Hamilton jeweller. For his name and a free catalogue write to Dept. 117, Hamilton Watch Co. Ltd., Thavies Inn House, 3-4 Holborn Circus, London, E.C.1. Hamilton Watches are sold, serviced and guaranteed throughout the world.

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Scene

He'd been showing his parents around Town, and reported that they found it "interesting, historic, enjoyable."

"I've had a good time here," he said, sitting lotus-style on the floor and playing with his bead necklace. "I don't think I'll be back again for a long time, though."

"The only trouble with the scene here is that new ideas take such a long time to be adopted. It's the English, you understand. I'm not English, so I don't understand."

The chat promptly ended when Allen produced a small cushion, rested his head on it and went to sleep. "I'm very tired. I'm working on a new book of poems, which makes me busy. So excuse me."

You have to hand it to the boys from Optrex. They're certainly no slouches when it comes to running Bright Ideas up the flagpole . . . Like the trophies they presented this year for the Class D Squaddied Aggregate competition, and the Ladies' championships, at the Bisley pistol meeting.

I should have guessed that the choice of trophy design was inevitable. But I quote: "The trophies, which are unique in design, take the form of an eye, moulded in perspex, with a silver target suspended in place of the iris, and a pistol lying with the muzzle in the centre of the target."

Which leaves me hoping that the ladies are not *too* squeamish. Or that this doesn't create a dangerous precedent.

Like, the mind boggles at the thought of what some bright designer would dream up for the winner of the Smith (Artificial Limbs), Ltd., challenge trophy.

There again, it could give quite a leg up to the trendy boys in the trophy-design business . . .

Keith West's "Teenage Opera", which is steadily climbing the charts—15,000 discs sold in one day, for example—could be filmed next year.

Mark Wirtz, the 23-year-old German-born producer at EMI records who has conceived, written and composed the Opera, has already had five film offers from here and the States. "And two of the American offers are from major film companies," Roger Fennings, his publicist, tells me.

The film will be a Disney-style cartoon fantasy. Wirtz is already sketching out the characters. The cartoon approach is inevitable; one of the scenes, for example, shows raindrops which sing . . . and eventually turn into people.

"And you can imagine how corny that would look," adds Fennings. "There was talk of making it into a West End musical, but it really doesn't lend itself to the stage."

Mark conceived the idea of the Opera a year ago. He has been working on it ever since. The opera will be released as a two-disc album at Christmas. In the meantime, various numbers are being launched on the charts as singles. And it looks as if all of them are going to do well.

Mark Wirtz and Keith West (right) : which film offer gets the nod?



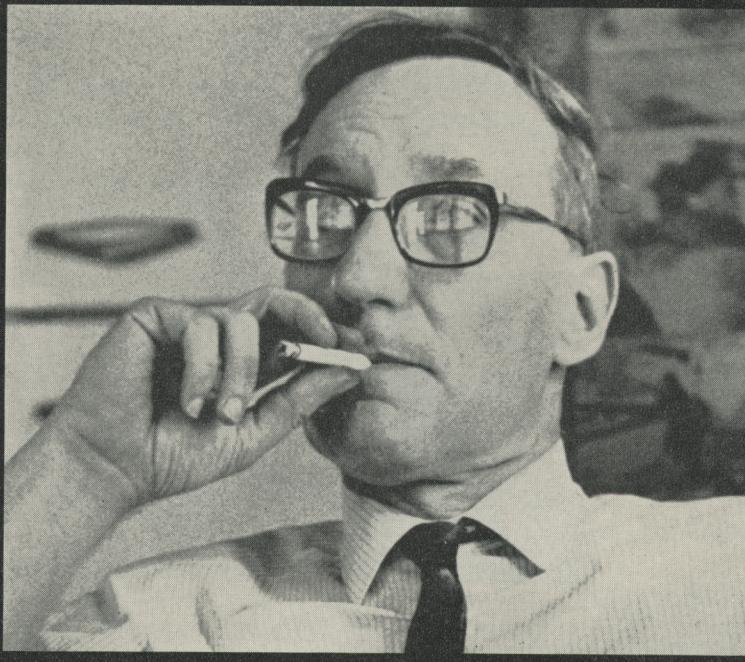
The Burroughs Academy

BULLETIN 1

THE FUTURE OF SEX AND DRUGS



11



BRION GYSIN

William Burroughs, at 53, is one of the greatest—and by far the most savage—writer today.

Jack Kerouac compared him with Jonathan Swift. Norman Mailer called him a genius.

His first major novel, "The Naked Lunch", was described as "a book of beauty, great difficulty and maniacally exquisite insight."

Burroughs is the definitive hip writer. His Language is cool and dry, cutting into society's sacred cows like a laser.

Now he has moved into Mayfair—setting up an Academy that is without precedent in any magazine anywhere.

It's a cool Academy, where words are just a space-ship for one of the most stunning trips into modern logic that you'll ever take.

In this first skull-scorching bulletin, on drugs and sex, Burroughs hits out at the virus of drugs that is incubated by antiquated laws and the sensational Press.

He talks of the hideous effects of drugs. He suggests reasoned, sane ways in which we can control them. He talks about the future of our young people—and moves on into a macabre satire of sex survey doctors.

Burroughs is a writer whose viewpoint reaches far beyond the normal span of argument. It crosses galaxies of perception. Yet he is very human, too. There's a voice of 1920's nostalgia in his work.

Grab your place in the inter-galactic seminar. Turn on, tune in—and take a look at society with us in a way you've never done before.

The drug problem is camouflaged and like all problems wouldn't be there if things had been handled right in the beginning, considering a model drug problem in the United States where the addict is a criminal by legal definition and the proliferation of state laws making it a felony illegally to sell, possess or be addicted to opiates, marijuana, barbiturates, benzidrene, LSD and new drugs constantly added to the list. A continual outcry in the press creates interest and curiosity—people wanting to try these drugs, so more users more outcry more laws more young people in jail. Until even senators ask themselves plaintively "Do we really want to put a good percentage of our young people in jail?" "Is this our only answer to the narcotic problem?"

12

The American Narcotics Department says frankly yes, the drug user is a criminal and should be treated as such, jail is best for addicts experts say the laws must reflect society's disapproval of the addict. Possessing a reefer cigarette in the state of Texas you will see fifteen years of society's disapproval reflected from decent church-going eyes. Any serious attempt to actually enforce this welter of state and federal laws would entail a computerized invasion of privacy, a total police terror, a police machine that would pull the entire population into its orbit of violators, police, custody, courts, defense, probation and parole. Just tell the machine to enforce all laws by whatever means and the machine will sweep us to the disaster of a computerized police state.

THE VIRUS SPREADS

You see how this drug virus spreads in America and from there to England? LSD means pounds to the sensational press, and I may say in passing there is a type of writing that does cause people to commit crimes—and that is writing done in the world press . . . boy in Arizona reads all about it, maniac sex killer slays eight women in Chicago nurses' home . . . that boy got five women before the fuzz nailed him and told police he got the idea from reading about the maniac killer in Chicago and he wanted people to notice him, wanted his picture in the papers. Dig into your morgues and see how many times the prisoner got the idea from reading about it in the papers. Why do not children attack the passer-by with cutlasses or force uncle Rob to walk the plank from his Ozark house boat? Because they know Treasure Island is make believe. But something in the papers that really happened? "Jeez he had nerve that guy musta took nerve to walk in cool like that making sure each one was dead I got nerve too plenty of it . . ."

Now the press gives LSD the build up. It's new it's exciting, anybody who is anybody in literature and the arts has logged a trip and jolly dull reading too. The pop stars are using it, it's dangerous, it's glamorous, it's the thing to do so all



the young people hear about it and want to try it. That's what youth wants—adventure. Remember the needle beer in Sid's speakeasy over on Olive Street? Drunk before you put the glass down? Well a few illegal beers in Sid's speak was an adventure for Eddie and Bill back in the 1920s only the cops didn't put us in jail, just told us to go home those dear dead days, now we have a drug problem. After shoving a sugar cube in every open mouth the press is now screaming to stamp out this evil . . . jumped from a six floor window, hacked his mother-in-law to death, more laws more criminals more young people in jail more pot dogs sniffing through flats and country houses, nuzzling young people in coffee bars . . . now we have a "drug problem", that is to say, the problem of a number of drugs now in common use varying considerably in destructive action. Pep pills and all variation of the benzidrene formula present no valid excuse for continued existence. After an overdose of these drugs the user undergoes excruciating depressions. When high, "meth heads" may become compulsive talkers who stalk the street in search of victims when experienced friends have bolted their doors. His mouth is dry, his

hair is mussed, his eyes are wild, he's gotta talk to somebody. The whole spectrum of benzidrene intoxication is deplorable. Since these drugs have slight medical indication that could not be covered by a safer stimulant like caffeine why not close the whole ugly scene once and for all by stopping the manufacture of benzidrene of any variation of the formula?

POT ON PRESCRIPTION?

Cannabis is certainly the safest of the hallucinogenic drugs in common use, large numbers of people in African and Near Eastern countries smoke it all their lives without apparent ill effects. As to its legalization in Western countries I do not have an opinion. If English doctors are empowered to prescribe heroin and cocaine it seems reasonable that they should also be empowered to prescribe cannabis. The stronger hallucinogenic drugs: LSD, mescaline, psilocybin, dim-N, *bannisteria caapi*, do present more serious dangers than their evangelical partisans would care to admit. States of panic are not infrequent and death has resulted from a "safe" dose of LSD. Recollect when I was travelling in the Putumayo town of Macoa laid up there a week with fever, stumbled on the story, man down from California if my memory serves, serious young student believed in telepathy read Lorca wanted to experience the "soul vine" *bannisteria caapi*, the Indians thereabouts call it "yage", so the brujo brewed up his brujo dose he took himself man and boy forty years and passed it to the unfortunate traveller: one scream of hideous pain he rushed out into the jungle. They found him in a little clearing he was clearing with his convulsions. No charges were brought against the brujo, city feller got what he asked for. This sugary evil old man lived on to poison me some years later. However, mindful of the fate of my predecessor, I had provided myself with six nembutal capsules and twenty codeine tablets a piece of foresight to which I may well owe my life. Even so I lay on the ground outside the brujo's hut for hours paralyzed in a hermetic vice of pain and fear. A high tolerance is acquired with use and the brujo's daily dose to get his power up could readily be lethal to a novice.

Setting aside the factor of tolerance, there is considerable variation in reaction to these drugs from one individual to another a safe dose for one tripper could be dangerous for another. The prolonged use of LSD may give rise in some cases to a crazed unwholesome benevolence—the old tripster smiling into your face sees all your thoughts loving and accepting you inside out. Admittedly these drugs can be dangerous and they can give rise to deplorable states of mind.

HIGH WITHOUT DRUGS

To bring the use of these drugs in

perspective I would suggest that academies be established where young people will learn to get really high . . . high as the Zen master is high when his arrow hits a target in the dark . . . high as the Karate master is high when he smashes a brick with his fist . . . high . . . weightless . . . in space. This is the space age. Time to look beyond this run down radioactive cop-rotten planet. Time to look beyond this animal body. Remember anything that can be done chemically can be done in other ways. You don't need drugs to get high but drugs do serve as a useful short cut at certain stages of the training. The students would receive a basic course of training in the non-chemical discipline of Yoga, Karate, prolonged sense withdrawal, stroboscopic lights, the constant use of tape recorders to break down verbal association lines. Techniques now being used for control of thought could be used instead for liberation. With computerized tape recorders and sensitive throat microphones we could attain insight into the nature of human speech and turn the word into a useful tool instead of an instrument of control in the hands of a misinformed and misinforming press.

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Verbal techniques are now being used to achieve more reliable computer processed techniques in the direction of opinion control and manipulation the "propaganda war" it's called. The CIA does not give away money for nothing.



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being conditioned to look at the facts before formulating any verbal patterns. The initial training in non-chemical methods of expanding awareness would last at least two years. During this period the student would be requested to refrain from all drugs including alcohol since bodily health is essential to minimize mental disturbance. After basic training the student would be prepared for drug trips to reach areas difficult to explore by other means in the present state of our knowledge.

The programme proposed is essentially a disintoxication from inner fear and inner control, a liberation of thought and energy to prepare a new generation for the adventure of space. With such possibilities open to them I doubt if many young people would want the destructive drugs. Remember junk keeps you right here in junky flesh on this earth where Boot's is open all night. You can't make space in an aqua lung of junk.

NO JAIL FOR JUNKIES

The problem of those already addicted remains. Addicts need medical treatment not jail and not prayers. I have spoken frequently of the apo-morphine treatment as the quickest and most efficacious method of treating addicts. Variations and synthesis of the apo-morphine formula might well yield a miracle drug for disintoxication. The drug lomotil, which greatly reduces the need for opiates, but is not in itself addicting, might prove useful. With experimentation a painless cure would certainly emerge. What makes a cure stick is when the cured addict finds something better to do and realizes he could not do it on junk. Academies of the type described would give young people something better to do incidentally reducing the drug problem to unimportance.

THE OLD-FASHIONED FAMILY

Another aim of the academies is to examine sexual phenomena with the same objective and experimental operations as have yielded such marked results in the physical sciences. We cannot but be impressed by the inefficiency of the present arrangement a long period of helpless infancy during which the child is exposed to every variety of physical and psychic illness every unwholesome influence on set. It is precisely our aim to create children of a reasonable age with some degree of immunity against the unfortunate influences that we cannot immediately control. Meanwhile every effort must be made to disperse the biologic family unit. It is no exaggeration to say that the family unit is the most crippling basic factor in modern life drearily predictable yield of infantile trauma the quite unnecessary tensions of modern life superimposed on these quite unnecessary family wounds potentially talented and useful citizens do nothing throughout a life time but protest against their early

THOUGHT BEFORE WORDS

The aim of academy training is precisely decontrol of opinion, the students

conditioning. It has frequently been proposed that children be brought up by the state. And what is the state but a simple extension of the tribe which in turn is an extension of the family? To shift the care of children from the private family to the state family is nothing to the purpose. This means that our children will surface in the same straight jacket of dogmatic verbal formulations as is now imposed by the private family. One of the most promising suggestions relative long term solution of the family problem has been proposed by Mr. Brion Gysin. He suggests that children be paid to go to school the allowance increasing as they advance in training they progressively achieve economic freedom from the family which gives them an incentive.

"WIFE ON MY BACK"

Solution of the family problem must be termed a prerequisite for any objective approach to sexual manifestations and phenomena. For the time being our work is hamstrung by family creatures because this work could lead to basic understanding of the mechanism involved and release from early conditioning. The doctor asked his subjects to wear transparent plastic suits and observed whether dreaming was overtly sexual or not. One wonders to what extent the content of dreams could be dictated by cutting in at very short



intervals certain words and images? Since the results of this experiment are well known to all of us suffice it to say such experiments have been carried out relative such basic factors. Science pure science. You learn to take what comes in this business tasteless ham sandwich coffee in a paper cup wise intern slicing bread with his bone saw giggling nurses.

"How's that couple coming along in double immersion tank 18?"

"Don't look at it doctor it's too horrible."

Le Comte emitted a sharp cold bray of laughter.

"Selbsverständlich" snapped the Herr Doktor "And what did you think would happen so stupid American swine?"

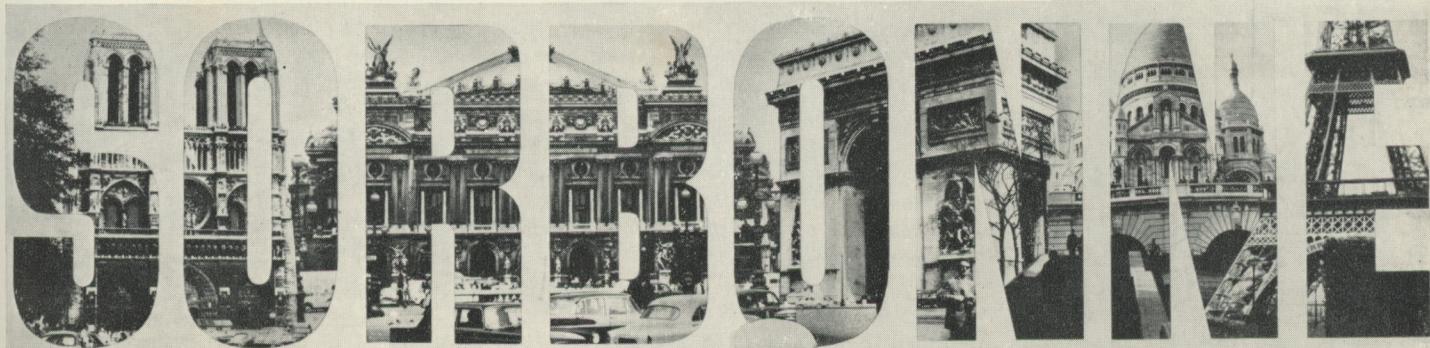
At this point a most regrettable brawl broke out in the operations room overturning nutrient tanks, jars, aquariums sloshing monstrous larval beings each his own Hell across the floor the scientists slip about slashing at each other with scalpels and bone saws screaming "Well we got the orders and I done the job wife and kids on my back."

"Look what a dumheit!"

"Smells through the outhouse doctor."

"Run for it chaps! They're actives!"

Last seen swimming desperately in erogenous sewage. The entire project was lost. Such knowledge in the wrong hands could be quite unfortunate.



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