



About FLY

Whereas in inexplicable weather the MOLE has in its imprudent haste dragged underground a pair of Comb-nations, a transmogrified copy of Dr. Who's who, an erect Small Ad. for a gay lubber Prince and the answer to iced lips, we felt it good to spill something around. Here are the things we found inside our silent stomachs; if we can spout more later we will, but this depends on people throwing us matter to digest.

EVERYONE MUST CONTRIBUTE

All questions, Answers, letters, poems and articles to :-

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or to any of the Editorial Group :-
John Grain, David Jones, Clive Rodgers
and Oren Stone.

HAIR - Varndean Style.

At Varndean Grammar School for boys there is currently a particularly unpopular master, called Mr. Bruce - the Head master of the Upper School.

His unpopularity stems from a special meeting which he called of the entire fourth year, when he told them, "The Headmaster thinks the Upper School is a mess." - Apparently he considered that discipline and general behaviour were both at a disgracefully low level.

Mr. Bruce then startled his audience by stating that of course it was common knowledge that these "long-haireds" were always the source of trouble; and so, almost inevitably, I suppose, he laid the blame of the recent unrest at the school, not on the administration but on the now legendary "long-haireds" who infested the school.

continued in next column

'Hair - Varndean Style' contd.

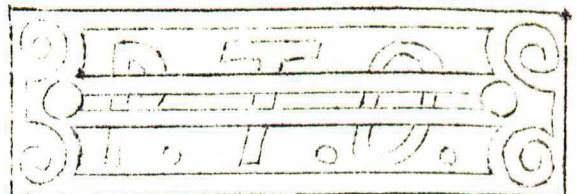
He continued almost hysterically that he had attended a public school but was proud to be at Varndean. He said that he had travelled all over Europe, receiving generally favourable reports of Varndean, but he added, "Now, these silly boys are ruining it."

Mr. Bruce explained that he was fed up with his pupils "copying the pop star in London" and believed it was time they developed some character and individuality. So he demanded that they should all have their hair cut, to HIS specifications!

He also warned them: "Do not try to fight me as I shall hit back and hard and you know me by now. You will suffer and suffer abominably." In his characteristically considerate manner he told them that he "didn't give a damn" about their parents - if he wanted them to have their hair cut, they would do so or risk eventual expulsion.

Mr. Bruce didn't stop there, remarking that these fourth form "long-haireds" were perverting the younger members of the school. Deploring this he demanded that the boys should set a good example to these younger pupils by having their hair cut to a "sensible and decent length" - namely that in future:- no sideburns should come further down than the centre of the ear-hole; hair should at all times be kept well above the shirt collar; and that ears should at all times be completely visible, to which he added; "And it's no use combing it back behind your ears, as I will only pull it straight back down again to see how long it is" !!!

D.J.



THE PEDERAST PREST.

Smutch and slime,
Smutch and slime,
The Vatican's windows had filthied with time.

"Wait until later - life's just a joke"
Said Pedro, the Pederast; "We'll find a bloke,
The holiest, handiest, randiest, gayest young bloke
To glitter this gladhouse from sline,
Smutch and slime."

Tall and dim,
Tall and dim,
They found a thick cleaner and sang him a hymn.

Pedro said, "Nice! Ooh that's very nice!
He'll have our cleanables cleaned in a trice!
Cleaned in a trice, he's so full of spice;
He'll wiggle and waggle and rub with the power of spice;
Please bring him in!"

So Pedro the pederast spoke to the bloke
Lisping a joke or lilting a word,
Sat on his knee like a friendly old bird
With flies undone and farts unheard
Like a feathery friend or a poof absurd
And urged him to get the place clean in a trice
Powered by spice!

Just for his guest,
Just for his guest,
The Pederast put on a polythene breast.
See how the Pederast blows up his breast!
He blows up his breast 'neath his Chlorophyll vest;
The guest is advancing; the vest must be prest!
The guest 'gins to press on the Pederast's breast!
On the polythene breast 'neath the chlorophyll vest by the Vatican's guest!
The Vatican's guest has caressed a blown breast at the Pederast's hest!
An epicene polythene-augmented Pederast Prest by Gargantuan Guest!
A spluttering oxygen breast 'twixt his chlorophyll vest
And his chuckling chest is so prest by Gargantuan Guest
That it pops and releases a turd -

A rescension well-heard.

NERO

RECORDS - RECORDS -

"YOU CAN'T BEAT PEOPLE UP AND HAVE THEM SAY I LOVE YOU", by Murray Roman.
Track 613 007

If you need a break from the recent barrage of progressive blues/jazz records, try Murray Roman, who has become a hero of the American underground scene as a result of this album.

It is mainly composed of Murray's unique comic social comment superimposed on to a background of soul music. Add to this the intricately devised dubbing and echoes, and you have a forceful overall effect similar to a fusion of the best of Lenny Bruce, Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In and the Mothers of Invention.

Unlike purely comedy L.P.'s which lose their appeal after the first hearing, the extra ingredients of this record reveal new levels for appreciation, and appreciation each time it is played. His stories, told in the now familiar hip American jargon, are mainly concerned with sex, violence and drugs. For this reason all the American recording companies refused to touch it, and so the Tetragrammaton Company was conceived to release this album now available in this country on Track records.

D.J.

EXPANSION.

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EXPANSION

"SOUNDTRACK FROM THE FILM 'MORE'" by Pink Floyd. Columbia SCX 6346.

The film 'More' is still entangled with the censor and consequently has not yet been seen; therefore it is difficult to criticise the music designed to complement the film.

Most of the tracks are semi-improvised instrumentals composed of characteristic Floyd riffs and drum patterns flowing along without any dominant electronic effects or definite climaxes. The whole L.P. was recorded in one night and is less elaborate than their previous recordings but it is still valuable, for it conveys an atmosphere of tranquillity which, judging by the words of the songs and the still from the film on the cover, is appropriate.

Roger Waters, the Floyd's bass guitarist, has written the songs on the album which are predominantly folk-inspired and introduce Spanish guitars and flutes and Bongos. Two of these, 'Cymbeline' and 'Green is the Colour' were included in their recent tour with the Azimuth Co-ordinator.

'Cirrus Minor' begins the L.P. and is one of the best songs. It possesses an ethereal quality brought about by the organ which is interlaced with echo and mesmeric vocal. 'The Nile Song' is a typical Floyd rock number with heavy fuzz and a powerful rhythm that draws you in like the Siren in the song.

Another track that illustrates the group's ability to create evocative impressions, is 'Quicksilver' which precisely portrays the shining metal liquid. The innovations on this L.P. are the more subdued songs that exhibit the acoustic side of the Floyd, and a blues instrumental improvised principally by David Gilman, the lead guitarist, whom I have always suspected of having a leaning towards Blues.

G.T.

STONES' CONCERT

The underground going to Hyde Park Corner was packed with thousands of happy people making their way to the scene of the projected free concert. The death of Brian Jones had threatened cancellation, yet plans went ahead and with the prospect of a fine day, success seemed inevitable.

Those who had slept in the Park overnight were joined by early arrivals at the front of the stage, built high to enable the maximum number to see the show. The crowd swelled rapidly and had reached the proportions of the Blind Faith concert before the first act began, with an appeal to remain seated during the performance.

The first group onstage was the Third Ear Band. As they played their deeply Indian-influenced music, the sun shafted through the hazy treetops. Joss sticks, ciggies and pot produced a heavily smoke-filled atmosphere of timeless religious reverence and tranquillity. The delightful soporific effect was marred only by applause directed at the antics of people climbing trees, and a vociferous minority expressing their dislike for the group.

King Crimson were first to make full use of the barrage of speakers and amplifiers. The immense audience warmly received them and swayed from side to side during the long improvised instrumental which climaxed their act. King Crimson's distinctive brand of music, must surely win them greater acclaim in the near future.

The announcer then explained to the crowd the policy of the organisers, Blackhill Enterprises, of introducing unknown groups of high potential; such a group was Screw. After the initial giggling, however, the assembly was slightly disappointed at the striking

continued in next column.

"Stones Concert" continued.

similarity in approach to Captain Beefheart's band.

The first appearance in Britain of Alexis Korner's New Church, also passed by without causing any great stir. The band's obvious musical talents were never fully exploited and the soulful female vocals soon became rather tedious.

Undoubtedly the most original group on the bill, was the Family, whose electric violin sounds, screaming sax and powerful vocals drifted over the brilliantly coloured shirts, gowns, scarves and trousers of the thousands of dolly birds, lying about in attractive undress. The mood was of euphoria and Family who left amid rapturous applause, unfortunately unable to perform a demanded encore.

The massive audience now totalled almost half a million, ~~400~~ of whom, overcome by the heat, the music, the pot and the beauty of it all, lay in a World War One styled casualty ward beneath the stage; and the overworked ~~doctor tried unsuccessfully~~ to reach many more trapped amongst the crowd.

After a truly uninspired session by the Battered Ornaments, everyone leapt to their feet as Mick Jagger appeared. Following an inarticulate request for silence, obeyed by all except for the spiritual elite (hair cropped short, no doubt as a sign of humility, and boots designed to mortify the flesh - not their own) who chanted unrecognisably in the distance, Jagger read some Shelley in memory of Brian. Then the amplifiers exploded with music.

Simultaneously ~~3 1/2~~ thousand white butterflies were released to flutter peacefully round the Park, or perch on the contented people swaying rhythmically at the sound of old Stones' numbers, including 'Jumpin' Jack Flash'

continued on next page.

"Stones Concert" continued.

and 'Satisfaction'. They also heard two as yet unreleased LP tracks and the group's new single 'Honky Tonk Woman'. Mick Taylor blended in well with the overall group sound, though Charlie Watts' drumming was barely audible.

To close the concert, the Stones played 'Sympathy for the Devil', aided by a dozen African drummers and half the audience, beating coke tins and shoes together in time to the music. No one can say the Stones are the most musically competent band, but the excitement they generate at live performances remains unequalled by any other group.

The organisers must have particularly appreciated the Hells Angels, recruited as 'bouncers', and all the nice people who stayed behind to help clear the litter, after listening to six hours of hypnotic music.

P.C.G.A.

FROM "AND THE KING WHO GOES IN PROSE"

O grandeur is a pencilled opening
hollowed by a tree
beside that thatch
- ambatch !
suggestive was the wind that blue
- your congruity -
hilarious was the hill
- ambiguity -

G. Runt

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THE LOYAL FAMILY

Mrs. Beethoven
has a niche in my affection
like an itch in a collection of
tickles.

She cooked for the composer
a damn sight better than Mrs. Tozer
ever cooked for me.

Mrs. B's in the oven
cooking up a birthday
while Ludwig's in the lobby
with the Big Ben Banjo Band
and a few friends from Switzerland
eating frog's legs to keep them on
their toes.

(Nobody knows
why the north wind blows
but they all know
that it had blew
Mrs. Mills
over the hills
and a long way off
with Bernie Rachmaninov)

Someone's in the kitchen sink
- makes you think !
Even though J's had a drink
or two,
she never threw
our baby down the loo,
and a girl called Sue
was born in the oven -
and we're not above an-
other.

Mrs. B's started to burn,
and Mrs. Tozer's had a nasty turn
but it's all all right once they're
in bed,
the music's gone to her head,
and though the bed's as hot as an
oven,
she still murmurs softly, "Roll over
Beethoven."

S.R. De Math

DEREK CARTER

THE TWO AGES OF MAN

At the darkest and most lonely moment
When the bells toll in discordant harmony
I go my way to my mother's womb
While you my father also deep in thought
turn down the crevass which leads to the tomb
With your insurance policies
With your greying hair and hollow eyes
Carrying your coffin and your sighs.

When the time has come to ask basic questions
You cross the style and hope your journey has no end
While I, crouching under umbrellas returning home
Hope my end has no journey.
Your pain lies in the grave, mine cries in yearning
Sailing the slightest memory on a flood of nostalgia.

.....

TO LONDON

If he thought he knew for one halving second
the hand that flicks the dial could rescue
and bundle him widdershinly down time,
 he would go.

But if he thought he knew for one halving second
that he might wrap this moment's world
in its own chippapers, the jingly slogan sellers
in their own dustbins, and burn them,
 he would stay.

And if some gigantic broom flushed
the shabby remnants of some pseudo pleasures
pulling the chain on tower bridge,
the sewage bubbling in the river drain
might ease the labouring. After a birth,
blood and raw crinkled baby
grotesque in its wallowing gore
makes all but the midwife and the mother vomit,
one dulled by life, the other choked by love.

But listen, rumors talk about a toffcepaper flapping
amongst the flowers in woolwich park, looking
in its intent and purpose like a butterfly
or so they say, and a town crier noticed
the skeleton in the cupboard striding in the street
and the man in the street hiding in the cupboard
City! some people are trying to adopt you
for a while you can put your time machine away,
 I think perhaps he'll stay.

.....

BOOK REVIEW — PART ONE

PENGUIN MODERN POETS NUMBER 13

This volume contains an anthology of three American poets :- Charles Bukowski, Philip Lamantia and Harold Norse. This review studies the selection from Charles Bukowski's works, leaving the other two poets to subsequent issues.

Penguin publish twenty five of Bukowski's poems, written in the last eight years and taken from two major selections : "It catches my heart in its hands" 1963, and "Crucifix in a deathhand" 1965.

The impact made by the first taste of his poetry is not pleasant, an impression caused by the reiterated imagery of death, disease and rottenness. Death in its many and diverse forms might also appear to become a leitmotif of this selection, an impression created, and on rereading, reinforced by the imagery of the first few poems: - old and/or fat women ; markets; cadillacs; the painter, and the stifling heat of the scene painted.

His line style is informal - to the extent that it does not follow the old accepted formalised patterns of rhyming verse - but is nevertheless formal in that it complies strictly to its own form. This is particularly evident in "The loss, the loss, the loss" where the advantages of its immediate impact are most clearly demonstrated.

But this very fact might also serve the other poems, in which repeated and searching reading is necessary to fully appreciate their content. One poem in particular, "The Sun Wields Mercy" uses this method, while at the same time allowing generalised philosophising on humanity.

One criticism levelled against continued in next column.

his style concerns the aspect employed in "Sunflower" and more especially in "They, all of them, know" : a form reminiscent of the litany with its continually repeated 'statement-line' and constantly varied 'complimentary-line'. Adrian Henri and the Liverpool poets (Penguin modern poets, No. 10) went a long way towards making this verse form acceptable, though it can take on the appearance of a list of the poet's experiences and whims - four pages of people and things are cited in "They, all of them, know", which when asked, reply :- " a snarling wife on the balustrade is more than a man can bear." But it is here that the reader/poet identification is most crucial to fully understand the poem's significance.

This collection though, by reason of its composition originating from only two of his previous publications, and both of these within the space of just two years, reveals only these definable traits and no style progression can be sought. The Penguin selection serves as an introduction and acknowledges this limitation in the provision of a bibliography of all Bukowski's published works, for further, profitable reference.

S.P.W.

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THE MINE AND THE SUN

The giants are tunnelling.

Twenty miles up or down through the earth you can hear the rhythm of their
picks.

"We forge black paths through the maiden earth."

Goblins break their backs.

Or were goblins men or were men goblins,

Backs broken, earth's hymen ruptured;

And up above, the crunch --

Was it colliding clouds ? --

Decides my destiny here. Were I a goblin

Or a goblin a giant or a giant a man, or what ?

Or were I even the body of a noise --

But am not a tenth of a crash of a falling rock,

My bones cry feebly splintering in the dark.

Beneath the earth the giants drink tea and stretch and sleep and dream.

"And yesterday evening the sun stood on the peak of the slagheap

Spitting forth its flame like a great silent firework,

Was a golden cock

Or the red neon light wheeling high above a strip-club.

It dwarfed us all and we loved it through our windows

O blazing god !"

Nero.

.....

mist clears from hilltops, it is a sunday

and the shops are shuttered.

sunlight and snow amaze the eye

as soft winds joke of clocks.

the cross erected in the market place

majestically stands as girls encircle it

stroke it free of ice and kiss it till it burns.

rain falls softly soaking,acheing through

the heavy earth. life burgeons on the hillsides

in thick silence, colours catch the sun

and bodies steam in barley fields.

G.C.

SIRIUS 70

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NEXT ISSUE will not
include an interview
with Mary Whitehouse
or Enoch Powell .

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