POTTIS, 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 mislead - 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