

POTTS, Charles; McNealy, Rbt. - The Opium Must Go Thru,  
Litmus Inc., 5704 3rd Av., Salt Lake City, Utah, 1976.

#### THE OPIUM MUST GO THRU

In The Opium Must Go Thru, Charles Potts' "potty" poetic prose puns away in an irreverential anti-civilization protest against everything that is new-old to sublime the old-new - but the dark and light of Yin and Yang are the same that bothered Shakespeare in his day.

This book, as the drawings by Robert McNealy illustrate, is a mad socio-economic philosophic chess game. . . an intellectual whooped up hippy riddle. You ask yourself if Potts is a brain or a bum. The words and the thought behind the words are an exasperating jumble, until you get the "beat" - the mood - maybe a couple of beers, a little "pot". . . No, that won't help because it's too haphardly logical "The water buffalo who bailed out the hot green house once turned to an underfucked cow and murmured "Nobody here understands what I say". And Potts can jump from this hurly-burly into crystal clear statements such as, "But the children can think circles around them. Children have always been the redeemers."

His style is like an old-fashioned record player that when it's wound up too tight is unintelligible, but when it runs down the sound sinks drudgingly in. . . But do not be misled - Charles Potts is a dreamy Stratford-On-Avon Willy at heart! He's a frustrated twentieth century Elizabethan romantic bohemian. . . even if he does say "they were fucking in the ricks, and you could nae hear the music for the swishing of the pricks".

ANITA FLANDERS REBELO

