

4-1971

OZ 34

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Editor

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Recommended Citation

Neville, Richard, (1971), OZ 34, OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 44p.
<https://ro.uow.edu.au/ozlondon/34>

OZ 34

Description

This issue appears with the help of David Wills, Chris Rowley, Marsha Rowe, Richard Neville, Brian McCracken, Stephen Lister, Debbie Knight, Louise Ferrier, Felix Dennis, Stanislav Demidjuk, Caroline, Pat Bell, Jim Anderson and Richard Adams. Thanks for the artwork, photographs and valuable help from Peter Webb and his erotic art class at Hornsey College of Art, Andy Dudzinski, Rip-Off Press, Lee Heater and Kathy Hayes, Rupert, Simon Wilson, Jean Francios Allaux, Burman, Germany's 'Underground' magazine and Chief Superintendent Toogood (to be true).

Contents: Parent's Guide to Drug abuse cover. 4p erotic graphics + centerfold by Peter Webb/Hornsey College/Burman. Spike: Oz trial – the charges against OZ 28 + 2 letters from angry headmasters + plea for schoolteachers, psychiatrists and sociologists who will defend OZ. Full page Cochise ad. 'All Watched Over by Machines of Loving Grace' - Richard Brautigan poem. 'Letter from America' – Abbie Hoffman defends himself. Selection's from Germaine Greer's Fan Mail: Letters to a Female Eunuch. RELEASE ad. 'The Last Laugh' 3p cartoon. Robin Jenkins on Imperialism and exploitation. 'The Fight' Robert Crumb cartoon. 'Uganda Me Goose!' by Alex Mitchell. Ads for *Nasty Tales*, Mushroom Records, Caravan. Latin America. 'Chad: The Ultimate French Farce' by David Triesman. Ad for William Burroughs Jr's book *Speed*. 'Our Man in Oman' by Peter Hellyer. 'One Little Piggy Hogged the Media' review of Medicine Head LP and reflections on music and the media by Felix Dennis + Diagram of a Drug Abuser. Mail order OZ. Neon Records ad. 'They're Selling Postcards of the Hanging' by Louis Jigsaw. 'My Lay in My Lai' by former Sgt Dan Mouer. Vertigo Records ad. Ad for Lennon/Ono Power to the People. LP reviews: Hendrix, John Lee Hooker/Canned Heat, The Incredible String Band, Ray Russel, David Crosby. Review of Marijuana in books and the news. Review of R.B. Fisher's *A Dictionary of Drugs*. 'The Revolution is Over – Tough Shit... You Missed It!' by David Reynolds'. Back page ad for *Ink*.

Pages 2, 3, 6 and 7 have not been included in the digitised version.

Publisher

OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 44p

Comments

Please be advised: This collection has been made available due to its historical and research importance. It contains explicit language and images that reflect attitudes of the era in which the material was originally published, and that some viewers may find confronting.

OZ

20p

No.31

Special Report Inside
**Third-World
Wars**

A Parents Guide to Drug Abuse

See Misuse of Drugs Bill - Page 13

Sagging of breasts
- mandrax

Profuse perspiration and body
odour - amphetamines

Sunglasses worn at inappropriate
times and places hiding dilated
pupils - LSD

Unavoidable feeling of euphoria
- cannabis

Irresistible desire to be affectionate
- LSD or "acid"

Redness and watering of eyes
- glue sniffing

Running nose
- heroin, morphine, codeine

Red raw nostrils - sniffing cocaine

Constant licking of lips to keep
them moist resulting in chapped
rawness - amphetamines

Tremor of hands
- amphetamines

T-shirt worn constantly to
hide needle "tracks"
- heroin, methedrine

Staggering, disoriented
- barbiturates

Drastic loss of weight
- heroin, opium

Diminution of genital area
- cocaine



United States versus The People of
South-East Asia. See My Lay in My Lai P.36



OZ SCHOOL KIDS TRIAL

Christopher Kypreos of the Running Man Press was recently acquitted of obscenity charges arising out of publication of **THE MOUTH**, by Paul Ableman. Press reports of the case concentrated on Kypreos' conviction for the lesser offence of sending indecent publications through the post. (Most people's love letters are technically 'indecent'.)

The case is important because despite a judge's summing-up biased heavily against the defendants, 12 ordinary citizens dismissed the charges of obscenity. Immediately following the verdict, The Times celebrated this victory for speech-freedom by featuring an article on obscenity and pornography by David Holbrook. A curious decision when one remembers that Mr Holbrook had, in The Mouth trial, been the sole witness for the prosecution. (according to the defendants, his courtroom manner was so twitchy, shifty and unpleasant that he 'won the case' for them).

Holbrook's ravings are not important in themselves and perhaps his Fleet St promotion is just one part of the broad ruling class backlash. But it is also possible that the current wave of anti-porn propaganda is not wholly unconnected with the forthcoming OZ Obscenity Show. (i)

This long awaited spectacle was originally booked at the Old Bailey on April 20. Due to the previous commitments of some guest stars, the Show has been postponed until approximately the first week in July.

The story so far: The charges against Jim Anderson, Felix Dennis and Richard Neville arise out of publication of OZ 28, in which nearly all the material was written and selected by a group of schoolchildren aged between 15 and 19 years. They had responded to an invitation placed in OZ 26. The charges include publishing an obscene article (max penalty 3 years), sending indecent publications through the post (max penalty one year) and the archaic and rarely used count of 'conspiring ... to produce a Magazine containing divers lewd indecent and sexually perverted articles, cartoons drawings and illustrations with intent thereby to debauch and corrupt the morals of young children and young persons within the Realm and to arouse and implant in their minds lustful and perverted desires'

(max penalty is judge's discretion: eg, life or deporation).

It appears that the prosecution has encountered no difficulty in assembling a battery of headmasters to chorus such charges. Below are extracts from the statements of two headmasters who will be appearing for the prosecution:

1. *Statement of Robert Richardson*
Headmaster, William Penn School, Red Post Hill, S.E. 24

I am headmaster of William Penn School, a secondary comprehensive school for 1300 boys between the ages of eleven and eighteen.

I have studied the OZ magazine edition 28 'School Kids Issue' and found it most unpleasant. I found objectionable many of the illustrations and portions of the text. In particular, I found the outside cover, the drawing on page 10 and under the heading 'School Atrocities' the drawing at the foot of page 11 the cartoon, Rupert Bear, pp 14 and 15, the cartoons pp 24 and 25, the cartoon 'Sine picture book at the top of 28 and inside of back cover 'And I went with my mother' obscene. Ignoring the four letter words there are portions of the text which I find obscene the advertisement 'Suck' page 27. I found there were several mentions of drugs and of freedom in sexual behaviour which were objectionable.

However, as a father of teenage girls 16, 14 and 12 and as a headmaster I consider that the general affect of this magazine to be wholly deplorable and in incitement to depravity. I would view with the utmost concern the free circulation of this material to young and immature adolescents suggesting that the attitudes and practices portrayed are natural and in any way acceptable.

2. *Statement of Cyril Alfred Pyle*
Headmaster, South East London School, Mornington Road, S.E.8

I am the Headmaster of South East London School, a Secondary school for boys aged 11 to 15 years.

I have studied a copy of the OZ magazine, No. 28 marked 'School Kids Issue'. The overall impression I have formed is that it is largely destructive of accepted beliefs and fails to put forward alternative constructive proposals for society.

The bulk of the illustrations, ie, those which portray sexual behaviour appear to me to be the work of sick minds in that they are intentionally pornographic and emphasise the sordid and deviant forms of sexual behaviour. These acts would be outside the experience of most children and could only result in some children being corrupted. In other words they appear designed to encourage the practice of perverted sexual behaviour. The use of the illustrations of young coloured girls on the front cover involved in homosexual practices is a particular nauseating example, so too is the use of the childhood character, Rupert, in the cartoon on pages 14-15. There are also many other illustrations of a degrading nature which can only have been produced by people with perverted minds. The frequent references to drug taking is smokes, weed, acid trips and the spinach craze would seem to accept the principle that drug taking is normal practice and fail to draw to attention the dangers involved in the use of drugs. This attitude may well encourage the sale and distribution of drugs to young people.

Several of the articles are also clearly designed to corrupt young people in particular I would mention 'Suck' on page 28. 'I Wonna be free' on page 14 and Weekend dropout on the same page.

The illustration on the inside back cover 'and incest with my mother' is obviously a degrading and perverted example of the intention to corrupt.

Finally I am convinced this magazine, placed in the hands of almost all the young people in my school could not fail to lead to the possibility of their corruption.

OZ is particularly anxious to hear from schoolteachers, psychiatrists and sociologists who may hold views on the publication of OZ 28 not identical to those of Robert Richardson and Cyril Alfred Pyle. Please telephone our solicitor, David Offenbach: 629 1191.

Some schoolteachers have proved reluctant to give evidence for fear of losing their jobs. This fear should be balanced against the imminent prospect of their freedoms of speech being suppressed.

(i) Cf Daily Mirror editorials: 'Mr and Mrs Britain have stomached enough filth'. Also, when the National Council of Civil Liberties published its report on the 'drift towards tyranny' (citing as an example the harassment of the Underground Press) Fleet Street attacked not the anomalies exposed, but the strategy of NCCL.

CARR BOMBING

It's the proud claim of British democracy (so we are always told) that secret police do not knock on your door in the middle of the night, and drag you off without specific charges and warrants for your arrest.

However a number of lawyers have been telling this in vain to deaf ears Habershon (the notorious Chief Superintendent in charge of the Carr bombing investigations).

Over a dozen brothers have been siezed at all hours of the day and night, and then unlawfully detained for interrogation at Barnet police station. (Within the next 2 weeks charges are being brought against this cop for false imprisonment.)

The Carr bombing was on Jan 12th; and now almost 3 months later, special branch still have no evidence, and Chief Superintendent Habershon is becoming increasingly desperate. 2 are in maximum security wing (Brixton), Jack Prescott, and Ian Purdis.

The defence lawyers know exactly how and why these two are being framed, but such is the inadequacy of even this fabricated evidence, that the police refuse to commit them for trial (6 weeks after Prescott was charged). We know they are playing for time because they have no case.

But the fact that they are innocent is hardly the point any more - as Habershon launches into the most drastic attack on Civil Liberties this country has seen since the 2nd World War. 2 Labour MPs have reported that Edward Heath has said to Chief Superintendent Habershon, 'Turn London over if you have to, but get results'.

Habershon treats all defence lawyers with contempt, informs victims that the 'presence of lawyers will interfere with the course of justice'. (11th February Barnet police station). At the mention of Habeas Corpus, Habershon laughs and turns away.

A FASCIST INVESTIGATION?

The Special Branch (our very own secret police) have used these raids by the Barnet gang (under Search Warrants for Explosives) to steal files and pick up more information about the left. This is the shape of things to come under the Industrial Relations Law – with the secret police acting as a law unto themselves, and all civil liberties being suppressed when they are inconvenient. The judges keep the ruling class cloak of silence – and refuse to defend their own laws on the subject of false imprisonment – and THIS IS HAPPENING NOW.

THE HABERSHON FILE

This brave defender of Robert Carr's property has committed the following crimes.

1. *Unlawful arrest and false imprisonment* – anyone who is forcibly detained without charges is a victim of this charge (on Thursday February 11th four persons were victims of this) – the total number is over a dozen.

2. *(a) obstructing and (b) perverting the course of justice* – on Thursday February 11th over 20 plain clothes police invaded the precincts of Bow Street Magistrates' Court and had the nerve to drag witnesses away from the Miss World trial. This sort of interference in the middle of a trial, which caused an adjournment, proves the ability of the state security forces to override the law.

The third example is the charging of 2 men without evidence, and stalling proceedings for trial in the desperate hope that something incriminating will turn up.

Fourthly, attempts to intimidate and threaten lawyers and legal advisors, which has intensified in the last fortnight, in particular the attempt to prevent liaison between legal adviser Tom Fawthrop and other lawyers in the case. And what is Chief Superintendent Habershon's reaction to all this?

On February 11th he prevented Paterson, a solicitor, from seeing his clients with the words 'I haven't got time for legal niceties'.

Since then the Special Branch have done it again; on Friday March 19th they swooped in Notting Hill, and seized a confidential file belonging to legal advisers† for the defence in the Powis Square 8 Trial, (continuing on April 5th, political trial of 8 persons arrested on November 5th, the community of Notting Hill versus the pigs). The prosecution in the case is now in a position to know the evidence to be given by defence witnesses, and 'any continuation of the trial will be a ludicrous affair'.

Our Freedom is not a legal nicety!

Events are now taking a more sinister turn. The Special Branch have been watching various legal advisors with interest. The present fuzz campaign against Tom Fawthrop is all rather predictable after his role as legal adviser in the Miss World trial, and similar work assisting those defending themselves in the Powis Square trial! For someone who is not a qualified lawyer it is clear that our secret police consider he takes a dangerous interest in the law, and especially in his investigations on behalf of Ian Purdie (to secure his release).

We have just learnt that his West London home was raided under an Explosives Warrant, and still looking for him they returned twice, and even went to his parents' home in Folkestone. Meanwhile his home has been put under observation by a man and a woman who trot up and down Powis Square desperately trying to pretend they are not Special Branch detectives. Tom Fawthrop commented to us over the phone, 'I think they are after me, and it fucking ain't for explosives'.

NOTHING TO SAY, PIGGY PIGGY GO AWAY!

Tom Fawthrop is in temporary exile – another means of trying to pressurise the defence into cobbling things. The secret police have got away with so much already that they reckon they can ignore any guy beneath the rank of QC. As they are desperate they may try another illegal detention, so they seek him here and they seek him there, 'but they won't find me till I'm ready and I'm not ready yet', (till April 5th).

We received the following statement from Tom Fawthrop: 'The point is – that to talk to Habershon is to talk to a criminal. I refuse to say anything to him – and every person concerned with their freedom should do the same (a lot of innocent people convict themselves through talking to the police).

Every act of refusal to co-operate with the Carr bombing investigations is a protest against moves towards the creation of a police state, where all rights and liberties are at the discretion of the authorities.

Further we remember the bombings of black people in Lewisham and Sunderland, and the complete lethargy of the police investigations except when they are directed against the black brothers, (blacks were arrested for protesting about the bombings which unlike the Robert Carr affair, injured human life).

Every refusal to talk is a refusal to assist the Special Branch in completing their dossiers on us. So don't talk, don't assist the enemy.'

We shall not be moved to Barnet, we shall not allow them to move Tom Fawthrop to Barnet. Venceremos!

† Legal advisers here means 'Mckenzie lawyers', non-professionals who give legal assistance to people defending themselves.

John Forbes

FLAT FEET STREET

Best news of last month was the collapse of the Daily Sketch. Hopefully, the crossbred Mail will similarly wither away. All sorts of maudlin explanations were offered for the paper's failure, except the true one. The Daily Sketch was a hideously patronising, uninformed, contemptible and obsolete organ of misinformation which the community is marginally better-off without. Most of the redundant journalists were talentless, highly paid falsifiers and their surprise at the contempt with which they were treated by management reflects their ingrained naivete.

While a lot of bullshit is spoken about Youth Culture (some of it by us), it is becoming increasingly evident that more and more young people are unable to relate to Fleet Street. The individual journalists of course (especially from The Sun and News of the World) sense the animosity of the Underground and retaliate by misreporting it. A recent typical example was a fantasy in The Sun by Robert Bolton on Abbie Hoffman's one day visit. Asked what he did with his money, Hoffman gave the press a clear, detailed account of the amounts given by him to various Underground organisations. Bolton – with carefree misrepresentation – announced that Hoffman 'had a lucrative sideline. Lecturing to students at £2,000 a time'.

Happily, there is a new breed of young journalists who are fed up with the ethics of their profession and instead of cheering the continuing police purges of the Underground, actually believe that such concepts as 'freedom of the press' also apply to Alternative media.

Some of these young journalists will continue to chip away at the suffocating traditions of Fleet Street, others have already left and will be participating in London's new weekly newspaper, Ink. First issue April 30.

FRIENDS ON THE VERGE OF GLORY

The familiar stench from the Department of Public Prosecutions has reached the offices of Friends newspaper. Alan Marcuson, Friends' editor, was called before Det. Sgt. Horny Hudson of the DPP on March 25th to answer technical questions concerning

Issues 21 and 24. The offending matter seems to be photographs of Otto Muehl's contribution to the Wet Dream Festival held in Amsterdam late last year (Issue 21) and a comic called Quepie which appeared in Issue 24. Both examples of free cock and cunt, they were apparently brought to Hudson's attention through private complaints. The coincidence is that Jo Stevens, the photographer who took the Otto Muehl Series of Sexual Savagery, has recently been charged by the same Hudson for sending obscene material through the post and now awaits trial for this offence. The photographs in Friends were chosen from that series. Hudson, incidentally, is the co-star of both OZ Obscenity busts and the 'Flesh' bust at the Open Space Theatre last year. Marcuson was cautioned during the investigation and now waits for a decision from the DPP as to whether or not Friends will be charged with obscenity. They can only hope.

Stanislav Demidjuk

Thanks, kisses, licks and sucks to everybody who helped us raise more than £1000 towards the Oz Obscenity Fund at our Police Ball in Covent Garden last month.

ANTHONY BLOND/ ARTHUR BROWN'S KINGDOM COME/ VIV STANSHALLS FREAKBANO/ HOUSESHAKERS/ PINK FARIES/ 43 KING STREET/ EGG/ ROY HARPER/ THIRO WORLD WAR/ MAGIC MICHAEL/ GNIDROLOG/ JOHN PEEL/ SIMON STABLE/ HARVEY GOLOSMITH & ALFANO-ARY ASSOSSIATES/ KRISHNA, CONTRAPTION AND SPASM LIGHT SHOWS/ ARTS LAB/ INTER-ACTION/ AQUARIUS WATERBEOS/ SEEO/ LONDON LIVING THEATRE/ FAIRY THEATRE/ SWIZ PRICKS/ BLACKHEATH FOOT & DEATHMEN/ NKTV/ JO GANNON/ CHIEF-SUPERINT-ENDENT TOOGOOO & HIS INEVIT-ABLE ANDROIDS/ RELEASE/ VIRGIN RECORDS/ TOWN RECORDS/ MUSICLAND/ MR. FREEOM/ ONE-STOP RECORDS/ FORBIDDEN FRUIT/ COMPEN- OIUM BOOKSHOP/ TIME OUT/ FAMILY OOG/ CARNEYBY RECORD SHOP/ MANZI RECORDS/ PRINT MINT/ KEN MARKET RECORDS.

We also wish to acknowledge the help of our many friends, freaks and Angels who licked out toilets, swept up garbage and pissed in the waterbeds. It was alright on the night. See you in court!!



KITE

Cochise

IN TERMS of creativity, originality and instrumental proficiency, few bands deserve to emerge at the top of the heap in Britain as much as the Liberty act Cochise.

For some reason this hasn't happened yet. The group has recently gone through several changes - in personnel and in management. While their record company here has continued faith in

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COCHISE SWALLOW TALES

A NEW ALBUM



LBG 83428

All Watched Over by Machines of Loving Grace

I like to think (and
the sooner the better!)
of a cybernetic meadow
where mammals and computers
live together in mutually
programming harmony
like pure water
touching clear sky.

I like to think
(right now, please!)
of a cybernetic forest
filled with pines and electronics
where deer stroll peacefully
past computers
as if they were flowers
with spinning blossoms.

I like to think
(it has to be!)
of a cybernetic ecology
where we are free of our labors
and joined back to nature,
returned to our mammal
brothers and sisters,
and all watched over
by machines of loving grace.

*reprinted from The Pill Versus the
Springhill Mine Disaster by Richard
Brautigan, published by Jonathan Cape
some moons ago.*



Les Edwards

LETTER FROM AMERICA TALES OF HOFFMAN

February 8, 1971
Dear Richard of OZ:

Let me point out one of the hypocrisies of your comments about my aloofness, etc. Your book 'Play Power' here, and I'm told in England, exploits me by using my name in advertisements with a quote that I defy you or your publishers to prove I said on any occasion, never mind said it could be used in an ad. Don't you think you're being a little dishonest in that respect? *

As far as speaking through my lawyer about publishing matters, you're just too fuckin much. My "lawyer" Gus Reichbach, is one of my closest brothers. He was a prime mover in the Columbia University revolt and has also been deported from Mexico for suspicious contacts with Cuban Revolutionaries. He is one of the authors of the 'Bust Book' along with other movement people. Besides he ain't NO LAWYER! He is presently prevented from becoming one because of his radical ideas. What he is, is a member of the LAW COMMUNE, the most radical concept in legal organising and defence in Amerika. They do most cases free and if there is any bread to be made on my books, they should get a healthy cut. Y not? You make him sound just like any other lawyer.

If people relate to me as a public image, I do act aloof. What else should I do, spend my life signing autographs? If I refuse to be in some revolutionary dilletante's movie, I'm aloof, if I agree, I'm a media freak. You're damn right I'm aloof. That's why I wouldn't appear at any press conferences in Europe, skipped the speeches, turned down going to England, and just snuck around as quiet as I could with a few friends. Besides, those hippy-dippy-revolution-in-the-mind leeches that sponge off poor Victor were probably complaining that I wouldn't let them take my picture while I was out getting my ass kicked by the vicious Paris pigs during the GEISMAR demonstrations.

Dealing with fame within a revolutionary context is a very difficulty task. Should I or should I not sell the movie rights of Revolution for the Hell of It to MGM? They are pigs, but will get out a message to millions! They make better movies than Newsreel. Do I have the right to throw away tons of bread when brothers and sisters are facing jail and prison? I am one of those brothers and sisters too. I need a ton of bread to stay on the street. The Trial in Chicago will eventually cost us a cool million dollars. Becoming popular was in effect part and parcel of our defence. That was only one of my trials.

Well I sold the movie rights! The Law Commune got \$6,500 so they can survive a little. The Committee to Defend the Panthers got \$25,000. The Conspiracy Trial got \$10,000. \$5,000 went to finance Youth International Party stuff and the rest went to the U.S. Government in taxes. Out of \$65,000 I kept less than \$2,000. Now the Government claims I owe them even more taxes on this bread, so I'll probably have to cough up the other two grand. By the way, NO underground paper printed that story but every above ground one did. Never told it to anyone till now. The above ground people did some research, cause if you bail out people, you got to sign papers, etc., so it's a matter of public record.

Anyway, MGM ain't going to do the movie cause we threatened to burn down the first theater to show it unless they advocated political assassination. We wanted the film to open with a shot of Yippies dressed in flag shirts watching Nixon on color TV pulling out guns and shooting the set. Neat huh? Electronic whv MGM had some second has been the case with all interested in becoming only a prop — you pick up the dollar



Les Edwards



A matter of public record.....

to destroy the dollar. Mao would understand; teeny-boppers won't. That doesn't mean someday I won't even chuck the whole movement. Ten years of street struggle is a long time. Arrests, beatings, jail terms hanging over my head and shitty movement people who call you up on the phone in the dead of night to do a benefit in Seattle or Philadelphia or Patterson, New Jersey, and then accuse you of elitism, racism, male chauvinism, etc. if you refuse. The movement has a built-in hatred of "success", of becoming "popular". I'm not just referring to hostility directed to Jerry and myself, but I think people are pissed we're not dead or in jail. People demand dead martyrs, not living myths. Well, fuck off, movement. There's something deeper than that though; something that doesn't affect us personally and that's a purist, elitist code that rejects popularity or using language symbols, styles and methods of communication that will reach millions. There is an insistence on speaking to one's friends. I refuse to speak to the converted. In fact, I have no ideas on how to convert the converted. I can only suggest they put aside Marx and go to the movies.

I don't say that OZ is in that bag. OZ tried to blend art and politics in a new way. It clearly is not afraid to fuck around and struggle not only with its elitism, racism, chauvinism and all the other isms we are supposed to do battle with as we rise up each morning, but it does what few movement groups do — it struggles with its own genius. A noble struggle indeed. The fact that we only seemed concerned about British royalties in our discussions must be attributed in part to your desire to publish my books in England. Naturally, such things come up, Richard. My head was in another place it's true. Brothers and sisters were in Algeria trying to deal with a complicated bad scene under great pressure, a real mess that drove Anita out of Algeria, ended up with Jerry and me fighting in Paris and is just coming to the public's attention with Cleaver jailing Leary. It was not the sort of vibes that make for a friendly head.

Anyways, I hope to eventually get to England someday, although it may be hard after Jerry was deported. I have just been deported from Canada and also have been refused permission to speak in about 20 U.S. states so I don't know if I'll be allowed in. The kicking out of Rudi Deutsche didn't help us get together on British soil I fear. Hope you and other folks can join us in the streets of Washington, D.C. on Mayday this year for a real Yippie bang-out. If not, hope you'll vent your urine at the local embassy as part of the International Yippie Conspiracy. If you feel like printing this letter, do so, but don't cut out the shit about you or I'll tell everybody you're David Frost.

From a corner of the global village,
Abbie

* April 17, 1970

Dear Richard:

P.S. 'Play Power' is fantastically brilliant. Sorry we didn't meet. Let me know the progress on publishing my books in the British colony.

Abbie

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LETTERS TO A FEMALE EUNUCH

A selection from Germaine Greer's fan mail.

Miss Greer,

So you are the Female Eunuch or Lesbian. And you want Liberation. You already have had liberation since you were all born. I am 70 and have watched you Women all over the world. Our mothers were real feminine not fakes. There was affection, good cooking, a warm house, the girls were taught to make their own clothes sew, mend and cook. They were respected and honoured. Then came the wars. The husbands, sweethearts and boyfriends answered the call. The women cried at the parting, then came the foreign troops to England, away went the tears, along came thousands of Bastards, lies, deceit, cunning and tricks. They were not satisfied with the looks God gave them, they have now false hair, false eye lashes, false lips, false breasts. Not content with that, you all disgrace yourselves, with filth and dirt on stage and T.V. and strip tease, you are all ready to sink lower than any animal for money. Everyday one can see it on T.V. show. How rotten can you get, none of you have to get married, when you do, you should play the game. We see it everywhere, boyfriends waiting near the house, for the husband to leave for night work. Oh yes, the tales we hear about postman, fish mongers, milkmen, coalmen and loose married women. None of you are trustworthy, and you still want more Liberation. There is more neglect of homes and children today than there ever was, most of you are hot can openers. There are only today mostly married whores, Lesbians and the friggid. Very few really nice dressed feminine ladies. Us men will react — treating you as you are, a rank load of filth. What decent woman are left, with morals and honesty will boycott your organisation. They have their pride and duty to their families. No one forces you to marry. Carry on the Lesbian Brigade, as you are now being christened.

Dear Dr. Greer,

I am only 15 years old but I have read your book Female Eunuch over and over again when I feel sexy. Also your article in the Sunday Mirror.

Will you please send me a picture of yourself for a pin up.

Also are you writing any more books on sex etc.

Thank you for the pleasure your book brings me. Will you please reply to me PLEASE.

Yours truly,

Dear Germaine,

Are you for real: read about you in a recent Rolling Stone (rock newspaper) article. Amazing!

If you come to the States, I'd like to see what makes you tick.

I'm thirty-one years of age too, maybe we can project that to some fantastic metaphysical conclusion: if not, we can ball!

I'm quite brilliant so don't let your talent, intellectual and otherwise, go to waste; I'll tell you what everything means, not just what it is: write me today.

Remember there is such a thing as History.

Dear Germaine Greer,

Bravo for your control. Tonight. But who takes this polymorphous perverse scene seriously? See, if you're going to fail, and you are, you might as well fail for a more satisfactory set of ideas. I mean Reich.

Yeh, Reich's totally male-orientated (at least on the surface) but, take away his tone, and his ideas are at least worth investigating (experimentally). Prove the orgone exists baby, and good bye O. Brown and Co. You are brave, show-biz. I admire you. Putting that thing on the line for the shit to be thrown.

Also, I'm curious how the new lib scene hasn't been drowned in the spray from the tongue-bath. Indeed you are a lady of many parts (or just one?)

More power to your elbow.

Best wishes,

Mister

Dear Germaine,

I love you, stick around.

A fan.

Dear Germaine,

Having been recently bombarded with news of your exploits and theories in various woman's magazines and newspapers, I feel prompted to ask if it is really true — 'whatever happened to the sweet young girl I once knew'.

Monica and I are still happily married and now have five children — Kevin 13, Stephen 12, Martin 9, Edwin 5 and Benjamin 2. My brother Denis was finally married three years ago and to date has produced only one masterpiece, Luke Marcus Smith!

I work as a plant pathologist where I am researching on various diseases of stone fruit trees. I worked for 14 months at the University of California at Davis in 67/68 and our youngest son was born there.

Since we returned to Australia, Monica has returned to school teaching (its the rising cost of living) at the local parish school about 400 yards from our home in Beaumaris. I spend most of my Saturdays helping with cleaning the house and specialize in cleaning toilets, Monica gets very tired at times but we survive!

Dear Miss Germaine,

I would like to wish you a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. My Christmas somewhere behind the clouds in Heaven, and waiting lips wait impatient,

Dear Germaine Greer,

Independence, Insecurity and Freedom? I've had these for years and as I am now forty, will no doubt have them for many years more. But I'm no career woman and have never had any

ambition. So I struggle along on less than twelve pounds after deductions, hard up, badly dressed, lonely and unhappy.

How I long to be given a chance to live with a man, (I wouldn't ask for marriage vows) who really wanted my company and love. Someone I could cook for, talk to and make happy whilst making my own life less dreary. Is this selfish?

We can't all be brilliant, independent souls like yourself.

Most women need to be needed, its part of their feminine nature — and I don't agree that the majority of married women are domestic cabbages living only to polish and clean, far from it, many do considerable social work. And why shouldn't we be feminine? As long as we don't do the helpless female act on every man we meet . . .

It's one of the joys of being a female to be able to dress up on occasion and have a special hair do and make up. How wretched and uninteresting life would be if we couldn't sometimes do this. You're welcome to live how you please, dressed in well lived-in jeans, smelling of honest sweat, and conversing brilliantly with your many friends of similar mind. But let us live how we please, and don't despise us for wanting our own homes and husbands — this process has gone on for centuries and God willing will continue for many more.



RELEASE

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE GOVERNMENT'S NEW DRUG BILL WILL DO?

1. Increase the maximum penalty for giving cannabis to a friend (in official language 'pushing') to fourteen years — the highest fixed penalty in British Law and more than twice the average sentence served for murder. (Misuse of Drugs Bill, Schedule 4.)
2. Require you to prove your innocence rather than the police to prove your guilt. (Misuse of Drugs Bill Clause 28.)
3. Increase police powers by allowing them to "detain for the purpose of searching" on "reasonable grounds". The government has refused to define this phrase. (Misuse of Drugs Bill Clause 23.)

RELEASE started in 1967 when seventeen per cent of first cannabis offenders were sent to prison. Today the average penalty for cannabis offences is a fine of £14 — a great improvement in three years, but more people are being arrested every day and the proposed law will be more repressive.

RELEASE will fight to change this law. If you support our aim and the work we do or if there is the possibility that one day you may need any of our services* — please send us money or a bankers order so we can continue. This is your insurance.

*RELEASE GIVES INFORMATION AND ADVICE ON

Arrest, drugs, rent, divorce, jobs, immigration, civil rights, pregnancy and other social, medical and legal problems.

The release library includes a selection of authoritative papers on all aspects of the social use of drugs and is available for consultation by anyone interested.

PLEASE help with cheques, postal orders, trading stamps, cigarette coupons and foreign or British Commemorative stamps.

LONDON: 40 Princedale Road, London W11.
Tel. 229 7753 & 727 7753 EMERGENCY 603 8654
Mon-Fri 10am-6pm. Mon & Thurs until 10pm.
AMSTERDAM: Spinozastraat 9. Amsterdam Tel: 020 22949

He who laughs last, laughs last....

The Last Laugh

A ONE ACT PLAY FOR THE THEATRE OF THE ABSURD



ACT 1

SCENE 1

CURTAIN OPENS ON A "SAC" COMMAND CENTER LOCATED UNDER 60 MILES OF SOLID GRANITE, THE FUNNYBONE OF THE ENTIRE NORTH AMERICAN DEFENSE NETWORK.

THIS SYSTEM REPRESENTS THE PINNACLE OF MAN'S SOCIO-TECHNO CULTURAL EVOLUTION, AND AT THE CONTROLS OF THIS COMPLICATED ELECTRONIC APPARATUS SITS... PVT. NELSON.

HIS WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN A MANNER OF DEVOUT TRAINING, A RELIGION PERHAPS, AND FOR ONE FANATIC REASON...



SIR...THIS IS TRACKING UNIT 5 REPORTING A DEFINITE CONFIRMATION ON RADAR...

JUS LOOK AT THEM TITS!



BEEP BEEP BEEP

GOD, WOULD I LIKE TA SCREW ONE OF THEM HIPPIE CHIK...HUH?



ATTENTION! ALL UNITS, THIS IS CODE NAME "HUMPTY DUMPTY". WE ARE AT A POSITIVE... I REPEAT, A POSITIVE GO SITUATION!

AT LAST!

...TO PUSH "THE BUTTON".



BZZTCLACK
PEEPPEEPPEEP

GROUND CONTROL CONFIRMS THAT ALL MISSILES ARE IN A LIVE CONDITION.

YOU WILL RESPOND ON MY SIGNAL AND DISCHARGE YOUR WEAPONS ACCORDING TO TODAY'S AUTHORIZED FIRING SEQUENCE...

WOW! GOD DAMN! WE'LL BLOW THOSE RED N YELLOW BASTARDS TA HELL! HABA CHUCKLE JEEESUS! WE'LL GET THEIR ASSES, BUT GOOD!



FIRE

HAHAHAHAHA... GO GET EM!!! FUCK ME BABY, I'LL SHOW THOSE COXKSUCKERS WHO'S BOSS! HAHHAHAHA

BZZRT

SCENE 2 STAGE RIGHT-THE SILENT MAJORITY- STAGE CENTER, THE EVENING NEWS DELIVERED WITH THE USUAL UNEMOTIONAL MONOTONE DIALOGUE... THE COMMENTATOR'S COUNTENANCE MAKES YOU INHERENTLY FEEL THAT HIS ENTIRE INNER STRUCTURE IS COMPOSED OF OATMEAL.



SCENE 3



CONTINUED OVER.....

SCENE 4 - ENTIRE CAST ON STAGE...

HELLO, THIS IS HOWARD DORMISH, CBS, ON THE SCENE HERE IN SAN FRANCISCO... AH YES, IT'S A GREAT NIGHT; PEOPLE EVERYWHERE ON THE HILLS OVERLOOKING THE CITY WAITING FOR THE FIRST MISSILES TO ARRIVE... MUCH LIKE THE FOURTH OF JULY!

POLICE HAVE SUCCESSFULLY CLUBBED BACK DEMONSTRATORS WHO ARE PROTESTING OUR INVOLVEMENT IN THIS WAR. AS USUAL, THESE YOUNG PEOPLE HAVE NO RESPECT FOR PEACEFUL DISSENT AND MUCH ROCK AND BOTTLE THROWING HAS OCCURRED.

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THIS EVENT, MADAM?

OH, I THINK IT'S JUST MARVELOUS! MOST EXCITING THING THAT'S EVER HAPPENED. WE SHOULDN'T QUESTION WHAT THE PRESIDENT HAS DONE, HE KNOWS WHAT'S BEST FOR THE PUBLIC.

THANK YOU, AND NOW TO MOSCOW..

I THINK I SEE ONE.

THANK YOU, HOWARD. THIS IS GEORGE M'FEE, LIVE VIA SATELLITE. OF COURSE NO ONE HERE, EXCEPT THE KREMLIN OFFICIALS IS AWARE THAT THE WORLD IS ABOUT TO END. THIS EXCHANGE OF HOSTILITIES WILL COME AS A COMPLETE SURPRISE TO THE LOCAL POPULACE, AND WE'LL BE ON THE SPOT, LIVE, TO GIVE YOU THEIR FIRST REACTIONS! BACK TO YOU, HOWIE...

THANKS, GEORGE. CBS IS PROUD TO ANNOUNCE THAT IT IS GOING TO BRING YOU, THROUGH THE MIRACLE OF VIDEO TAPE, "INSTANT REPLAY" AND "STOP ACTION".. SO.. IF YOU'RE STILL AROUND WHEN NEW YORK OR LONDON GETS IT, WE'LL HAVE IT ALL, AS IT HAPPENS.. AND NOW, A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR... COMPOSE.

GOD DAMN! IT'S ON EVERY CHANNEL... MUST BE A PLOT OR SUMTHIN..



OH WELL, AT LEAST THIS SOLVES THE EXISTENTIAL AND ECOLOGICAL DILEMMA URRRR...

IT DON'T EVEN MAKE NO SENSE; MUST BE FRUSTRATED BUTTON PUSHERS ALL OVER THE WORLD. TAIN'T A ONE OF US THAT'S GONNA FEEL RIGHT... HIK...

CODE NAME "JACK BE-NIMBLE"; REPORTS WE ARE ABOUT TO TAKE A DIRECT HIT.



Everytime you buy a bar of chocolate, someone in Ghana works a little harder and gets a lot poorer. **EXPLOITATION!**

Robin Jenkins

In Britain, today, we have a crisis of identity. We don't know who we are, where we fit into world history or what we should be doing politically. The social identities that define the immediate horizons of our daily life are more and more, the only identities we have. Without a wider view, or an interpretation of existence beyond this immediate horizon, we become prisoners of the present, captives to our immediate surroundings. The implications are profound because without a wider interpretation of the meaning of our lives, we lack the perspective and the ideas that alone can enable us to make coherent criticisms and real changes.

The great dramas of our time are understood only as piecemeal actions in particular situations. The H-bomb and the Vietnam War have produced a reaction in Britain but it has been a detached, moral reaction without a coherent understanding of the meaning of either the Bomb or of America's Asian War.

It has taken a generation for the intellectuals of the rich, metropolitan nations in the east and the west to digest the meaning of the Second World War and slowly, ever so slowly, emerge from the anasthesia of the Cold War. During this quarter of a century, the only coherent political thinking was out in the poor periphery — in China, Vietnam, Algeria, Ghana. The three quarters of mankind who had been enslaved and denied their humanity in the name of the liberalism of the rich, now took up the idea of progress that the rich nations had lost in the holocaust of their imperialist rivalries.

Whilst political thinking in the rich nations went bankrupt over the Cold War, the Third World was producing an abundance of science, ideology, ethics and practice. As a direct result of the Vietnam War, these Third World developments of Marxism and Liberalism have surged back into the rich nations. The revolutions in Cuba and Vietnam now inspire Europeans; Fanon, Mao and Guevara are having a dominant effect on the hopes and fears of the oppressed in New York, London, Birmingham.



If we are to understand the wider meaning of our lives and play a conscious role in the shaping of the future, we have to start with what we have, however meagre it may be. We have to use and develop the perspective that has been thrown back at us from the Third World; we have to look at our world, in our time, with the widest possible perspective. Paul Sweezy, an American Marxist, once summed it up like this:

"Everyone knows that the present will some day be history. I believe that the most important task of the social scientist is to try to comprehend it as history now, while it is still the present and while we still have the power to influence its shape and outcome."

To be free is to understand the laws that necessarily govern nature and society; only then can we recognise where choices exist and where we can exert pressure on the business of making history. Only through understanding these laws can we understand the ethic of our times, and therefore the dimensions of our own nature. The ethic of our times is determined by the systems within which we live. We cannot understand one without the other. That is where social science comes in, but there is a problem here too.

By 1950 the US controlled 70% of Latin American sources of raw material. Now it is 85%.

Felix Greene

Imperialism is a world-wide process dominated by the giant, international corporations. Most of these corporations are American but some of them are European and a few are Japanese and South African. These corporations are involved in the exploitation of men in the farthest corners of the globe, where they extract their profits and send them back home. As a result, the rich become richer and the poor do not just stay poor but become poorer. In order to understand what these corporations are up to in rich and poor countries it is necessary to look at the fundamental contradictions of capitalism that made imperialism necessary.

BRAKE & THROTTLE

Crudely, we can say this: that there are two classes in capitalist societies — the bourgeoisie which owns capital and buys other men's labour on an hourly, weekly or monthly basis; and the proletariat, which does not own capital but sells labour to whoever will employ it. In this sense, the middle classes are part of the proletariat though they might well identify with the values of the bourgeoisie. As a result of the division of society into these two great classes, certain contradictions arise.

Why United States corporations now own more than half of man's realized wealth, etc.

Third-World War

"Capitalists subordinate other aims to the maximisation of profit. In pursuit of this objective, they pay workers as little as they can get away with and steadily introduce labour-saving machinery. The consequence, of course, is to hold down the consuming power of the working class. At the same time, capitalists restrict their own consumption to the interests of accumulating more and more capital. But accumulating more and more capital means adding to society's productive capacity. We therefore have the paradox that capitalism steps on the brake so far as consumption is concerned and on the accelerator as far as production is concerned. This is its basic contradiction, and it cannot be eliminated except through changing the system from one of production for profit to one of production for use." (Sweezy)



This might seem to contradict what is happening in Britain at present — rising unemployment, rising prices and collapsing corporations — but it all depends on how you look at these things. To quote Sweezy again: "the economic problem appears to be the very opposite of what the textbooks say it is: not how best to utilise scarce resources but how to dispose of the products of super-abundant resources. And this holds regardless of one's wealth or position in society. If he is a worker, the ubiquitous fact of unemployment teaches him that the supply of labour is always greater than the demand. If he is a farmer, he struggles to stay afloat in a sea of surpluses. If he is a businessman, his sales persistently fall short of what he could profitably produce. Always too much, never too little."

HAPPY HAPPY AFRICA

Imperialism is the direct result of this contradiction; it is an attempt to find investment outlets and markets abroad and it reflects the expansionist nature of capitalism. It was the expansion of rival imperialisms that produced both the First and Second World Wars. Now, in the seventies, we are seeing renewed competition for markets and investment outlets but this time between the USA, the EEC, Japan and the USSR. It is difficult to see how this competition can lead to anything other than a Third World War in the long run, tho' the form that it will take is impossible to predict, given the existence of nuclear weapons. At present there is plenty of room for manoeuvre between the new imperialist powers. The former colonies of Britain and France which were once monopolised by their own corporations are now being opened up to exploitation by the new imperialist states. Africa, which has been held in reserve compared with Asia and Latin America, is now the scene of increased competition.

If imperialism was just a voracious search for markets and investment outlets, one might expect it to result in short-term benefits for those areas that become the focus for such competition, even if, in the end, this competition results in war. The more sophisticated apologists of the status-quo now argue that there are immediate benefits whereas a few years ago, they were denying that there was any such thing as imperialism. In order to deal with their assertions, it is important to distinguish between imperialism in the rich, metropolitan nations and imperialism in the Third World.

TWO KINDS OF IMPERIALISM

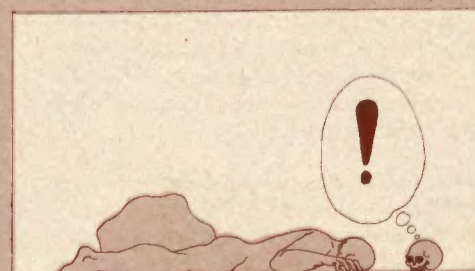
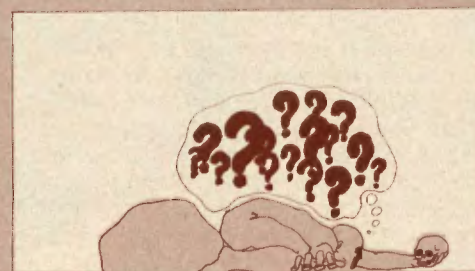
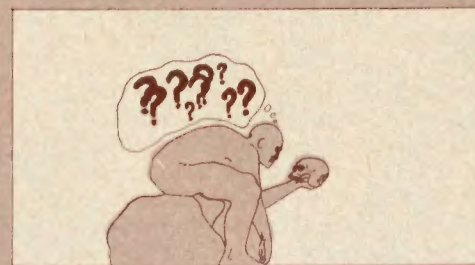
Imperialism in the rich nations is largely a post-war phenomenon that resulted from the industrial dominance of the USA and the industrial destruction of all the other nations in 1945. American capital has moved into Europe and Japan in a big way and has resulted in the rapid growth of consumer production in the past twenty-five years. Because US subsidiaries are willing to pay high wages, they tend to push up wages in general and there can be little doubt that in the short term, there are more cars, refrigerators and televisions in use as a result. In the long term, however, there is the possibility that US corporations will develop monopolies of various markets and then manipulate prices and wages at will. Europeans benefit from US imperialism at present because it is still in genuine competition with European corporations and this often forces prices down. As US corporations gain monopolies of whole industries the consequences change, as can be shown by looking at the Third World.

Imperialism in the Third World is particularly vicious because the giant corporations rapidly develop monopolies on all

imports and exports of small, poor nations. A few American corporations are able to agree amongst themselves what price they will pay for copper, tin, zinc, cocoa, maize, etc.

In Ghana and Nigeria, the cocoa crop was more than doubled during the sixties but the income remained the same and the price per ton went down by over fifty per cent. At the same time, the price of tractors, fertiliser and other imports that were necessary to obtain the increased output of cocoa nearly doubled. The net effect is that the peasants in these two countries worked harder but the countries got poorer.

When rich nations give "aid" to poor nations, this is a form of imperialism too, because it results simply in a subsidy for



Exploitation

This article is based on material from two books by Robin Jenkins, *EXPLOITATION*, published by MacGibbon & Kee in 1970, and *TOWARDS A SCIENCE OF LIBERATION* (forthcoming).

exports from the rich nation to the poor nation and the manufacturers in the rich nation are the only ones to benefit.

When the oil-producing nations force a price rise on the big oil companies, it is not the companies that lose. They have a monopoly of the petro-chemical market in the rich nations and simply pass on the price increase whilst retaining the same, fat profits.

OVER COMPENSATING

When a poor nation nationalises a foreign corporation, this is a victory for the biggest American corporations too. In order to pay compensation after nationalisation, the poor country has to obtain a loan from abroad so the more it nationalises, the more it will be in debt to the rich nations. Often one finds that when a British company is nationalised, the loan for paying compensation comes from the World Bank, which is basically American. The British company gets compensation and is satisfied; the Americans get a loan with interest so they are satisfied too. The people in the poor country might be able to call a particular industry their own but they also have to pay 7% or more interest so repatriated profits are replaced by loan repayments. Either way, the poor country is increasingly tied and dependent upon the rich one.

It has often been argued that a poor country can develop by using the profits from selling oil or copper or coal to a rich nation. This is what Venezuela has done but what are the results?

"Some 10% of Venezuela is sitting in on a modern Belshazzar's feast, catered by Standard Oil and Shell; the other four million are on the outside looking in, with hunger in their bellies and disease in their bones. But some day, when the last oil is pumped out, the feast must end. Then ... the stricken land will need the disaster services of the International Red Cross brigades doling out soup as its people expire surrounded by mountains of empty Frigidaires, silent Philcos, and gasless Cadillacs... What has happened in Venezuela is a gold-plated disaster moving on noiseless, oiled bearings towards tragedy.

Its ancient, static but self-sufficient economy has been tossed in the trash-can. Now it reaps millions of bolivars each year for its oil. With these bolivars it buys all the expensive trash in the world... When the oil runs out, the nation will be like an old tailor's chest, filled with useless spangles. Lacking subsidies, industry will collapse; agriculture will long since have perished."

Venezuela is put forward as the one example of successful development resulting from the Alliance for Progress!

The harsh facts of the exploitation of the Third World were summarised by Guevara in 1964. Referring to the US Alliance for Progress, he said:



"The paradoxical situation now is that, while the loans are either not forthcoming or are made for projects which contribute nothing to the industrial development of the region, increased amounts of foreign currency are being transferred to the industrialised countries. This means that the wealth created by the labour of peoples who live for the most part in conditions of backwardness, hunger and poverty is enjoyed in US imperialist circles. In 1961, for instance, according to figures from the UN Economic Commission on Latin America, there was an outflow of 1,735 million dollars from Latin America in the form of interest on foreign investments and similar payments, and of 1,456 million dollars in payments on foreign short-term and long-term loans. If we add to this the indirect loss of purchasing power of exports (of deterioration in the terms of trade), which amounted to 2,660 million dollars in 1961, and 400 million dollars for the flight of capital, we arrive at a total of 6,200 million dollars or more than three Alliances for Progress a year."

If the Third World is to develop it will have to break this exploitative relationship with the rich nations, will have to nationalise foreign investments without compensation, will have to arm the people to protect their interests against foreign imperialists. It is to this end that the Havana Tricontinental Organisation was set up in 1966.

In rich nations like Britain, the consequences of imperialism are complex. Wages are pushed up by the presence of huge American subsidiaries and the general rise in standards of living over the past twenty-five years has been possible because of British imperialism and profiteering

abroad. If British overseas investments were nationalised without compensation, there is little doubt that the average working class family would face an abrupt decline in their standard of living. *The British working class has a vested interest in the continuation of British imperialism and it would be foolish to deny it.* At the same time, there are clearly exceptions when a factory closes down in order to set up business in South Africa, employing much cheaper labour. It is in this area that we simply do not know enough to be able to devise a straightforward political programme.

The immediate need is to find out more about foreign imperialism in Britain and British imperialism in foreign countries. Much can be discovered from information that is published but much more information can only be obtained by gaining employment in organisations like BP, Barclays Bank, Anglo-American and RioTinto Zinc, thereby gaining access to secret files. Such activities are increasingly necessary and absolutely justifiable.

More power is now accumulated in fewer hands than at any other period of history. Fortune magazine recently claimed that:

"The hard financial core of (world) capitalism is composed of not more than 60 firms, partnerships or corporations, owned or controlled by 1000 men ... In fact recent forecasts claim that in 25 years, 200 multinational firms will completely dominate production and trade and account for over 75% of the total corporate assets of the capitalist world."

The implications of this tendency have been summarised by Chomsky in his most recent book "At War With Asia."

"In general, democratic decision-making in a capitalist society is severely limited by the very fact that the commercial, financial and industrial systems — the central institutions of the society — are, in law and in principle, excluded from public control or participation, except in the indirect ways in which any system of authority, no matter how autocratic, must be responsive to the public will. The tendencies towards concentration of power just noted, and now commonly discussed, further underscore the fundamental incompatibility of democracy and capitalism, particularly in its modern, centralised form."

The system has to be overthrown but by whom and how can only be answered when we know more about world imperialism and where our own lives fit in.

Why United States corporations now own more than half of man's realised wealth, etc.

Third-World War

We all know people who have a vast fund of information about imperialism and revolution, who have studied Marx and Mao, whose minds are a veritable file-index of quotations, who can see with great sophistication and clarity the urgent need to overthrow the present structure, and yet whose lives are curiously unchanged by all this knowledge. They seem, as it were, unrelated to it. I have therefore come to think that intellectual knowledge is both important and can be a trap, for 'knowing about' can very easily become a substitute for action.

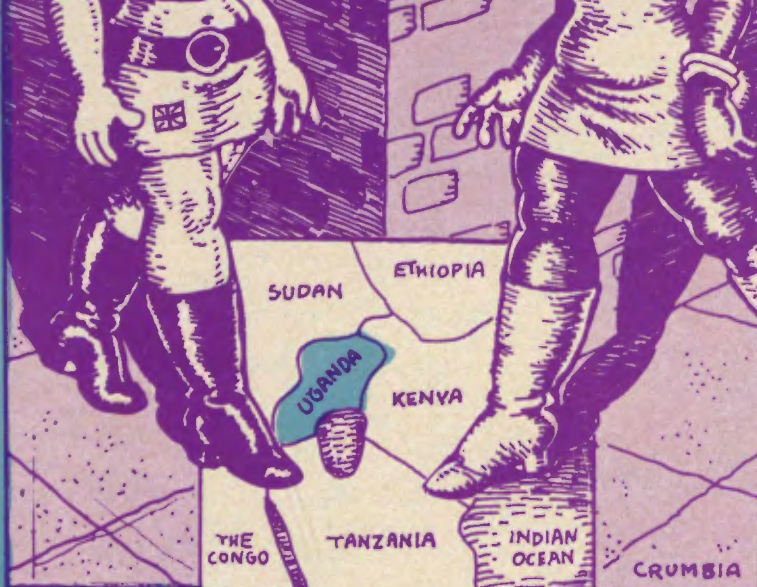
Felix Greene

THE FIGHT

BRITAIN
OVERTHROWS
OBOTE?

We must be on guard against these nice reasonable men. They have learned that a quiet and passionless manner carries an extraordinary credibility, and this is especially true in Britain where the tone in which something is said is more important than what is said. But with a creeping sense of horror one realizes that it is these reasonable men, for all their plausibility, who have made the world what it is. The reasonable men cannot understand the ferment that is in the streets. They cannot understand the passionate determination of the oppressed to gain their freedom. They are at a total loss to understand what the young everywhere are rebelling about.

Felix Greene



UGANDA ME GOOSE!

On January 25 General Idi Amin, the Chief of the Armed Forces of Uganda, seized power. The new army regime has since taken predictable repressive steps — elections have been banned for five years, political activity is now a criminal offence, the Constitution has been overthrown, Amin has named himself President and almost as an afterthought, promoted himself from Major General to General.

The deposed president, Dr Milton Obote, now lives in exile in Dar es Salaam. He is not making any public announcements; two weeks after the coup he simply issued a statement saying that his *next* announcement would be made over Uganda Radio. To the British Government, Obote's re-instatement would be most inconvenient. According to the Foreign Office line, Obote is bad for 'British interests'. That is to say, Obote stands for the expropriation of foreign-owned companies, the public ownership of property throughout Uganda and the building of strong political alliances with other progressive, independent African States.

It is not surprising to find, therefore, that the British Government is engaged in a serious public relations campaign on behalf of the Amin regime. For one thing, Britain was the *first* country in the world to recognise the military government. Now, ten weeks after the coup, only three countries have announced recognition — Britain, the Presbyterian dictatorship in Malawi and Australia.

Roy Lewis, the absurd writer on African affairs for *The Times* has been an accessory in the image-making operation. On March 31 he wrote: 'Post-colonial Africa's generals, whatever their faults, have in fact mostly shown themselves to be very sound alternatives to the politicians . . .' Lewis went on to argue that Amin is firmly in control and that the whole affair has been advantageous to Britain.

Of course, what is advantageous to the British Foreign Office and the Conservative Party is frequently at odds with the hopes and aspirations of the people in other countries. Uganda, for example, threw out the British in 1962 and then proceeded cautiously to build a new nation. But the British skilfully re-arranged their relationships with Uganda: instead of having a direct political and economic stranglehold, the British entered the phase of neo-colonialism where their agents — bankers, businessmen, military advisors — began to infiltrate.

'Aid' poured to Uganda. But no aid to underdeveloped countries is neutral. It has a serious political motive. In Britain's case the aid was used to keep Uganda in the British Imperial camp. While Malawi swung towards Vorster's police state, and Kenya turned to the Americans, Uganda had its own national flag — but that was about all. It became the East African headquarters for large British firms like Barclays Bank, National Grindleys, insurance firms and manufacturing and construction companies.

The arrangement was popular with the black ruling classes in Kampala and the City toffs in EC2. But Dr Obote, not the greatest gift to political thinking, came to

the conclusion that his people were getting poorer and poorer at the expense of the country's natural and labour resources. He began to look for alternative ways to organise his society. Unsurprisingly, he found himself approaching left wing solutions. Six months ago Obote passed legislation which gave the government the right to take up 60 per cent of the stock of all foreign companies. This sort of activity was anathema to the British. When Obote went to the Commonwealth Conference in Singapore in January, the right wing general of the army, Idi Amin, took over.

How closely was Britain involved in the coup, apart from standing on the sidelines cheering? So far, the only intriguing evidence comes from Kenya. On the day after the coup, January 26, a number of Ugandans spending their weekend in neighbouring Nairobi decided to drive back home. When they reached the Kenya-Uganda border near Tororo they noticed some odd manoeuvres going on in the jungle. One was inquisitive enough to stop and have a look. Several hundred yards off the main road he found a large group of British commandos. The Ugandan took fright and left the scene. When a senior Ugandan officer was subsequently asked to comment on the report, he said (not for attribution), 'Of course, we had the British standing by. They were to come in if large scale civil war broke out. But when we managed to take over so quickly, they weren't needed.'

The other country which has been more directly implicated in the coup is Israel. The Israelis have a big political stake in the affairs of Uganda. They first arrived in the country in 1960 in a very clandestine role. Their job was to train a private people's army if it was needed to throw out the British. Obote felt a certain affection for the Israelis because of this assistance in his independence struggle, so he kept them around.

But in the past ten years their penetration has become quite out of hand and its character has become more sinister. By the end of 1970 the Israelis were training the air force, the commando regiments, the tank corps, sections of the infantry and the secret service.

To understand the deep Israeli interest it is necessary to look at a map and appraise oneself of East African geography. Northern Uganda borders on the Sudan, a partner in the new Arab triumvirate with Libya and Egypt. For the past two years the Israelis have been arming and training the Africans who live along this border. These rebels, known as Anyanya, have a long-standing feud with the Arab rulers in Khartoum. But the Israelis have no genuine interest in the Africans' struggle; they simply want to create a southern front in their war with the Arabs.



Britain versus
The People of Uganda
The Third-World War

Towards the end of his government, Dr Obote began to perceive what the Israelis were up to. He also became convinced that the new left wing government in the Sudan (it seized power in May 1969) was sincerely concerned for the welfare of the Africans in the south. He decided, therefore, to stop the Israelis from using his country as a camouflage for their own Zionist programme.

When Amin decided to act while Dr Obote was out of the country, it was the Israelis who encouraged him. They even went as far as to drive tanks through the streets of Kampala and fly victory formations over the main capitals — key manoeuvres in the psychological warfare attached to the coup.

The importance of making clear the involvements of both Britain and Israeli is to re-emphasise the lesson that historical events don't occur by accident; they are the product of historical forces. And in Uganda's case, they were the result of the designs of imperialism.

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CHILE
February

"Great things are going on in Chile; the Reforma Agraria has really got under way. The campesinos are militant and united and organised — only a couple of years ago they were isolated in their individual exploitation. There's been some violence by 'momios' towards officials, intimidation of families etc. It's concentrating now south of Santiago in Colchagua and I hope to go down this week to see some of the newly taken estates, on the way Puerto Monte — quite far south, all lakes and rain — and through a pass into Argentina.

There's a squatters movement here, of great efficiency and militancy that's led by the MIR, the urban guerrilla militants, and I went to see Victor Toro who started the first one a year ago — the January 26th Encampment. It's all very organised now, water taps at every corner, light, very naked wooden huts, armed guards to keep out the police and a constant campaign to politicise the people (350 of which there are 200 men out of work.) They organised one part as a commune, with a communal dining room for the out of work; food is collected by the men, cooked by the women, then served at long tables — frighteningly thin looking soup first to the children, then to the women, then the men. There's a cultural centre, with loud speakers, and constant stress on communal life and not bourgeois individualism, the remnant of capitalism. In other parts the people still put up their own gates and fences and they say it's a big problem. The MIR has seized more than 50 sites now and there's a whole movement. Three days ago 50 families moved into a recreation site. Four posts and a blanket establishes a house and at the corner of the site, rather sadly, a Chilean flag and pole to show they are loyal to the country.

I spoke to some of the people who live there. They have been officially pardoned just now — some were in jail, others wanted — mostly for bank robbery (the 26th January was financed by a raid on the Credit and Investment Bank, 5,000 escudos). They are in a bit of a dilemma now that the banks are nationalised, and say they won't pull anymore. They are very austere (mistaken?) about questions of theory; when I asked about their position on focism, popular army etc they reproached me for my academic

European approach. They say they have long since passed the stage of focism, anti-focism, and 'utilise every militant method'. It's hard to accept as possible, but these people who have expropriated money from banks and supermarkets, lived in slums to set up houses, actually done something not just talked like all of us.

There is fantastically useful word here that I can't imagine how I lived without; 'momio'. It's like the Egyptian mummy, and it's used for all the middleaged concepts, and bourgeoisie people, and political reactionaries. It's sort of powerfully perjorative, a political version of 'square'. There are obviously a whole lot of things that one knew of in England, those instinctive rejections and classifications that you can't explain to anyone, and that's just because there isn't this word. When horrible old men say 'Que bonita' in the street I just mutter 'Que momio'; it explains the awfulness of Des O'Connor, and almost Lulu. But it has actually a much more serious use — it is really Edward Heath, and the wipeout gang. That's it. Momio equals Wipeout Gang."

BOLIVIA

"The worst thing has been the altitude. I've felt absolutely terrible for the first three days. Unable to walk without panting, unable to sit in a Presidential Palace without fainting, and hardly able to put sentences together. I'd forget Torres name from one line to the next. Now it's OK, and I feel fine and excited by this country.

At present it's a wet Friday night and I'm in a dusty, deprived, tin mining town called Oruru. I went down the mine yesterday and plodded through the dusty sections and then the humid.

Letters from Latin America

After 10 years it's nearly 100% miners with pneumoconiosis and the Caja de Seguridad just like the compensations section of the National Coal Board — delaying and lying until they are dead. They say the doctors kill them off, so they won't visit them. It's a funny life this; who would expect to be 120,000 ft up on a wet Friday, in an NCB hostel; and 180 ft down talking politics with six Bolivian miners waiting for a lift. I want to do a thing about them as a political force. Their wages were halved in 1964, in a bloody massacre, and have remained the same, despite 30% inflation, ever since — ten pesos for an 8 hr day, which is less than a dollar.

But the Torres regime is already selling out. It's so depressing, this illusion of the Left they give. Maybe Allende too? I feel I ought to go on to Argentina, but I think I will go to Santiago and

then to Peru. If you have a big map I'm going to the biggest mine at Catari where the massacre was in 1965. I feel I'm getting to know Bolivia much better than Chile — I've got brave about taking buses to unknown lost places and talking Spanish to hostile anti-yanqui miners and Indians. I'm very happy here in Latin America, and feel I'm really working and finding out a lot. Can you read a word of this? I left my typewriter in La Paz to travel lighter. Here in Cochabamba it is lyrically warm, with pretty squares of magnolias and Florentine churches, a great relief after the cold altitudes of the mines and La Paz."

PERU

"It's a much trickier country here, than the flamboyant chaos of Bolivia, and the rather smoothy Europeanised politics of Chile. I'm naturally rather in favour of Velasco etc. (despite all one knows of military ways, and Regis Debray's warning that no matter where they start, every military regime has to move right) and they seem rather severe and incorruptible, and in land reform (I go out to some co-operatives next week) they are trying something very far-looking — though opponents say they are running into terrible difficulties, and that the campesinos won't cooperativise, and they just want their little bit of land. Opponents also tell one with great glee that Velasco is running around with Miss Peru 1968, and that 10 million dollars got flown out of the country for them in their time of need, and that he doesn't speak good Spanish etc. They make me so mad. You know just the sort of smuggy, with gardens and servants, who resent the new taxes, and talk of the peasants as 'these people'. If he is with Miss Peru, I think that's fine, she's nice; and if he can't speak good Spanish at least it's crystal clear and I can understand it. The ten million dollars is quite another sort of allegation, and the first that I've heard of corruption. Belaunde's regime before him, needless to say, was totally corrupt but that was acceptable because that's the way big business is done.

Stacy Waddy



GK Shepherd



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OZ 33 April 1971

OZ is published by OZ Publications Ink Ltd.
52, Princedale Road, London, W.11 4NL.

01-229 7541 (erratic 24 hour answering service)

01-229 4623 (subscription/mail order enquiries only)

01-229 7238 (display advertising enquiries)

Printed by OZ Publications Ink Ltd.

Distributors: Moore Harness Ltd. 11 Lever St, London, EC1. 01-253 4882

This issue appears with the help of: David 'why-is-my-name-always-last-on-the-credits' Wills, Chris Rowley, Marsha Rowe, Richard Neville, Brian McCracken, Stephen Litster, Debbie Knight, Louise Ferrier, Felix Dennis, Stanislav Demidjuk, Caroline, Pat Bell, Jim Anderson and Richard Adams.

Thanks for artwork, photographs and valuable help from: Peter Webb, and his erotic art class at Hornsey College of Art, Andy Dudzinski, Rip-Off Press, Lee Heater and Kathy Hayes, Rupert, Simon Wilson, Jean Francois Allaux, Burman, Germany's 'Underground' magazine and Chief Superintendent Toogood (to be true).

Artists, photographers, cartoonists and illustrators should submit contributions to Jim Anderson c/o OZ.

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CHAD

*The
Ultimate
French
Farce*

David Triesman

For those whose school map books showed the entire globe as indiscriminately smudged with the red blushes of British Imperialism, a certain mystery always attached itself to the large tracts across central Africa which lay in the hands of the French. French Equatorial Africa was the domain of the French Legionnaire, the site of the epic French movie where amusing men in even more amusing little hats and with Hollywood Chevalier accents galloped across burning deserts on camel-back to rescue improbably enigmatic ladies whose hair never got out of place. But in August 1960, the curtain came down on the French farce. The new territories of Niger, and Chad emerged from the desert. Yet for those who believed that watching the French armies march out of the front door signified the end of colonial rule, were sadly mistaken; it is like locking the front door to keep thieves out and leaving the back door open.

By 1958 whilst throughout the French empire a referendum had allocated power to the African Socialist Movement the French had managed to found a new group of their own boys in Chad, the Chad National Union; and by 1969, with independence approaching, had organised the election to determine that their own puppet party would take over the reins. In the capital, Fort Lamy, President Tombalbaye was firmly established as the French man in Chad. He consolidated his position by disbanding all other political parties.

Though all the preconditions for revolutionary struggle inside Chad had already been laid by 1958, it was not till 1963 when the deaths of several hundred Chadians in Fort Lamy, murdered by government forces, signalled that struggle had become a certain feature in the country.

With a government in power that totally accepted the right of French neo-colonial rule of central Africa, it was no longer necessary for the French to maintain direct colonial rule. Nonetheless for tactical reasons it had kept troops in Fort Lamy which was the largest remaining French base in continental Africa. In order to understand why France and its puppet government is now engaged in suppressing the liberation movement that has spread through the entire Chad nation, it is necessary to say why the French are hell-bent on remaining in this part of Africa.

Based on Fort Lamy, France is able to airlift a regiment of its crack paratroops to any African location in 24 hours. This has maintained French power in the region and has enabled France to intercede in a num-

ber of struggles. In Gabon when an insurrectionary coup took place against a French backed regime, they placed paras in the country in under a day; in the Central African Republic, to the south of Chad, and yet another former French colony, troops have already gone in to 'protect' the President against an attempted coup. In Niger on Chad's western border, as in the Central African Republic there are huge uranium deposits apart from other natural wealth. It isn't just economic greed that prompts the French neo-colonialists. Their motive is two-fold. Chad like Northern Nigeria, Niger and Sudan demarks the boundary across Africa between the Arab North and the black South. By retaining a divide-and-rule policy, the French have militarily and diplomatically secured their domination of the area for decades, and they show no inclination to alter the status quo.

But now Chad is at war. Both in the Arab north and in the south, an extensive battle is raging. In the summer of 1966 a revolutionary organisation, FROLINAT, the Front de Liberation Nationale du Tchad, had emerged as a viable political and military force. From its founding in June 1966, its leadership under Secretary General Dr Abba Sidick has pledged itself to liberate Chad from the neo-colonialist prison by armed struggle and popular war, and to guarantee to the masses that their fundamental interests will be served. Having engaged in struggle, FROLINAT has scored very considerable successes from its inception.

With aid from Chadian refugees in Libya, Sudan, Nigeria and Niger a guerrilla army has been recruited which has inflicted over 1200 losses on the Government troops in

the first 2 years of fighting. Tombalbaye has clearly been unable to contain the advance of FROLINAT guerrillas and has called on his old French masters to provide him with the troops, armaments and know-how to overcome the insurrection.

BRINGING BACK THE LASH

The French seem ever willing to intervene with the savagery which they perfected in Algeria; they have once again placed 3000 Foreign Legion battle-hardened soldiers in the country. Once again an African country experiences the refinements of torture, brutality and murder with which the French colonial powers have won themselves historical notoriety in Africa. Only the deaths of a number of French Legionnaires and conscripts has brought the facts home in France itself.

The lines that FROLINAT can now draw on the Chad map encloses a quarter of the Chad territory, lying within their political and military control, the position which FROLINAT takes in its political organisation is not dissimilar to that of other guerrilla organisations. This is hardly strange: they are still, like their brothers elsewhere, fighting for national liberation from old colonial masters.

The French have taken up the challenge, the local commander announced his intention of waging an all out offensive that would rid Chad of the guerrillas by April 1970. His promise of 'complete liquidation of FROLINAT forces' is unfulfilled to this day.

Despite this obvious lack of success Pompidou has not thought it correct to accept defeat and withdraw from Chad. The latest news from the country indicates that the level of struggle has savagely increased. Suffering set-backs throughout October 1970 losing large numbers of guns, a considerable quantity of ammunition, military vehicles and even various aircraft on the ground. FROLINAT has captured equipment, ammunition and even managed to capture 14 camels literally from under the French mercenaries who were mounted on them.

These events seem to have taught the

French that the tactics of Vietnam are appropriate to their mode of battle. On the 23rd October after 2 helicopter troop attacks, dispatches report that the area of Zouar was encircled enclosing civilians and fighters. The area was then napalmed for 12 hours from 6 in the morning. Observers on the scene have found it impossible to calculate the quantity dropped.

In the village of Goban, the entire population was wiped out, men, women and children. By the end of the day, the French were still forced to evacuate their positions. Nonetheless, the following day they returned to the charred hill-sides of the region and killed everyone else they could find. In the hot war period from September 1970 through to the end of the year, no less than 20 battles of some proportions have taken place.

In the final analysis, the Fort Lamy administration has had to attempt other tactics. It has just launched its latest campaign; the population is being told that a new agreement has been formulated between themselves and the leadership of FROLINAT, an agreement and a rallying round the flag. FROLINAT furiously denies any such surrenders. Undaunted, Tombalbaye has played his final card. He has announced that the Imman of Fort Lamy's Mosque has informed him that

astrological signs show propitious indications that 'midoons of good will', directed by himself with the help of the Imman are the order of the day. It appears that the Zodiac has as little influence on FROLINAT intentions as the napalm of last winter.

CONFUSION AND MADNESS

Clearly the ineptitude of the government and the courage of FROLINAT have been important, but the other main force behind the imminent defeat of Tombalbaye is the competition between various imperialists for his country. On the one hand the French have backed him, and on the other, a grouping of American and Israeli counter-insurgency 'experts' have been training crack troops. There has been little cooperation between France and the others, and confusion is the result. France wants its strategic base; Israel wants to cause havoc on the Arab southern flank; no one knows what America wants, and I doubt if they know themselves.

As for the Chad administration, they have left themselves with no means of disengaging themselves. FROLINAT have described the convulsions of Tombalbaye as delirium tremens. His grasp on power rests solely in the hands of the foreign intervention forces; without them he is a dead man. He faces the combined hostility of the 3.5 million population without internal allies. But it is equally clear that outright victory for FROLINAT is impos-

sible with the intervention forces in the country. The most hopeful signs lie in the movement of French public opinion.

Chad poses another question. The newspapers and tele have only recently discovered the country at all and have never reported the extent of the war either in France or here. In this country the war has been noticed in only a couple of fleeting glances. Countries about which we know little appear momentarily in our newspaper pages at moments of crisis, and as surely, they vanish the next day into the oblivion from which they emerged. The world beyond Europe and America lives some kind of half-life. Nations vascillate before our eyes between non-existence and total crisis and rather than seeing the fault in our own media, we are inclined to dismiss these remote events as more evidence of how peculiar and unpredictable foreigners are.

Throughout the world men live, fight, love, and die whilst we are only spasmodically aware they exist. Our forgetfulness toward them seems to me to be double edged. It is the precondition for them to finally dismiss us.



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OUR MAN in Oman

A schoolkids guide to the Persian Gulf.

Who cares about Oman?

Britain does. Most of the world's oil comes from the sheikdoms and emirates of the Arabian Gulf.

There's nothing immoral about buying oil;

The revenue is not spread among the people and despite an horrific landscape of poverty, ignorance and disease, Britain today props up reactionary local rulers and preserves feudal regimes. In Oman, Britain wet-nurses one of the most reactionary Governments in the world. Until at least last year slavery was still legal and — until the coup in July — it was forbidden to import medicine, have electricity or listen to radios. Oman is also the only

part of the world, apart from Belfast, where British troops are engaged in the sport of killing for which they were recruited and trained.

Maintaining its bases in Oman, Britain hopes to preserve its control over the Gulf, secure its oils supplies and to protect its route to the Far East.

But both the British Foreign Office and the Omani Government claim that the Sultanate of Oman is independent.

Relations between the two are based on an 'exchange of letters' concerning defence dating from 1958. The Popular Liberation Front (PFLOAG) puts it this way: (The Sultan) is formally independent but is in fact a British client, financed, armed and preserved by British power'. This is confirmed by the authority that British civil servants have in the Sultan's administration. Most of the members of the 'cabinet' are British, including a

who, on Colonial employed by new flag was officer.

former British Consul-General, his retirement from the Office, was immediately Sultan Said. Even the designed by a British officer.

Who controls the army?

Britain. The army is officered by Britons, either on contract, or seconded from the British army, and their equipment is British. The air force uses Hunters and Jet Provosts, which are flown by British pilots. These British personal are playing an active part supporting the Sultan against the guerrillas of the Popular Front. British pilots have been reported to bomb civilian populations, caravans, wells, cattle and other economic targets.

In other words, it's only British officers employed by the Sultan who are responsible for killing guerrillas.

No. British bases also help bomb guerrilla areas. For example, Hunter jets from the

RAF base at Salalah bombed a civilian caravan in October last year with either napalm or phosphorous. The RAF has been used for support roles of ground troops and for naval attacks on coastal towns held by the Front, ETC.

Anyway, Britain is planning to pull out of the Gulf.

The Parliamentary White Paper in which such plans were announced makes NO MENTION of British forces in the Sultanate of Oman. In fact Britain has continually made clear her determination to continue supporting the regime in Oman. When military reinforcements have been necessary — such as increasing the protection of the Salalah base — they have been sent. When the obscurantism of the Said Bin Taimur became too much of a hindrance for Britain in international terms, and for combating the guerrillas, Britain arranged the coup in which Qabus took over. Then Britain flew in a stream of journalists to report how different the new Government was from the ancient regime.

Unless those of us in the rich and comfortable countries become aware of the great process of revolt and struggle that is stirring in the world, and become a part of it and participate in it; unless we share with the vast masses of the world the exhilaration they feel as they fight off their oppressors and emerge at last from their squalor and impoverishment to a new life and new consciousness - unless we share in this and stop being frightened of it we will indeed find ourselves alone, and the great chance missed.

Felix Greene

How successful are the guerrillas?

1. The armed struggle in Dhofar against Sultan Said began in June 1965. With the support of Southern Yemen, described by the Popular Front as 'the rearguard of Khofar's revolution' the Front has been able to extend its control over considerable areas of Dhofar. Despite the odds, it controls most of Dhofar, apart from a narrow coastal strip. A seconded officer recently in London admitted privately that the Front's guerrillas have succeeded in defeating all attempts to throw them back.

2. In Inner Oman, another group, the National Democratic Front (closely linked to the Popular Front) is now con-



firmed to mountainous and inaccessible areas after suffering military setbacks. But it still remains a potent insurgent force.

3. A third area of armed opposition to the Sultan is in the Musandam peninsula, which divides the Gulf from the Indian Ocean. Following the arrest during autumn of last year of several members of both the popular and National Democratic Front, who were interrogated and tortured in the British base of Sharjah, British military and political chiefs in the Gulf became convinced that they had uncovered a major underground network in the peninsula.

Throughout Oman, therefore, there is opposition to the Sultan and to his British troops. In the mountains and in the countryside, the opposition is military, while in the towns there are underground networks, reported by the two Fronts to be suffering widespread oppression by the (British run) intelligence service.

What are Britain's future plans?

Britain appears to be grooming Oman to take the role of the major state in that part of the Gulf which has traditionally been under British interest. The latest plan under consideration by the Foreign Office is the creation of a 'Greater Oman' in which the Sultanate will swallow the greater part of the Trucial States.

There is, therefore, a great significance in the struggle now under way in Oman. Britain has invested in the continuation of the Sultanate her hopes for the perpetuation of British control in the Gulf. Recognising that a projected

Union of Arab Emirates is unlikely to reach fruition, and even less likely to last, the Foreign Office is preparing Oman to fulfil the role of the facade behind which Britain will continue to operate.

The decision to exempt British facilities and troops in Oman from the withdraw plans announced in the White Paper, and the evident preparedness of the British Government to give more and more political, financial and military aid to the Sultanate are indications of the roles for which the current rulers are being trained. The armed struggle of the two fronts, therefore, in Dhofar, Inner Oman and the

Those of us who are engaged in the struggle against imperialism are members of a much wider community than we realize. Looking, parochially, only at the numbers within our Western countries we seem pitifully weak. We are a tiny minority, very easy to ridicule. But linked with the others on our side throughout the world we are in fact members of a fraternity that stretches from one end of the world to the other - wherever indeed man are still poor and exploited.

Felix Greene

Musandam peninsula, represents the only major threat to British plans. Thus far, not only have they been able to withstand the onslaught against them, but they have been able to extend their activities from Oman to other parts of the Gulf, particularly Bahrain and the Trucial States.

Not only has the military activity in Oman hindered the exploitation of the country's oil by Shell, but the activities in the Jebel Akhdar and the Musandam peninsula are close to the major oil producing areas in the Trucial States.

Although the facade of Omani independence is being strengthened, with the diplomatic offensive soon to be crowned, according to some reports, with an application for membership of the United Nations, British control remains in practice as tight as ever. With the growth of the nationalist movement in the states in the Gulf, particularly in Oman, Britain will need to escalate her military operations and activities if her control is to remain. The British troops and planes now destroying villages and killing the people in Oman are unlikely to be withdrawn.

Peter Hellyer



ONE LITTLE PIGGY HOGGED THE MEDIA

Felix Dennis

HEAVY ON THE DRUM
Medicine Head
(Dandelion)

Medicine Head is two people: Peter Hope-Evans, a master of the Jews Harp and harmonica and John Fiddler who plays the guitar moderately well, coaxes the Drum (not drums) falteringly, but effectively, and who sings so high and strangely you soon learn to ignore the occasional slipshod footwork. All the material on the album is original, mostly written by Fiddler, though Hope-Evans's compositions are by no means filler cuts. And speaking of cuts, although (to my knowledge) this is Medicine Head's first LP, you won't find any veal here; it's all prime joint, painstakingly roasted in Keith Relf's eye-level Marquee Studio.

Relf produced this album, and he could be prouder of that than of any Renaissance he's attempted since the night The Yardbirds jammed with Sonny Boy Williamson II, and Sonny Boy, God Rest His Soul, ran out of wind half way through 'Monkey Business,' two full minutes before Keith had noticed. The band stopped. 'Slowhand' Clapton looked embarrassedly down at his duo tone shoes, the audience were quiet and nobody was clapping — the disciple had whipped his master — it was a bad moment. Williamson was drunk, but an experienced trooper, and not too drunk to flash his yellowing teeth and extend a black hand, breaking the tension with a classic display of (Uncle) Tom Foolery . . . 'God Dammit, you'll learn to play that thing yet, boy . . . ' He wasn't fooling. If there's a man in England who could stand against Relf in a mouth-harp battle today, it's got to be Hope-Evans. I'd like to hear that contest.

Sometimes, on the slower numbers, Medicine Head sound not a little like Donovan in his 'Flower To A Garden' days (a few months after

Mr. Leitch had renounced drugs for the third consecutive offense); sometimes they feel a little more like Dr. John, slithering his way through a Mungo Jerry job on two cylinders, night tripping over a fantasy reverb riff straight outa the Eddie Cochran songbook. Two white Babylon dudes (gris-gris) would be a fair enough description of Medicine Head's performance. If you're into any, or all, of that peculiar triad's work, the good Dr., the dearly departed or Sunshine Superhero, you just might be tempted to reach for 'Heavy On The Drum' the next time you were about to play Astral Weeks for the third time one stoned, stereo evening. That's not a comparison, you understand; merely a suggestion. Might work for Tim Buckley freaks too.

Well, that's it. That's all I've got to say about Medicine Head's music. They have the empathy, the dynamics and the ability. What else do you need? The rest of this is about economic realities and media exploitation. If eco-explo isn't your trip I suggest you turn the page; otherwise

This record is unlikely to swell the pockets of the only hip capitalist to name a music publishing company after a pet rodent, (remember 'Biscuit' and s sea-sick DJ's own private, Perfumed Eden? . . . sure you do), and equally unlikely to gladden the heart of Dandelion's harassed accountant. Then again, it's doubtful whether 'Heavy On The Drum' will ever nose the 'bubbling under' regions of Time Out's fashionable, but ambiguously titled 'Other LP Chart.' ('Other'? 'Other' who? 'Other' what? 'Other Advertisers' perhaps? Or am I being uncharitable again?). Certainly Rolling Stone won't be serialising any seven page interview through tortuous, fortnightly installments, intellectually wanking over the sexual imagery, political leanings and revelatory nose-picking of Peter Hope-Evans and John Fiddler. At least not for a couple of years. So let's consider, for a moment, the available media promotion channels open to this extraordinary (and they are extra ordinary) British two-man band.

Paid advertising aside, and as I understand it, Dandelion have precious little money to boost costly advertising promotions, there seem to be the following possibilities, (in no particular order of preference or importance) :-

- (i) A double paragraph in the reviews section of the Melody Maker, featuring a merry jest at the group's expense and nothing whatever about their music, from the monumentally boring type-writer of Chris . . . the only pot in my house contains geraniums . . . Welch.
- (ii) A kind note in the 'Wanderings' column of our county Zigzag comrades.
- (iii) Two lines in the best-of-the-mediocre-to-frankly-rubbish round up in the Kulcher pages of Friends.
- (iv) An inaccurate rumour in the Filthy Gossip And Outright Lies column in IT.
- (v) Small review in OZ.

- (vi) Couple of tracks, spread out over three months on Pete 'Payola King' Drummond's BBC extravaganza, and finally, if they're really lucky,
- (vii) Bob Harris slipping in the short two minutes fifty seconds cut on Sounds Of The Seventies as his producer's contribution to the revolution for that week.

Doesn't sound like much? You can bet your sweet arse it isn't. But it's more than Medicine Head (and a hundred artists like them) can expect. And probably much more than they'll get.

As it happens I know next to nothing about this band. Perhaps I'm wrong and Robert Stigwood has them under contract, but I doubt it. There was a refreshing absence of promo garbage within the envelope, and precious few sleeve notes other than track listings and an unpretentious lyric sheet. That doesn't sound like Robert's style. I'm guessing that Medicine Head are British, and hypothesising on their musical background and influences, but it's sad to receive yet another album full of care, craft, fine musicianship and original songs which will almost inevitably wind up on the cut price, bargain LP racks at your local supermarket. For why? FOR LACK OF EXPOSURE/ caught a cold shoulder / and died a quiet death . . .

Never forget it, The British Broadcasting Corporation holds a vicious monopoly over recorded sound in this country. It extends much further than their radio and television control. Many foreign records, for example, in all spheres of music, would find a ready made market in this country, if only the BBC and the Musicians Union, (the only 'Union' in the world to work against the interests of the majority of its members), would be prepared to concede reasonable airtime and exposure. But needle time is 'rationed', to keep a minority of beer-swilling basoonists and the like in work on the Joe Loss radio circuit, and foreign musician are discriminated against unless a complicated ritual of one-for-one 'swapping' is manoeuvred through a large and 'respectable' agency, such as Harold Davidson's. It would not be libellous to suggest that Davidson's enthusiasm for the Grateful Dead is somewhat cooler than for Tony Bennett. The BBC are, of course, in an excellent position to bring pressure to change this barbaric and totally unnecessary (but highly lucrative) practise. But it suits their own purposes admirably and they do nothing.

Every record company in Great Britain, be it The-Land-Of-Hope-And-Decca or Progressive-Is-Our-Business-Reprise, is forced into a routine attitude of mind that demands regularly licking the little brown arseholes of the men who control the programming at the bureaucratic Ministry

of Doublespeak. (Ray Davis, quite recently, flew six thousand miles to change *one word* in the Kinks' single release, 'Lola.' Pye Records were disturbed that his lyric might have infringed the BBC's advertising restrictions and so 'Coke' was replaced with 'Cherry' Cola. An example of the almost reverential awe in which the Corporation is held. When the lunatic Auntie speaks the recording industry grovels).

To hear any other kind of music apart from that which suits the ear of some nameless, balding, mindless cybernetic sieve seated at a test control panel screening out, 'Bad taste' and 'Obscenities' both you and I are forced to conspire in a capitalistic syndrome. (It's interesting to note here that for the word 'obscenity' as employed by censors and their legal or religious colleagues one can almost *always* substitute the words 'reality' or 'fantasy'!). This syndrome compels us to purchase records, at prices we can barely afford, with the most part of that money going not to the recording artist, not to the artists recording company, but directly to the government. It goes not only in the form of direct purchase tax, but also includes the vast corporation and income taxes paid by both artists and companies each year to the Inland Revenue . . . every penny of which is soaked from you and I. FROM US!

Ask any ex-patriot American what it's like living without free FM radio after having experienced it as a normal facility like running hot water. Politicians bleat of lack of air space and the endangering of vital emergency radio communications. This is absolutely laughable. New York City *alone* has more radio stations on FM than the entire station count on all frequencies broadcast within and from the British Isles. Classical music and old time music hall are adequately favoured on BBC 2 and 3. Pop-muzak and Blackburn slush are the order of the day on Radio Onederful; difficult not to be wonderful when you're the only one. Why is it that jazz, blues, rock, folk and electronic music interspersed with intelligent comment about reality (substitute 'obscenity') are not

represented anywhere on the British radio dial. Why? Because, as Huey Newton has observed, 'Power is the ability to define phenomena and make them act in the desired manner.' The need is there, the equipment is there, the energy is there, the skill is there, the audience is waiting, the musicians are playing, . . . Only the government and the BBC, united in their terror at the thought of any loss whatever of control of mass media, block the path.

This subject has been well covered. It's nothing, new, but a simple album from an unknown band like 'Medicine Head' brings the problem back into perspective. Elsewhere in this issue you will read of far greater suppression of media, truth and human rights occurring in continents across the Third World. They are games with far higher stakes. Games which will decide the quality and freedom of millions of peoples' lives.

We are dealing here with only millions of people's everyday music. But imperialistic exploitation in remote South American countries is difficult to relate to. They are distant and unfamiliar territory. It is difficult to become enraged over the construction of a hydro-electric dam on some unknown river in a country whose existence your subconscious has limited to two dimensional maps. Difficult even when you know that the results of such a dam's existence will guarantee temporary victory and support for very real three dimensional imperialistic and capitalistic forces in that area, for decades to come. Even with the world reduced to a "global village" it is difficult.

Compared to suppression of that nature, the lack of air play on London's radio stations for rock

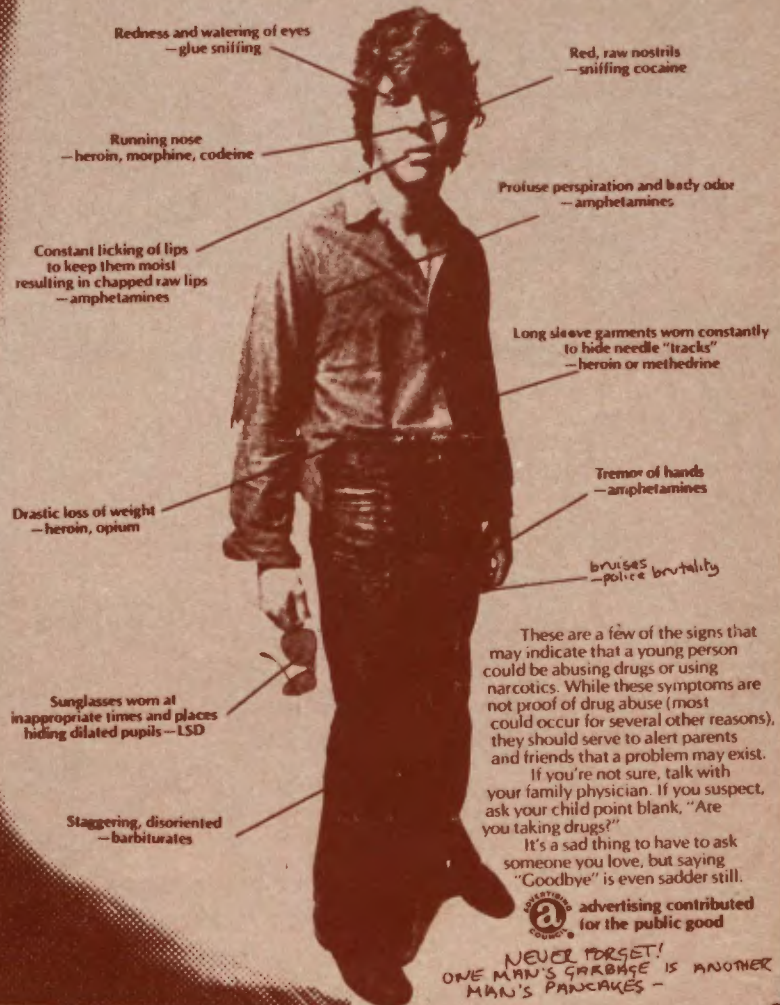
music is trifling. But in this situation, at least, we have no excuses for apathy. Monolithic and monopolistic interests are breaking and artificially rechanneling a trading cycle of supply and demand. There is supply, there is ample demand. To choke the supply source of an economically viable merchandise is a drastic measure indeed for capitalists. We are consumers, but the fears and prejudices of many authorities towards rock music and the culture surrounding it are such that the Albert Hall turns away money, the Isle of Wight pleads to be rid of tourists and a Tory government acquiesces to demands to pass restrictive licensing legislation to ensure that free enterprise local FM radio can never fulfil its obvious function; that of 'minority-group broadcasting.' Britain's FM radio is destined, both economically and legally to be 'family-orientated' - a localised replica of the Onederful nationwide service that exists already.

Media power, and the ability to make the phenomena of media act in the desired manner is firmly in the hands of our cultural enemies. Token concessions have, and will continue to be made, but the essence of media control is unlikely to be surrendered with a willing grace.

"When the mode of the music changes, the walls of the city shake!" But they are strong walls. High walls; rooted in monopoly and cemented in greed. John Fiddler possesses a sirens call and his best friend pushes one mind-fucker of a harmonica, all they need now to complete the band is a mutant with Joshua's footwork.

Jericho's days are numbered.

Diagram of a drug abuser



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Subscribe to OZ, the magazine of fun, trouble and adventure. Free, with every subscription to OZ this month, we were planning to give away a copy of 'The Little Red School Book', a revolutionary handbook for kiddies of all ages, written by Søren Hansen and Jesper Jensen. Unfortunately, as you have probably already heard, Scotland Yard's ever eager Obscenity Squad raided the offices of Stage One, the publisher of the book, earlier this month. The raid is believed to have followed a complaint to the police by none other than Mary Whitehouse, self-appointed guardian of our nation's morals.

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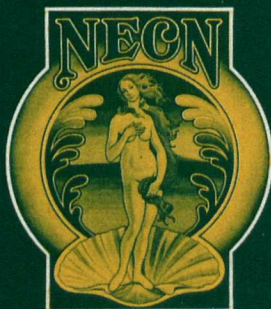
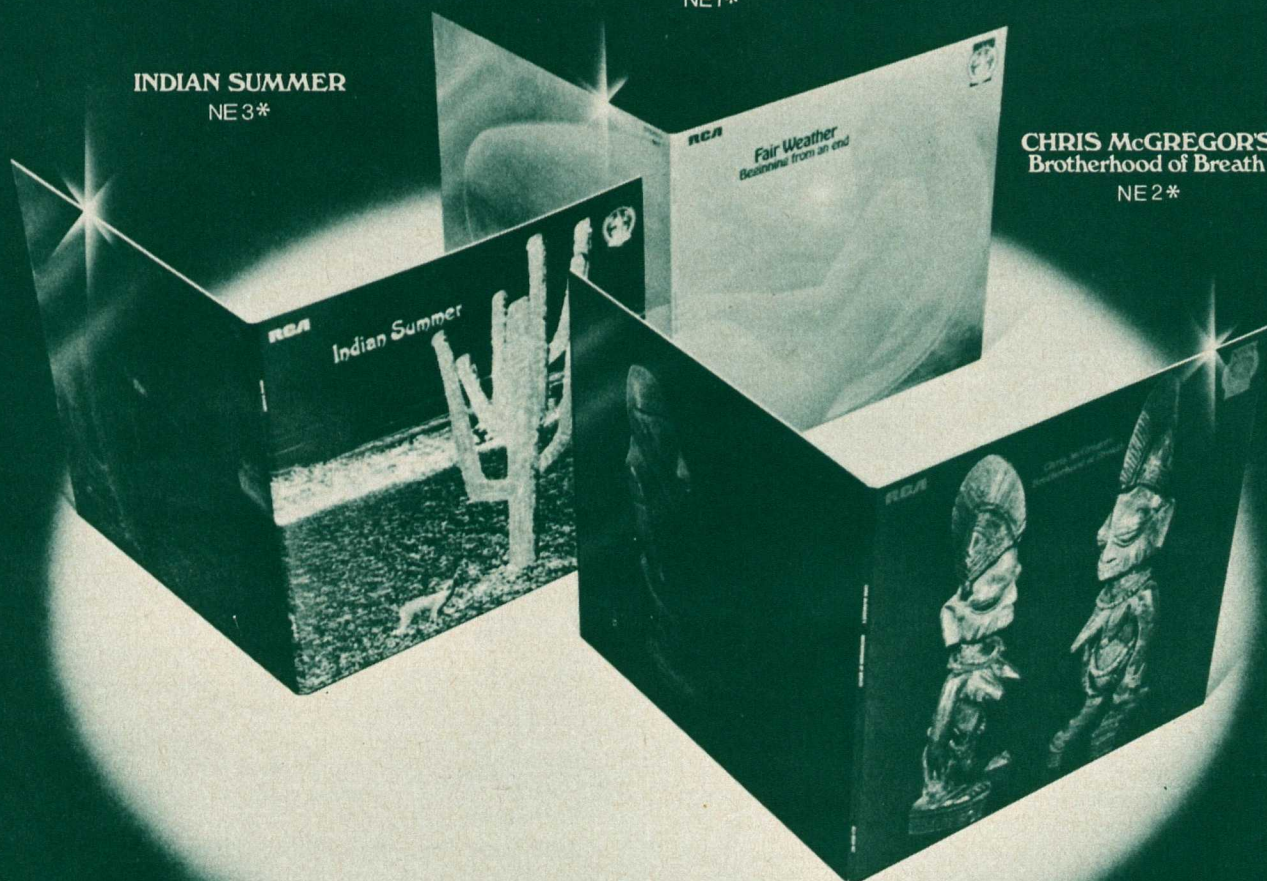


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he present stage of working class struggle is full of anomalies and contradictions (naturally). Each union takes it in turn to confront the employing class with its demands; each takes it in turn to reach an either more or less favourable compromise. When two or more unions are on strike at the same time, the lack of co-ordinated vision is even more obvious. Side by side, Ford workers

demand fifteen pounds a week and postmen, with no strike fund, demand three. Power workers, teachers, railwaymen, sewage workers and other sections all wait, or have waited, patiently in the queue. It seems obvious that if they all struck together for an all-embracing programme no power on earth could withstand them. It also seems obvious that they could equally well strike for other things than money — better education, condemnation of the Vietnam war, low rents, free transport, high pensions, a permanent price freeze, the complete equalization of wealth, vast subsidies to the arts, free music festivals, shorter working hours, a ban on pollution, and so on to ecstasy.

Maybe not all these things are possible together. There would have to be some trade-offs between different goodies, a little less art for a little more pension, or a few more hours' work per week for more nursery schools. The main thing is that the possibilities are never grasped in this all-round, rational form of 'Here's the cake, let's cut it how we want it.' The initiative, the all-round view, lies with the investors, while the working class role is confined to piecemeal resistance. The deepest limitation of the whole struggle, dominating the left wing groups as well as the trade unions, the rank and file as much as the officials, and the freaks as much as the politicians, is this: *our psychology is the psychology of resistance, not of initiative. However much we gripe, we don't behave as if we really want to control society.*

The culture of a ruling class when it's on the way up is a culture of initiative. The aim is to think out and put into effect a different way of running society. If we hope to be the next ruling class — even if by 'class' we mean the vast majority of the population — we must find the way to grow beyond a purely defensive position, whether of narrowness and resignation, as in the unions, or of infatuation with pure destruction, as among some of the freaks. The problem we ought to be addressing ourselves to is the problem of man in nature, the problem of social life as a whole: how can our resources be balanced with our needs and wants? To what extent *must* society be organized? What is the optimum trade-off between personal freedom and social organization? Is *some* form of coercion necessary, bearing in mind the unavoidable hangovers from past oppression?

Working class consciousness inevitably develops in bits, because it arises in the form of responses to what is already happening to us. We see ourselves not in relation to the predicament of nature as a whole but in relation only to our human oppressors. Without them, we would be insecure. It's as if we are confident that they will always be there trying to screw us so all we have to do is keep on resisting. In the 1926 general strike, the workers could have taken over the country. As soon as they realized this, the leaders retreated. They weren't psychologically ready to see themselves in a controlling function. In Paris in 1968 the influential communist party damped down the struggle. It's all very well to say they were bureaucrats but what has to be faced is that the workers *could* be damped down. When it comes to actually taking the king's place, the rebellious slaves glimpse the abyss of universe which lies behind him. It is terrifying to stand suddenly naked in an unstructured world. Even people with immense courage in the struggle against identifiable antagonists with perceptible motives find themselves thrown into another dimension of trial altogether once they are actually on the point of victory. They must locate themselves and their intentions on a blank canvas consisting of pure possibility.

The left wing groups do inject a certain amount of all-round theory into the struggle. But it is too retrospective, not visionary enough. The politico's image of his own role hovers ambiguously between inflated importance ('the vanguard of the working class') and a

half conscious feeling of insignificance. He is there to try and influence events, yet everything depends on 'the class'. He talks of revolution, but in practice he is often found tailing the latest carefully moderated wage demand. It's impressive to know who was Bakunin and what happened at Kronstadt but what can you hope to teach a strike committee when you've never been on strike yourself? And do you dare to actually suggest the audacious, altruistic things in the back of your mind, like striking to make the firm put its prices down instead of its wages up? The fear of losing the workers' gratitude, and perhaps the even greater fear of actually influencing the course of events and so having responsibility for the outcome, drives us back into a purely supporting role.

There is a superstition on the left that you should not even try to outline in detail what real socialism would look like. Ask a politico what's going to happen *after* the revolution, how he thinks society should be organized, and he'll tell you that it's naive to try and anticipate a totally new situation; the workers or the party will take care of that at the time. Ask a freak, and he'll tell you that it's all unimaginable, there will be permanent orgasm and permanent revolt. There is a fear of exposing our Utopia to ridicule if we spell it out; a fear, on the other hand, of compromising by having to admit that not all will be perfect, we may not be able to abolish work and money instantaneously, some kind of security force may still be necessary, and so on; a fear, finally, of exposing the fact that we have no Utopia, no clear idea of where we're going at all, because we're simply preoccupied with the present defensive struggle.

However new the situation is going to be, this coyness about grappling with the problem is no more than an evasive taboo. We focus on 'the revolution' as a moment of euphoric oblivion, like some gigantic trip, after which nothing will be the same, and so there is no point in talking about it. But if there is one thing we can certainly learn from past revolution it is that, just as nothing is ever the same again, also there is no such thing as *total* change. We can still recognize parts of ourselves in the plays of Sophocles, mediæval moralities, renaissance tragedies. There is an inertia in history. The same pictures will still be on our walls. Factories will still be building on the same techniques.



We'll still be talking with the same language. Food will still need distributing. Traffic will still need directing. Sorry to make reality sound so simple. Embroider it if you like. We can't afford to be mystical about it.

The Marxist faith is that the working class will, in the course of struggle, throw up the leaders and ideas that it needs. However, to use this as a formula for refusing to even try and develop a blue-print of the new socialist society is abject self-alienation. The need is now. And who is to be 'thrown up' if not the people already most aware of this need? However many times the blue-print will have to be torn apart and put together again, it is still vital to begin. The difference between resistance and initiative lies in seeing a definite alternative possibility. The blueprint, whatever its limitations, will be a vital tool in helping people to see possibilities where none seem to exist at the moment. We need economists, ecologists, architects, city planners, visionaries. We need a master plan to find inadequate.

The most valuable contribution of the freaks in today's dialogue is their sense of the need for a change that is deeply cultural, not just material. (Though they are mistaken if they think it can be *merely* cultural and leave the organization of society out of it). While the racist rejects the validity of any culture other than his own (his hatred isn't just of colour), the freak affirms and welcomes the variety. To accept the validity of another culture than your own is to accept the relativity of *all* culture. You are forced to recognise (or delighted to recognise) that the way you see the world is nothing like a whole picture of the way the world really is. The resistance to this realization among straight people testifies to its extreme painfulness for them. It threatens the individual's entire image of

himself. He has to face the cosmos psychologically naked. He is an unwilling existentialist. It is, from another angle, the same problem of forming a new whole world-view in what momentarily seems to be a void.

The greatest thing about the freak movement is its immersion in cultural variety. The variety of human possibility, instead of being shunned or 'contained', is celebrated and imbibed. Instead of demanding that the stranger must conform — a demand implicitly accepted by the 'liberal' who placates the racist with promises that the immigrant will 'learn our ways' — the freak enjoys the stranger's difference from himself, and seeks to extend himself into it.

On the other hand, the worst aspect of the freakish mentality is its tendency to mystical, romantic hysteria. An article called *Desolation Row* in *Friends* 25, March 8th, wails ecstatically about 'the total decomposition of social forms' (his emphasis): 'Past and future explode ... Collapse of all values ... All perspectives interchangable ... movement, dialectics and time no longer exist ... nihilism about to become a mass philosophy ... life as a whole would be completely and utterly transformed ... juvenile delinquency (shows) contempt for art and bourgeois values, refusal of ideology, will to live ... awareness of just how nightmarish life has become ... the nihilists are our only allies ...' Etc.

Reading this sort of thing I begin to realise why the manual working class is vital to revolution: because they would never swallow such a load of shit. The person who wrote it certainly lives in a warm house, lined with beautiful books. He'd had several satisfying meals that day and probably watched a good film in the evening. If ever he feels just the first tremor of 'life being completely and utterly transformed' he won't know what hit him. Give him just a hint of the actual effect of a 'total decomposition of social forms' and see how stunned he'll be that he's got no dinner, the heating's gone off, the tubes have stopped and there are no papers. That's what social decomposition means, not just a kaleidoscope in the head. And the immediate problem is always how to get it all going again, but on a different basis. He's not talking about revolution, he's talking about suicide. Not a word about socialism, not a word about what the revolution is for, just an apocalypse of destruction. We must learn to recognise the colour of fascism when we see it.

It's time we asked ourselves whether we're talking about life or death, whether we're the seeds of a new society or just an agonized splinter of the old, whether we really want a better life or just a heap of rubble. Let's face this: there is no such thing as total change; the new society grows inside the old like a baby in a womb; if there's nothing we like about life now then we aren't fit to suggest how it could be improved. All we will do is multiply our despair. This is the mentality of pure, abstracted, unadulterated resistance. There is no confidence in being able to take over society, and consequently no interest in what you could do with it afterwards. Man, let's go to a trade union meeting.

For all its limitation, the discussion is so much more constructive. The atmosphere is so much more compassionate. From resistance to initiative, from cultural self-fortification to cultural immersion, from hysteria to planning — this requires a psychological leap as absolute as a religious experience. We must ask ourselves whether we want (a) the system to continue, with permanent resistance within it, (b) to break up the system and replace it with a better one, or (c) simply to break up the system and see what happens then. Like everyone, I oscillate. But one thing I'm sure of is that if we really want a better system and not just an apocalypse of despair, it's time we started drawing those naive, fallible, compromising blueprints.

Louis Jigsaw

They're Selling Postcards Of The Hanging



MY LAY IN MY LAI

by former Sgt. Dan Mouer (US5268710)

I stood in front of the first sergeant's desk and waited my turn to go through the simple-minded ritual of degradation. Once in four lousy months did one get a pass to spend the day leisurely farting away his money and pent-up energies in the dung-heap village of An Khe. My turn came.

"Mouer, L. Daniel, US5268710, sergeant."

"Let's see it, Mouer."

From out of the two foot depths of my jungle fatigue trousers, I produced the little item I had just borrowed from Cox for the special occasion.

Prophylactic, rubber, lubricated, one each.

"Explain the proper use of this prophylactic, Mouer."

"Ah shit, Sarge, come on. You know I can use a fuckin' rubber as well as you can."

"That's the rule, Mouer. You want this pass?"

"Unroll the prophylactic down over penis carefully, making certain it extends clear to base of penis and is securely in place. After intercourse, remove by unrolling prophylactic — not pulling it — carefully, making certain not to touch body with exterior surface. Urinate immediately and wash all parts — preferably with an anti-bacterial ..."

"Here's your pass. Sign out."

I had gotten into town fairly early that Saturday and first I went straight to see Lee. She was 17, from Saigon, and had the most beautiful hair down to her ass. But she was not for sale. We would talk for a while, and she'd give me free beer (we called Vietnamese beer Panther Piss because it had a picture of a black panther on the label and tasted vaguely as if it just might be some sort of excrement). Other G.I.'s used to come by and pinch her tits and pull her hair and say "Hey, baby-san, you boum-boum G.I.?" 500p. Figure that out for yourself. "P" means piastre — about 80 to the dollar. She would look offended and I would offer some brotherly consolation ... all the time wishing I could get my hands on those tits, just once. I finally did get to Lee a couple of times before I left. Nice, tender, sensitive, she was. A good lay she wasn't. But she was real and sincere; something hard to find among a people who have had to learn to suck a G.I. dick in some way to beat the incredible inflation.

The next stop was a barber shop where Mama-San kept lighting up those beautiful Vietnamese joints as fast as you could smoke them.

Besides that, for less than a buck you got a beautiful haircut, shampoo, manicure, massage, and — for a couple extra bucks — a blow job. They just don't make barber shops like that in this country.

Most of the guys would head straight for "sin city", a special section built off the main drag where a soldier could spend more money in a single day than he had made all month. There were

about thirty different establishments and about thirty of them were cat houses. They all had bars, and they all had back rooms. They all had mama-sans, and they all had girls who looked more as though they had grown up in a tough part of Jersey City than An Khe.

I rarely went to the city, but today curiosity had brought me. I promised myself not to get laid by any of the scuzzy over-priced whores there, so I kept going from place to place, without staying long enough to get "hooked". Finally, though, I ended up having a drink in one bar and, within minutes, a short, skinny — but stacked by Vietnamese standards — girl was in my lap. She had fingernails an inch longer than her fingers which she was running around my neck and down my spine. Being stoned, I found the sensation beautiful. I had another drink; she had one too ... on me. Halfway through my second scotch she had those nails in every trough and crevice on my cock, and I was about to explode. All the do-don't-do-its I had been telling myself quickly dissolved into hell-why-nots. Her mouth was chewing on my ear and whispering little goodies like, "Baby-san give you number one blow job ... you like? Come on G.I. Me suck you guts out. Baby-san love to eat G.I. dick." The bottom fell out and I found myself on the bamboo slab with my pants down around my knees expecting to have my very soul blown, when an old lady with a wrinkle for a face and broken black teeth came and held out her hand. It took a second before I realized that she was waiting for money. I handed her 300p. but she looked hesitant. I never heard of tipping a madam,

so I asked what the problem was. Baby-san explained, "boum-boum 300p, sop-sop 500p." it seems I had contracted for a blow job and had to fork over another 200 piastres. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine times her head bobbed and on the ninth I felt a little tingle and a twitch and baby-san stood up, spat twice loudly, and left the room. It was all over. Money spent: 1000p. including drinks. Satisfaction gained: zilch. I walked through the village proper toward "Old" An Khe so it was called. When I had first come here, the whole village was

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REMINISCENT OF THE BRUTAL WAR IN NORTH KOREA IS THE "HUMAN WAVE" TECHNIQUE PRACTICED BY THE VIET CONG, ACCOMPANIED BY THE WILD BLOWING OF BUGLES, THE NORTH VIETNAMESE COMMUNISTS ATTACK IN OVERWHELMING NUMBERS!



clay and straw huts and raggedy kids screaming and waving and begging for "C" rations. Here and there was a cardboard sign with "Wash Truck Number One" or "Joe's Pittsburgh Laundry" scrawled on it. Now all the buildings had walls of steel sheets which were actually unstamped coke and beer cans. Every home had become some sort of shop or bar or restaurant for G.I.'s. They all had garish signs saying things like "Tom's Massage — We Have Girls". Everywhere there were steam baths, massages, girls, Panther Piss, opium dens, souvenirs, clothes from India, clothes from Hong Kong, and every possible kind of leech that could possibly squeeze a buck out of Uncle Sam's occupying forces. But before you can fatten a leech, you need a blood supply, and a division of G.I.'s just aching to toss their money makes enough blood-money to feed a lot of leeches. And I had just come from sin city. Call me Corpuscule.

But now I was walking through the downtown section out to that part of the village where life was a bit simpler, and, in many ways, more miserable. A bottle of beer had cost 20p eight months before. Now it was 80p. The pimps, whores, and madams all had that kind of bread, but the rice farmer's income hadn't increased a "p". The Vietnamese who worked long and hard as laborers for the Army were paid 80 piastres a day. Enough for one fucking bottle of beer. It's easy to see how a man might convince his wife or daughter to sell herself to G.I.'s in order to stay alive. The 80 p-a-day workers were often abused verbally and were constantly accused of laziness. For that kind of money would you or I even lift a fucking shovel?

A few of the young kids who worked out on the base lived in "Old" An Khe, and I ran into them as I walked.

One of the boys, whose nickname was "Cowboy", met me out on the street and invited me to come visit his home. When we arrived, he served me a plate of rice and fish and a coke. His mother just sat there and smiled, never saying a word, as we ate. When we had finished he asked me if I wanted a baby-san. I was nervous there and was looking for any excuse to graciously leave, so I said "Sure". Score one more for stupidity. Cowboy disappeared like a rocket and returned with a girl about thirteen years old. The girl had hollow eyes and a pale face; she was strange, indeed, but absolutely one of the sexiest Oriental girls I had ever seen. She was, of course, Cowboy's sister.

I was embarrassed and dismayed. I wanted so much not to be just another G.I. I wanted nothing from Vietnam but to learn the land and the people ... to show love and good faith, and be a friend. Most of all I wanted my time to be up so I could get the fuck out of there and go home. But I wasn't so different. I was a G.I. A horny, stoned G.I. I had been there eight months and had forgotten what my wife looked like in her flowered maternity dress and clear white skin on a spring day in a field in the Ozarks. My son, who had been an infant when I left, was a total stranger. I was like those hungry kids who wanted only numbness and an empty memory. And I really, oh so incredibly, wanted to ball this beautiful little chick who was Cowboy's sister.

She came up to me and touched my face — not like the cat-eyed whores who would claw you — she touched me and asked, "G.I. like Baby-san?" To which I answered that I did. I did very much. But shit broke loose. She turned her back on me and screamed, "No! You say Baby-san make you sick." I thought she doubted my sincerity, and I reassured her that I liked her. What else could I say? She was hurt somehow, again? she whispered "G.I. like Baby-san, me no boum-boum." I was incredulous. Weren't we communicating? Mama-san grabbed her daughter and spoke, for the first time since I'd arrived, in Vietnamese. She was scolding, threatening. I said I had to leave, but all three looked puzzled and offended. Cowboy begged me to stay and "please, please boum-boum Baby-san." I was totally confused. Again she asked if I liked her, again I said I did, and again she refused to screw me. I believe I yelled something like, "Oh fuck this," and turned to leave. The girl beat me to the door and stood glaring at me. Her face was a story of torture and abuse. Before I had time to think she had spat on me and I had slapped her. I had never done anything like that in my life, but I slapped hard. Then I realized the sickness in this house, in me ... I was stoned, I was nuts. I had just lost something precious and I was afraid it was a few of my marbles. For the third time I tried to leave. This time she took my hand and looked very tender. Her other hand still lay across the spot where I had hit her and a small tear formed in her big, dark eyes. "Come on. I boum-boum."

We walked out back to a shed with a bed in it. Cowboy walked along to take my money and stand guard outside watching for M.P.'s. Inside, Baby-san undressed herself ... slowly, sensually. We were both kneeling on the bed facing each other, and I was certain I would throw up the rice and fish any minute. I was sick and nervous. I must have been shaking because she put her hands on my shoulders and asked once more "G.I. like baby-san?" There wasn't even a pause. "Baby-san makes G.I. sick." She smiled and kissed me very warmly. Her breasts met my chest and her hands were all over my head, my back, my penis.

I sat on the bed and she positioned herself facing me on her knees and made love to me. Throughout she would whisper. "G.I. no like baby-san. Me boum-boum. Me boum-boum." And she did. She was young and thin and hollow and hurt. She was one of my most touching sexual relations. When I came I was crying like a baby and shaking like a leaf, slobbering, kissing her face. We got dressed and walked hand in hand back to the house and had another coke, never speaking a word. She kissed me when I left and I felt a bit foolish. I told her I really did like her quite a bit and she seemed pleased.

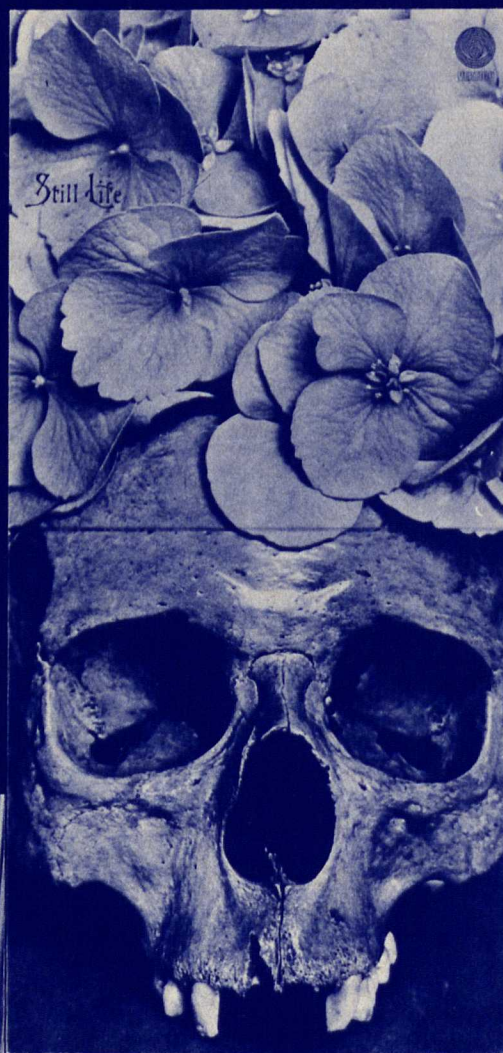
I hitched a ride back to base, back through the town, back past the city. In my pocket was a precious little prophylactic that belonged to Cox. The whore in Sin City may have had syphilis in her mouth, but it didn't concern me then. It never even occurred to me that Cowboy's sister may have had a disease in her organs. But she was filled with sicknesses of a different sort and she passed some on to me to be sure.

Reprinted from 'SCREW', New York's premiere sex-paper.

VERTIGO: LIVING SOUNDS

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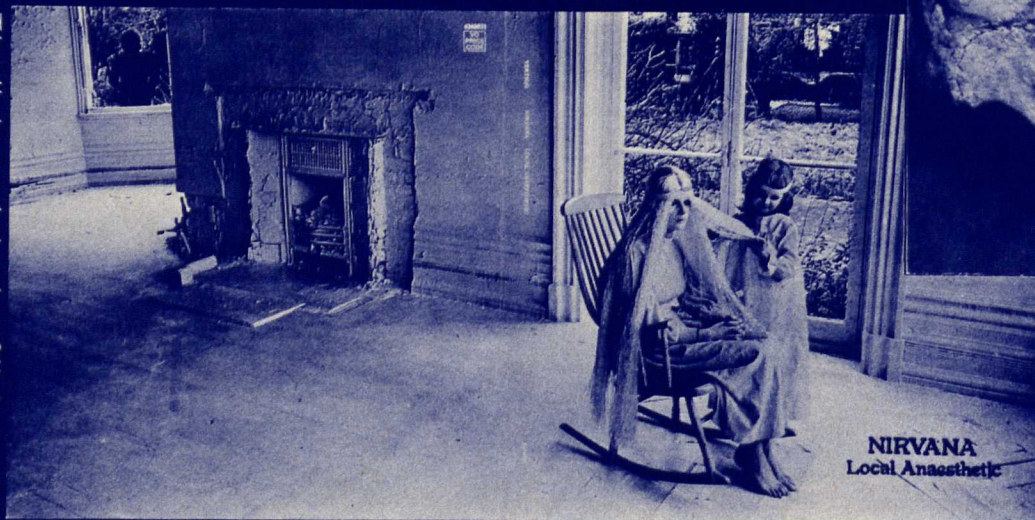


Assagai
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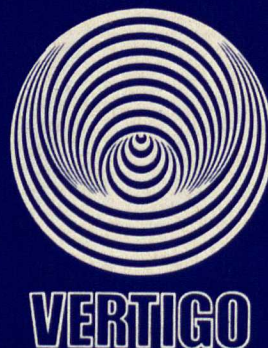
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letters

Dear Oz,

Unpalatable as it may seem, it can be argued that Christianity has been one of the main liberating forces in the world. To see Christian missions as the spiritual front line of economic and political imperialism is a mistake of the first order. The situation was that missionaries were often against the secular authorities because of their work among native societies. They often provided protection and insulation of natives against the exploiters, they introduced primitive societies to western culture and gave them a basis for understanding western culture. They laid the basis for these people to reach an identity of their own in our global village. This is not forgetting the promotion of education and social services.

The East India Company was extremely antagonistic to the missionaries in India, so much so that they were virtually prohibited from entering India until 1833.

In Africa, the role of missions was often openly resented. Their emphasis on education had dangerous tendencies. One South African paper in 1906 stated that 'education makes the native aspire to something better and hence must be discouraged because cheap labour is the main desideratum at the present time.'

The vast majority of academic and other assessments of colonialism are distorted for they do not give an honest appreciation of the great part that missions have played in world development.

Two examples of where exploiters moved in before the missionaries are the Australian Aborigines and the American Indians. Both were decimated in large numbers and now are culturally and spiritually lost peoples. Christian missions in these cases have been able to do little more than apply patent medicine and band-aids and have been abused for doing just this.

Of course, there has been paternalism in their approach — mountains of it — but I have yet to hear of more viable solutions in the prevailing social climate.

The 'delicate tribalisms' that the missionaries are said to have brutalised were usually rather savage on the face of it. One would need to dig rather deep to find the delicacies. If having your head eaten is to be looked on as a delicate custom, something to be tolerated, then let those who are in favor of it by all means engage in this fascinating pastime. Or perhaps you prefer child sacrifice; or being decapitated because your slave master has just died.

The myth of the peace-loving, fine upstanding savage, noble to the core, still rules many people's minds, and it is surprising to find it still in the ink of so many of our educated humanists. The fact is that any primitive culture that attempts to move, or is moved in a hurry, from a hunting economy to a technological one is going to end up in a mess. Christian missions have at least made the process less painful for many.

This is what many of our humanist friends fail to

see and understand. In their rush to burn down the local bourgeois church and their passionate desire to 'liberate' people from their 'superstitious' Christian beliefs, they forget they are destroying the taproot of their own humanism.

However one doubts the sincerity of the quasi-humanists of the Richard Neville type. He has yet to show us how his sexual reforms and his 'liberating' ideas are going to transform society into something more humane than now exists. As Napoleon III once said, 'One never really destroys a thing until one has replaced it'.

So he ought to pardon some of us if we reject his ideas, especially when they contain so many half truths and distortions. These distortions and displays of ignorance even occur in fields where he regards himself as an expert (viz., sex).

Perhaps a little missionary zeal outside their own society would put some iron in their souls (and not being just another Australian crawling back into the womb of Mother England — the home of modern-day imperialism). They would then not be so hasty in passing judgment on the liberating power of the Christian faith.

Donald Dufty.
Redfern, NSW.

Dear Oz,

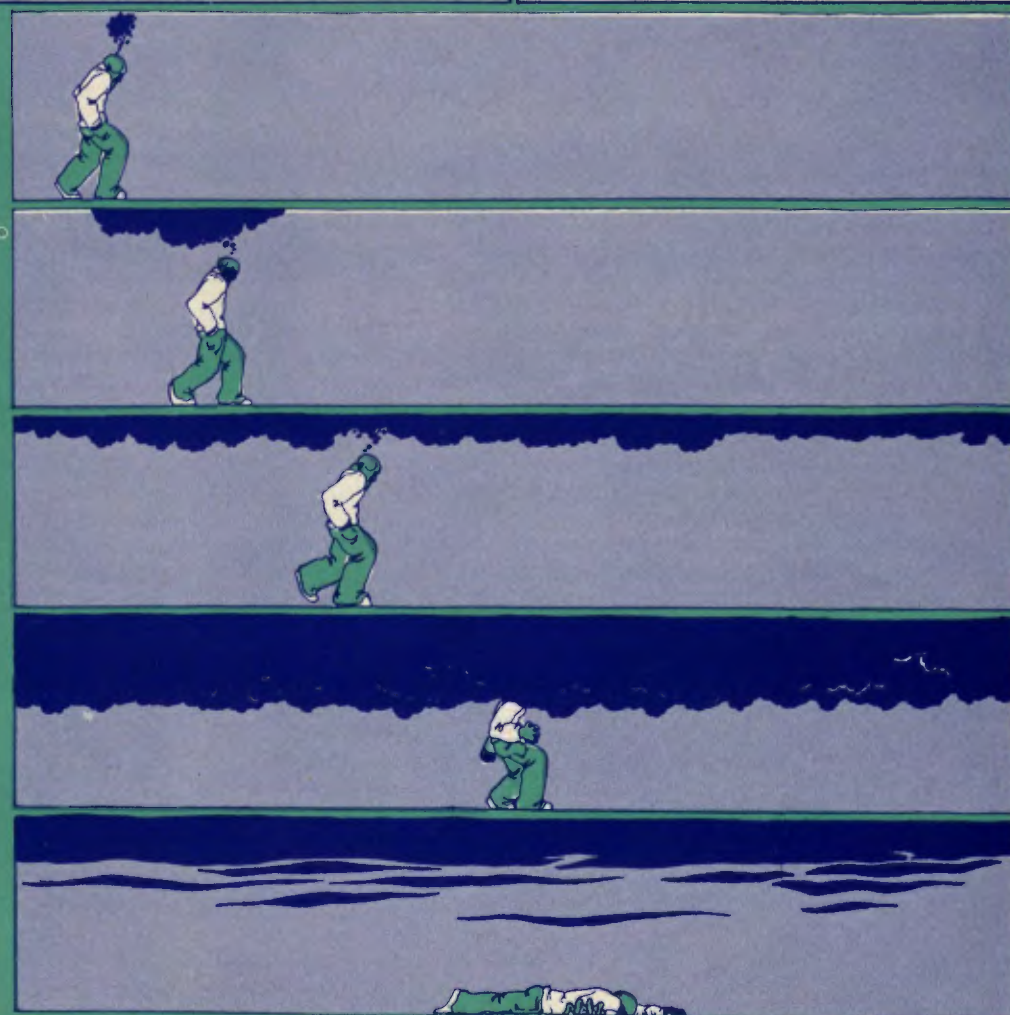
I've just finished reading Tom Ludd's 'Trot-Trot-Trotski' item in Oz 32 and can't help feeling the guy's confused. I work in a factory, I even run my department in it and I could see what all his revolutionaries did on Jan 12th. They blew it and went home.

Sure, that was the point but very few of these militant 'Union men' bothered to attend the meeting to discuss the bill. Half the factory lay idle but I'm willing to bet that if a full day's pay had been offered for the half day strike they'd of all been out. The December demonstration had no effect upon our revolutionaries at all; What, lose a whole day's pay?

I'm sorry Tom Ludd I'd have dearly liked to believe you, the thought of a united population seems beautiful but so far away, and I'd have loved to see the straights campaigning for freedom but some shop stewards here threatened people with expulsion and a wall of silence if they dissented. Power to what People, Tom?

Love, peace and despondency.

Roy Wood,
Forest Gate, London.



Dear Oz,

This place is an Italian prison, and though it is a fair way from London I have heard your name in whispered undertones.

Naturally I'm here for shit, 52 grams to be exact, I was busted in Milan last June with two chicks who were set free at our trial, though I was not so lucky, I got two years.

There are in this prison French, German, Swiss, Austrian, Belgian, English, Syrian and Italian cats, all for shit or acid, and some of these persons have been here for anything up to one year without even having had a trial. (One never has to wait more than 1 year for a trial because the

law says that the authorities can *only* hold a prisoner for *one* year without a trial, and then they must let him go, so they usually squeeze the trial in at the last moment, ie. after 11½ months).

Well — these things (and many others) have not helped to create a firm friendship and mutual understanding between all the people here for 'la draga' (pronounced with a snarl) and the authorities, and when we heard of the guy from the Living Theatre who got busted for a ridiculously minute quantity in Rome, and of the resulting death of his chick through lack of proper medical attention, well, we decided that we should protest, and as from the 21st

of this month all foreigners and young Italians here for drugs will be going on a hunger strike.

In a world which is always full of 'big' news too, one can hardly expect much interest to be shown towards a bunch of 'hippys' who wish to starve, so I think it unlikely that you will hear of this event from other sources, I do not think even, that any other English newspapers have been written to, and certainly not only underground ones.

Keep on the yellow brick road.

Stephen Crossland.

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UPS/Europe had at one time been run by Mazin Zeki in England. This is absolutely no longer the case. The general opinion of European UPS members seems to be that they prefer the Zurich office. If anyone has any complaints about any dealings done in the name of UPS, please get in touch with the Zurich office, and it will be dealt with promptly. All Power to the People's Press. UPS Folk/New York City.

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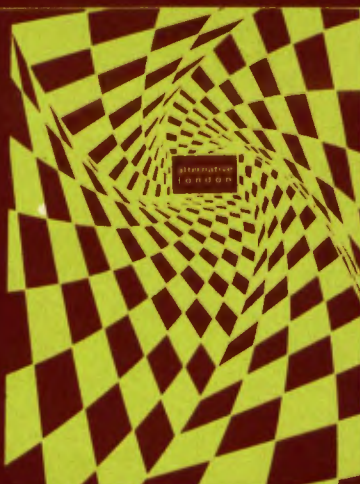
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THE CRY OF LOVE

Jimi Hendrix
(Track Deluxe)

'Well I'm sitting here in this womb/ lookin' all around, I'm looking out my belly button window/ and I see a whole world frowns, And I wonder if they want me around ...'

Jimi Hendrix's last 45 minutes of music. The product of a series of sessions at his Electric Lady studios, broken for his LoW gig. He died the night before he intended to go back to lay down two more tracks and do the final mix. Still, here it is. Definitely the last Hendrix tapes, say Track, possibly to justify the price (£2.40/48/-).

If this album had been sub-standard, it would have been an unbearable disappointment. As it is, it contains some shattering music, and some non-shattering but nevertheless worthwhile material. Hendrix being ho-hum is still better than most people being brilliant.

Hendrix's infinite potential shines out of everything he ever recorded, but sometimes he failed miserably to tap it. This dependence on inspiration is what separates the Jimis and Janises, the Dylans and Lennons from the hardy professionals. The likes of the Zep or, on a much higher plane, Johnny Winter have their show so tight and together that all they need to do is go out on stage and DO it. Inspiration doesn't come into it. Some gigs Jimi was terrible, some nights he was as good as it ever gets. His records generally contained, an equal mix of absolute killers, real total mindfuckers, and interesting little also-rans, marking-time things, ultimately just fillers.

'The Cry Of Love' is very beautiful. Some of the cuts are messy and inconclusive, but at least half of it is ultimate Hendrix. That indescribable, incomparable sheet-lightning guitar is there all the time, either softly curling into the cool darkened chamber back recesses of your lobes or else strobing your head, electronically gal-

vanising your helpless reflexes. He can even take absolutely shagged-out heavy riffs and build them into entirely new structures. For instance, 'In From The Storm' takes Blind Faith's 'Had to Cry Today' riff, builds into a tearing piece similar to Johnny Winter And's 'Guess I'll Go Away' and finishes with Jeff Beck's 'Rice Pudding'. And yet it all sounds brand new.

Basically, 'Drifting' and 'Angel' are gentle dreamweavers like 'One Rainy Wish' from 'Axis: Bold as Love', 'My Friend' features Jimi sticking to rhythm guitar, backed only by clinking glasses, conversation and mouth harp as he recites a rather Dylanish tale of being on the road. With one exception, all the other cuts are Hendrix stormers of varying quality. The exception is the album's last track, 'Belly Button Window'. A solo track, with a Canned Heatish rolling blues lick as its basis, overlaid with quirky wah-wah pedal work, the song explores the thoughts of a baby in the womb waiting to be born. Even without getting into any pseudo-mystical crap about premonitions, it's hard to take if you're the least bit sentimental, or if you're as emotional a Hendrix obsessive as I am. 'If you don't want me, make up your mind ...'

All the way through this piece, I find myself referring to Jimi Hendrix in the present tense. As Eric Burdon said, 'I know Jimi Hendrix is alive because I heard him on the radio'.

Charles Shaar Murray

HOOKER 'N HEAT

Canned Heat and John Lee Hooker
(Liberty Records) (Double Set)

In the past couple of years people have been straining to bridge a gap. Not the artificial gap like that supposedly exists between 'Pop' and 'Classical' music, but the gap between the ageing blues masters and their young, white, rock-orientated audience: Eric Clapton produces Buddy Guy, BB King uses Leon Russell and Joe Walsh as his sessionmen, Muddy Waters goes electric. As experiments (musical) they haven't all been successful, but as experiments (social) they have led to a recognition of the roots of all great electric rock: 'That's where the Stones and the Animals got those lines?' And if this is the only successful collusion of black and white boogie, then it's all bin worthwhile.

Canned Heat have been up and down over the last four years. They always maintained a driving rhythm section, and John Mayall knows how well Larry Taylor could work out on bass. Henry

Vestine fits tighter than Harvey Mandel did last summer, but the real strength was the late Al Wilson of the voice, harp and guitar, and the enthusiasm and bulk of 'The Bear' Hite. But when it came right down, even if Bob Hite had every blues sound ever cut, and, sure, Wilson knew about those five little notes, Canned Heat never felt the blues like John Lee Hooker. And maybe John Lee never felt the energy of a unit like the Heat before. He certainly found something new in Al Wilson: 'Dig this kid ... I don't know how he follows me, but he do'.

This double-set gives every facet of the combination, and it all works: Hook starts with two sides on his own (plus a little piano from Wilson), going through his classics in classic style, stompin' on the floor, the guitar low and mean, curdling through an ancient Silvertone amp ... 'It's bin a great long time boy ... since I seen my baby's face ...' On side three he lays down the problems in 'The World Today', zips into 'I Got My Eyes On You', and the next five tracks, including 11.35 of 'Boogie Chillun No 2', features the whole of Canned Heat, as it stood last May. The band rocks on hot, and Al Wilson's harp and piano playing is a final fitting tribute to a man whose understanding of the blues medium was sadly unrecognised during his lifetime.

John Lee Hooker's been recording for a long time now; he sounds good, and looks good, comin' through raw, drunk, stoned and mellow. If this gets across like I think it should, try and dig the early stuff too, especially 'Democrat Man' (Riverside Jazz Giants REP 3207, 1960). Between him and his friends, John Lee Hooker puts a whole bunch of things in place.

Ulysses O. Hanson

BE GLAD FOR THE SONG HAS NO ENDING

Incredible String Band
(Island)

The Incredibles' debut album on the Island label:

Side One consists of five songs, all recorded 2-3 years ago and presumably not considered good enough to be featured on any of the group's last four LP releases. One of the tracks, Mike Heron's 'All Writ Down', formed the B-side of their single, 'Big Ted'.

Side Two contains instrumental snippets from the soundtrack of the film from which the Album takes its title. Included is a version of 'Beyond the Sea', also to be found on the group's 'Wee Tam' album.

Ain't nothing to be glad about.

Tristan Wood

BUDDY AND THE JUNIORS

Buddy Guy and Jr Wells
(EMI)

As the sleeve notes testify, there is a school of blues critics who have always felt bad about electricity: they hold that it is in some way, non-ethnic — a proposition which might once have been appropriate but clearly, Post-Hendrix, post BB King, isn't any longer.

This album tells us what happens when two of the top electric blues-beating freaks — Buddy Guy and Jr Wells — are unplugged. Junior Mance sits in on piano and tries hard enough to give a jazz spark to the devitalised pair, but they don't really pick up on the jazz and they can't really get blues together without electricity — after all their styles were created for it. The pair meander through this bass-less, drum-less, gut-less selection of blues 'classics' — Hoochie Coochie, Rock me etc —

and, shorn of their magnificent electronic power, it's very much a eunuch's trip.

The basic problem with this album lies outside either Guy or Wells, and it's not even attributable to Mance. The problem is ethnomusicological calvinism. There's a whole school of folk music writers who believe there was once a Golden Age of folk music — 'before modern technology broke down the folk structure of relatively primitive communities' — and that in those days artists weren't interested in squalid deals like payment for their work, or appealing to the vulgar tastes of the masses, but in pleasing a small elite of white anglo-saxon protestant critics. It only needs a cool eye to see that this is arrant bullshit: Charlie Patton, Skip James, Son House, Blind Lemon Jefferson, yes, even Robert Johnson made records which were intended to sell. It's the white blues 'purists' who've erected myths around these men and forgotten that they were professional musicians, underpaid, ill-treated but at least respected sufficiently by their record companies for them to be able to record what they liked, how they liked — back in the '20's Skip James was getting away with four letter words on record while art-writers were still heavily censored. ('No-one listens to the words these goddam primitives sing'). It's unlikely these academic idiots will destroy the blues they so devotedly protect from 'commercialism' (ie: contemporaneity), but it is much more likely to be destroyed by making it art-music, devoid of feeling, drive or poetry, than by 'commercialism' or, worse still, popularity.

Buddy Guy's one of my favourite guitarists — his soundtrack to Harley Corkliss's Omnibus blues film was the work of a real modern bluesmaster — and Jr Wells comes nearest among modern harpists to capturing the fluid drive of the late Little Walter Jacob's harmonica-playing. They'll doubtless recover from this attempted castration. Blues

Raw Stoned Drunk & Mellow

is for bailing, in every sense and both men, as their playing here indicates, know it, and know this is shuck. Take the advice they leave *between* the grooves and forget it. And a note to record companies: bad blues is bad business.

Charles Radcliffe

RITES AND RITUALS

Ray Russel
(CBS)

If CBS have the balls to promote this as a rock and roll record, a lot of the people who dig the Floyd, the Softs and (possibly) Miles, will find some fascinating things happening just around the nearest musical corner. More likely, it'll get slung straight into the 'Jazz' rack and be overlooked by all but a few dedicated free-form jazz freaks.

Ray Russel is a guitarist who plays the instrument rather than the notes. Hard rock riffs, classical and folk licks, weirdly distorted jazz phrases and screaming free sequences chase each other, writhing and twisting, from his amplifier. His compositions are unsettling and occasionally terrifying: half-familiar phrases played with a quartertone dissonance that sets your teeth on edge, tiny clawed insect limbs brushing and scratching the door at the corner of your ear.

Listening to 'Rites and Rituals' is an experience akin to being carried off by a strong wind with an eerie sense of humour, and ending up dangling from a very high tree. If you're prepared to work hard at getting into an album and let an album work hard at getting into you, this could be the most stimulating thing you've done to your head in quite a while. If, as Mailer said, Picasso is medically good for your eyes, then Russel must be medically good for your ears.

Charles (Baa Baa I'm a Black Sheep) Murray

IF I COULD ONLY REMEMBER MY NAME

Dave Crosby
(Atlantic)

The currently fashionable craze for the muzak freaks down at J Walter Thompson (Know the West Coast — all you need's a cursory glance at the 'Acid Test', 'The Worst of the Jefferson Airplane' and the odd 'reefer') is spotting the superstar guitar riffs on Dave Crosby's 'solo' album: If I could only remember my name. Latest offering to emerge from the Jefferson Starship combine (cf Crosby and Slick/Kantner raps in *Rolling Stone*) is this good and at times and certain heights, very good album.

You can't really deny it's a good album. For a start it's hardly a 'solo' effort. Dave Crosby has got together a collection of San Francisco aces which rivals even that of Paul

Kantner's 'Blows Against the Empire'. Only the gross cupidity of the various record companies concerned can have helped them to forget their contractual restrictions. But, as Crosby intimated in an interview last year, if the record bosses hadn't come across, not only would they have lost a meaty slice of profits, but possibly a number of recording artistes as well.

Spotting the various guitarists isn't altogether a joke: Dave Cosby and Graham Nash from their own combo; Neil Young; Jerry Garcia from the Grateful Dead; Jorma Kaukonen and Paul Kantner from the Jefferson Airplane — all of whom play lead at one time. Phil Lesh (Dead), Jack Casady (Airplane) and David Freiburg (Quicksilver) all take turns at bass; both the Dead's drummers, Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzman are included and showing for the ladies are Grace Slick and Joni Mitchell. With that lot, just how can you fail? It's a hell of a lot of what ought to be a very good thing. If you dig the West Coast creativity bloc, then this album should indulge your wildest dreams.

The crux lies in which faction of the West Coast you happen to prefer: if it's the harder, super-freak sounds perfected by the Airplane, then 'If I could only ...' won't really get you off. But if CSN&Y are the ideal, then this album, basically an extension and an embellishment of their style, (just as Kantner's album extended the Airplane's basic ideas, musically and vocally), should be what is required. If, like me, the former style, especially when aided by members of the Dead is infinitely preferable, then this record has to be a disappointment, with its best moments occurring not when Nash and Crosby, to their undoubted mutual satisfaction, are harmonising away, but on track one, side two, 'What are their names', when Grace Slick rather than Crosby is belting out the lyrics, and when Garcia is proving, yet again, just how much he surpasses everyone else in that musical area:

'I wonder who they are ... the men who really rule this land ... I'd like to go right over, and give them a piece of my mind, about peace for mankind.'

So there we are: for the second in what looks like being a long series of albums, the dozen majors who make up the West Coast music scene have gathered together and produced another facet of their communal development. This time Crosby's in charge, in April, Graham Nash's album is scheduled. Then there's supposedly something coming from Slick, and Garcia, and electric Hot Tuna, and the New Riders of the Purple Sage, and ...

Jonathon Green



Phillip Sheffield

Pot is in the news again (yawn). The national papers, in their predictable way, have been giving front-page headlines to Professor Paton's great discovery that mice shouldn't fix it, and small notices on page 94 to Michael Schofield's new book (1). Paton has produced 5 column-inches of unexciting research results and 28 inches of wild and woolly speculation. (2) Schofield has 180 pages of solid information and 14 pages of hypercautious recommendations. But then bad news is good news.

Paton is getting quite well known for publishing his research results in odd places — last time it was the Listener, this time, after being leaked in the House of Commons and the Oxford Union, the long-awaited word appears in the Oxford Mail. If you compare the boring and

trivial work reported in Paton's last paper in Nature its fairly obvious why — no scientific journal would risk its reputation publishing the stuff Paton wants to see in headlines.

What has Paton actually proved? (We can ignore his purple passages of warning based on distortions of other people's work.) It seems that you can kill mice by injecting them with cannabis if you go on doing it for long enough. You can't kill them with five times that amount of alcohol. What Paton is comparing here is nine times the regular drinker's consumption with about sixty times the regular smoker's. If his mice were people they would be getting through a weight of hash a week — each. (It might just be possible, though — with breaks for meals and sleep you'd need to smoke continuously, a

joint every five minutes. What a way to go.)

In fact, the position with cannabis is just where it's always been. Nobody knows any harm it can do when smoked by normal people in normal quantities. As Schofield says: 'You will not become addicted to it; you will not require increasing amounts to get the same effect; you will not produce monster children; . . . you are not more likely to escalate to more dangerous drugs; you are not more likely to become a layabout. The one serious thing that may happen to you is that you may get arrested.'

Schofield's book is, in fact, an excellent summary of the whole question. While there may be doubts about the relative prominence he has given to different issues — does the allegation that cannabis causes crime, for instance, really deserve a chapter to itself? — the whole book is absolutely essential reading; especially for anyone who wants to be able to argue the question with his grandmother or whatever. The author's recommendations are disappointingly cautious, and don't really stand up in comparison with John Kaplan's; (3) Kaplan's book is also bigger and more closely argued, and is having an enormous impact in the USA, but Schofield's does have the merit of dealing directly with experience in this country; Kaplan's isn't yet available here, anyway.

Schofield, very rightly, points out that the need for more research is being used as an excuse for taking no action on pot, at the same time that the law makes the most necessary kind of research impossible. In this connection, it is interesting that the Oxford Mail hung the Paton story on the fact that his Medical Research Council grant has been renewed; he now has another £10,500 to play with his mice. *No-one seems to have pointed out that Paton is the chairman of the committee which hands out these grants — as Schofield points out, there is a distinct bias towards scientists who have already published papers saying that cannabis is very harmful.*

The first essential with cannabis research, of course, is to see that it's done by heads, who are the only people who know what questions to ask. Fortunately, this is beginning to happen. Furthermore, the inbuilt prejudices which dictate what a researcher looks for, and frequently what he finds, are beginning to be looked at rather pointedly; Schofield hits the nail right on the head when he says 'For some people a substance that happens to bring happiness is suspect, and a substance made solely for the purpose of giving pleasure is quite certainly unwelcome'.

A point worth remembering, which should



always be put over to the mouse-minded at every opportunity, is that every smoker who is manifestly unharmed by his smoking, is a more relevant and therefore better piece of evidence than all Paton's mice. Are you a man or a mouse? Smoke For Science!

Refs. (1) Michael Schofield 'The Strange Case of Pot' Pelican 1971 (5/-)

meat mice & marijuana

OR MEAT, MICE AND MARIJUANA — A GLOSSARY OF FASHIONABLE DOPE BOOKS

(2) E.W. Gill, W.D.M. Paton and R.G. Pertwee 'Preliminary Experiments on the Chemistry and Pharmacology of Cannabis' Nature 1970 228 134
Oxford Mail, March 18, 1971.

(3) John Kaplan 'Marijuana: The New Prohibition' World Publishing, Cleveland, Ohio 1970.

John Donald.

A DICTIONARY OF DRUGS- The Medicines You Use

Richard B Fisher Ph.D & George A Christie M.D., B.Sc.

'When we told friends what we were doing during the writing of this, they invariably raised their eyebrows at the title. 'Drugs?' they asked, suspiciously, and we learned quickly to explain: 'Not Narcotics. Drugs in general — therapeutically useful chemicals, for the treatment of disease.' So the authors begin their introduction to this (Concise) Dictionary with an acknowledgment of the Hysteria surrounding the use and abuse of drugs in our society. They have assembled some 56 drugs and 300 related chemical agents to make up the bulk of the entries and by including short but useful sections on the various important classes of drugs and more general items such as Organic Chemistry, Hormones, Enzymes they have broadened the appeal of the Dictionary so that it is of interest to anyone wishing to know more about the drugs he or she takes whether prescribed or not. Being, I imagine, rather straightforward, conservative, academic men they have struggled to ensure that 'the Dictionary is not a guide to self dosage, and no information relevant to the amount of the drug required has been included.' Each Drug entry is discussed under 5 headings: its Chemical name, discoverer, methods of use: Chemical Classification: Therapeutic uses: Undesirable side effects: Chemistry and Physiology. This last heading is often complex and laden with Technical Data difficult for the non Medical or Bio Chemistic mind to follow, but it is possible to decode this material by referral to the entries on more general topics. They emphasize their cautious approach, presumably trying for some middle ground between the crazed teenage (or younger) dope freak seeking

thrills and the Medical Student to whom this book might be useful as an instrument of study (although I doubt whether it is detailed enough to serve effectively in such a capacity).

It is interesting to note that they make no mention of Heroin, Morphine or Cocaine. Their entry on Amphetamine is straightforward and unemotional and their discussion of Hallucinogens or rather Psychedelics is limited to short entries on Cannabis and LSD. In short there is nothing here about illegal, euphoric and addictive drugs that hasn't been covered in greater detail elsewhere. Also the entry for LSD is chock full of the dangers via side effects etc., and even the hoary old 'LSD breaks Chromosomes' story gets a good play. Surely if this theory had had any truth in it then we would have seen a great rash of monster babies across North America and Europe by now. Plainly we haven't. Subsequent well authenticated research has shown no real connection (except with enormous quantities) between chromosomes and LSD.

The real fascination of this Dictionary lies in the entries for such ordinary things as Aspirin or Vitamins. Aspirin was derived from Willow-bark in 1838 and its painkilling properties has made it one of the most used drugs in the world. 27,000,000 lbs of Aspirin are consumed annually in the USA alone. Yet the side effects are horrific — 'Aspirin can be extremely dangerous, especially to children. The major symptoms of mild Salicylate intoxication include headache, dizziness, auditory and visual disturbances, confusion, drowsiness, sweating, thirst, rapid breathing, nausea, vomiting and diarrhoea. If the poisoning continues, greater central nervous effects may be noted, including a kind of high without euphoria along with skin eruptions. Growing acid base imbalances in body fluids can lead eventually to depression, coma and death resulting from respiratory failure. Other gastrointestinal effects may include mild to severe haemorrhage'.

The point that is made with every entry is that every drug has side effects and every drug is poisonous in the long run. Even the inoffensive vitamin tablet has its darker side 'Vitamin A, vitamin D, and vitamin K it is worth repeating, can be dangerously toxic in large doses', however 'the cure for vitamin poisoning is simplicity itself, stop taking the vitamins'.

For those interested in Chlorpromazine, Cloxacillin, Drostanolone, Ephedrine, Ethyl Alcohol, 5 Fluoromethyldeoxyuridine, Paramino-benzoic acid, Vitamins A right through to P there's a wealth of information herein.

Chris Rowley

Before we tell you what we offer you as a club we want to tell you how we hope we will be different from many of the other clubs that apparently flourished and then faded away.

First of all we really need you and will welcome you. We hope to get to know as many of you as possible. We will have open discussions where you can exchange ideas, make suggestions and get to know us all better. We don't want to be a formal, anonymous body known only by name we want to be a place you look forward to coming to, not just for specific events, but for the contact and environment, to see who's around and what's going on.

We are going to be a new and complete arts centre in the heart of London. We will have space and time for theatre (evening and lunch-time)/film/art exhibitions/pop/mixed media shows/club room/restaurant and bar. There will also be a branch of Better Books and possibly a BIT information booth.

We still have fairly extensive building and alterations to do, but membership is now open. (£10 life membership; annual membership £1.50p.) Trustees and co-leaders of 43 King Street are Prudence Faull and Anthony Blond.

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THE REVOLUTION IS OVER!

David McReynolds

TOUGH SHIT ...
YOU MISSED IT!



THE POOR IN SCOTLAND

There is always a great deal of talk about "revolutionary violence," and so, as a pacifist, I want to deal with revolution and violence. First, a revolutionary period is always violent, and there is no point wasting emotional energy deploring it. The violence is usually totally senseless, misdirected, tragic. It is possible I will be killed, for example, by an extremist of the right, but it is also possible I might be killed by an extremely committed, courageous, decent frightened young kid from the extreme left who views pacifists as the primary enemy of the revolution. A Jewish merchant in Harlem, a man who has made a good living from selling poor people things they don't need at a price higher than they would pay elsewhere in the city, may be cut down some night by a junkie who panics — not by some community "committee of justice"; while, around the corner, an old Jewish doctor who under-charges his patients and over-works himself is knifed to death by some psychotic black militant who thinks the Jew is the enemy.

There is no justice during a revolution. How do I find the justice involved in the death of kids from heroin? What is the sense of ghetto residents firing at fire trucks that have come to put out fires? All of this violence simply reflects a revolutionary period when old values and institutions have no power.

One must note — forcefully — in passing, that all the violence of black militants and white idiots, such as the Weathermen, does not begin to match the violence of the state. Each week, Nixon's policies mean 100 American boys come home in aluminum boxes and thousands of Vietnamese die and are buried. If Abbie Hoffman crosses a state line with the thought of rioting, he will be sentenced to five years in prison, but if the Chicago police actually engage in a riot, as charged by the Walker report, nothing will happen to them. Such is the nature of American justice.

In short, it is the lawlessness of the state itself that creates the greatest violence and that leads, because of its intense violence, to a breakdown of moral authority.

Revolutions are rarely particularly violent, though they are generally repressive to-

ward the old order. Cuba under Castro is probably less violent than Cuba before Castro. Algeria, miserable as it may be under its present rule, is certainly less violent than during the long rebellion against France. And, while Nixon worries publicly about the "terror" the communists might bring to Vietnam if they won, it must be said that it would take great technical skill on their part to kill as many Vietnamese as we have killed.

There are at least two prospects ahead of us. One is the creation of new institutions, new distributions of power, that would place us in a human relationship with the machinery of our times. The other prospect is the political reaction, and physical repression Nixon has in mind.

I deem it important not to exaggerate, to avoid paranoia where possible and to understate a serious point rather than overstate it, in the hopes it will carry more weight with serious men. It is in that conservative mood that I say we have, in Richard Nixon, a man who lied his way into Congress and then into the Senate with false charges of Communism against his opponents; a man who sought (along with Dulles) to persuade Eisenhower to unleash our nuclear power in Vietnam in 1954 when the French were losing. Nixon is a consummate politician who has written off the black vote altogether, and is striving instead to hold his Southern base, hoping to destroy whatever chance Wallace might have in 1972. Nixon is a mechanical man, counting votes (effectively), and deciding to opt for a reactionary coalition that will build on Middle America's fear of the young, fear of change, fear of blacks, fear of hippies, homosexuals, Jews, and Communists. Nixon has always been a man who traded in fear, and he remains that today. His is an administration that carefully nurtures the worst in America.

Yet he will, I think, lose. He and Agnew and Mitchell have set to sea in a sieve and will sink. Hopefully, without trace. One thinks of Kim Agnew wanting to protest the war and of Laird's son doing so. One thinks of the sons and daughters of politicians jailed, caught smoking pot, refusing to be drafted.

Mitchell is a terrifying figure — a Stalinist Chief of the Secret Police puffing on a pipe — but he is out of his depth trying to deal with all of us. **The repression today is much worse than in the McCarthy period but that repression, back in the 1950's, came when the left was weak, and reaction moved in to fill a vacuum. Today, the repression comes because there is a movement, genuine, deeply rooted, widespread, and very threatening. Our jailers in the early 1950's were smug. Today, they are frightened.**

But there is always a chance the left will make some or all of the following errors, permitting victory to go to these old men of the sea, sailing in their sieve.

First, partly by frustration, partly by lack of brains, partly by police agents in our midst, the revolution can be tricked into violence and provocative acts. Comrades, beware the police agent in our midst: he sounds more radical than any of us, and he will be released without bail after you have been jailed for a bomb plot.

Revolutionary theories of other lands do not fit us. If Mitchell had any business sense, he would give the Ozark mountains to the Weathermen, and other assorted violent revolutionists, and charge admission so that foreign guests could see "live American guerrillas in their natural habitat." Neither in the city nor the countryside can guerrilla war be carried on. There is no ocean for us to swim in, if we seek to be violent fish.

Those are tactical points. More basically, we accomplish nothing if we chant "Off the pigs," except to show what poorly trained Marxists we are. Cops are agents of the system, taking its pay to enforce its laws. Cops are not the system itself — just the agents. They are no different from the troops we've got in Vietnam, and, if we can learn to talk to our troops in Vietnam, why can't we learn to talk to our cops? The system is our target, not the cops.

But we also lose the battle morally if we permit ourselves to be brought to the level of treating any man as an object, seeing his uniform (or his color, or his

religion) rather than seeing him. We understand that the black heroin addict who knifes an old lady to death to get a few bucks toward his fix is a poor bastard caught in a trap. Don't we realize the cop is caught in the same trap? The same society that puts a knife into an old lady puts the club up against your head.

Second, we have to stop seeing the "liberal spirit" as our main enemy. It is one thing to understand that "official liberalism" invaded Cuba, authorized the Green Berets, began the Vietnam intervention, and started the CIA. But many Americans are non-dogmatic cheerful and trusting, and would work with radicals if we would stop biting them.

Third, the revolution may debate within itself, but it must not permit its own division. The political right unites easily, because it has property and privilege and wants to defend them. The right has little ideology, and it doesn't have much in the way of brains or courage. It simply has power.

The left has ideology, which more often serves to confuse us than send us forward to effective battle. The Communists are fond of saying that "Marxism-Leninism is the weapon of the working class," which may even be true, but it is certainly a weapon with which radicals have generally done more damage to themselves than to the establishment.

Fourth, the revolution must be revolutionary. That is its most difficult task. It is easy to wear a guerrilla's beret, chant "Right On", and quote Mao. It is much harder to examine our own country, its needs, its people and its special situation. Lenin examined Russia. Mao examined China. Castro examined Cuba. Why do our radicals examine Lenin, Mao and Castro instead of America?

Fifth, either the revolution will have a program or it will fail totally. People cannot stand endless chaos. Chaos without meaning provides a kind of unbearable tension rather than liberation. If the farmer never knows whether he will be able to harvest his seeds, if the mother never knows when the milk will be in the store, and if none of us know when the subways will run, we will finally opt for concentration camps, secret police, troops, and Attorney General Mitchell. Revolutionists must offer a program that gets milk to babies, and allows the farmer to plant, tend and harvest.

Sixth, the revolution must not have contempt for the people. We say we love the workers, but then we talk about "Middle America." We love poor blacks and hate poor whites, though both groups are racist. If we do not understand that revolution seeks to liberate people, then we will never win our revolution,

will never organize our chaos, and should simply retire. If we insist on waging a revolution based on hatred and violence, we shall, in five or ten years, have a revolutionary leader who looks just like an Agnew and a Chief of Secret Police who looks just like a Mitchell.

When one has contempt for the people, one does not listen to them. When one does not listen to the people, they have contempt for the revolution.

And so, this final observation: the task of the revolutionary is to know his period in history. The very technology that has destroyed the power of the old order has also made violence an impossibly dangerous method of changing society. One can

applaud the courage of the National Liberation Front and the existential brings men into the Black Panthers, but fury that that courage must not be ours. Our task is to revolutionize society and to save it. If man can

survive, it will be on the basis of deliberately breaking down the conscious barriers of race, class, nation — and even, age.

If we see the threat violence poses to everyone, we shall not try using it to change society. It is not a question whether we are all saintly enough to abandon violence (we are not), but whether we are smart enough. I am not saintly, and neither are you. That is one reason why the surrender of violence is a revolutionary act — because we are being forced to stretch ourselves, to act beyond what we thought possible. History is brutal, catching us always before we are ready, forcing us into decisions we lack the courage to make.

It is a terrible time in which we live, the city streets haunted with violence, our ghettos swept with addiction, our friends in prison or on trial, unspeakable violence in Vietnam, profound wickedness in our government. And yet, when would it have been better to have lived?





10p

**WEEKLY
NEWS
PAPER
SHOCK!
APRIL 30**

DAILY Sketch
FIVES BACK
ON MONDAYS