

2-1971

OZ 33

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Editor

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OZ 33

Description

Contents: Norman Lindsay cover art. 4p graphics by Condon. OZ subscription ad with Oliver Twist illustration. Vertigo records ad. 2p 'Raw War' cartoon. 'There's No Business Like Bomb Business' by Dave Dellinger – A Time to Look at Ourselves, reprinted from Liberation Magazine. National Enquirer Judy Garland graphic by Heathcote Williams. 'Tales of Sherwood Forest, or: What Shall We Do With the Bank of England' from a séance with Robin Hood. 'Whistle While You Wank Re-Visited' – Tom Ludd's critique of David Widgery. Michael X. 'Cuntpower Trials' – in court with the women accused of disrupting Miss World by Rosemary Pettit and Others – "The girls were fined and Women's Liberation found the court entirely irrelevant". 'Ink is Definitely Coming' OZ obscenity fund and *Ink* production. 'A Plague of Locusts' – Felix Dennis reviews *Rockin 50's Rock 'n Roll*. LP reviews: Janis Joplin, Laura Nyro, Jefferson Airplane and Yes. 'A Deafening of Prophets' – book reviews by Peter Buckman. Uriah Heep ad. Ad for Richard Neville's *Playpower*. 'Soul On Acid: Leary in Algiers' by Michael Zwerin. 'There Was Once a Shepherdess' 3p cartoon by Guitton. 'Down on the Farm' interview with 'animal lover' Bodil conducted by Ole Ege. 'The Anarchist Cookbook: "Turn On, Burn Down, Blow Up!"' by Jim Anderson. Ad for Man LP. 'Splendour in the Rice' by Jay Landesman. 2p woman/eagle montage. 'The Daddy of Them All' – Peter Jones on Richard Dadd + full page reproduction of *The Fairy Feller*. Back cover OZ Police Ball! ad for an obscenity trial benefit at Middle Earth.

Publisher

OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 48p

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.



No 33

20p

**FARMER'S DAUGHTER
RAPES HOG**
Exclusive interview

**ANGRY
BRIGADE'S
BIBLE**
The
Anarchist
Cookbook

**WEATHER
MANIA**
Dave
Dellinger
on force without
violence



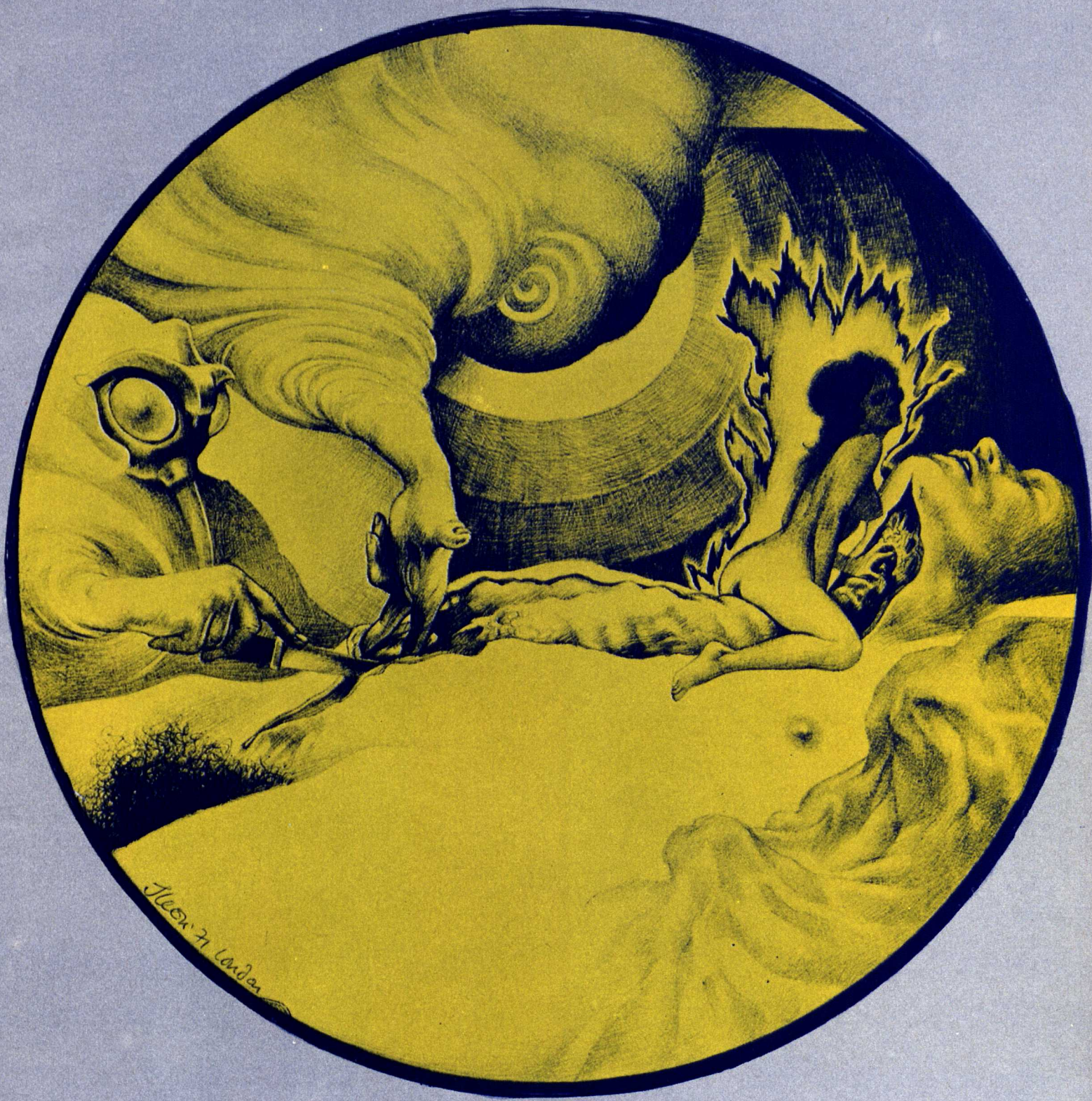
NORMAN LINDSAY







J. L. Cox 21 London



John A. London

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THE SAME OLD SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

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1) GUNG HO edited by Steve Davidson

A monster anthology of American Underground comics, containing 100 pages of violence, sex and dope featuring the Fab. Furry Freak Brothers, Mr. Natural, Trashman and all yer fave raves.

Another collectors item, selling for £1 in the shops and yours for only 25 np (+ 7 np post and packing) with every subscription to this heap of revolutionary offal you're reading.

2) PLAYPOWER by Richard Neville

"The human story of a young Australian who comes to London and finds happiness by bringing out the worst magazine in the history of the world"

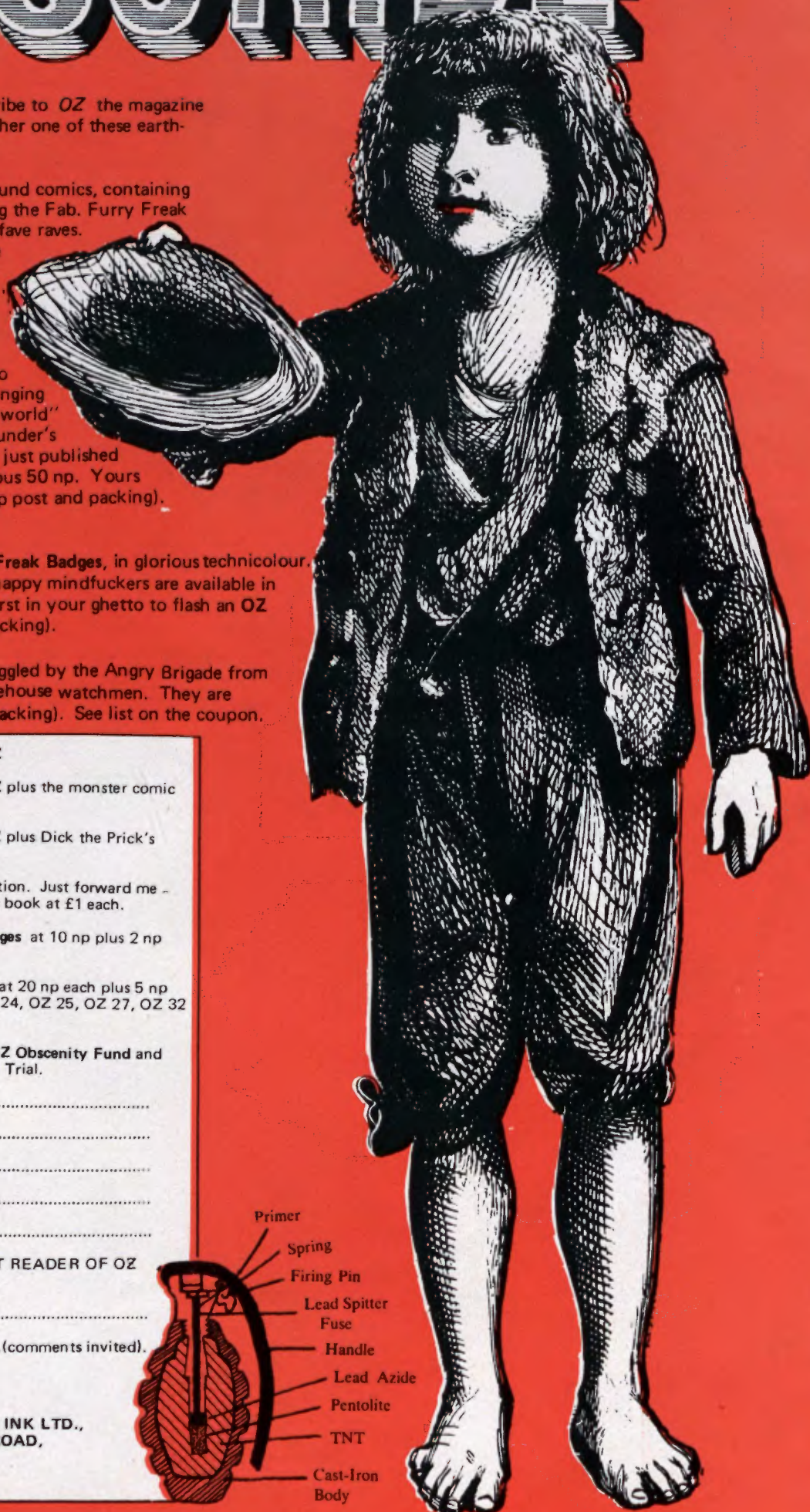
— Private Eye. Here it is! Our aboriginal founder's "... coarse, shallow and nasty ..." paperback, just published by Paladin Books and retailing at an outrageous 50 np. Yours for just 25 np with every subscription (+ 7 np post and packing).

OZ BADGES

Just out. The new, improved **OZ Beautiful Freak Badges**, in glorious technicolour. Measuring an obscene 2 1/4" in width, these snappy mindfuckers are available in blue and yellow or red and green. Be the first in your ghetto to flash an **OZ Badge**. Send only 10 np (+ 2 np post and packing).

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- ☐ I enclose £2.40 for a years subscription to *OZ*
- ☐ I enclose £2.72 for a years subscription to *OZ* plus the monster comic book, 'Gung Ho'.
- ☐ I enclose £2.72 for a years subscription to *OZ* plus Dick the Prick's book, 'Playpower'.
- ☐ I am not interested in the dreary *OZ* subscription. Just forward me copies of 'Gung Ho' the monster comic book at £1 each.
- ☐ Please rush me **OZ Beautiful Freak Badges** at 10 np plus 2 np post and packing.
- ☐ Please rush me the following **OZ Back Issues** at 20 np each plus 5 np post and packing. *OZ* 18, *OZ* 19, *OZ* 20, *OZ* 24, *OZ* 25, *OZ* 27, *OZ* 32 (delete inapplicable).
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ADDRESS

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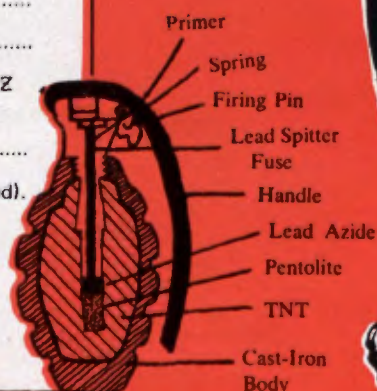
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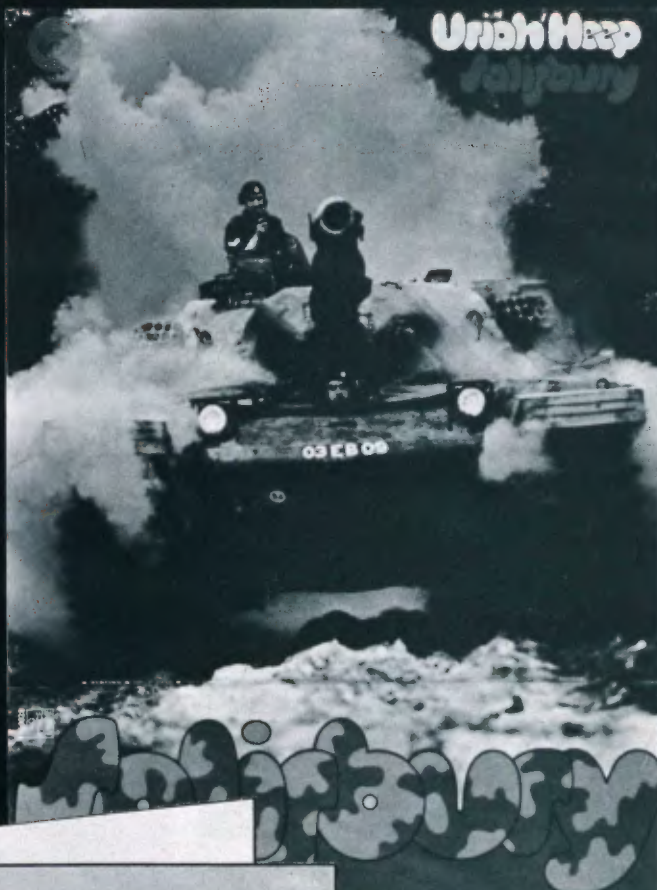
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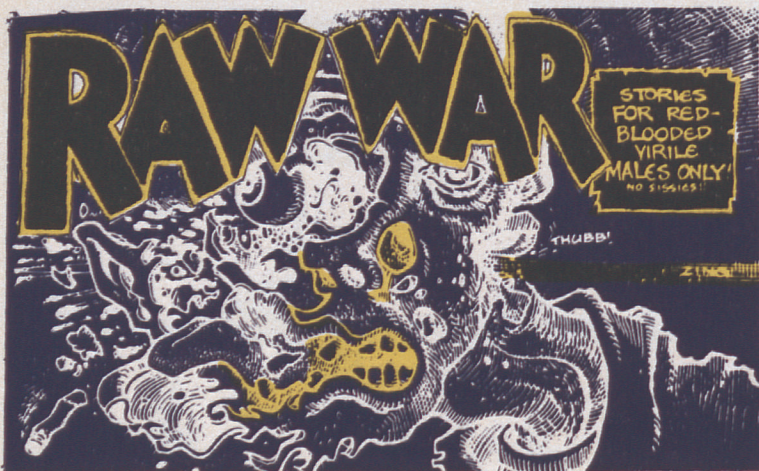
VERTIGO

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and sound of
contemporary
music



A Philips Records product

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JOE WAS TIRED... TIRED OF FIGHTING TIRED OF KILLING IN ORDER TO SURVIVE, TIRED OF THE WAR!





GOD! THIS
ISN'T IN THE
SCRIPT AT
ALL!

WE'D.. WE'D BETTER.. UH..
START AGAIN!

OUR STORY BEGINS AS MAJOR
"TUCK" PUCKER HEADS HIS F-86
HOME AFTER A SUCCESSFUL
MISSION...



HE IS ALMOST CLEAR OF HOSTILE
TERRITORY WHEN SUDDENLY..



RATATA TATA
TA RATTATA

MAJOR PUCKER SKILLFULLY BREAKS TO THE LEFT, CLIMBS, AND...



SHIT! CAN'T EVEN GET THROUGH A LITTLE
WAR STORY! MAYBE A DIFFERENT TRIP...

OUR STORY BEGINS AS QUAN HOY,
NORTH VIETNAMESE REGULAR,
MOVES OUT. HE CRAWLS NOISLESSLY
THROUGH THE MUD AND DARKNESS.



FARTHER AND FARTHER FROM BASE
CAMP... CLOSER AND CLOSER TO
ENEMY OCCUPIED TERRITORY...
HIS MISSION... SABOTAGE!

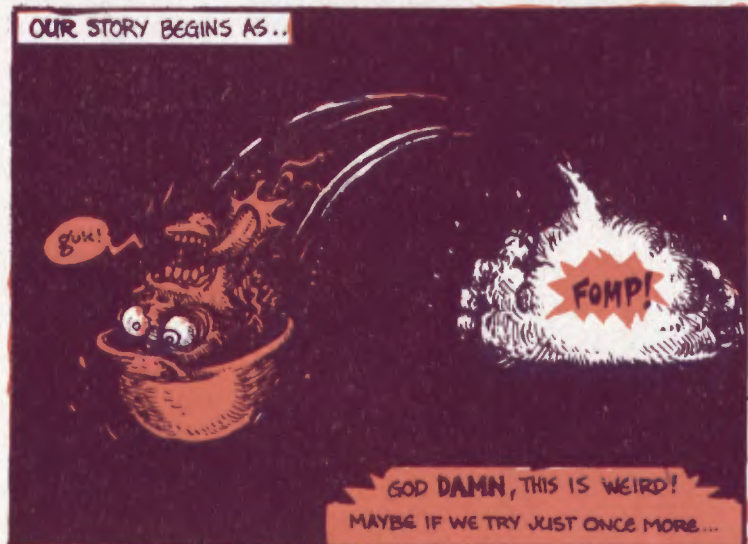


QUAN STEALTHILY APPROACHES...



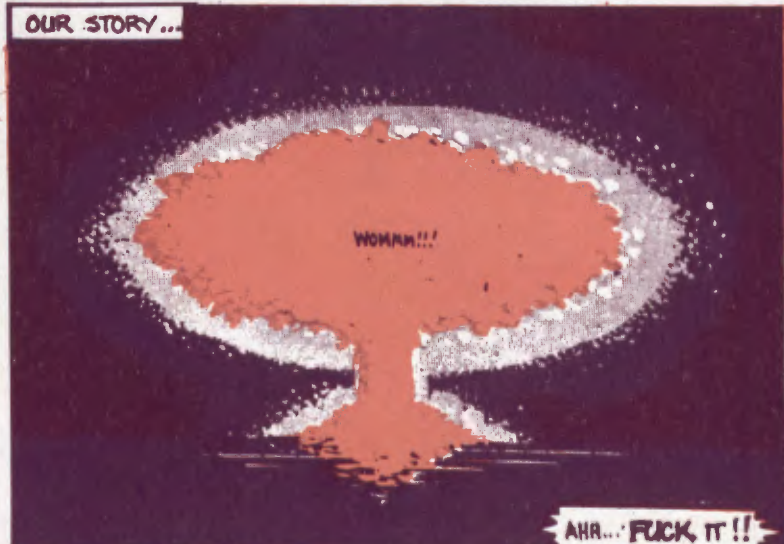
WHAT'S THIS COMIC STRIP COMING TO? THINGS
HAVE GOTTEN COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL!

OUR STORY BEGINS AS..



GOD DAMN, THIS IS WEIRD!
MAYBE IF WE TRY JUST ONCE MORE...

OUR STORY...



AHA... FUCK IT !!

"Don't be tricked by talk. Arm yourselves and shoot to live."

"The fifth communication from the Weatherman Underground," signed by Bernadine Dohrn, Jeff Jones and Bill Ayers and received at the YIP office in New York, on October 6, 1970.

Stanley Bond: No, I don't think I'm guilty of any crime. I presented a formal declaration of war, along with several other people. It was sent to the Secretary of Defense of the United States.

Question: Do you have any reaction to the charges that are currently against you?

Bond: Murder and all of that?

Question: Yes.

Bond: Well, you know, I don't feel that an act of war is murder.

From the *Phoenix* (Boston underground weekly) Oct. 6.



It is time that the no longer new New Left take a serious look at where it is going and what it is becoming. There is much that must be said to the establishment critics of movement violence—and in a moment I will summarize part of it—but that is not my major concern here. My concern is with us.

The *Phoenix* dialogue is from an interview with Stanley Bond, one of five Boston area college students who are charged with holding up a Boston bank on

September 23rd and killing a policeman who drove up as they were fleeing. The *Phoenix* says that "nearly 30 bullets were fired through the air and a Boston patrolman was fatally wounded. . . with a single, .45 caliber bullet wound that police say came from a Thompson submachine gun." The dead man was "the father of nine, and from all reports a decent man." In the interview, Stanley Bond describes himself as "leader of the combat committee of Revolutionary Action Force, East."

The group charged with this action includes three men, all ex-cons on parole from Walpole State Prison and attending either Brandeis or Northeastern Universities. All three have been captured and are back in prison, charged with murder and armed robbery. The suspects also include two women students, Kathy Power and Susan Saxe, both being sought under the same charges. Kathy and Susan were active members of the National Student Strike Information Center at Brandeis. The Center was one of several groups that helped coordinate the national student strikes that followed last May's invasion of Cambodia and the massacres at Kent State, Augusta and Jackson State.

I attended several meetings with Kathy at which students and non-students discussed cooperation in their common struggle against war, racism and imperialism. I also had private conversations with Kathy and Susan, both personally and on the phone. I did not get to know them as well as I knew Bernadine Dohrn, Jeff Jones and Bill Ayers, and therefore did not have the opportunity to come to love them as I loved the three Weatherpeople. But clearly they were sensitive and dedicated persons, appalled by the hypocrisy and brutality of U.S. institutions. Clearly they were frustrated and depressed by the failure of all prior efforts to stop U.S. aggression in Vietnam and to put an end to racism, male chauvinism and a class society.

I do not know whether they took part in the Boston action. If they did, I do not know if they now feel that it helped speed up the overthrow of capitalism and its replacement by a more humane and egalitarian society. But for them to have taken part and to evaluate the results as positive would be consistent with attitudes that increasingly dominate sections of the anti-imperialist movement. The response of the Berkeley *Tribe* suggests the mood:

On Sunday, Sept. 20, the National Guard Armory in Newburyport, Mass., was robbed. Guns, hundreds of rounds of ammunition, field telephones, other military gear and secret federal and state papers were taken. . . The following Wednesday, a woman and two men robbed a Boston-area bank of \$26,000. An enthusiastic pig was killed trying to stop them. . . A lot is up in the air about the whole affair, but it clearly is a major advance for the revolution among whites: bank rip-off for the movement, taking what was wanted from the armory and trashing the rest, killing the pig. . . It's increasingly necessary that political ideas come clear with actions so that actions can be both good armed propaganda and military successes. (Oct. 9-16 *Tribe*)

There are serious arguments that can be made for the uses of revolutionary violence, but this article reads like an editorial from the New York *Daily News*. The heroes and villains are reversed but the hysteria and mob psychology are the same. The crude celebration of the death of a fellow human being is the opposite of the feelings of compassion and human solidarity that characterize all true revolutionaries including the Vietnamese. There is not even an expression of sadness for the plight of the three captured men, who are back in prison after a few short months of liberty. One hopes that if the students embarked on the course attributed to them, they did so on the basis of a more careful appraisal of its political and military effects.

In a serious revolutionary struggle, self-deception is suicide. It can also lead to the wasted sacrifice of allies and comrades. Nothing is ever certain in history but every serious revolutionary has a responsibility not to engage in self-indulgent rhetoric. Loss of realism is as harmful as loss of humanity. In fact the two go hand in hand. An abstract world of revolutionary rhetoric and delusions of imminent victory replaces the real world of human beings and actual political forces. Being placed on the Ten Most Wanted List of the F.B.I. becomes sure proof of political relevance, although bank robbers and bombthrowers have always been put on such a list, even when there was no significant political struggle in the country.

The same week that the *Tribe* exulted in the Boston action as a major advance for the revolution among whites, the *Tribe's* Berkeley rival, the *Barb* hailed four West Coast bombings in totally unrealistic terms:

BOMBS AWAY

Thursday was bomb day on the Pacific Coast, as four eggs were put in the dinosaur's nest. At the University of Washington, the Navy ROTC building had its windows blown out. At Santa Barbara, a National Guard armory was destroyed. . . Meanwhile on the U.C. campus, Berkeley's pigs found and disarmed a bomb planted in what is described as the "Center for the Study of Law". . . Don't know how many more eggs there are, but we do know that the supply of dinosaurs is dwindling fast.

What do they mean when they say that the supply of dinosaurs is dwindling fast? Do they really think that capitalism is about to run out of buildings and the money to replace them?

There is nothing sacred about buildings or property, and there are certainly times when the destruction of a hated symbol of militarism or oppression can quicken the spirit and even educate the public. But are we now on a campaign to blow up capitalism, building by building, in a contest of wealth and purely physical power? Has this



replaced the goal of undermining capitalism by destroying its ability to command the loyalty and labor of its subjects? Occasional destruction of property can be useful if it has public support and sympathy, but constant repetition leads to operation of the law of diminishing returns.

Recently someone blew up the headquarters of the American Nazi Party in New York—under the Nazi-like illusion that you can destroy an idea by burning a book or an office. Rightists have fire-bombed a number of movement headquarters in the last few years. As sections of the movement begin to ape these tactics of the Right, it becomes easier for the police and the federal government to foster the public illusion that they are above the battle, protecting rival groups of extremists from one another and faithfully serving public safety and welfare. The Weatherpeople have been remarkably scrupulous and successful in avoiding human injuries or death (except to themselves). But if the terrorist bomb becomes the public symbol of the movement, the government is not beyond planting a few catastrophic bombs of its own, in the movement's name. Already it has falsely accused the Black Panthers of planning to blow up crowded department stores in New York. This is an obvious attempt to railroad leading Panthers to prison and at the same time to undermine public sympathy and support. Now, unlike the Panthers, sections of the white movement are into fairly extensive bombing. If this should begin to gain more public support than it loses (in itself highly unlikely), the government can quickly turn the tide by arranging to have a few bombs explode in a crowded store or a ghetto street. Ladislav Dobor, leader of the Popular Revolutionary Vanguard in Brazil, explained recently from his current exile in Algeria why the Brazilian movement does not use bombs:

We do not use forms of violence that can be twisted by the government. If the people heard that we use bombs, the government would do exactly what the U.S. does in Vietnam, and what the French did here in Algeria. They would put a few bombs in a movie-house on a Saturday afternoon, when it is full of children. And then we would have the entire population running after us in the streets. Ramparts, Oct. 1970.



Already the government and the media are doing their utmost to confuse the public by speaking as if the problem of violence in our society was created by the movement rather than by the system and the government. That is one reason movement militants sometimes find it hard to speak plainly against the tactical violence of their comrades. They do not want to encourage this distortion by politicians and commentators. Let us be very clear about the real sources of contemporary violence. All the violence of the American anti-imperialist movement in the last five years has not equalled the deaths of black children in the last five months from rat bites. College presidents and clergymen whose institutions thrive financially from real estate holdings in black slums condemn student violence and call for quick punishment of the guilty. Today's paper reports that the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, a staunch opponent of revolutionary violence, has been refusing for three years to pay a black woman the nineteen hundred dollars due her on the life insurance policy of her son. Her son was "a young black shot and killed by police as he ran from a looted store" during the 1967 black rebellion-police vendetta in Newark, N.J. (New York Times Oct. 11, 1970)

All the violence of the movement in the last five years has not equalled the violence of a single B-52 bomber vomiting death and destruction on Laos. Yet for several years, the U.S. has averaged close to fifteen hundred sorties a day against Laos alone—and the American people hardly know that Laos is being attacked. Laos represents an experiment in imperialist war without the use of American combat troops, and it is institutions like the recently bombed Mathematics Research Center in Madison, Wisconsin, that make such an experiment possible. Richard Nixon who sheds crocodile tears on television over the death of the young research assistant is commander-in-chief of the most violent organization in the world. He is not going to sensitize the country to the value of human life by advocating non-violence for blacks students and indigenous liberation forces.

Finally, Kathy Power is right if she argues, as I have often done, that the most criminal bankrobbers in the country are not those who rob from banks but those who hold up the poor with their banks. Moreover, most of those who were shocked by the murder of the Boston patrolman would have cheered if he had succeeded in murdering one of the students instead—as he clearly would have done if he could. Those who are clamoring for the death penalty against the Madison bombers and the Boston bankrobbers are simultaneously pinning medals on America's generals and on policemen who shoot to kill those who violate America's property fetish.

But that is not the point. We do not take our political tactics or morality from those who thrive on exploitation and murder. It is not the condemnation of Richard Nixon or Spiro Agnew that should bother us but the condemnation of history. We do not need the criticism of establishment editorial writers, but we need self-criticism.

THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE BOMB BUSINESS

Dave Dellinger

A Time To Look At Ourselves

Reprinted from Liberation Magazine.



Not so long ago the movement was rightfully condemning the bodycounts of dead "Reds", with which the government celebrated its encounters with the Vietnamese. Were we offended only by the blatant dishonesty of the statistics? By the fact that the cheers were for the deaths of civilians and liberation fighters? Or was there not some understanding that this calloused contempt for human life represented the military version of the economic and political attitudes of American capitalism? Did we not see the body counts, the genocidal bombings, the mass "relocations" in concentration camps as typical products of a society that treats human beings as objects. We tried to show the links between objectifying some people as enemies and Gooks and objectifying other people as G.I.s and niggers. We condemned a society that exploits people as workers, consumers, students and voters in order to satisfy the drives of some other people for profit, power or pleasure. Much was confused and incomplete (particularly in our attitude toward children and women) but the New Left was groping for a new understanding that would put an end to the depersonalization of some human beings by other human beings.



Those who exploited or oppressed people in the name of democracy or religion or revolution were not spared our criticisms simply because of the loftiness of their announced goals or conscious motivation. However blind or defensive we may have been, we began to ask ourselves not only what our goals were but what our practice was. We were concerned with the quality of the day-to-day relationships—at home, at work at school, at leisure, and in our revolutionary organizations. In the end the only sure thing about our lives and impact is the way we live, work, make love and fight *today*, not the goals we think we are working for tomorrow. In our best moments, we spoke not only of resistance and attack (and there was not nearly enough of that) but also of participatory democracy and the building of counter institutions and counter culture, as pilot projects for the new society.

At our best we also recognized that those who served enemy institutions were not automatically or permanently our enemies. Our movement was winning recruits every day and we asked people not what they had been doing yesterday, but what they were doing today. We asked those who had not yet made the break not only what they were doing today but what they might do and become in the future. Today Eldridge Cleaver's statement that "You are either part of the solution or you are part of the problem" can challenge our insensitivity and tokenism in the best tradition of the New Left. It can provide a criterion by which to prod ourselves and to prod and be prodded by others, both publicly and in collectives. But it must not serve as a basis for drawing up lists of enemies to be offed. It is the U.S. government, with its Phoenix plan for assassinating 80,000 Vietnamese at the village level that indulges in such simplistic hostilities. Richard Nixon may divide the population into good guys and bad guys, white men and Indians, upholders of the establishment and revolutionaries, after the fashion of the Hollywood Westerns that inspire his political thinking. But how will a new society emerge from a movement that turns people into narrow, permanent stereotypes? We will not solve the problem by turning Nixon's good guys into our bad guys, and vice versa.



When the old *Guardian* started reporting the weekly statistics of Americans killed and wounded in Vietnam, I assume that it was at least in part to point out a dual aspect of the tragedy: the cost in American as well as Vietnamese lives. It supported the Vietnamese in their armed struggle to liberate their country but it deplored the human losses on both sides. The New Left appealed to American youth to refuse to serve in an imperialist army. It appealed to those already serving to desert, refuse shipment to Vietnam, or find some other way to avoid committing the war crime of carrying out U.S. aggression. But it understood the complexity of reasons why many did not do so, and it did not exult in their deaths. Ho Chi Minh surprised me, in Hanoi in 1966, by speaking of his compassion for the American G.I.s who had been led by societal brainwashing and other pressure into serving as agents and accomplices of American

imperialism in Vietnam. To him they were victims as well as executioners. He told me that the North Vietnamese treatment of captured pilots was aimed at making it possible for them to return home humanized, better citizens of their country than when they left.

Of course all humanism and political shrewdness have not been lost. But as the movement has increasingly realized the need to take the offensive, it has come up against the staggering resistance of an entrenched class society. External repression and police brutality join with our own sense of frustration and failure to generate enormous pressures to succumb to our worst instincts. We tend to limit our openness to criticism, our love and honesty, to our own group of correct revolutionaries. We forget the value of alliances and coalitions. We forget that the growth of a reliable and imaginative underground press was one of the movement's early strengths and begin to succumb to the temptation to print any wild rumour that insults our political enemies or supports our own politics. As a result information in many movement papers has become less reliable than that in the kept press. We become intoxicated by the slogan "By any means necessary", and forget the interrelationship of means and ends. Like the hot-rod who was caught in a traffic jam and bottomed out by racing across a field, we rush into short-cuts that take us for an exciting ride but don't get us where we want to go. The movement falls into its own brand of tokenism, preferring the showy symbolism of insulting a "pig" or trashing a window to the reality of winning over the people to resist the authority of the state and the corporation. We ignore Rosa Luxemburg's sense of political dynamics that led her to say that the revolution will lose every battle but the last one. Naturally we should try to win some early battles, too—for whatever gains flow from them—but not at the expense of losing sight of our goals or becoming isolated from potential allies and supporters.

For the first time in many years, the United States has a small but significant underground. The initial sense of community in any underground can be intense and rewarding—a beautiful solidarity of people who have burnt their bridges behind them and jointly committed their lives to the revolution. Clearly both the Weatherpeople and the non-violent underground of Mary Moylan, Dan Berrigan and dozens of others reflect a comradeship beyond individualism that is rare in this society. But to the extent that a machismo concentration on destructive revenge, and one-upping the pigs crowds out other tactics, the love and trust will become clannish and ingrown. Dan Berrigan was strong because he destroyed draft files and corporation records that had "no right to exist", denied the right of the state to punish him, and at the same time understood that the struggle was not primarily military. He held seminars and press interviews, took the risk of making a few brief but effective public appearances, challenged the apathetic and the lagging but did not condemn them out of hand. The true test of the Weatherpeople will be not how many buildings they can destroy but whether or not they can interrelate constructively with a multi-dimensional overground movement.

A predominantly violent underground faces tremendous problems of elitism and paranoia. These are problems that plague the movement generally but can easily get out of hand in groups like Revolutionary Action, East or Weatherman. Secrecy and suspiciousness progressively replace openness and trust, even within the narrow circle of comrades. Anyone who leaves the group becomes a weak point in the network of defense. Yet it is only natural that some will be turned off by the crescendo of violence and by the accidents. Accidents may vary from those that injure members of the group, as when three Weatherpeople blew themselves up last year in New York, to those in which janitors, late workers (such as the research assistant in Madison) or passersby are mutilated or killed. Others will want to leave the group because in the normal fashion of human beings they have shifted their personal or political loyalties and formed other alliances. The history of all political movements, like the history of churches and every other institution, is a history of such splits. They become especially destructive when the group looks upon itself as the leadership of a violent revolution. "Although he still meets with us, is he still one of us?" "Now that she has left, will she blab to her man or her new comrades?" "Would the new splinter group like to get rid of us so that it can pose as the revolutionary vanguard?" "Someone must have tipped off the pigs; we were lucky to get out alive; who was it?" That these suspicions are not rootless is indicated by the fact that the police apparently broke the Boston case through the defection of one of the five students, who promptly put the major blame on the others.

As government precautions and punitive violence grow, and as suspicion and distrust batten within the group, there is a tragic tendency for a movement of violent revolutionists to turn their hostility and their weapons against their revolutionary rivals and against those victims of the system who lag behind the vanguard. Some of the same psychological pressures operate as in the conventional military, where those who have built their whole lives on training and weaponry for conflict are frustrated by peace and long for the glorious fulfillment of war. As the violent underground enters a period when it becomes increasingly costly or difficult to bring down the enemy, it becomes less and less selective in its choice of enemies. One is under pressure to fulfil the moments of suspense and preparation, to justify the danger and the truncated existence. The idea that you're either part of the solution or part of the problem gradually becomes justification for turning one's wrath against those who do not move fast enough or don't embrace the particular tactics of one's own group. Those who are not with us are against us. There

is no room for alliances and coalitions and a positive relationship with the public, such as characterize a genuine people's liberation movement.



Already, the new mood on the Left, everyone who dots his revolutionary "i"s differently than we do or experiments with different tactics than ours is assailed as a racist or a pig. We don't like their line; then we will shut down their publication, rip off their equipment or attack their speaker's platform. He wears a uniform or works in a capitalist institution; then he is a pig: "Off the Pig!" A number of underground papers print the latest body counts of dead "pigs". One week Spiro Agnew and some of the underground press gave the same list of casualties (persons and buildings), word for word. Each was using the list as the heart of a narrow emotional appeal to the people to choose his side. Fortunately some people still join the movement because they are opposed to the insensitivity and violence of the government and the institutions of capitalism, not because they have an orgasm every time they read about the killing of a political enemy or a dupe of the system.

Recently I read on the same day two accounts concerning big city policemen. The first was a story about the annual convention of the Patrolman's Benevolent Association of New York. When the head of the Guardians Association, an all-black policeman's fraternal organization was introduced from the platform, the audience of predominantly white cops "responded with booing and catcalls". They were angry at efforts of black cops to stop jailhouse beatings and the use of unnecessary force during arrests. Besides intervening directly, the black cops had filed a number of complaints with the Civilian Review Board. As I read this story, I thought of Renault C. Robinson, head of the black policeman's association in Chicago. Robinson testified in our defense at the Chicago Conspiracy trial. He suffered a lot of penalties for this and for other courageous actions of a similar nature.

The second account, in a movement paper, glorified the rise of ambushes by calling in false emergencies and then shooting the arriving policemen. We used to say that the life-style of American imperialism was epitomized by its saying that the only good Indian was a dead Indian, the only good Red a dead Red, the only good Slope a dead Slope. Now our own life style is beginning to say that the only good pig is a dead pig. Off the Pig. If he turns out to be Renault Robinson or one of the black policemen in New York who is risking his career (his life even) to stop police brutality—"well, he shouldn't have been a pig. He knew the risks he was taking."



What frightens me about our movement, if it has become so blood-thirsty already, is that the Old Left in Russia had a far less calloused attitude toward the Tsar's armed guards and police forces. The Bolsheviks and other revolutionaries fought them bitterly on occasion, but they also fraternized with them and propagandized them. The glorious October Revolution was aided and made less of a blood bath in the early months by the refusal of many of the Tsarist defense forces to fire on the peasants and workers. Many of them went over to the revolutionary side. Yet gradually the sectarianism and violence of the Bolsheviks became so great that the first Workers Republic became soiled and corrupted by the secret police, the factional assassinations and blood purges, the torture, the slave labour camps of Stalinism. There were many contributing causes for this deterioration that we cannot analyze here—including immense pressures and ruthless attacks by the imperialists and later by the fascists. But if the basic humanism of our movement cannot survive

the first timid governmental repressions of the New Left and the first heady movement attacks on "pig" forces, the future is bleak indeed. Fortunately those who shriek most hysterically for "pig" blood or try to turn every confrontation into a military encounter are a small fraction of the movement—and the country. But in too many cases the tactical alternatives are being falsely presented as electoral politics or immediate guerilla warfare, as working "within" the system or blowing it up building by building. It is not surprising that establishment politicians want to limit a perplexed and disillusioned population to these two alternatives. But it is tragic for members of the movement to conclude that these are the choices.

Let us return to the example of Revolutionary Action, East. If the charges prove accurate, three ex-cons on parole for armed robbery and bank holdups rob some more banks, 'shoot to live' (i.e., gun down a policeman) and blow their freedom, encourages by their contacts with the New Left to believe that this is somehow the way to make a revolution.

Obviously Stanley Bond was a man of great human potential, badly abused by society. As a teenager he enlisted in the Air Force, was sent to Vietnam and took part in several bombing missions against people with whom he had no quarrel. For this he received an 'honourable discharge' when his time was up. A year later he was sentenced to prison for armed holdup of a bank, (an institution which it is not farfetched to think of as a real enemy of the Stan Bonds of this world). Four years later, he was released on parole as a result of his 'excellent record', generally and in the prison's Student Tutor Education Programme. A week after release he enrolled at Brandeis. He opposed the invasion of Cambodia and became involved in the National Student Strike Information centre. The University put pressure on him to dissociate himself from such activities, even threatening to have his parole revoked if he failed to do so. Bond says bitterly:

I was told at Brandeis to go ahead and use the university, you know, for my own personal advantage, and not to worry about relating anything, in any way, to other people. And not to worry about any sort of responsibility I might feel toward other people, in the social sense. All of those things meant to me to become exactly what I had been four years previously—when I first robbed a bank. And those are the things that I chose not to be any more.

In his view, Brandeis was asking him to become a 'criminal' again. Not a criminal with a gun and certainly not a bankrobber, but a criminal in the fundamental sense of living only for himself. He was torn because he didn't want to ignore his social responsibilities, including his responsibility to the Vietnamese, whom he had bombed.

The tragedy is that in addition to being exploited and misdirected by society, Bond was exploited and misdirected by the movement that claims to be guided by alternative values and relationships. Here is how he describes the alternative he adopted, after rejecting Brandeis's advice. It reads like the standard fare of several underground papers:

Because the institutions of American politics have been challenged in a way that has forced the protecting body to employ nearly every gun at its disposal, it is best for anyone wishing to make a political statement against that body to do so with a gun; the statement itself should be made with a gun, not merely backed up by one. . . . The reality is that America's on a picnic and sooner or later the masses are going to try to like over-run that picnic, you know, and trample people underfoot on their way to the next picnic site.

Does the Tribe really think that what Stan Bond did "clearly is a major advance for the revolution among whites: bank rip-off for the movement. . . killing the pig?" The old fashioned revolutionary ideal was for everyone to share as equals, in the work and the rewards. The differences between the capitalist orgy, in which some people gorge themselves and others starve, and the communal feast, in which everyone shares fraternally, were considered too great for them both to be described by the same term (in this case, picnic). It's not enough to say that under capitalism the few trample the masses but that in our revolution it will be the masses who trample the few underfoot on their way to the next picnic site. With the worst tendencies of Stan Bond and the Berkeley Tribe serving as the revolutionists' guide, who knows how many will be trampled by whom and with what outcome?

The movement is not advanced either quantitatively or qualitatively by such sentiments or by the actions that flow from them. Far from helping create a sea in which the guerrillas can operate, they dry up whatever sea was beginning to form to shelter movement activists and other victims of repression. And if the advocates of armed revolution have already so badly lost sight of their goals, what will remain of those goals after the chaos and destructiveness of prolonged civil war under conditions of modern technology? Those who conscientiously believe in the necessity of armed struggle in this country should not carry a gun in such an army.

But I am not the best person to give such advice because I do not believe that armed revolt in America will lead to liberation. Even the phrase 'armed struggle' is an outdated term from a previous technological age. It is not surprising that Mr. Nixon uses obsolete words to foster an image of himself as the cleanest living, fastest drawing



sheriff in the West. In his case they camouflage a reality of B-52 bombers, napalm, fragmentation bombs, chemical warfare, armed helicopter gunships, free-fire zones, etc. A revolutionary movement cannot afford such dishonesty. It cannot afford to think that when it is calling for armed civil war in the United States today it is talking about shooting it out with rifles from darkened rooftops, supported perhaps by showers of rocks, bottles and paving stones from an enthusiastic populace. Once the conflict becomes a serious military contest, in accord with the exhortations of the super-left, such illusions will quickly disappear—but we cannot afford to be educated at such a price. Now is the time to appraise the consequences of actions and attitudes that are being held up as effective methods of intensifying the struggle. Now is the time to explore and experiment with alternative forms that have some hope of leading to liberation rather than wanton destruction and collective suicide.

A POSSIBLE WAY OUT OF THE DILEMMA: FORCE WITHOUT VIOLENCE

"We have never used our guns to go into the white community to shoot up white people. We only defend ourselves," Bobby Seale

The fact that the Panthers have done so is no excuse for the court frameups and organized murders by police departments and federal agents all over the country. I think that tactical argument can now be made as to whether asserting that right has actually proved an effective method of self-defense for the Panthers. But clearly that is a matter for the Panthers and other groups to decide for themselves. There must be no question about our support and solidarity. As an ally of sorts, who has never had to suffer what black people suffer, I must say that one of the saddest moments of my life was when, on the day Fred Hampton and Mark Clark were ruthlessly murdered by the Illinois police, an Illinois Black Panther said: "Now can you see why everyone has to have guns to protect themselves from the pigs." All I could think was that guns had not saved Fred or Mark anymore than nonviolence had saved Martin Luther King, Jr. In fact, the presence of guns provided the pretext and intended cover-up for the murders. Fortunately the truth of what happened has since been publicly revealed. ("The Story of the Murder of Fred Hampton" by John Kifner [which *The New York Sunday Times* refused to print] reprinted from *Scanlan's Monthly* by the Committee to Defend the Panthers).



Secondly, I am willing for the sake of the present discussion to leave open the question of whether or not there are times when it is productive for some groups to use the gun as a carefully controlled supplement to other methods of struggle. My concern is to argue that the primary context of the struggle in this country at this time should be 1) to build new institutions of community participation

and democratic control, in the service of the people; and 2) to attack and paralyze old institutions and power centers through a disciplined tactic of force without violence. The methods of attack include strikes, noncooperation, strategic occupations of buildings, roads, airports etc., and other acts of nonviolent disruption of "business as usual." In a revolutionary situation, such actions can culminate in a general strike and a total break-down of old institutions and relationships.

An example of one type of meaningful attack is the recent occupation of Lincoln Hospital in New York by members of the Puerto Rican Community in which it is located. Here the building of new forms and the attacking of old institutions came together in a creative example of the movement for revolutionary change at its best. For present purposes it is enough to point out a couple of basic facts. First, the occupation grew out of a strong organizing campaign that raised the level of political consciousness of community residents. They came to realize that there was no valid reason for Lincoln Hospital to continue as an elitist institution aloof from the desperate medical needs of the community. They discovered that they could take direct action to accomplish this purpose. The actual occupation was sparked by a particularly offensive case of hospital neglect that led to the death of a Puerto Rican child. The persons who crowded into the hospital and refused to leave demanded not only an accounting by the hospital but steps to bring the institution under community control. Demands included the setting up of grievance committees and a complaint table in the hospital, with community participation. They also called for street clinics and door-to-door preventive medical measures. The occupation took place under the leadership of a broad coalition of concerned forces—the Bronx chapter of the Young Lords Party, Think Lincoln (a community organization), Health Revolutionary Unity Movement (a city-wide organization of Puerto Rican and black hospital workers) and a number of New Left doctors at the hospital (who were associated with the Medical Committee for Human Rights and Health-Pac). Other young doctors who think that medicine exists to serve the people rather than to swell the egos and pocketbooks of health professionals have since joined the Lincoln staff.

Secondly, when the police eventually attacked barricades that had been set up in the occupied building, the occupiers had the good sense to avoid a shoot-out. Their purpose was far too serious to indulge anyone's sense of machismo or ultraleftism. To have had guns and to have used them would have confused the issues and interfered with continued community and public support. Force, yes—the occupation of the building, the erection of barricades, a subsequent take-over of a portable X-ray unit to take it to the streets where the people were. But self-indulgent trashing of the hospital or offing of pigs, no. So strong was the community support, that all charges against the invaders were dropped.

Like everything else that anyone does, this continuing experiment in community action and control has not accomplished instant revolution. Preventive medicine, itself, requires not only the availability of doctors and medical tests to detect lead-poisoning, TB and other slum diseases, but new and better housing, new working conditions, access to proper food, effective garbage removal, community control of police so that they will protect people instead of property. But a community that gets itself together on community control of one area of its life sets an example and creates dynamics that can extend to other areas as well. Lessons learned from the confrontation of Lincoln hospital and the continuing attempts to force local institutions to serve the needs of the people can be extended to other communities all over the country. In addition, such activities train and prepare a network of politically conscious, self-reliant groups to take part in nationally coordinated activities for national objectives.



For an example of the potential national power of strikes and massive, tactically nonviolent disruptions, let us turn to the area of anti-war activity, even though we must turn to an action that was unsuccessful. The war affects every community, every segment, and aspect of society. The determination of a profit-seeking corporate elite to maintain its stranglehold on Indochina cannot be separated from its determination to maintain its domination of schools and colleges, farms and factories, government and politics. The pollution of the air we breathe and the ideas we assimilate cannot be separated from the profit and power of those who quite correctly view the Vietnam war as a logical expression of American principles. If the people can succeed in asserting their power to stop the war in Indochina, they will be well on the way to developing the comprehension and unity to assert their power at home as well.



Let us look briefly at an anti-war action that failed, but nonetheless provides some indication of what can happen more successfully in the future. I am thinking of the nationwide student strike and the May 9th protest in Washington, that followed the invasion of Cambodia and the subsequent massacres at Kent State, Augusta and Jackson State.

The May revolts were poorly prepared and carried out. They involved only a small fragment of the population. And what might have been a powerful supporting act of massive nonviolent disruption in Washington, capable of sparking the extension of the strike into non-student sectors, deteriorated into another mass rally of limited effectiveness. Yet the strikes, the threat of a major confrontation in Washington, and the first timid signs of token strikes and discussions of strikes in non-student groups shook the government and the country. For the first time in twenty-five years, a massive expression of anti-imperialist sentiment imposed at least minimal restraints on a military colossus that has enjoyed virtual freedom from democratic controls. Nixon was forced, against his will, to promise the withdrawal of American troops from Cambodia. The Administration was forced to change its whole public stance on the war, though of course it did not change its basic policies.

Despite the incompleteness of the May revolts, many people gained from them a vision of the power of the people to stop the war through strikes and massive, basically nonviolent, disruptions of politics-as-usual. For this vision to be implemented this year, we need

to stop playacting at violent revolution. As I have already indicated it can be playacting even when one uses real guns and real people, real bombs and real buildings, as props.

The movement was weakened last spring by a lack of experienced revolutionary cadres on the campus and among those who had recently left the campus. SDS had dissolved into several elitist sects, isolated from the students and isolated from reality. The Weatherpeople had left a heritage of confusion and dismay, from their October Days of Rage. In May, they were busy building bomb factories instead of relating to the upsurge of popular revolt. They had lost faith in the power of the people and had turned instead to the power of bombs. On the other hand, the failure of the New Mobe to take a clear lead in the development of massive militant actions had created a tactical vacuum in which the only alternatives seemed to be adventurist violence or the old tired games of reform politics and mass rallies.

The Weatherpeople have indicated that they learned something from finding themselves isolated and impotent, as a result of their narrow preoccupation with violence. The questions are: did they learn enough, and what have the rest of us learned? Will we move beyond petitioning the government, without succumbing, in our turn, to machismo attitudes and actions that isolate us from the bulk of the American people? We need to undertake actions that will, at one and the same time, reflect and deepen our basic humanism, broaden our base and intensify the conflict.

NATIONAL
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More Than Year After Death...

JUDY GARLAND IS STILL NOT BURIED



Heather Williams



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VERTIGO

TALES OF SHERWOOD FOREST OR: WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE BANK OF ENGLAND

Today Sherwood Forest is inhabited by Tupamaros, Yippies in Lincoln Green and Uruguayan red, Angry Brigades assault the bourgeois citadels of Montevideo and Carr's private home and all the enemies of our future—C.I.A., the Mafia, the Special Branch, Interpol, the Russia KGB secret police and secret thugs the whole world over—clasp their blood-spiked hands together in a nauseating dance of death.

As kids we thought their spy games were for real, that, Lonsdale, Burgess, McLean were the evil Frankensteins of a sinister foreign power—that the forces of law and order were the avenging angels of the good folk who were wits-end scared by those nasty Mafia, Richardson-type gangs, and the lurking sex-murderer on Wimbledon Common . . . and THEN WE WOKE UP;

There's a time when the conning has to stop—like then you find out that all attempts by the most powerful government-monster in the world have totally failed to smash the American Mafia, and that every Italian investigation into the same gangster scene (Mafioso) has merely strengthened the bond of the capitalist underworld. That great liberal hero, Daniels Dolchi devoted untold(1) philanthropic energy to denouncing the Sicilian Mafia (which even today accounts for about 60 murders a year of those who fail to toe the line) and guess what happened? Yes, the government set up one more bureaucratic chrysalis—an "Anti-Mafia Commission" which heard the evidence, which led to prosecutions for libel (by members of the Mafia against witnesses who had come forward) and which achieved nothing except whitewashing the operations of Mafia boys.

Help the pigs fight "crime"! That's a fucking joke when not a few pigs share the rake off. Oh, but it doesn't happen in England (three cheers for Speakers' Corner and Yorkshire pudding)—English pigs are nice friendly mongrels that courteously show foreigners the way to Buckingham Palace. So I wonder what Detective Inspector Robson is doing in Wells St Magistrates Court charged with dealings with the underworld, the bribery and corruption bit? After exhaustive investigations by *The Times* reporters last year (who were just turned on enough to realize that their investigations would turn up more than pig investigations) this case is now going on (2) and a few months ago at Leeds Assizes the really unusual happened, a couple of pigs got jailed for conspiracy to subvert the course of justice. Two more recruits for Securicor!

The system functions on deals—partly because it desperately needs its criminals who do a very valuable economic job, providing employment for vast numbers of pigs, lawyers, judges, screws, prison governors, social workers and the like. What would capitalist society do without its noble judges pronouncing pompous bullshit from on high? What would happen if a judge joined the queue at a labour exchange? And in the same way as well-known members of the Mafia denounce the Mafia, so pigs denounce gangsters, whilst often aiding and abetting them. Shadow-boxing between rival capitalist thug organisations goes on continuously. Spy-games, like crime-games, similarly project the same absurdities—the double agent and the single agent are increasingly doing the same job, ie, to keep attention fixed on imaginary foreign enemies to prevent internal unrest.

Conventional crime can be the working-class escape to wealth, fortune or behind bars (if the deals backfire!) but then there's other crime—like the sum total of all actions to create an alternative to their thug-ridden systems. The peoples' crimes of passion and love are the rip-off of property, bread and resources belonging to them, and to transfer all that to our community. Hi-jack a meat-wagon in the middle of Newcastle—free meat for the oppressed people of South Shields. Revolutionary crime—the people bonding together to directly enforce a redistributing of wealth. Rob a bank and help your friends, because your friends are your exploited neighbours. Housewives in North London 2 years ago formed a shop lifting syndicate which was regrettably sussed by supermarket detectives.

Anyone with fucking feelings—if given the choice between a night in Brixton nick, and a night at the Police Federation's annual dinner, would choose the former. And one reason is that most of the Brixton cats are not the big-time gangsters (because they are seldom caught) but just individuals who know society is a cheat and in the process of cheating capitalist society are so untogther that they get clobbered. And so they put you in a cage and you begin a zoological study of your keeper-gaoler—the ultimate savage who volunteered for a life-sentence behind bars. Wow, there's the masochism that made the Naz is strong. The film 'Performance' offers a glimpse in the opening sequences of the foundations of life in this society—accepting the sadism of those above you and dishing out the same medicine to those below you. That's what the Mafia and the legal system have in common. The judge and Mr Big are one and the same and they dole out a constant stream of humiliation to their subordinates. However, the judge represents the official respectable side of bashing the people—crime dressed up in legal robes, and obscene wigs, a right-hook preceded by a reading of the Riot Act, with the strong-arm boys waiting in the wings for aristocratic sanction, that old public-school accent pronouncing the penalties for walking beyond the barbed-wired frontiers of one's poverty. Right-wing crime is the choice between brute honesty and the sanctimonious hypocrisy of law, defending precisely the same



property interests, but rival gangs just the same.

The alternative is not ever understood by the so-called representatives of the Underground. When Release was finally released, Caroline Coon the boss made her position as boss plain. These are MY files and there ain't nobody else having them, "Release" copyright, private property and all that jazz. "Time Out" faithful allies of the commercial underground phonies rushed to the assistance of the Release establishment with pathetic comments about "the theft of files and letters", "the burglary" and "the burglars" (all in Issue No.56). Clearly the brave bread-winners of the underground eagerly regurgitate capitalist conceptions of law, the private property rights of Release to withhold information from the rest of the movement, and totally straight criticisms of the "rip-em-off" boys. Well, Caroline baby, if you use the lingo of Lord Chief Justice Parker do you really expect anyone to have qualms about busting your set-up? When you've worked out even a primitive political attitude towards legal barbarism, then maybe some militant will talk to you.

Meanwhile whatever happened to the British ambassador to Uruguay? Tupamaros triumph again, and the press has given up, even reporting that he ain't never gonna be found, and they don't dig printing why. When the people support your robbing banks, liberating arms from the government, and kidnapping diplomats—YOU CAN'T LOSE. The Uruguayan government is paralysed with fear—the pigs are surrounded by the enemy—the people, everyone and no one is a Tupamaro, and the proceeds are transferred from the ruling classes to the people. This is community crime—the shameless actions of the angry poor—the many who refuse to work for exploiting parasites. Community crime is a moral threat to all law-enforcement agencies, and crime-gangs; for a judge the worst criminal of all is the political criminal who attacks the judge's way of life, his tyrannical control of the court, and everything a judge stands for. Our methods

are not theirs—class violence snatches only property into its jaws, whilst they massacre people with ghoulish unconcern. The Tupamaros seldom kill. Yet the other side murders all the time in futile attempts to subdue people rising up angry (by those old ploys of blackmail and fear).

The only alternative to their loot and plunder of our lives is for us to look and plunder their property, not as individuals, but as organized collectives with protective roots in our local areas. When to obey the law is freedom, all freedom consists of disobeying the law, of organized opposition, love, and liberation from their authoritarianism and potential facism.

Viva les Tupamaros!
The Vietcong are down the road.

- (1) "untold" but over-publicised as the Albert Schweitzer of Sicily.
- (2) Wells St Magistrates Court was built to deal with motoring offences, so no public galleries; the public doesn't therefore see the pigs on trial.

Criminal thought for the day—if it wasn't for all the fiddles at work and elsewhere most people would not only be law-abiding citizens—but bored and starved to death.
from a seance with Robin Hood



WHISTLE WHILE YOU WANK RE-VISITED

Whistle while you wank Widgery in his latest put-down (OZ 32, of Jerry Rubin, the Yippie Superhero) stumbles on a few good criticisms of the media-freaks cult, but pretty much ruins the affair with conventional hack-left Trotsky and the old heroes promotions department. Do I hear the cry of "new heroes for old"? "No, no," David Widgery replies, "Stick to the old ones, dead heroes tell no lies and don't appear on the David Frost show either". But what's really great is the extent to which the Yippies have fooled and freaked HIM—because when he dismisses the Yippie revolution as a "series of publicity stunts and press openings", he dismisses the Chicago Conspiracy Trial as just another epic in the theatre of the absurd, court-freaking as kids' stuff or to quote the guru himself "violence in the head fantasia".

By way of his own words he applauds the Yippies finest 9 months, when they turned the Chicago Trail into the greatest show on earth—and so the defendants got themselves accused of being showmen. But the struggle was the performance, and the performance, besides being a publicity stunt, was also the struggle, which put Amerika and its system on trial . . . and their own lives in jeopardy. Dry humourless politics will always put down "fun politics", will always be too deadly serious to actually live it now, because to live it now is too much of a joke. Authoritarian socialism is always the promised land of tomorrow (and today we plough through Marx). Like all religion it has its prophets, its discipline and its dogmatic offers of false choices . . . ORGANISE LIKE US OR BE DAMNED.

David Widgery may need the migraine of Trotsky, but it's pretty sure that the workers of Kronstadt 1921 (when Trotsky as C. in C. of the army of the Bolshevik government led the suppression of the last blood of the revolution, the sailors soviet—the final stand against the new tyranny that Stalin was to inherit) didn't need the migraine or the bullets in the head. Authority figures like Trotsky have always been a gigantic headache, a migraine of confusion to the struggles of the people against all forms of oppression.

The ultimate in false choices is the dealer's technicolour dream versus Trotsky's bureau-boys, red pigs and the usual texts.

We either work/play it out for ourselves—our own original revolutionary movement. If we want to copy somebody else's scene, and play follow the leader, why not infiltrate the Catholic church?
Tom Ludd





An OZ correspondent recently back from Vietnam, looking round for the legendary 'low morale' of the American troops there, talked to the usual potheads, peaceniks and assorted freaks who roamed the battlefields in uniform complaining all the time that America was nothing but a collection of potheads, peaceniks and assorted freaks who were stabbing the poor G.I. in the back, and found himself a little bewildered. On one hand, the US soldier picked at random would denounce the US government, the US politicians and his own officers for failing to support him, for sending him to a war and then stopping him from fighting it, while on the other would declare that the war was a waste of time, America on the brink of revolution, and Vietnam no business of Americans anyway "If you want to know how we really feel, look at the graffiti on any GI lavatory wall," said one group of GIs. A tour of several shit houses revealed an absence of cocks and cunts and a pre-occupation with racism, pacifism and militarism. Three examples from Can Tho military airport: "We are the unwilling sent by the unqualified to do the unnecessary for the ungrateful." "Never have so few done so much while watched by so many who knew so little." "Fighting for peace is like fucking for chastity—so fuck for peace."

Those phrases have been around the Underground for a long time, but it's good to find them in the real heart of the enemy strongholds.

Incidentally, ten US servicemen who were discovered on the northern front of the war fighting on the side of the Viet Cong, were all shot.



MICHAEL XITS

Michael Abdul Malik, known as Michael X, has jumped bail. A few weeks ago, on Jan 27, he fled this country for Trinidad. He isn't coming back. Michael Malik and seven others are currently on bail of approx £500 each on a charge of demanding money with menaces. The amount involved is £3.

Michael Malik spoke to OZ a few days before his departure and explained that police were planning to bring fresh charges against him in connection with conspiracy to distribute arms.

"They reckon the black people are arming themselves and I'm the one who's doing it", says Michael.

In a farewell letter to his barrister, Benedict Birnberg, Michael Malik states his reasons for believing that a fair trial for him in this country is impossible.

"Could you please try and see the impossibility of a potential juror who has been the victim of racist indoctrination throughout his formative years and further by the press to see me as a professional liar, finding himself in a position to finally deal with all those niggers personified by me once and for all."



Malik already served a gaol sentence in 1967 when in an amazingly incoherent trial he was sentenced to 12 months under the Race Relations Act. (OZ 7)

Malik believed the charge of demanding money with menaces was a total frameup, but he was more concerned with news of possible forthcoming conspiracy charges.

Asked about whether he had made any real contribution to Black Power in the U.K., Michael replied: "The force that is here in England is without doubt the strongest force of black people anywhere within a white nation and it was built on extremely simple lines. It came about this way because I didn't know what I was doing. I was trained to do the harnessing bit but not what to do when they were harnessed. And as a result of that the very first group that we had together which numbered 13 people—we had to do something with the explosions that were happening inside of us and we decided to explode outwards so the 13 of us decided at a meeting at Primrose Hill to part company and go and set up 13 different bodies. You must remember that by that time we started, 9 years ago, there was no

black organisation anywhere in the country. Today the Home Office claims there are 726 black organisations. And I can assure you that one organisation such as ours in London has 26 branches in London alone. This is the Black House organisation. A branch can sometimes comprise one guy talking to the next guy and one can be a little room over a barber shop with 10-15 guys preaching."

Malik's letter to Benedict Birnberg closes as follows:

"In my own case you heard the double talk of Lord Chief Justice Parker in his statements about the editor of the Sunday Times, and the distinct infringement of the sub judice Laws with the effects on a prospective juror, yet when he spoke to me, he said they were not influenced. I don't for a minute believe that all judges are like him, but in the final analysis he is the Top Judge. Please try to understand what I have been trying to tell you in this letter. I hope that we will meet again."

The position of those who put up bail is uncertain. Not only Michael but most of the other seven defendants have also absconded. Malik was making desperate arrangements to ensure that the bailors would at some time be reimbursed. However, we were unable to contact any of those who put up bail before press time.

cunt power trials

The Women's Liberation trial at Bow Street made a nice run-up to the Christmas festivities. At 10 o'clock the public gallery was filled with supporters and a would-be Abbie Hoffmann on the left, and a reporter from the Sun on the right. It was obviously a landmark in the fortunes of the movement. Banners outside the court insisted that, 'Women are people too,' a fact nobody seemed inclined to dispute, and, 'We're not beautiful, we're not ugly, we're ANGRY,'—a spurious code judging by the bonhomie and willingness to please during the proceedings.

Five women, arrested at the Miss World flesherie, filed into the dock, at once nervous and eager, and were charged with such misdemeanours as having offensive weapons, namely smoke bombs, using insulting behaviour, and otherwise sending a charge up the collected arse of the Albert Hall. Jo Robinson said that Mr. Geraint Rees, the magistrate, had a vested interest in the case because he was a man and so wouldn't understand. Mr. Rees showed he didn't understand and

told her to sit down. Catherine McLean said that as a woman she couldn't plead guilty (a rather over-rehearsed perception); somebody else said that as a woman she had always felt guilty. Shuffling of feet while they sorted out their positions.

The public gallery subsided into a decorous mumble, and women outside the policed doors screamed loudly and unconvincingly. It was an important occasion. The scientific officer, polythene exhibit in hand, testified that the smoke-bombs contained DDT and were used as fumigants in greenhouses. The girls chorused that they had bought them in a jokeshop. Jenny Fortune asked how much DDT a person absorbed in a day and nobody was prepared to know (this is not a public order trial, it's an ecological trial!) Sally Alexander and Mair Twissel were represented by Nina Stanger, the goldilocks barrister (all the other girls were conducting their own defence). Not only did Sally stub her cigarette out on the hand of Sergeant Bowers (who was rewarded with a blister) but her handbag contained 1 whistle, 4 plastic mice, a paper bag of flour, 1 stinkbomb and an overripe tomato—ammunition enough for sticky revolution.

We never found out what the mice were going to be used for, because your worship got restive and announced it was time for lunch and adjourned the case until February 4th.

February 4th.

'This is no state trial,' said the magistrate, 'I am not going to allow these proceedings to get out of hand.' And he didn't. 'There will be no hilarity in court and you will all behave with decorum.' And we did, though there was a bit of snorting and oooing later on.

We began where we left off in off in December. At that time, Jenny Fortune's right hand was gripped by Inspector Warren in the Albert Hall, and this morning Sergeant Birk stood up to reveal that he had held her left hand in a clinch which successfully stopped her heaving a smoke bomb over the gallery. 'Was I causing any violence,' she demanded. 'If you ask too many questions you may jog the witness' memory and get the wrong answers,' said Mr. Rees. 'Are you prejudiced against women,' inquired Miss Fortune. 'Out of context,' sniffed Mr. Rees. 'I am the context,' she wailed. Sergeant Birk said that you could have trouble without causing a breach of the peace (what did he mean), and was dismissed by Mr. Rees with the deflationary line, 'Yours is not to reason why.' Sergeant Birk's moment of importance had been squashed.

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Then the heavy business of the day weighed in. Catherine Maclean and Jo Robinson, that persistent duo, remarkable for their stoutness of heart and longwindedness, performed a trenchant hatchet job on Constable McGhee, a perfectly aimable cop, whom they had singled out for attention by dropping a flour bag on his helmet outside the Cafe de Paris. Naturally put out, McGhee chased them down Coventry Street, and seized Jo Robinson who declared, 'I am prepared to accept the consequences. McGhee couldn't actually remember which part of Mecca and Miss World had been passing at the time when the smoke bombs landed. It was all a red carpet of haziness as far as he was concerned. Sally Alexander couldn't wait any longer so we all adjourned while she had a piss. In his most avuncular manner, Mr. Rees announced, 'You're big girls now and you shouldn't need to do this sort of thing.'

The afternoon came bright and cheery with an edifying discussion on the nature of relevancy. Catherine Maclean consulted her notes and asked Constable McGhee what he thought of women's liberation, what he thought of pimps, and if he had ever arrested a prostitute. McGhee looked blank. Mr. Rees ruled her questions not only irrelevant but grossly irrelevant. Inspector Sheridan jumped up and swore by Almighty God that he found a package inscribed with the words, 'Light paper and stand clear'—a somewhat mystifying pronouncement. 'Throwing smoke bombs into a crowd was insulting,' he announced righteously. At this, Catherine Maclean, on the lookout for insults, asked if he was smiling—an otherwise innocent action which suddenly became menacing. Inspector Sheridan denied he would ever do such a thing. With such a tender exchange, we adjourned until Monday and the sizzling stand of the defence witnesses.

February 8th

Court three is beginning to evoke all the nostalgia of your favourite classroom-whiffs of shiny uniforms, brown paint, and polished shoes and surreptitious eavesdropping. From where I was sitting on my red plastic cushion a huddle of teenybopper fuzz were discussing their calendar of Important Events. 'It's the TUC on the 21st... and the Womens Lib. demo on March 6th... are you volunteering?' 'Nah,' said PC Birk, 'I've had enough. All those volatile, screaming women,' said another, flexing his boys in blue arms. For kicks join the police force.

Mair Twissell got off today. She had had a neighbourly exchange with a woman coming out of the Albert Hall. 'Piss off,' said the woman, making a 'rude' gesture. 'Fuck off,' responded Miss Twissell, sticking her arm between PC Keen and PC Beverley who arrested her for indecent language and insulting behaviour. 'Take off your plastic knickers', chanted the rest of the demonstrators outside the Albert Hall. The audience flowed on by, unshocked, PCs Keen and Beverley were unshocked (they admitted to hearing the word before), we were unshocked. Case dismissed and it was the non-event of the day. 'Indecent', said Nina Stranger, 'is not a question of law.' You can now say fuck to your enemies as well as your friends.

The rest of the day was devoted to virulent tirades between Jenny Fortune ('We've been treated like schoolgirls'), Catherine Maclean ('Our movement is a threat to your capitalistic system'), Jo Robinson ('We've been insulted') and Mr Rees ('You've had every leniency'). Catherine Maclean said they were exploited and oppressed daily. Mr Rees said he understood her principles. Jenny Fortune said he was the representative of the legal system set up to protect capital, property and men. Mr Rees said that was irrelevant to the case. Jenny Fortune said she was very upset at Mecca exploiting women for business interests. Mr Rees said this is not a forum for your movement. Mr. Rees had always made it clear that the court was only there to try the narrow issue of charges and that meant it could only be a forum for legal bullshit, and further HE WAS THE COURT, or so he reminded witnesses waving to their boned-up friends.

Defence witnesses were chopped in mid stream, the voice of women's liberation suppressed by grossly arbitrary Rees rulings on the relevance of questions. 'Now you can't ask any more questions of this

witness, the witness is ordered to be silent, I order the witness to be removed from the witness box', and finally 'I forbid Miss McClaine and Miss Robinson from calling any further witnesses'.

And so Alice in the dock continued to wonder why she heard people talk so much about free speech. After Thursday she didn't wonder anymore.

Thursday afternoon Feb 11th complete Rape of Justice

Sequence of events...

Sally Alexander finishes off her evidence then the fireworks begin:

1. The girls demand the right to call further witnesses (Already refused 3 days previously) Rees refuses.

2. Eric Mecca Morley is called by the defence—application for renewal of witness-summons to compel his attendance. REFUSED by magistrate

3. Application for adjournment for a mandamus motion—to compel the magistrate to renew the witness-summons. REFUSED

4. Application for adjournment for those defending themselves to reconsider any further participation

in the trial on the grounds that the defence case has been forcibly suppressed.

REFUSED—magistrate showing a steady consistency here.

5. Arrival of the "Barnet Gang" headed by Chief Superintendent Habershon plus Special Branch detectives who order all witnesses and friends waiting outside the court to stay put.

General commotion at pig invasion

6. COURT ADJOURNED owing to pig disturbances outside. Nina Stanger legal advisors advise Habershon 'lay off 'em, baby'—Habershon ignores all protests. Four girls grabbed and three illegally detained at Barnet pig station. Meanwhile back inside the court.

7. Defence demands adjournment till the next day in view of police interference with witnesses.

Motion REFUSED as usual.

8. Many plain clothes cops filter into courtroom—Jo Robinson screams intimidation—the people are surrounded, the magistrate behaves as if he was used to fascist scenes of police terror like this in his court everyday.

9. At approx. 3.40 the magistrate completes the final act of farce and terror—"I'm adjourning this case because you have wilfully obstructed the proceedings" and committed all the defendants to Holloway Prison for the night.

10. Final afternoon Friday Feb 12—threats all the way to the final verdict. The girls were fined and Women's Liberation found the court entirely irrelevant.

STOP PRESS

Frame-up of the year? Look at the Carr-bombing investigations—Under intense pressure from the Home Office, Barnett Chief pig Habershon has charged a man after unlawfully detaining him for 48 hours, and deliberately obstructing his solicitors from seeing him.

After 4 weeks of left persecution it is reported that Habershon's superiors were impatiently demanding result.

During cross examination by the defence barrister in the case—Habershon's account of his advice to Mr Prescott (the accused) as to which solicitor he should choose, provoked a shout of "LIAR" from the dock, and the good chief superintendent flushed and blushed profusely.

How many more innocent men will be charged?

ROSEMARY PETTIT AND OTHERS

our Letter

Dear OZ,

Hooray for Richard Neville's impassioned story about the real meaning of Christmas. (OZ 32) I get annoyed when people who are 'just doing their job' invoke the will of God to justify their actions. It's invariably a sign they're doing something nasty. I'm with you.

But don't do a Luff on me, love, blaming all your troubles, rotten as they are, on Christianity. I'm only a defenceless proper noun—take your bloodhounds off.

For a start, I'm not a superstition, as you say, but a Person. Secondly, while your gods did indeed 'de-



In 1927, after serving eight days on welfare island for "corrupting youth" with her play "Sex," Mae West says goodbye to prison staff.

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prave, corrupt and brutalise delicate tribalisms', don't pin the blame for the slave-traders, gun-runners and mercenaries who smashed Africa on Christianity. Come to that, like all human societies the Africans were depraved, corrupted and brutalised already: I've been no more successful at getting through to them than to Europeans, and I've had a church in Africa for nearly two thousand years. 'Pre-European' African society wasn't as golden as you seem to think: Jomo Kenyatta doesn't speak for Africa, and tens of millions of Africans at least pay me lip-service. You ask *them* what they think about me.

As for the other charges you bring against Christianity:
Being responsible for Southern Television: Not guilty.
Being responsible for the British Army: Not guilty.
Being responsible for economic exploitation: Not guilty.
Being responsible for the prison service: Not guilty (but I'm working on that one.)
Being responsible for property: Not guilty.
Being responsible for V.D.: In view of my known views about fidelity you'll have a job making that one stick.

I plead guilty to the ethics of work, guilty to family, and guilty to fidelity. But I ask for my general character to be taken into consideration (have you read my book?), especially the bit about loving God and your neighbour.
Love and Peace, Christianity.

To all brothers in the postal strike—OZ sends fraternal greetings and fun. We hope you screw a 152% wage increase out of the bastards.

More stumbling steps towards the great alternative culture... LEEDS INFORMATION POINT (LIP)—an information service plus legal advice and help along the lines at the moment of a combined embryonic Release and Bit has temporary offices at 153 Wood House Lane, Leeds 2. Tel: Leeds 40530. Help them so they can help you.

The Socialist Medical Association which is conducting a campaign against Tory inroads into the ailing National Health Service, is holding a day seminar on Social Causes & Consequences of Addiction to drugs (including alcohol and tobacco) and gambling at 14 Jockey Fields, London WC1 on Sunday 28th March 1971, from 10am to 5pm, 5/- per session or 10/- all day. Daughters of the Revolution, Bands of Hope, heads of all types and bingo enthusiasts all welcome. Anyone interested in SMA contact them at 31 Lionel St. Birmingham 3. Tel: 021-236 0635.

Marleybone Magistrates Court
November 5 Conspiracy Trial

Guy Fawkes Still! Lives in Powis Square—and the Powis Square 8 are now only 5 because three defendants have been discharged (no case to answer, which means the police made a cock-up) and the political nature of the trial has turned the defence of community interests into a prosecution of pig-power in Notting Hill. Latest Score Prosecution 0 Defence 3.

MOGUL THRASH (RCA)
FOREVERMORE—Words On Black Plastic (RCA)

Behind the headlines and the legends, the flash and the gold discs, lies the main ingredient of any working musical environment, a hard core of second and third division groups and bands who play six one-nighters a week at hideous little clubs all over the country, putting on a good show, getting it all on pretty for the people, occasionally getting little write-ups in MM and creeping onto the bottom of the bill at festivals, but never selling too many records or getting any mass recognition.

Occasionally a really cosmic band will emerge from this scene (GNIDROLOG are currently playing the best British music this side of the Who and the Soft Machine), but mainly it's down to the hardworkin' losers.

Mogul Thrash and Forevermore are two thoroughly good bands who have made two thoroughly good albums. Neither is going to change anybody's life much, or become

sacred to anyone. Neither band is going to become superstars, not just yet, anyway, but in their own different ways, they are doing it. Mogul Thrash with hard, precise, driving and thoroughly inventive brass-and-guitars music that makes the most interesting contribution to this field since Ray Russell's superb but criminally-neglected "Rock Workshop" album, and Forevermore with restrained, quiet, colourful music that recalls Traffic and the Band, with just a little Free in there to toughen it up.

The Thrash album is probably the more impressive of the two, and has some famous names on the sleeve: James Litherland, former guitarist singer for Colosseum, and Michael Rosen, originally trumpeter-guitarist for Election, with Brian Auger producing. Auger actually plays some piano on "St Peter", the album's weakest track, the B-side of their single. The A-side was the brilliantly compact "Sleeping In The Kitchen", which should have been included. Maybe on the next one...?



Probably the album's most innovative touch is the way Litherland's lead and James Wetton's bass interlock. The closest parallel is the jazz use of alto and baritone saxes as equal voices (or perhaps soprano is a better comparison, bearing in mind Litherland's high pitch and piercing tone). Framed by Roger Ball's tight brass arrangements, it makes an ideal introduction to the joys of brass-rock (NOT jazz-rock) for those who find Keef Hartley too subtle and Colosseum too overpowering. Like the man said, hear it at least twice.

On quite another plain, Forevermore's album is a quiet little motherfucker that takes at least three hearings to get its claws into you. You're likely to forget it's on at all first time, find it vaguely pleasant the second time—and THEN try and get away!

Try the first track on side two for starters—it's called "Put your Money On A Pony" and it makes most heavy bands sound like the leaden drags they are, with its restrained held-back power. For some absurd reason, this album sells at 29/10 (149p), so try a piece.

As I said before, neither of these are worldbeaters, ikons or cosmic masterpieces, but get one or the other.
Charles Shaar Murray



INK IS DEFINITELY COMING

Why contribute to the OZ Obscenity Fund when Ink is raising over £19,000 to start a weekly newspaper?

1. All money contributed to the OZ Obscenity Fund is unproductive. Although a fund is desperately necessary to keep OZ alive, the money is eventually fed into the system. However, OZ intends to spend as little as possible on fighting the court case and any money left over from the fund will be made available to the community through BIT, Street Aid, Release and other welfare organisations.

2. OZ isn't Ink. Money for INK is being raised by issuing debentures (short loans like mortgages). People regard their contribution as an investment, not a donation.

3. The forces against OZ are part of the general pattern of repression instigated by the Tories. Thus the need for a successful new radical weekly newspaper is more urgent than ever. It is easy to launch newspapers which fail after a few issues (Strange Days, Idiot International—which consumed £50,000) or which idle along ineffectively with a miniscule circulation. That is why INK is being launched professionally, thoroughly and cautiously and with enough finance to see it through its early days.

BST BOOK

The Anarchist Cookbook is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, but Agit-Prop have brought our quite a little cookbook of their own, entitled BUST-BOOK. It costs 25p plus 2½p postage from Agit-Prop 160 North Gower Street London NW1, and everyone should get a copy and familiarise themselves thoroughly with the contents. Its aggressive, uncompromising tone will depress you, the last vestiges

of those romantic notions you might still retain about the nature of British justice and the police force will be swept away, and you may even be tempted to call that sweet young policeman who told you how to get to Powis Square, a pig. Some extracts from the introduction follow:

"As revolutionaries, we believe what many oppressed people have realised for a long time: that, contrary to the official myths, the courts are not in any way neutral arbiters of 'truths', 'facts', 'right', and 'wrong'. We must realise that we are not going to get a fair deal in the courtrooms of this country.

Moriarty's Police Law book makes the rulers positions clear: "A law ... is defined as a rule of action prescribed or dictated by some superior which an inferior is bound to obey". Today's "inferiors" are well known. If you are young, working class, black, long haired or shorthaired, homosexual or if you take part in strikes, marches, demonstrations or squats, then you know who they want to keep down.

As young white, black or working class people, we have been stopped on the streets and searched at the will of the pigs under the authority of the Dangerous Drugs Act; we have been thrown out of long empty houses under an obscure 14th century law; we have been attacked and beaten on the streets under the power of Common law to keep the 'peace'; we have been restricted from organising outside factories by laws on obstruction and picketing and we have been surrounded and treated like cattle at football games and demon-

force, another form of repression is that the consequences of getting arrested have worsened. Charges are heavier, sentences are getting more expensive and longer and in general, the courts are using their powers to clamp down on anything that has the appearance of an uprising or of collective resistance to oppression. Hence they are using conspiracy charges against Irish supporters and the Cambridge and London students, and incitement to riot charges against Black people in Notting Hill.

Before the courts though, we will be brought up as individuals. This is deliberately designed to isolate us and carefully cut us off from our friends. Through demonstrations during the court appearance and interest in the outcome of all cases, people will no longer feel that the battle stops at the courtroom door. They will feel more positive about the trial and the possible time they may serve if they feel it is all part of the struggle.

Such revolutionary figures as Bobby Seale and Rosa Luxemburg have turned this isolation in the dock into a platform to express their ideas and educate the people. Given the nature of the courtroom and the press in our society, this is usually unsatisfactory. The fact remains that being brought to court is a calculated act of political repression and it should be understood as such. The decision to pursue an educational trial rests on the commitment of people outside

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strations under all sorts of laws to protect Their private property.

It is clear that what the pigs use is coercion and naked force and what the courts use is economic and physical intimidation and legalised terror.

The violence used regularly by the pigs and the courts is only an extension of the violent nature of British capitalism. Capitalism that has 13,000 troops in Northern Ireland, that uses and supplies the world with CS gas, that injures tens of thousands of workers annually and destroys the minds of children in prisons called 'schools', is violent.

In addition to the increased presence and violence of the pig

to take the trial to the real jury: the People.

Within the courtroom we can try to expose the racism, the class privileges and the authoritarian domination, and then communicate our efforts to the people outside. Whatever method is decided on to fight a case the decision should be taken on political grounds and not for expediency alone.

In writing this manual, we intend to demystify for the people the experiences which surround arrest, trial and sentence in order to reduce the added deterrent which they have as unknowns; we hope to help people not to get arrested, to minimise the consequences if they do and to raise our collective consciousness."

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A PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS

Felix Dennis

ROCKIN' 50's ROCKn'ROLL
The Crickets
(CBS)

"Well, that'll be the day,
when you say goodbye,
Yeah, that'll be the day,
when you make me cry,
You say you're gonna leave,
you know it's a lie
Cos that'll be the day,
hey, hey, when I die..."

In the entomological world, crickets are insects from the order Orthoptera, members of the same family as grasshoppers and locusts. An interesting coincidence. Jerry Allison, Sonny Curtis and Doug Gilmore, who now make up the Crickets, appear to have mutated convincingly enough, though I doubt whether our hungry world is much the richer for their incestuous experiments. Both that process itself and the motives which demand it are suspect in any terms other than the commercial considerations.

Certainly Rockin' 50's Rockn'Roll is parasitic. It is parasitic in spirit, in intent and in effect. Musically and economically it falls a little far short of fraud. It is poor consumer

value. Only the Crickets' past contributions in the services of God, Rock'n'Roll and Coral Records Inc. demand restraint of criticism and the sparing use of DDT. Let us talk of happier times.

Like a million other freaks between twenty-five and thirty, I have a tender spot in my rapidly hardening heart for Buddy Holly. That long, tall Texan with the heavy, black rimmed glasses, the cultured mother of pearl smile and the peculiarly effeminate falsetto. Half guiltily, I occasionally recall those innocent, exploratory evenings spent fumbling with adolescent hooks and zips within the inadequate shelter of the bicycle sheds at the rear of our local youth centre. And while I must confess that it would only be with considerably difficulty that I could now summon to memory any one of those erring school girls' names, it's absolutely for certain that the majority of them would have been coerced into sin to the accompaniment of Mr. Holly (or just possibly the Everleys -- always a strong puller), roaring from the Dansette portable in the main hall. There is really only one version of 'Well... Alright', and it isn't the one master Eric chose for Blind Faith's stab at fate:

"Well... alright, well, alright,
We'll live and love with all our might
Well... alright, well, alright,
Our lifetime love will be alright.
Our lifetime love will be alright."

He did it. We did it. And it was.

Buddy Holly was clean cut, intellectual and anti-animalistic. If he was ever aware that he possessed a pelvic region, he kept that information quietly to himself -- rotary connections were strictly the King's territory. In an era of Italian-American, handsome, darkeyed, greasy haired idols, Holly was the real (country) boy next door. Buddy would pose politely for photographers, never turned up late for performances and, worst of all, he was incapable of performing the upper lip, neo-Elvis sneer, (as perfected by Britain's Billy Fury), an almost essential prerequisite for a male vocal artist rash enough to attempt his own version of 'Ready Teddy', 'Rip It Up' or 'Blue Suede Shoes' in 1958. My mother, perhaps not altogether surprisingly, approved of Buddy's wholesome qualities, while continuing to

express her instinctive distaste for "Rick Nelson and the rest of those yobos...!" But even my healthy inclination to disagree, (as a point of honour), with almost any opinion expressed on any subject by either of my parents, was not enough to dissuade me from buying or stealing virtually everything recorded by Buddy and the Crickets, both before and after their productive partnership.

Musically, Holly was that peculiar and rarely combined phenomena, an original artist and composer. An artist and composer, moreover, swimming a lonely race in a turgid sea of Rydell, Anka and Fabian mediocrity. A sea in which strict musical conformity proved so often to be the only reliable compass for success. Those were the breast stroke days of the kings of payola, Dick Clark and Alan Freed; butterfly backcrawlers, talented or not, drowned in their thousands. Perhaps it was the combination of his talents which have assisted Peggy Sue's curious marriage to the Brown Eyed Handsome Man in weathering the ravages of more than a decade with such remarkable resilience. And providing one can learn to ignore the predictable (but understandable), production excesses of Norman Petty, Holly's music still makes it. Its influence on scores of both British and American rock bands would take pages to catalogue.

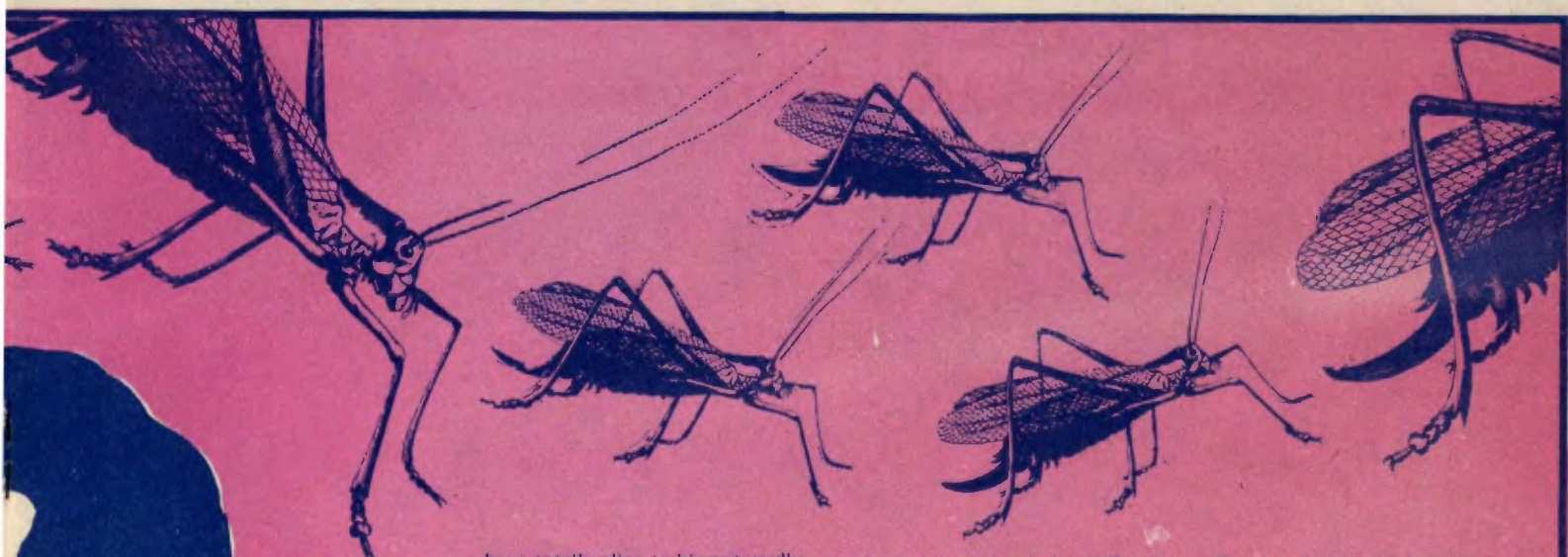
Possibly Mr. Warhol's predictions that in the future everybody will be famous for just fifteen minutes are correct, but music that has sustained an arrogant erection for over fourteen years, is surely something more than pop music. (Unlike Tony Palmer, I am making no claim that rock music can, or should, be catalogued with 'classical' music, only that rock music can be much, much, more than pop music). I think one could fairly argue that many of Buddy Holly's compositions have transcended themselves and their original purposes. They pointed so clearly into the country/harmony/but funk directions of Buffalo Springfield, Byrds, CSN et. al. that I feel one could apply the adjective 'prophetic', for once without embarrassment. An unconscious prophet is a prophet nonetheless. Holly was certainly unconscious -- many would say to the point of naivety. The arrogance of so many of our avant-rock musicians (Zappa, Morrison, Kantner, Robert Fripp -- to name but a few), would have



T.V.
one who h
England, and t
ented us. We als
you had a copy of ou
that we take this as a c
very much.

Yours sincerely,
"THE BEATLES."

John Kenner
Paul



24th January,
1963.

Dear Crickets,
When we were rehearsing for a
Show the other day, we met some
ad known you during recent trip to
hey told us how you had complim
o heard from E.M.I. in London that
r record. Well, we'd just like to say
great compliment and appreciate it

George
Harrison
Paul
McCartney

been totally alien to his outwardly unassuming personality. As Toulouse Lautrec was once reported to remark, "I paint posters, not works or Art." Holly would have identified with that.

Death is a remarkably permanent event, but I must admit to recurring, perhaps self-indulgent reflections over exactly what Holly might have had to offer today, at a time when progression is an artistically, musically and financially rewarding occupation. I might well be wrong, but it's my belief that Woodstock Nation is a poorer place for that early morning disaster on Feb. 3rd 1959, when a chartered Beechcraft Bonanza crashed five miles north of Mason City, Iowa. Holly's work was, of course, extremely popular during his short lifetime, but subsequent to his death, it's range of exposure and level of appreciation altered quite considerably. How much of this can be attributed to a genuine re-discovery of his music and how much to cult-mystique, is an open ended question. It would be interesting, for example, to observe public reaction to the work of, say, The Mothers, in the unfortunate event of Frank Zappa's demise. Without the photogenic Capt. Zap's bizarre, soft-sell but spectacularly successful PR techniques, I would be dubious of The Mothers matching Holly's durability in 1984. That's nothing against The Mothers. I have every one of their albums and enjoy their music immensely; I merely dispute their pose as conscious revolutionary musicians.

Of course, it's always a tempting, and in many ways a faintly illogical exercise, theorising and speculating over the wasted potential of a dead or retired artist in any field. But, bearing in mind the brevity of Holly's erratic recording career, and the relatively primitive studio conditions under which Petty and Holly were functioning, it's a fairly conceivable supposition that we've all been shortchanged. Excepting, need I add, for Mrs. Marie Elena Holly, whose nauseous liner notes and continuing 'messages' to "...

Buddy's millions of fans..." on many of his posthumous releases, conflicts strangely with her praying mantis policy of making available (for re-dubbing) tapes she has one by one 'discovered' in her magic attic. Tapes of Buddy mumbling to himself in the bath, strumming his guitar and cleaning

his teeth to the melody of 'Reminiscing'. Grief stricken widow she may well be, and with a stack of tear sodden sheets in the First National Bank of America to prove it.

Which brings us back to the restless locusts. Perhaps the kindest thing that can be said about **Rockin' 50's Rockn'Roll** is that it is professional. Nobody misses a note or a triplet, or gives any indication they have done so in the past dozen years. Sonny Curtis has a pleasant, if not an earth shatteringly distinctive voice, and Doug and Jerry stick pretty closely to the original script and vocal harmony. Tracks include many of yer family favourites: **That'll Be The Day, It's So Easy, Think It Over and Every Day.** As musicians the Crickets haven't moved noticeably in any direction. Wherever possible, they have marked time. Their blandness is vaguely reminiscent of the Fireballs, who re-dubbed a considerable number of Mrs. Holly's attic tapes in 1963, and who sounded themselves, remarkably similar to the original Crickets. Parts of this album remind me strongly of an EP I recall buying some eight or nine years ago featuring the Crickets backing Bobby Vee, himself a smarmy Xerox of what in Buddy Holly had been natural charm mixed with a dash of stick, and what in Vee amounted to 'Rubber Balls' of the patently manufactured variety.

In fact, the only musical tribute to Holly which comes to my mind as at least an outwardly honest gesture, was made again in 1963, not by the Crickets backing anyone, but by a British singer Mike Berry. Mike, who even related his stage name to that of his hero (i.e. berries from the holly...ugggh) had a minor success in this country with his staggeringly original single 'Tribute to Buddy Holly'. Even as I strain to remember those echoing words, they bring a deja-vu lump to my throat. Certainly I can recollect crying unashamedly to the spoken chorus of this record in which Berry thundered:

"... but his songs will always be remembered. Always. ALWAYS!"

They don't make literal laterals like that any more, thank Christ. Can you picture the 'Dead working out over Janis' departure, or Fat Mattress' 'Swan Song for Jimi'.

Sleeping dogs best left to lie, each and every one.

Back to the album, and it's hard to understand a good many things about **Rockin' 50's Rockn'Roll**, not least why Delaney Bramlett, (who for Christ sake has already enough irons in enough fires to forge Thor's armour itself), agreed to produce a couple of the tracks. Old favours to old friends perhaps. But old favours are a bad basis for creative co-operation. (Screaming Lord Sutch's albums with his heavy friends being a sad case in point). The Crickets have their place in the history of Tex-Mex rock. They were all there. They did it. Their current compulsion to re-enact past glories with the leading man ten feet under or more smacks strongly of a retired military general manoeuvring empty wine glasses and table mats in an interminable demonstration to an uncomfortable dinner party of his former battle strategies to whip the Hun.

And another question: why have CBS (who you may remember, bring you the Sound Of The Seventies) seen fit to charge full price on an LP featuring only a disgusting 24 minutes of recorded sound. More like the Sound Of The '78's. This album could easily have been condensed into a maxi-single, and released at a quarter of the price. There are other, more trivial, complaints relating to this record. Questions of honesty which we will charitably put aside for the moment, bearing in mind those past contributions which we have already accorded to Doug, Jerry and Sonny, and that even a semi-retired rock and roll star has the rent to pay. The immortal Buddy Holly and the Crickets were one thing, but their bastard, ravenous cousins from the family Orthoptera will remain decidedly another.



Those of you wishing to get hard into Holly's work has best seek out the series of six stereo processed companion albums released by MCA Records only a year or so ago in this country, which are still easily available. Be warned though, several of the liner notes are by Elena Holly.

PEARL Janis Joplin (CBS)
DESERTSHORE Nico (Warner
Reprise)

The late and totally beautiful Janis Joplin and the also beautiful and currently living Nico represent on the surface opposite poles of the spectrum of rock music. Nico with her recurrent death trip, her 'almost gothic style of singing, has little in common with Janis who lived life so fully that it finally took a revenge on someone who refused to accept its hangups with sufficient deference.

But as ladies in the rock world they have plenty in common. With almost no exceptions the lot of the various rock n roll women has been to deal with the downer side of life—the rule being proved by Grace Slick, but that's another story—rather than its happier aspects, and although stylistically Janis and Nico could hardly be further apart, it's far less a matter of what they're saying, far more how they choose to say it. Forget the cultural and environmental differences—the European/east coast sophistication of Nico against the raw Texas broad made good in freaking San Francisco—and you come down to the common bond that links the two: singing, in one way or the other, all about the fuckups, the hassles and the problems.

In three solo albums (for some obscure and absurd reason her second one 'Chelsea Girls' never went beyond the import shops) and the one that probably made her best known 'The Velvet Underground and Nico' Nico has changed little. 'I'll be your mirror' with the Underground could have fitted in on 'Desertshore', full of eerie pathos in its lyrics and overall through Nico's utterly unique voice. Much quieter and less musically freaky than her preceding albums, this one reminds you increasingly of medieval church music—maybe it's the harmonium, played by Nico, although all the other instruments but trumpet are the charge of John Cale (another veteran of the Velvets) who also arranged the album, as he did 'Marble Index'.

Nico will soon be appearing in a movie 'La Cicatrice Interieure' (roughly translated as the 'Scar Within') and two of the songs included here are from that score—'Abschied' and 'Mutterlein'. Judging by the music and Nico's voice, they're nothing to get too cheerful about, although German speakers may have better ideas. But the really strange track concludes side one: 'Le Petit Chevalier'. Sung in the cracked falsetto of a small boy entertaining the family, Nico becomes 'Le petit chevalier; j'irai te visiter'. An odd track which only goes to reinforce the medieval European feeling that pervades the whole album. Nico's days with the Velvets and Chelsea Girls are what happens to Europe when it goes to New York and gets stoned; 'Desertshore' has one difference—this time she didn't bother to go to New York.

'Pearl' was the name Janis took for and was given by her friends,

and 'Pearl' is an apt title for her final album. It may not reach the incredible heights of 'Cheap

Thrills' but if this is how people remember Janis, then no-one should need complain. The over-orchestrated near night club singing of 'Kozmic Blues' has mercifully been left well behind—all that brass was really screwing things up—and Janis has returned with her new band to the sort of style that made her earlier material so great. The Full Tilt Boogie Band were pretty well slated by rock afficianados, certainly when Janis was alive and various not too happy gigs were being played last summer, and sure enough they haven't captured the real raunchiness (for once it is the right word) and spontaneity of Big Brother and the Holding Company, whose own new album is something else to hear. Compared with the depressing selection of music against which Janis fought a losing battle on 'Kozmic Blues', Full Tilt have things well together, if a little too restrained.

Though Janis herself is rather more restrained than in earlier days. The gushing emotion of every track on 'Cheap Thrills' which made it so powerful an album has been toned down, but so that it's altered rather than just rejected and replaced. The topics of her songs are much the same 'A Woman Left Lonely', 'Buried Alive in the Blues', 'Trust Me' and 'Get It While You Can'—the stock hopes and fears that comprise the blues, but repetition does them no harm.

'Desertshore' and 'Pearl' differ more in their lyrics than in their ideas. Janis would sound as strange calling on Nico's 'Janitor of Lunacy' to 'paralyse my infancy, petrify the empty cradle' as Nico would if she ever admitted 'Who cares, baby, 'cos we may not be here tomorrow, so I say, get it while you can'; but in the end it still comes down to two ladies choosing their different ways of telling us how they find it. Nico lives on and flourishes; Janis, thanks to this album, does too. And for those who'd like one more epitaph for her, here's one from her own lyrics, on her unaccompanied track on 'Pearl': 'O Lord, won't ya buy me a nite on the town, I'm countin' on ya lord, now don't let me down. Prove that ya love me, and buy the next round...'

Jonathon Green

MUSIC TO COMMIT SUICIDE BY

CHRISTMAS AND THE
BEADS OF SWEAT
Laura Nyro
(CBS)

Laura Nyro was fat, ugly, and 18 years old when she made her first album for Verve in 1966, now re-released on the same label as First Songs. She appeared at the Monterey Pop Festival as a result of the people's response to this badly produced but nevertheless exemplary album, but she bombed heavily and decided to call it a day for a while. Then, slimmer and prettier, CBS signed her on and Eli and the Thirteenth Confession came out. She became a star over-night, as they say, and I, for one, idolize that star. Eli is nothing less than unequivocally brilliant if it turns you on; if it doesn't then nothing she has produced since will either. (I hope I'm wrong).

Nyro is a romantic; her songs are throbs from the throat and heart and New York. Her music is white soul, nothing like the Apollo Theatre, yet everything like funky blues. She and her music are emotional, her themes always either love, death, dope and hope put together with just a very solitary piano or a very orchestrated big-band arrangement. Christmas and the Beads of Sweat is not a new Nyro, just the same excellent Nyro. Her voice still mind-fucks, her words still cause a rainy day in the park transcendence and she is still the woman whose manifestation is that thing we feel when we are very, conscious of being very lonely.

Perhaps a change from Eli and her third album New York Tendaberry would have pleased some people who might want more from this already mighty lady. But Christmas is distinctively the same girl for the same fans who like what other people call love-slush. It's an immediate addition to the collection but if you don't have one, give it a hearing and I hope you understand the joy of having an artist like this around.

Stanislav Demidjuk

THE WORST OF JEFFERSON
AIRPLANE
Jefferson Airplane (RCA Victor)

Back in the balmy days of spring '67, when 'underground' meant the Tottenham Court Road Blarney Club on Friday nights (and funny looks in the Tube afterwards), when you had to search the Elektra catalogue for anything by a West Coast group and, incidentally, before the dirty

raincoat brigade had started to read OZ, Jefferson Airplane were already an established name in the States. Our first chance to hear them came with the release of *Surrealistic Pillow*, the band's second album which turned out to be a pleasant but rather disappointing experience if you were into groups like the Floyd, Soft Machine, Social Deviants or even Tomorrow. Recent live appearances and their *Bless Its Little Pointed Head* album have now shown that the Airplane can out-jam practically anyone. But four years ago the cloying sweetness and uplifting harmonies of songs like *My Best Friend* and *Today* just seemed pretty spineless in comparison with what British groups were doing. And since RCA saw fit to chop *White Rabbit* and *Plastic Fantastic Lover* from the British release of *Surrealistic Pillow* too few of us ever realised the bands real potential.

Now the release of the retrospective *The Worst* gives us all a chance to catch up—and, in my case, to recognise what a fine band the Airplane have been all along. It includes two tracks from their first album, *Jefferson Airplane Takes Off*, which has never been released in this country, four from *Surrealistic Pillow* and three from each of their more recent albums. Compiled in chronological order, the collection charts the band's progression from the mawkish *It's No Secret* and their early chart success *Somebody to Love*, through the hard acid rock phase of *Ballad of You and Me and Pooneil* to the first stirrings of political commitment in *Crown of Creation* and *Lather*.

The band is at its peak with the live version of *Plastic Fantastic Lover* and the three tracks from *Volunteers*. Here they drop the heavy feedback and stereo effects which characterised the *Bathing at Baxters* and *Crown of Creation* albums and finally get down to the hard, driving rock music they seem to have been shying away from for so long. And the addition of Nicky Hopkins, Steve Stills and Jerry Garcia to the basic Kaukonen/Casady/Dryden makes for some very fine playing indeed. Lyrically the *Volunteers* album is a breakthrough, too—*We can be Together* and *Volunteers* may not square up too well with Grace Slick's haughty carrying-on on stage, but that's her hang-up.

At the full LP price, though, *The Worst* is an expensive piece of nostalgia—it's basically a sampler album of old singles and LP tracks, and, inevitably, in places the recording quality gets pretty thin. I sometimes wish that the "music for the people at prices the people can afford" philosophy had got through to record company marketing executives. Or maybe it's just that the Airplane starship is running short of fuel.

Jim Talbot

THE YES ALBUM
Yes (Atlantic)

Yes? Maybe.

Charles Shaar Murray

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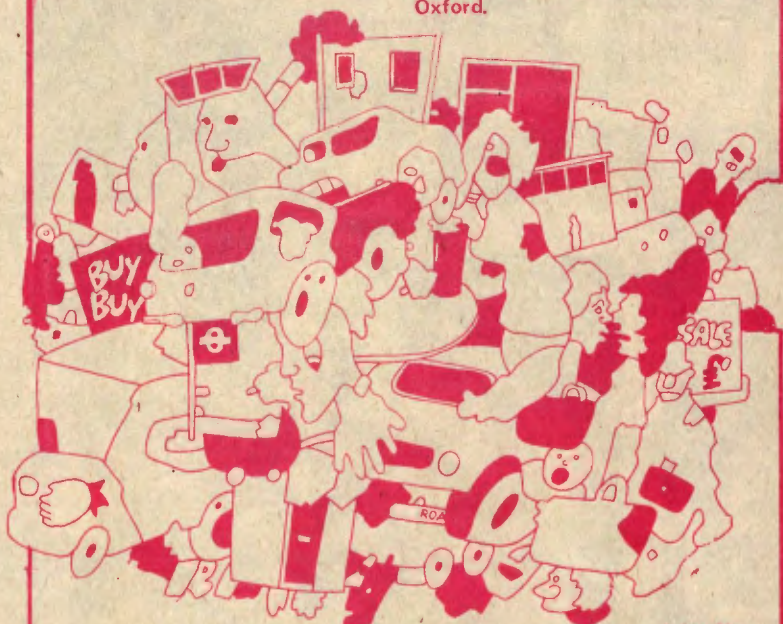
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PALADIN



A DEAFENING OF PROFITS

Exploitation by Robin Jenkins.
Published by MacGibbon &
Kee £2.00

The Enemy by Felix Greene.
Published by Jonathan Cape
£2.40

There is a deafening of prophets. I know: I'm one of them, and who listened to me? The common note of all the prophets anyone could take seriously is what might be called opti-pessimism. It says: under the capitalist system things are getting worse, *but* that system is digging its own grave, so it'll all be all right in the end because *socialism* will step forth, and the new era dawn. That is what Marx said, though of course history doesn't just happen. It has to be made, which involves the revolution of the oppressed. Now it's very significant that anyone who takes a long and serious look at the present world/setup emerges saying that capitalism stinks, that it can't go on and shouldn't be allowed to, and that socialism is the only thing that can save mankind. This is what Robin Jenkins says in *Exploitation*, and also Felix Greene in *The Enemy*. Let's take for granted that socialism is preferable to capitalism, for no one amongst us could argue that inequality is better than equality. I want to ask: how can we be sure that capitalism is digging its own grave? Will socialism be ready to step in and take over? And is it helpful to be told over and over again that this is what *should* happen, without telling us *how*?

Both Robin Jenkins and Felix Greene have written solid works whose first aim was to summarize their understanding of the world. Jenkins opens with "At an abstract level, this essay is autobiographical", and Greene with "I started writing this book primarily for myself". It is good that such meticulous research, in both cases, should reveal the capitalist system to be so rotten, inhuman, and intolerable. The basis of this system rests on the rich, capitalist countries exploiting the poor countries by deliberately keeping them in a state of underdevelopment. While the USA—which, with 6% of the world's population, owns over half of the world's realized wealth—claims that it is pouring money into what it calls the "developing nations", all it does is cream off the profits of the industries it supports. It is the old gangster ethic: they offer you money when you have none, and as soon as you start to make it they take it off you. If you make a fuss, they send in the heavies.

Russian is no better, for she has kept her East European satellites in a state of underdevelopment since the end of the Second World War. Even now she is going along the road to state capitalism, which means a system of inequality run from the centre. And both Russia and America prop up dictatorships in all parts of the world. Everyone knows, or should by now, that the poverty and inequality that exists in our own, rich countries is repeated on a global scale. The rich nations are getting richer, and the poor nations poorer. What is happening to England under the Tories—and what happened under Labour, after all—is a small-scale model of world development.

A scandal? And I'm not being flip about it. The point is: once we know these facts, what are we going to do about them?

Greene and Jenkins, echoing a thousand others, say that the capitalist system must be overturned. Greene candidly admits that he doesn't know quite how to achieve this yet, but he's still on the "before we have the right answers we must ask the right questions" kick. There are a million proliferating groups ready with answers. All of them are based on two assumptions which seem to me dangerously romantic: first, that the system will continue to deterior-

ate, making its overthrow a matter of time; second, that the mass of people, unable to stand the misery of inequality any longer, will rise up and do their thing. There are two fundamental reasons why these assumptions are romantic. The first is that all prophecies about the end of capitalism, since Marx, have been wrong. The second is that every model of alternative societies is inadequate.

Karl Marx was a great economic historian, but he was way off as a prophet. He said revolution would start in Western Europe, and was wrong. He said capitalism would dig its own grave, and it shows no sign of doing so. All of which would be forgivable if every word he wrote weren't taken as gospel. Just as Freud, or Einstein, are now beginning to be seen as great men of *their* time, but not necessarily our own, so Marx ought to be treated as an historian, and not as prophet. After all, he said himself he was no Marxist.

The Great Depression of 1929 was said to herald the end of capitalism, but as Roosevelt pointed out, it was his Administration "which saved the system of private profit and free enterprise after it had been dragged to the brink of ruin" (quoted by Greene). The end of the Second World War was going to usher in a new age, yet never has capitalism flourished as strongly as in the Western countries that defeated the fascists. Undoubtedly things are getting worse. Unemployment is going up along with inflation. The quality of goods, and of everyday life in general, is declining as steadily as the purchasing power of money. Overproduction is hurting the economy as surely as it is literally killing the environment. The number of poor and disaffected grows daily.

But while the unrelenting chase after profits undoubtedly narrows the view of the capitalists, it doesn't altogether blind them. They are not *that* stupid. They are joining in the fight against pollution. They are trying to coopt the young, bribe the blacks, and buy off the poor. Most important, they are gradually beginning to invest in nationalism in the countries they exploit. Soon American money will be supporting Left-wing governments, because they are the ones that will guarantee stability. And these governments won't be able to do without American money, just as American money has to find its outlets in the "underdeveloped" world.

But, it will be said, what about the coming recession? How can any capitalist country hope to survive an economic crash that might make 1929 look like a minor setback? My answer is that it will, because capitalism will develop new models—nationalistic ones, perhaps—and because the alternatives are unthinkable to the vast majority.

The vast majority of those over thirty, who make the machinery of capitalism go, look at the models of socialist societies in the "other half" of the world, and rightly reject them. Rightly, because they are irrelevant to their experience and ambitions. Even the poor and the black and the unemployed do not want to be Cubans or Russians or Chinese.

The vast majority of those under thirty cannot agree on any vision, and would be scared shitless if the revolution happened tomorrow. Not because it wouldn't be great, but because *someone* would have to keep things running, and who is there to trust amongst all us radicals? Some in the underground have tried

out for themselves new models of the alternative society, but no one would pretend either that they lived up to their pretensions, or that they were attractive to a majority. That is not to put them down: in *The Limits of Protest* I advocated communes as a base for action, but to be honest there's no commune I'd like to live in. It seems to me we have to be prepared for this system to survive, and even flourish. Which means different tactics.

Let's abolish all our assumptions about the inevitability of History. Let's not assume that capitalism will collapse like the walls of Jericho just because we go marching and chanting around them. Let us, on the contrary, assume that the system will go on pulling new tricks out of the bag that will keep an awful lot of people satisfied. There are then three possibilities.

The first is to educate and persuade tomorrow's majority, not today's. That is, the kids. More of us should teach. More of us should realize that kids are naturally revolutionary, that school is what educates this out of them that it can be put back if anyone cares to try. And as true education is an *exchange* of information, not just a one-way flow, we could learn something too. The capitalist system nobbles people once it hooks them into the money economy. The place to start offering alternatives is before they are hooked, not after. That's the first possibility.

The second is to develop models of an alternative society that actually work. This is what the underground's about, but it hasn't gone nearly far enough. There's Release, Advise, BIT, the underground press—but it's all too precarious to persuade the uncommitted. We used to say proudly that we didn't have to have *plans* for the future: our first task was to destroy the present. But we haven't destroyed the present—at times, on the contrary, it seems about to destroy us—so maybe we should now start developing a plan or two, with details. If a commune is to act as a base, it has to define its relations with the straight community, it has to work out how it is going to support and defend itself, and who it is going to let in. It has to decide its attitude to strangers, and how it will set about spreading the word. And whatever the word is, the effects it will have on the uncommitted must also be considered. For too long the alternative culture has relied on the future revealing itself in some mysterious way. But unless we can plan for that future, and know exactly what to expect, it'll turn out to be Dracula. And then no one'll have the garlic ready, or whatever it is that wards off vampires.

The third possibility is the easiest to dismiss as defeatist, but if we also proclaim the End of Dogma, I'll risk it. It is to make as good a life as possible for those we love. Counter-revolutionary, I know. But it's something to fall back on if all else fails. Is it so terrible when that's what most people try and do anyway? Even those American radicals who have declared their battle lost for the moment, and who are coming to Europe for a breathing-space?

There was a time when diagnosis was more important than cure. But now we have a surfeit of diagnosticians (including Robin Jenkins, and Felix Greene). We know the patient is sick. But it's no use comforting ourselves with the thought he's going to die and leave us all his money. On the contrary, his breathings getting hotter all the time.

Peter Buckman.

SOUL ON ACID

Michael Zwerin

Leary in Algiers

To all those who look to Timothy Leary for inspiration, we want to say 'Your God is dead,' because his mind has been blown, blown by acid. . . .

—Eldridge Cleaver

Don't believe it. Although I'm no psychiatrist, Leary's mind strikes me as far from blown. I've seen enough blown minds to know where blown is at. What's more, I don't think Cleaver believes it either.

Let's run it down from the top. The Learys were not at the airport as they'd promised, not did they answer their phone. Took a taxi, rang their bell, nobody home. Checked my bags with the concierge and pinned a note to the door: "... taking a promenade. Back in an hour. . . ." An hour later, another note was pinned where mine had been: "Call 78-21-05 and identify yourself." Because I thought the note was Leary being funny, I dreamt up some funny identities—not realizing it was actually serious Cleaver—finally hitting on "The Fox", after our mutual friend Maynard Ferguson who used to be known that way around Birdland.

"Hello, is Tim there?"

"Timothy Leary?" An Afro-American accent.

"That's right."

"I'm sorry, he's occupied at the moment. Who's this?"

"Identified myself for real, no Fox, no place for jokes. 'I got a message to call this number. Leary invited me to stay with him and. . . .'"

"You'll have to find a hotel."

Looked at my watch, approaching midnight: "Hey. . . tell Leary I'll sleep by his door until he gets home."

"No. . . no. Just a minute. . . ."

The voice checked something out. "... I doubt very much whether Mr. Leary will be home tonight. I'll help you find a hotel."

Ten minutes later, a tall black man with a fringe beard pulled up in a Renault sedan. He drove me fast through the town, deserted at this hour, twisting and turning through narrow side streets, blinking yellow lights.

He double-parked by a down-town hotel, made sure the price was right, and helped me register in French. No questions asked, no explanations given. I'd get a call in the morning, he said.

Seven thirty. . . "Hello, this is the fellow that picked you up yesterday. If you can get ready right away, I'll take you to Leary." First we collected my bags from Leary's concierge. He helped me carry them. . . I was travelling heavier than usual as a result of a shopping list the Learys had mailed to London. . . A Black Panther temporarily assumes the role of white man's porter. I thanked him, perhaps too profusely, as much for the demonstration of liberation as for the help.

We drove up hills, discussing exile. A small boy crossed in front of us on a narrow street. The Panther shouted something at him in Arabic. The boy turned and they smiled at each other, waving. Just around the corner, we parked by a handsome two-story white villa with a bronze plaque on the gate: "Black Panther Party-Intercommunal Section."

A familiar face at the top of the stairs, looking me over, beardless and barbered. We shook hands. I introduced myself. . . no need to reciprocate. . . Eldridge Cleaver. Businesslike: "Do you know Leary?"

"No. Rosemary. . . ." From another life, with other mates. She was a stewardess for National Airlines, I was in the steel business. . . and Timothy Leary, the West Point dropout, still had tenure at Harvard, and Cleaver was in jail.

"Would she recognize you?"

"Sure."

"Did you bring gifts for them?"

"Yes." I pointed to my largest bag.

"Just lay them all out there on the couch."

Not unexpected. I'd heard about Panther Customs, usually involves a body search and photographs as well. You are guilty in this embassy until proven innocent. Considering Bobby Hutton, Fred Hampton, and all the others offed by people of my complex ion, who can object? He doesn't know who the hell I am, whether I am who I say I am. Cleaver turned to me: "Do you have any dope or weapons?"

"No."

He looked hard at me, and decided to leave it. "Okay. Just wait a few minutes and we'll take you to Leary."

A fierce looking black cat named DC—who, when he smiles, reveals a nature not quite as fierce as he might like to project—drove me wildly, honking—fiercely—down the hill. DC bears the title of Field Marshal. He is wanted on capital charges in America. DC did not help me with my bags. We parked by a six-story apartment house on a busy street and walked up two flights. Two locks unbolted from inside. It was now 9 a.m. A sullen black face appeared as the door opened a crack. We were let in. A bourgeois apartment. I followed DC through a dining alcove and then, on some mattresses in the adjoining salon, I recognized a haggard couple as Timothy and Rosemary Leary.

. . . Just awake, dazed, Tim aged by a two-day grey stubble, Rosemary needs vitamins and a couple of steaks. "Far out!" she said.

I wondered what was so far out since we'd talked twice by long distance, and had exchanged letters only last week. "What's going on?" "We've been

kidnapped by the Panthers," Rosemary whispered.

. . . On January 9, I issued an order to take Timothy and Rosemary Leary from their apartment to another location and to confine them there until further notice. . . . On January 9, we busted Timothy Leary. . . .

"Yeah," Tim echoed, "and now, presumably, so have you." Their eyes were wild with paranoia, with fear. "We thought you'd been turned back at the airport," Rosemary said.

"We sure are glad to see you. . . ." Timothy turned to Rosemary, and touched her neck. ". . . Aren't we, my beloved?"

Tim stopped DC on the way out. "Would you tell Eldridge that we want to talk to him?"

"When the time comes. It's not time for that yet," DC scowled.

Tim eyed Rosemary meaningfully, and then turned to me with a big smile and a hug. We soon settled down into chat about mutual friends, gossip which continued most of the day. Again and again, we marveled at the overlapping circles of our experience. . . . exclaiming "Ralph Busch?! How do you know Ralph Busch?," stuff like that. Watching the two somber Panthers sitting in the next room, it occurred to me that in this "jail", the prisoners were having more fun than the guards.

One guard picked his way through a pile of Black Panther newspapers, the other read from Mao. They barely talked and must have resented our laughter. I used the word "jail" because that is how the Learys referred to this place. It was actually quite pleasant, with balconies and comfortable cushions, if you ignored the fact that the door was locked from the outside. That is, however, a good definition of jail, and we had to ask permission to go to the toilet, to the kitchen for coffee, or to open a window.

The Learys asked if I'd read "The Magus", and marveled at its bearing on the situation, which they kept referring to as "Kafkaesque". "We don't know what we're charged with. Eldridge won't even talk to us. In fact we haven't had a real exchange of ideas in the four months since we arrived here. . . ."

They landed in Paris last fall with valid phony passports and money, thinking about buying a car and touring Europe for a holiday before surfacing. Tim decided to suss-out Algiers first, to make a fast round trip, a kind of reconnoiter. "Mr. McNellis" landed his bald head in Algiers, checked into a businessman's hotel, found the Panther number from information, and took a taxi. Cleaver welcomed him warmly, not too surprised because the Weathermen had sent word.

According to Tim, Cleaver then began talking about all they could accomplish together, of the political possibilities of their alliance, uniting the counter-culture and so on. Tim called Rosemary in Paris and she too flew down.

For three months they had a kind of second honeymoon in a small hotel by the beach, 15 kilometres from town. It was good to be alone together, after years of public life, and seven months in jail. All was well. . . high on sunshine, Tim writing a book, acquiring new friends, loving each other. They bought a flat in a residential tower and were excited about their first dinner party, planning it, preparing it, before four Panthers invaded and took them to where we now were.

At 6.30 p.m. the phone rang. I was beckoned to it. "Hello, this is Eldridge. I suppose there are a lot of questions in your mind about all this."

"Yes, there are."

"Well, just don't draw any conclusions until we have a chance to talk."

"Okay. How about tonight?"

"No. I don't think so."

"Tomorrow morning then?"

"We'll see. Look, you're free to come and go as you please, but once you leave you'll have to come up to the embassy before returning. Otherwise you won't be let in. That's procedure."

"I can come back whenever I want?"

"As long as you come to the embassy first."

"Can I stay the night?"

"That's all right."

I told the Learys about the phone conversation, that it had encouraged me. "You don't understand," Rosemary said. "They've threatened to off us. They said they have jail facilities in Algeria, and that they can do anything they want in them—anything."

In terms of Cleaver's manner, it was very hard for me to believe. I decided not to draw conclusions. We fell into a short silence.

"Whatever happened to Amelia Earhart?" Timothy laughed.

"You may have saved our lives," Rosemary said, seriously. "They won't do anything as long as you're here." She listed people I should contact from outside. . . lawyers in America, Algerian government officials and journalists, radical friends, Huey Newton himself. They could not believe this sort of thing could be Panther policy. The message was "HELP!" "Don't worry," I promised, "I won't leave Algeria until I'm sure you're safe."

Sighing with relief, Rosemary chanted: "OMMmmm. . . ."

"It's really ironic. . . ." When Tim's creased face cracks into a smile it's as though the earth itself is cracking, and his eyes look straight at you like two warm craters. ". . . We saw ourselves as historic figures, as the first white Americans to seek the protection of the first black American government in exile. And now we have become the first whites to be busted by that black government. Dig it? It's far out."

I lay down on the floor and slept through mid-morning. Awakening, surprised to see how late it was, it hit me that I'd enjoyed one of my best nights' sleep in months in the custody and company of a bunch of felons, hijackers, bail-jumpers, armed terrorists, dope fiends, and alleged murderers. That is the way our country sees them. Their "crimes" are products of a criminal System we all reject. Whether or not they reciprocate, I feel myself their brother, and I was comfortable among them. I'll take a

revolutionary bust anytime.

However I am at least physically free . . . the only person on the entire scene with a more or less unencumbered passport, and I could afford to rate busts intellectually. Timothy and Rosemary, on the other hand, have no valid travel documents or papers of any kind. What country, as countries now go, would welcome Timothy Leary? If you can judge a man from the quality of his enemies, Dr. Leary is a great man, a man ahead of his time, a man for future countries, other planets.

"Would you go to another planet?" Rosemary asked.

"Of course. In a minute. But not without you, dear, I wouldn't go without you." He smiled at her, I thought of a verse:

*They are one person
They are two alone
They are three together
They are for each other*

—Crosby, Stills, and Nash

They cough at the same time, dream the same dreams, move at the same speed, kiss continually. They are both fugitives from what amounts to life sentences, tugging ferociously on an unfiltered Gauloise, Tim began drafting a letter to Cleaver . . . a strong letter, perhaps a bit pompous, a proud letter, tortured, a kind of tantrum. It included a deadline: "If you refuse to talk to us today (16 weeks after our arrival in Algeria and after four days of captivity) and if Michael Zwerin does not witness our release by 4 p.m. today, we have asked him, as friend and ally, to contact the following people . . ."

I delivered the four-page letter to the Panther embassy. As Cleaver finished reading each page, he passed it over to DC. Sounds, as usual, were coming from their speakers. The Stones. Watching Cleaver's negative reaction, I felt the appropriateness of "2000 light years from home . . ."

DC finished reading: "Leary ought to have his ass kicked for this letter." I wondered about Leary's fate, should Cleaver leave.

"He doesn't realize how serious his position is, you see . . ." Cleaver coughs between words, thinking. " . . . Whether he appreciates it or not, we are protecting him, and we are the *only* protection he's got. He may consider himself in jail, but all we're trying to do is keep him from going to jail back in Babylon. His position in Algiers is far from secure . . ."

American business interests are pressuring the Algerian government, which desperately wants dollars, to cease granting refuge for American political exiles. The Algerians are doing an impressive balancing act, between the Chinese, Russians, Americans, and liberation movements from Brazil, Angola, Ethiopia, the Canary Islands, and such exotic places as Babylon itself. Although the Panthers are well-treated, even encouraged—they have been given their embassy rent-free—one can easily imagine reactionary pressure from within the bureaucracy. Particularly against Leary. Former freedom fighters are in jail for dope smoking. Women are terribly repressed. Workers work harder than ever and remain poor. Students are unhappy. Foreigners you meet have pseudonyms and false passports or none. You watch your step in this Third World power.

" . . . We must put security before everything." Cleaver coughed. "Timothy doesn't seem to realize how vulnerable he is, or we are. We hope this bust will teach him a lesson. We wanted to scare some sense into him . . ." The Learys had been seeing "uncool" people, spreading counter-revolutionary vibes, jeopardizing the Panther scene by laboring under the impression that they were free at last. " . . . Two Algerian high school kids were busted for LSD and hashish a few weeks ago. Even though Timothy had absolutely nothing to do with it, things like this can cause trouble. One thing going wrong could blow everything. We had to use a good deal of political capital to keep Timothy here, and we're not abandoning him now. We're behind him. We're prepared to go down with Timothy. But we don't want to go down for some jive reason . . ." We sat silent. He lit a Winston.

"Should I write about all this?"

"Sure. I don't mind, as long as you're objective and honest. We may have to answer it with a statement of policy about our position on the question of guns versus dope."

I found a hotel and was back at Panther headquarters by 4.

Waiting in the reception room, I could hear a taped voice coming from the back. Cleaver's voice.

" . . . We would like to set forth our position on the drug culture in the United States, and how it relates to the revolutionary struggle . . . A couple of months ago, we talked to Dr. Leary about how to integrate his activities with ours here in Algeria. Leary said he thought he should be presented as the Aristotle or Socrates, or the Sartre of the American revolution. This typified how Dr. Leary has tried to relate to us, that he sees himself as a high priest, a secular God around whom the revolution in the United States revolves. . . . I've come to the conclusion that Dr. Leary is irrevocably wedded to LSD, that he would rather die than give up the idea of converting American society by dosing everybody with LSD. We cannot endorse this . . . We need people with clear heads . . . we do not advocate any revolutionary activity while high on anything . . . we want people to sober-up and get down to the business of destroying the Babylonian empire . . . Essentially, Leary is apolitical, opportunist, and there is a great strain of racism in him . . . There seems to me to be something very wrong with Leary's brain. I attribute this to the uncountable number of acid trips he has taken . . ."

Any reasonably perceptive and intelligent person spending any time with Timothy Leary must recognize he is dealing not only with a clear head, but with a remarkable one, a mind far ahead of its time, conceiving revolutions which are revolutionary to revolutionaries. Since Eldridge Cleaver is more than only reasonably intelligent and perceptive, I assume he knows better. There are several explanations.

One I choose to reject, the old Stalinist power play—witness General

Grigorenko—of discrediting the competition by treating it as insane.

Ironically, if this were true, Cleaver and Nixon would have the same objective, a discredited Timothy Leary. But Cleaver is no Stalinist, and besides he clearly *likes* Leary.

Perhaps there has been a split in Panther leadership, and Cleaver felt the need to solidify his own position at Leary's expense. Or it could simply be what Cleaver said it was, a way to bring a wild, unruly, but extremely talented brother back in line. For the good of the family.

It's a matter of two basic rights. For Leary, external revolution has no chance until internal revolution has been accomplished. Otherwise we only get new jailers. He would like to convince Cleaver of that. But for the time being Cleaver must be occupied with getting The Man's foot out of his ass.

Leary has apologized to Cleaver, and has since recognized that many of his charges have validity. Leary is so beautifully freaked-out, bless him. I mean, he wants to *laugh*; that to him is revolutionary. But you can understand how the Politics of Ecstasy could seem irrelevant to someone with life and death business to deal with.

The Panthers are a going concern. They have an office and they work hard. (Kathleen Cleaver was typing and answering phones every time I went to the embassy.) The work is urgent. Any delay means just that many more brothers being messed with. Cleaver wants Leary to help them to harness himself, for a while. Although you might quarrel with Cleaver's methods, it's not really too much to ask.

Here are two revolutionary leaders, physically removed from their revolutions, engaged in a marathon game of three-dimensional chess. Exiles need all the games they can get, and championship class players are hard to find. They are, in their way, enjoying the game. Leary may have lost a castle, and his board position isn't so hot, but he's a resourceful player and it's an early gambit.

. . . Timothy and Rosemary Leary will be liberated tomorrow. They will be back in their own apartment tomorrow . . .

The Learys are back home, in the company of M., an Algerian girl who reports on their behavior to Eldridge Cleaver each night . . . a sort of soft parole.

Timothy Leary is dancing around his sunny studio, shaking himself to "Deja Vu". Not one single care in the Third World, waving his arms in the air, swinging, looking 10 years younger than the haggard jailbird I found on arrival 5 days ago. A 50-year old West Point drop-out, a leprecaun, a pedant turned piper wanted for leading clean townie kids out of the business district, a serious count, a fugitive in almost any civilized country you can name . . . and he's dancing, free, he actually thinks he's free.

We are about to hear a revolutionary philosophy of revolution . . . taping on the floor, surrounded by charts, tea cups and cigarette ends . . . a philosophy as futuristic as some structural system by Buckminster Fuller, the technology for which has not yet been devised. It goes like this.

"For the first time in history, man has the tools to liberate himself internally. And I say you have to free yourself internally before you attempt to free yourself behaviorally. This is what I've said to Eldridge many times . . . If you aren't free internally, then your external behavior — although it may be in the name of liberation — is really reactionary. Ninety-nine percent of the repressions in history have come from armed liberators. Hitler was liberating the European people from the Jews, Stalin had to repress the Russian people to protect them from the wicked capitalists, and everybody knows we're killing the Vietnamese people for their own good."

"And I say there are 7 internal liberations. If a person is emotionally blocked, psychoanalysis tries to help him with word games. But the direct way to change your emotions is to learn how to use drugs which can move them on or off. If someone is terribly anxious, it means that their worry juice is flowing too strong. Once that happens, you begin to feel anxious, you begin to act anxious, you begin to create anxiety around you, which makes you even more anxious. Bad vibes. So what does a doctor do? He prescribes tranquilizers. Tranquilizers are a way of controlling emotions. And there's a well-known drug which stimulates emotions . . . booze. It's well known at the office Christmas party that the shy secretary emerges as a sex bomb and the bullying boss suddenly breaks into tears.

"Now, since emotional feelings are caused by chemicals, obviously the most direct way to turn-off undesirable or negative emotions is through a chemical that will suppress it. Most psychoanalysts will say that this is the wrong thing to do because it doesn't solve the original problem, that it solves the symptom not the disease. I take a different view. I think that once man learns he can move his emotions around at will, then he will have complete control over his emotions, his emotions will be liberated through chemicals. An example of this is, if I want to express irritation with someone, I sometimes will deliberately take a few drinks because it becomes a lot easier. I don't recommend this as a consistent policy, however . . ."

" . . . Now, there are both internal and external liberations, and their corresponding repressions. You can liberate your sense organs, your emotions, or you can talk about the visible, or external, control of them. For example, if a government passes a law against marijuana, they are taking an action which controls and oppresses the sensual level of the people in that country. Or a country that encourages the use of alcohol is in the behavioral sense liberating that level of consciousness. I might say that in jail the only drugs available were tobacco and caffeine, not exactly exhilarating drugs . . ."

Tim's energy juice is flowing.

"... A few days ago when I said that Rosemary and I are free, you said it could be argued that we are not. Well, there are 7 levels of freedom, both internal and external freedom, and internally we think we're free. We have learned how to move our nervous systems around so that we can liberate ourselves from any internal repressions although, it is true, we are not behaviorally free. This is a chart which lists the 7 levels of internal liberation..." The chart is 9 columns wide, too wide for this column, and in-depth explanation would be tedious. I'll only list examples.

The Seven Internal (Invisible) Revolutions and Repressions.

Neurological Freedom. Liberating Slogan, "Blow your mind."

Enslaving Motto, "You are crazy."

Spiritual Freedom. LS, "Turn on." EM, "You are bad."

Sexual Freedom. LS, "Tune in." EM, "You are sexually queer."

Cultural Freedom. LS, "Drop out." (of involuntary social structures). EM, "You are a freak."

Economic Freedom. LS, "You get what you barter for." EM, "You are worthless."

Political Freedom. LS, "Piece of Mind." EM "You are in danger of death." Yesterday, Cleaver used every enslaving motto except sexual against Leary. It's an old game, you see, I wonder if Cleaver digs how old that game is, how *white* the rules. Of course it's all true... Leary is in danger, powerless, structurally worthless, certainly a freak, socially bad and, by standard view, crazy. If everybody were as crazy as Timothy Leary, there would be no need for proud, intelligent, sensitive people like Eldridge Cleaver to turn into "hard, cold, calculating revolutionaries." But the world is "sane" and there is a need for Eldridge Cleaver and what he wants from Leary is perfectly reasonable considering Cleaver's struggle, although you could quarrel with his methods.

It's a cul-de-sac. When Cleaver first explained his position to me, what he wanted from Tim and Rosemary, I became frightened for them. I advised compromise, which is what I would do in their spot, what most of us would do. Lay low. Cool it. Hedge your convictions. Tom if you have to. It's the way we survive. In the middle of my message, Rosemary accused me of "lecturing", and once more I felt like the messenger about to be beheaded for carrying bad news. I was hurt, misunderstood, with only the best interests of my "clients" at heart.

Later, considering it, she was right... I was lecturing. They are not frightened. They have "Piece of Mind", the knowledge that they can defend themselves if they have to... a gun in the head, a gun with which to "Aim for life." Now I can see it, as I can see, in perspective, many other things Leary has taught me. Not facts, clues about living, things I have learned without even realizing the process was going on. But when I remember the tone of Rosemary's voice... "Stop lecturing us!" I hear condescension. What nerve! There is some of the... Mr. and Mrs. High Priest. Their "we" comes out somehow not just your everyday run-of-the-mill collective. It is the two of us together way up here, enlightened, follow "us" and ye shall find Eden. These Gods are vulnerable, however, running out of behavioral options, having painted themselves into a day-glo corner.

You'd think Tim didn't have a trouble in the world, in the cafe, sitting with two hippies for all you'd know like Sausamito, joking with the waiter in primitive French. The waiter laughs, just another affluent American big-tipper, like the group of tourists walking by. The tourists are in for the day, their cruise ship having just docked. They are dentists from Westchester. One of them, seeing a gray haired man sitting with two hippies in an Algerian cafe, comes to the obvious conclusion. "Can I have your autograph, Mr. Leary?" The tourist smiles like perhaps the judge who jailed Tim smiled when he received his Christmas card. "Thank you, Mr. Leary," the dentist says. "Wait till my daughter hears about this."

What happens to Timothy Leary Happens to America.

Jefferson Airplane

"Now I'd like to switch to the external, the visible revolutions, to external politics, in which we are all more interested at this particular stage of our evolution. In the last few years, as I've become more political, and in the last few months more revolutionary, I've found that there is revolutionary chauvinism. People say my revolution is the only one, my liberation is the only one. You've got to give up your liberations until I get mine or you may never get yours because your liberation is really reactionary repression. But unless all 7 freedoms are available to us, then there is no freedom. These 7 freedoms must go together... Would you like some wine?"

The Seven External Revolutions, and Repressions. (Again a multi-columned chart, again only selections)

Biochemical Freedom. Liberating Slogan, "Smoke it". Control Slogan, "Dangerous drugs."

Religious Freedom. LS, "You can be anyone this time around." CS, "There is only one God and—is his name."

Cultural Freedom. LS, "Do your own thing." CS, "My country right or wrong."

Economic Freedom. LS, "The best things in life are free." CS, "Property rights."

Political Freedom. LS, "All power to all the people." CS, "My law and my order."

Armed Freedom. LS, "Shoot to live." CS, "Shoot to kill."

"I disagree with the Black Panther Party on their slogan, 'Shoot to kill.' If you read the Black Panther paper, they always say that. The correct slogan is 'Shoot to live,' which implies armed self-defence. You arm yourself and let the oppressor know you're armed, which is immediately a

deterrent to violence. My mottos 'Aim for life' and 'Shoot to live' are antidotes to violence. By arming ourselves and saying 'Shoot to live' we persuade the oppressor who wants to 'shoot to kill' us, that it's dangerous for him to do so. So we can both put down our arms and move to the political level, where we can talk about power to the people. Then we get to the economic level, and so on. But 'Piece of mind' is basic.

We will not die the death of the Jews in Germany. We would rather die the death of the Jews in Warsaw.

Huey P. Newton

"I'm a Libra. Libras like to balance everything. So everything on these charts is balanced, reciprocal. For example if you oppress my liberating chemicals, my neurological freedom is repressed. Perfectly reciprocal. You see, repression is worse than oppression because you can deal with oppression behaviorally, by getting away from it. That's why I fled from the United States, to get away from oppression. But I carry my repressions with me. So the oppressed may overthrow the oppressor but since they carry their oppressions with them, they then immediately become oppressors. Repressions always lead to oppressions. That's an absolute law. It's the story of every revolution in history, including the American revolution."

"Right On!" (When in Rome, you know...)

"Hey, man, if you think *this* is good... I *really* was good before my brain got blown."

All of this is necessarily written from Leary's point of view. It is *about* Leary, for him, really. I spent very little time with Cleaver because he was busy and I didn't push it. I regret not pushing it. My loss. But Cleaver would be harder to get close to: our difference in color, his fixation on the political, my own surprising uptightness in his company. His incredibly bright face, tough soft voice, his spectacular head are unforgettable, though, and I don't want to give the impression that we were laughing at him, but only at the situation. When I say we had our share of giggles. The situation was certainly bizarre enough to produce bizarre behavior.

Joking about our government, we found ourselves looking over our shoulders to make sure the law wasn't around. And who was the law? The Panthers. It's pretty bizarre, you've got to admit.

Even more bizarre. All my life I've felt alienated from whatever government I happen to be sitting under. I mean, my embassy isn't really there to help *me*. They've got me under seige. There is no way for me to relate on any human level to any power structure. But here my Ambassador is Eldridge Cleaver, and whatever his hang-ups may be they are hang-ups I can relate to, they are my hang-ups too in a way. And any Ambassador who listens to Jimi Hendrix is a big improvement.

And even though our embassy has us under protective custody, you could not exactly call our custodian the Pentagon type. "Shit," M. says, "I'm all fucked-up." We are all sitting around smoking some wierd local cigarettes... Timothy, Rosemary, M. and I. M. is 19 and very beautiful. Unhappily in love, she has been sobbing. Tim comforts her: "You know, you're still young. You'll fall in love many times. And I only hope that someday you'll be as happy in love as Rosemary and I have been." M. is grateful and we become relaxed with her, saying things perhaps we shouldn't. M. reports to Ambassador Cleaver every evening. "Are you going to put this in your report?" Tim asks, referring to our most recent giggle, and we giggle again—trusting her—although she probably will.

Then Tim lowers his voice, and seriously, somber, slowly, sadly, he says: "One thing we wish more than anything, Rosemary and I, is that Eldridge were here laughing with us... you know that, don't you?" Wiping her tears, M. nods "Yes."

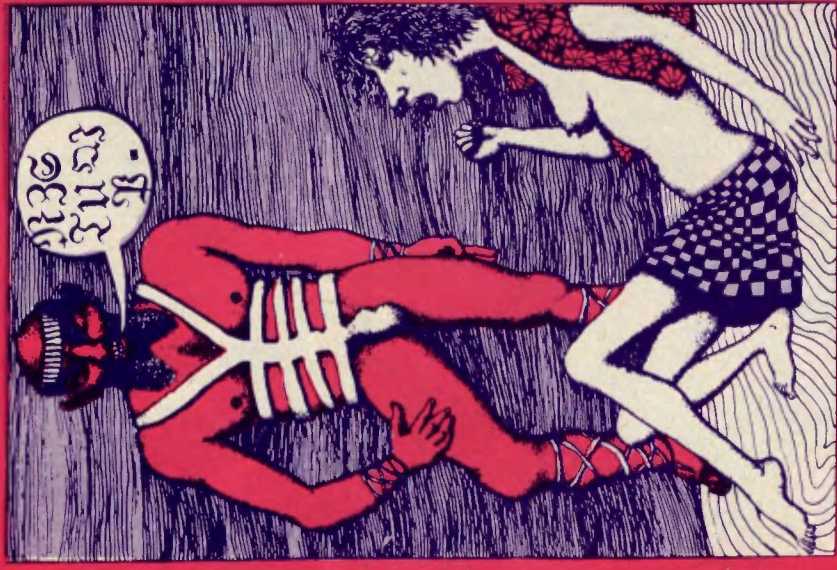
I believe it. I believe Cleaver and Leary love each other. Tim has told me as much, and I've seen love in Cleaver's eyes even as he scolded him. They have so much in common. Their names... CLEAVERY. And they are both so *American*... so Winston, Coca Cola, Freeway, Chock Ful O Nuts, Hollywood American, both displaced from a country they want to love, but which will have none of them, and which has gone very very wrong. They also need each other, whether they know it or not.

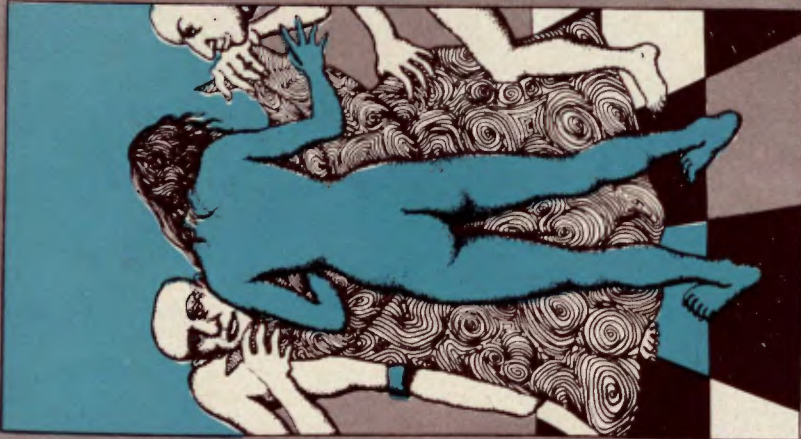
"When I say I'm a philosopher of revolution, it may sound ambitious, but anyone can be a philosopher. My tensions with the Panthers have stemmed directly from my philosophy of revolution. Many revolutionaries today—not just the Panthers—feel that if you're a real revolutionary, you'll go out there full time with a gun. I don't agree with that. You've got to have Internal Piece of Mind, to be secure that way, and then you move to the political arena. Historically, revolutions have been seen as external only. But external revolutions simply substitute armed dictators. I think that if my philosophy is understood, we might find a way out of this boring, repetitious cycle of one armed group overthrowing another and becoming just as bad. A change of jailers. Politics really comes down to who controls the jail keys. The guy who's got the gun and the jail keys drives the Rolls Royce."

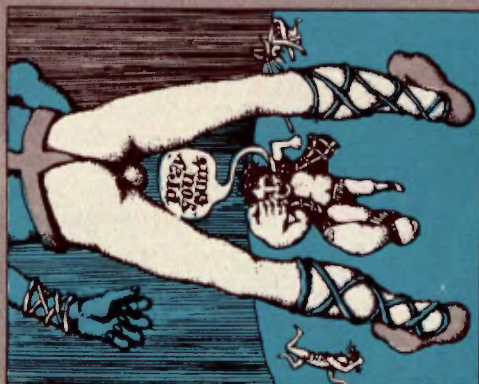
"In order to break this cycle, I firmly believe that you must liberate peoples' nervous systems. Free their nervous systems and the rest follows. That is my philosophy and I can summarize it in a few sentences. Internal Liberation must precede external. And you must move from neurological liberation to the religious, to the sexual, to the cultural, to the economic, to the political, to the armed... instead of the other way.

"Toynbee has said that the effect of a general on history lasts for 10 years, the effect of a politician for 15 years, of a poet for maybe 50 years, and of a religious leader for thousands of years. So that the influence of Christ and Muhammed has lasted much longer than that of the Roman generals, or some Arab Sheik. But the most lasting effect of all will be the liberation of the nervous system. That is the wager Rosemary and I have made with destiny."

there was Once a Shepherdess.. by guilton-







DOWN ON THE FARM



Bodil is a strapping twenty-five year old Danish girl, famed throughout the length and breadth of pornography as the girl who makes it with animals. Her experiences with men have been limited and all disappointing, from the sixteen year old virgin who couldn't make it with her, to the fifty-four year old lover she had when she was seventeen. She feels that it is too much to ask of a man that he could keep going long enough to satisfy her, although she might like to be fucked by a man while she plays with a horse. She has had a woman and found that that did not turn her on either. But she has never had an orgasm with her animals either. Her favourite, the horse, she can only pull off, and that only by tying a leather thong around the base of his prick and jerking him off exactly as vets do to extract semen for freezing. The boar she can manage to get inside her vagina, and she is impressed with the animal's continence, because he can go for "ten to fifteen minutes". Her childhood (her father was a sailor from the Faroe Islands, her mother a severely repressed country woman) seems to have been as grim as might have been expected, full of beatings and reprovals, with her sister, who had her first baby at seventeen and now has seven, held up to her as an example of natural womanhood. From the evidence of the film "A Summer Day" it seems that while Bodil is turned on by animals, their smell and the very farm itself, they are not madly turned on by her. She claims to be happy, because her pay from the photographs and films that she does means that she can afford her forty to sixty cigarettes a day. But with orgasms so thin on the ground who can believe her?

You are very keen on animals. Would you say the reason arose from the fact that you have worked with animals for several years?

Yes, without a doubt. Although I

wasn't born in the country I have spent almost all my life in the company of animals, and for the last 15 years I have been permanently on X-farm in South Jutland. *Is it so that you like the animals on an erotic and sexual basis or is there more to it than that?* I would like to emphasise that I like animals in all ways, not only as pets. We can have so much more use and pleasure from them than we in everyday life imagine. We have a tendency to forget this and take them for granted. What is so wonderful to me is the fact that animals, or rather certain animals, are able to get my hot feelings going.

You mean you have actually had

sexual intercourse with animals?

Yes, I have. With an Alsatian dog and boars. Many times.

When did this begin, I mean how old were you?

I was twelve years old and it happened quite by chance. It was really the dog that took the initiative, it was large and at first I was a little afraid that morning I stood in my room washing myself. It came up to me and sniffed my crutch, then it surprised me by suddenly jumping up my back and beginning violently to use movements as in a sexual act. I quite instinctively laid down on the floor because I was curious to see what it would do. Without realising it I got hold of its

prick and steered it into me, and for the very first time I almost reached an orgasm. This sort of thing repeated itself many times throughout the years, and it eventually meant that as soon as I awoke each morning, I would find the dog outside my door, waiting for me to let it in. It knew that I would give it my attention as soon as I had washed myself.

Can you describe a little further about your reaction when the dog got really going?

Well, I wasn't very old you know, I was a little afraid, but I must admit, the dog stirred something in me and that's why I reckoned all was

OK. After all it was a dog I knew from my daily routines on the farm so I knew he wasn't spiteful or anything like that. But he was somewhat violent.

Weren't you ever afraid that someone would discover what was going on in your room?

No, it was a known fact that the dog was very devoted to me and that it waited every morning for me to let it in, and nobody was any the wiser.

You began working with other animals later?

Yes, I did, mainly with pigs. And it wasn't long before I became interested in boars and got the notion I'd like to try it with one. I had the idea in my head for a long time before I dared put it into practice. When I helped the farmer once in leading a sow to a boar, I became so excited that I grabbed the first opportunity I could. It was evening and I was alone on the farm. I went into the pig sty and crawled over



to one of the boars. It began sniffing at me immediately. But it was difficult for me to handle this great boar, that weighed at least 220 pounds, so I let it out of the pen and went over to some nearby bales of straw and laid across one. The boar followed me and it wasn't long before it began sniffing me and it soon brought all its weight upon me. It had difficulty in getting into me so I had to help it. A boar's prick is spiral shaped at the end and very long so to avoid damage I had to keep it easy. Boars have great endurance and it was some time before it was finished. The next time I tried was with the same boar and it was aware of what

was happening. This time I laid on my back and this I shouldn't have done. It became quite wild, threw itself over me and began biting me all over. It was impossible for me to throw it off, the only thing to do was to let it finish.

Have you ever done it while other people were present or have you never let others see you have an intercourse with a boar?

No, I haven't and it hasn't been necessary, because although a boar can become violent I have learned the right technique to hold it so it won't hurt me, which it could with its length of 30–40 cm (ab. 12–15 inches).

Have there ever been any men in your life?

A couple, but I felt nothing for it and have lost interest. Most men only think of themselves. Animals do as well perhaps, but it seems as though animals are more sensitive and more my friends. To be quite truthful, I have always got more out of it with a boar than with a man.

You have never tried anything with girls?

I tried it once but I absolutely don't fancy it.

And you have never thought of getting married or engaged.

No, honestly speaking, I haven't. Because I don't think I could find a man that would understand my love for the animals, and I wouldn't do without my animals. I just couldn't imagine it. Take for instance the dog I spoke of before. I became so attached to it that I had a real hard time when it died. But luckily my attention became diverted by the appearance of

a new pony on the farm, so I got over it that way.

Could one speak of an erotic connection here?

Yes, I was very keen on it, but I was unable to complete a genuine intercourse with it. I was able to get an erection on the pony but it was impossible for me to get it in. It was too eager and before I knew what was happening it had come and had no further interest for me.

You have never tried with other animals?

No. Despite the fact that I have read many descriptions of sexual intercourse between woman and ass I must admit I am rather sceptical. I doubt whether it is possible. In any case several strong people would have to hold the ass and one would have to guide the head of its prick, because it is so large – then it might be possible. But I would never allow others to share my relations with the animals so I have dismissed the thought.

What about horses, real horses?

Yes, we have a lovely stallion on the farm but I daren't get started with it. Its organ is so big that I am sure I would burst if ever I tried. I have often played with it and also made it come a few times with the aid of a massage apparatus. I have also taught it to lick me. Its rough tongue makes it possible for it to send me to the seventh heaven directly, and the funny thing about it is, that it realizes what it is doing. When I lie down before it, naked, with my legs open it comes with the muzzle and it is not long before it starts working my lap with its tongue. Some pictures have been taken

of me in different situations, but it is my great secret how they were made. Perhaps one day I could send you some pictures so you can see that there is really something behind all this I am telling you.

Do you ever feel you are doing something wrong?

No, absolutely not, I feel best when I am with animals. I know them and like them and they know me and love me. Every time I go into the boars my favourite boar begins to grunt and when I occasionally help it with a sow, I get quite jealous of the sow.

What would you do if somebody informed on you?

What would happen if they did? There is no case of cruelty to animals. On the contrary I sweeten the life of my animals, and especially today when most of it is artificial insemination it must be nice for a boar to get into a warm lap. So I can't see anything wrong with that. And besides I always take care that nobody sees anything. In the area where I live I am considered a quiet girl who is not interested in going to dances.

You probably realize that most people would condemn you for your relations?

Yes, I do, but that is the problem of these people, not mine. Anyway how can anybody be hurt by something they don't know about. And also I don't force the animals to do anything. You can't force a male animal to do anything it doesn't want to do . .

*Interview with Bodil
conducted by Ole Ege (co-director of A
Summer Day) in a warm stable*



THE ANARCHIST COOKBOOK

"It is criminal to teach a man not to defend himself when he is the constant victim of brutal attacks."
Malcolm X

**"TURN ON,
BURN DOWN,
BLOW UP!"**

tear gas, Homemade Nitroglycerine, Bangalore Torpedoes and Anti-personnel grenades?

The recipes in *The Anarchist Cookbook* are a far cry from Mrs. Beeton and Fanny Craddock. A freaked-out Fanny might be able to cope with Acapulco Greens, Apple Pot, Hashish Brownies or Dope Soup, but what could she do with Basement

"This book is for the people of the United States of America," says the author William Powell. "It is not written for the members of fringe political groups such as the Weathermen or the Minutemen. Those radical groups don't need this book. They already know everything that's in here. If the real people of America, the silent majority, are going to survive, they must educate themselves. That is the purpose of this book."

"Keep in mind," he continues, "that the topics written about here are illegal and constitute a threat. Also, more importantly, almost all the recipes are dangerous, especially for the individual who plays around with them without knowing what he is doing. Use care, caution and common sense. This book is not for children or morons."

"This is not the age of slender men in black capes lurking in alleyways with round bombs, just as it is not the age of political discussions in a Munich beer hall. This is a truly unique age, where the individual has become the supreme agent of anarchist theory, without his even being aware of it. Anarchy can no longer be defined as freedom from oppression or lack of governmental control. It has gone further than that. It has become, especially for the young people today, a state of mind, an essence of being. It can be expressed as "doing their own thing," or maybe just simply having the choice to do or not to do."

"Anarchy is the only ideology that is in the least bit optimistic. It places the full weight of responsibility where it should be—on the shoulders of all the people, not just the select few. Its basic premise relies on an unshakable belief faith in human nature, and the primary goodness of the human race."

"Today, young people are not blind idealists. They are perhaps the most rational and practical generation this country has ever seen. There is no great movement comparable to the Russian or French revolutions. There are just a great many individuals working as entities unto themselves to create a new world order. Today has brought forth a great revival of anarchy in all fields—politics, arts, music, education, and even to a small degree in business. Although this surge of individualism is present, you won't find too many people willing to call it anarchy. But that's just terminology."

"An anarchist is not necessarily a revolutionary, although it is more common than not that a person who has attempted to rid himself of exterior controls, for the purpose of developing his

own philosophy, will find himself oppressed. This oppression may lead the individual to formulate ideas of insurrection and revolution."

"This book is for anarchists—those who feel able to discipline themselves—on all the subjects (from drugs, to weapons, to explosives) that are currently illegal and suppressed in this country. It is my firm belief that the only laws an individual can truly respect and obey are those he instills in himself. This is not a revolutionary book in any traditional sense but its premise is the sanctity of human dignity. If this human individual dignity and pride cannot be attained in the existing social order, there is only one choice for a real man, and that is revolution."

"There will never be a traditional revolution in this country, in the sense of the Russian or French revolutions. The revolution in this country has already started. It is a multifaceted battle on many different fronts. It is a battle politically between the young freedom fighters in Chicago and the stagnant system, represented by arthritic old men making laws they do not understand, and making wars they have no feeling for. It is a battle between poor blacks and the rich employers. It is a battle between the artists and the censors. It is a battle between the Black Panthers and the police. It is a battle between the welfare mother and the bureaucracy of the city, and surprisingly enough, it encompasses the yearly battle between the taxpayer and the Internal Revenue Service. All these battles are but part of a larger war being fought to liberate the minds and bodies of the people who feel freedom is the most important concept in their lives."

"If I could come out in this book and advocate complete revolution and the violent overthrow of the United States of America without being thrown in jail, I would not have written

The Anarchist Cookbook, and there would be no need for it."

The book is, I hear, the hottest number on the New York bookstalls this month, and New York being what it is, I suppose it might be fulfilling a genuine need for those would-be revolutionaries who haven't got the intelligence or the ingenuity to



get it on themselves. In London, I hope that the book will find great favour as the latest conversation piece, and then be relegated to an appropriate position on the Sunday coffee table. Such hallucinatory delights as Banana Bread and Sesame Seed Cookies are fortunately closer to the British Underground's heart than basic formulas for demolitions use or detailed instructions for bridge destruction. Keep it that way, Mr Maudling. Omitted, I notice, from the book, is advice on how to assassinate a head of state. Maybe the CIA could fill readers in on that one.

There are pages of formulas for making your own acid, mescaline, psilocybin, DMT and so on, which to me were about as intelligible as the Koran in the original Arabic; the section on natural, non-lethal and lethal weapons is frightening but contains nothing that is not already available in various forms such as Army or survival manuals. Clubs, hatpins, cattle prods, brass knuckles, truncheons, pistols and revolvers, rifles, gases, automatic weapons, shotguns, machine guns, it is a gruesomely familiar list, associated, I am sad to remind you, more with governmental forces of law and order than anything else (except the hatpins).

*"This country, with its
belongs to the
Whenever they*

*institutions,
people who inhabit it.
shall grow weary of the
existing Government,
they can exercise their
constitutional right of
amending it, or their revoluti
onary right to dismember or
overthrow it."*

Abraham Lincoln.

With this quote,
the author
introduces

Electronics,
Sabotage and
Surveillance;
thoroughly good
reading from begin
ning to end, but discon
certing to find that most
of the electronic bugging
devices, bumper beepers,
electronic scramblers and jammers
are very expensive and available only
from firms with forbidding names in such
faraway anarchist centres like Houston Texas,
and Greencastle Indiana. For what it

is worth here's what he has to say about Electronic Bug Detection:

"Electronic bug detection will probably be the most difficult aspect of this entire field, as you will be working on your own without the aid of much useful information that can be gathered from the telephone company or other agencies. (Most telephone bugs, except the most sophisticated ones, can be detected by an overload on the phone line itself.) A good tool for bugging detection is a normal AM-FM radio receiver, portable, with a telescopic antenna. For application, extend the antenna in the room suspected of being bugged, and tune the receiver carefully from the bottom to the top, covering all the FM frequencies, at the same time talking to yourself continually. At one point, if a bug is present, you will be able to hear your voice through the receiver, although the voice may be indistinguishable because of top-volume feedback. This feedback will always be a deafening continuous howl, scream or high-pitched whistle. To learn the exact location of the bug, cut the volume of the receiver, and slowly move around the room. The feedback will increase in volume as you get closer to the bug. When a bug is discovered, there is a moment of confusion and fear in regard to its elimination. In one sense, destroying a bug is an admission of guilt, and can do nothing more than provoke the enemy to rebug in a more sophisticated manner. For that reason I would hesitate to remove a bug. Instead I would attempt to use it against the bugged (or sodomite as they say in Britain) himself, by feeding him false and misleading information.

He gets very emotional about vending machines, pay phones parking meters and so on. "Soda machines are easy but real delight comes from ripping a Kotex machine off the wall of a women's rest room, or sticking a small explosive charge (see page 120) in the coin slot of a pay toilet." He dismisses most telephone sabotage as something you can pick up yourself from publications like Project London, or Fuck the System, but has lots of advice and warnings for the serious urban saboteur who wants to get beneath the city streets with a pair of wirecutters. He lists sewers and high-voltage electric lines as two of the little hazards to be overcome. Rats and alligators he doesn't mention.

He loves computers. "Since machines run the society we live in, it's only fair that an equal degree of destructive creativity be leveled against them. Computers, because of their very nature are extremely easy to render inoperative. When paying bills by computer, always remember that you have the ultimate advantage of an open mind and the ability to rationalise whereas the machine is programmed to do one thing. A good method of sabotage is simply to punch a few extra holes in the IBM card. Most of the time the card will be rejected, and it will cost the company a few dollars to rectify the mistake. I have heard of people who have performed this operation, and have been issued with several hundred dollars worth of credit.

When I was working for a large New York corporation, I had to deal with a bank every day. I realised, after a period of time, that the people who were working at the bank had lost their identities, and were nothing more than machines themselves. Well, this sort of psychological surrealistic science fiction really got me interested. I viewed myself as a saviour of identities, as the Messiah of the Spirit of Individualism. I was brought to earth quickly. These people didn't want to be saved. I was going to turn them all on to acid, but then I decided that a better tactic would be to screw up the object of their emulation. On my daily deposit I placed a large quantity of Scotch tape. This resulted in the deposit slips, themselves, getting stuck in the bowels of the computer. It took the bank three or four hours to take the machine apart, and unjam the mechanism. In unjamming the machine, the somehow altered the program, and it didn't work right for weeks. I never had the guts to return to the bank, but I hope the clerks lost their reverence for the divine infallible machine."

I don't know what Alex Trocchi and all those other kindly revolutionaries who are placing all their faith on the machine and automation to save mankind from the more boring types of toil, would think if this particular type of subversion.

There is an amusing section on shoplifting, and he points out the

crucial difference between the revolutionary and the common thief. "The revolutionary will steal from large corporations, and the common thief will steal from anyone. If you can ever get over the Protestant ethic, you will be able to see what I mean." He lists eleven basic rules for the anarchist shoplifter, most of which would be self evident for anyone who has ever purloined anything from the local Woolworths, and his final warning is "If caught, never admit to being part of the movement. It will get you more time in jail."

Just as the first duty of the revolutionary is not to get caught, the anarchist's first duty is not to blow himself up, and the author spends many pages of his chapter on explosives and booby traps setting out safety rules for storing, making and handling your dynamite, gunpowder and plastic bombs. Despite the lists of precautions, to my untrained eye, the instructions and diagrams included seem to be dangerously over-simplified, and in the highly unlikely event that I would want to make a pressure-plate detonator or sabotage a suspension bridge, I don't think I would rely entirely on this manual. I think he was very wise to include a legal postscript and a reminder of just how heavy the jail sentences can be in the event of capture.

"*The Anarchist Cookbook*" is a funny title for this most horrifying of paper backs, but there the fun ends. William Powell is deadly serious ("Turn on, Burn Down, Blow up" is his basic revolutionary slogan) and I leave you with his general rules for guerrilla warfare and a little of his homespun theory.

- "1. Make sure the operation will be effective. Never waste time with either a violent or nonviolent operation which is ineffective.
2. Hit the enemy where they least expect it, and where it will hurt them the most.
3. Most sabotage should be carried out at night.
4. Timing must be perfect, as the longer the operation takes the greater the chances of something going wrong.
5. Work only with people you trust. Many spies and informers will suggest plans that could only get you busted. Work in small groups, or cells, consisting of no more than four people.
6. All operations should be simple and fast, and several means of escape should be planned.
7. All weapons should be concealed, all explosives should be treated with the respect they deserve. (Check the chapter on explosives for correct handling.)



Figure 90. Military grenade.

8. All groups must have a leader. He should be picked for his leadership qualities. He will make all major decisions.
9. The need for secrecy is obvious. Security and secrecy must be maintained without reservation.
10. Any member who breaks the code of the group must be executed, in full view of the other members."

"The time has passed for demonstrators and pseudo-revolutionaries and students to occupy the political scene. The time is here for a mass uprising, incorporating all these elements, armed with single-minded deadly intolerance. There is no justice in bureaucracy for the individual, for bureaucracy caters only to itself. The writers, artists, and poets of the revolution will have a job that has never before in history been so great, for they must create a value structure for the New World, for The New American. " To be successful, man must change himself, the individual must have a revolution within himself, for then and only then will he be able to change the world. There is no room for narrow-mindedness in the coming insurrection. Each man must break, with passionate understanding, the chains which chain him to himself. For if one man dies in indifference, the entire revolution dies with him. One cannot practice the same bureaucracy one is fighting against; the revolution is secondary, the system is secondary, politics is secondary, to the individual."

"Effective sabotage, like the practical joke, must employ a grain of truth in a solution of deadly irony. This means that sabotage serves two basic purposes: first of all to weaken the enemy, and second of all to build the morale of the liberation army. Although revolution and sabotage are deadly serious, one should always retain his sense of humour and apply it if possible to the operation used. An example, which can be employed today with the draft system, is to use the weaknesses of the bureaucracy against itself."

"When a young man is forced to go down to his local board and register for the draft, he is required to give only a small amount of information. To use the fact effectively against the Selective Service System, a large group of young men must go to a local board and register twice or three times under false names, in addition to their real registration. This will cause the bureaucracy of the Selective Service System to go berserk. They're already so uptight about people attempting to avoid the draft that they would really flip out if all of a sudden their records showed that several hundreds of thousands of people just didn't show up, and couldn't be traced. It would never enter their heads to think it might have been a put-on. An interesting theatrical twist to this same idea is to have everyone do his false registrations on the same day, so that many, many pre-induction physicals are due on the same day. Thus the full impact of the missing persons will hit the induction center at one time."

Jim Anderson

The Anarchist Cookbook by William Powell with a prefatory note on Anarchism Today by P.M. Bergman. \$5.95. Lyle Stuart Inc, 239 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003

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PLENDOR

"What people put in their mouths is their own business, so I'd rather not say what I think about eating. The whole question offends me."

Jim Morrison of the DOORS.

If someone had predicted a year ago that I would give up all the things I held sacred (you know what those are) for a crazy diet of whole brown rice and veg, I would have strongly advised him to change clairvoyants. I have been macrobiotic over a year now and there are no signs of beri-beri, or yearning after lost pleasures. In fact, it looks like it's going to be a joyous trip.

How did I ever get so hung up on food? I came from a city that has the highest strontium 90 count in its milk, and the hottest chile-con-carne. Food for me was a constant source of send-up material. I spent exorbitant sums on bad food to prove its meaninglessness in our culture. My wife, Fran, and I even wrote a musical based on food. I can still feel the hit song, *Hurray for Terrible Food* sticking in my trachea. (I am suddenly aware I was as pre-occupied with putting down food then, as I am in extolling it now.) But in those days, I thought ecology was something you caught from a toilet seat.

Today my life is rooted in food. I do all the family marketing and some of the cooking. I have a delicious job with Harmony Foods, the new macrobiotic wholesale distributor, spreading that pure food around England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland. It fills me with revolutionary glee. In my spare time, I do a little public relations work. Nothing gives me more pleasure than writing articles on the glories of organic rice and the joys of Wakame. If Georges Ohsawa, the founder of Macrobiotics, is right about everything changing into its opposite, I am heading for the first sainthood in Islington before the year is out.

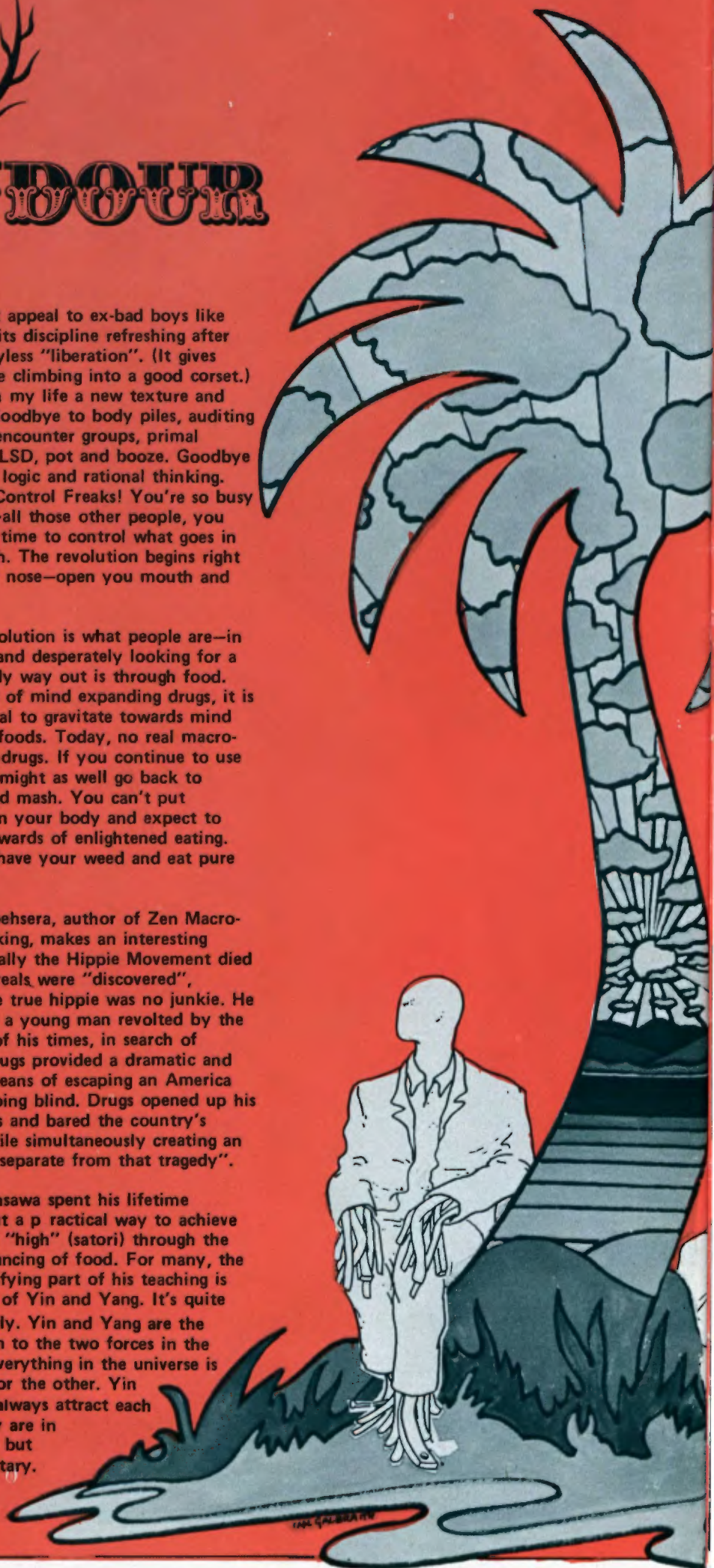
Fran claims our social life has suffered. She complains of old friends dropping us, and the new friends doing nothing but sitting around the house, swapping recipes. She's right. After a hard day at the Tempura Bar (as the office is known), I like to bring a few of the gang back to the house and turn them on with a little delicately flavoured miso soup and crispy chapatis. Macro is more than a diet, it's a way of life.

It has great appeal to ex-bad boys like me. I find its discipline refreshing after years of joyless "liberation". (It gives support like climbing into a good corset.) It has given my life a new texture and meaning. Goodbye to body piles, auditing machines, encounter groups, primal screamers, LSD, pot and booze. Goodbye to Western logic and rational thinking. Attention Control Freaks! You're so busy controlling all those other people, you don't have time to control what goes in your mouth. The revolution begins right under your nose—open your mouth and chew!

Today's revolution is what people are—in bad shape and desperately looking for a way out. My way out is through food. After years of mind expanding drugs, it is quite natural to gravitate towards mind expanding foods. Today, no real macrobiotic uses drugs. If you continue to use them, you might as well go back to sausages and mash. You can't put chemicals in your body and expect to reap the rewards of enlightened eating. You can't have your weed and eat pure too.

Michael Abehsera, author of *Zen Macrobiotic Cooking*, makes an interesting point: "Really the Hippie Movement died the day cereals were 'discovered', because the true hippie was no junkie. He was simply a young man revolted by the condition of his times, in search of himself. Drugs provided a dramatic and practical means of escaping an America that was going blind. Drugs opened up his mind's eyes and bared the country's tragedy while simultaneously creating an urge to be separate from that tragedy".

Georges Ohsawa spent his lifetime working out a practical way to achieve the highest "high" (satori) through the proper balancing of food. For many, the most mystifying part of his teaching is the theory of Yin and Yang. It's quite simple, really. Yin and Yang are the names given to the two forces in the universe. Everything in the universe is either one or the other. Yin and Yang always attract each other. They are in opposition, but complementary. Each has





IN THE



ICE

its own special characteristics, but they are always changing. Quantity instead of quality changes them. When pushed to their extreme they turn into their opposite. Now in the West, we think of these forces as positive and negative charges. Positive and negative are fixed. They can reproduce themselves indefinitely but can never change. According to this theory, everything is un-related and separate. A very boring concept.

By understanding and applying the theory of Yin and Yang, the whole world becomes your playground, viewed through inter-related and dynamic relationships. You can never get lost, you can never get bored. Life is a spiral, not a square. Harmony is the best word to sum up Yin and Yang.

To a macrobiotic, learning how to use the principles of Yin and Yang as it applies to food, is a fascinating game. When you balance correctly, you really feel good. When you don't balance, your body tells you. Brian J. Ford in his amusing and informative article in OZ 32 (*Doh't Forget the Glutamate Mum*) is right when he says the body automatically adjusts imbalances by pissing them away. What he doesn't mention is how hard the body has to work to do this. When repeated imbalances occur, the body begins to show the strain; it starts removing excesses through kidney stones, pimples, boils, diarrhoea, colds, etc. A potassium/sodium ratio of over 200/1 is fairly extreme in such foods as bananas, coffee, honey, potatoes, tomatoes, and egg plant when the normal blood balance is only 5/1. It might also be of interest to Mr. Ford to know that very few macrobiotics give more than a philosophical damn about K/Na ratios in their food. The majority of us are concerned with enjoying life and eating a well balanced diet of grains and vegetables with beans, seaweeds, fruits, and fish as we desire.

Though there are cases where people enter into macrobiotics through some fear story about poisons in their foods, it is impossible to have a good appetite and enjoy your meal when you are eating out of fear. Those who continue to eat macro do so out of pleasure and gratefulness for finding a clean and simple diet.

There are other dangers facing the adventurers in the macro way of life.

There are philosophical pitfalls to avoid. I am indebted to a wise philosopher west of the Mississippi, who suggests to me that the idea of balanced eating is but an age old preoccupation with seeking out the path towards wisdom. That ferreting out the "true diet" is nothing more than satisfying the need to discover the truth. He further suggests that in wanting to rid yourself of impurities in food, you are really trying to eliminate the impurities in yourself (sin?). Once you rid yourself of impurities, does it not breed the feeling that it would be well if others do not sin? And in the final conclusion, isn't it best to avoid the company of sinners? No.

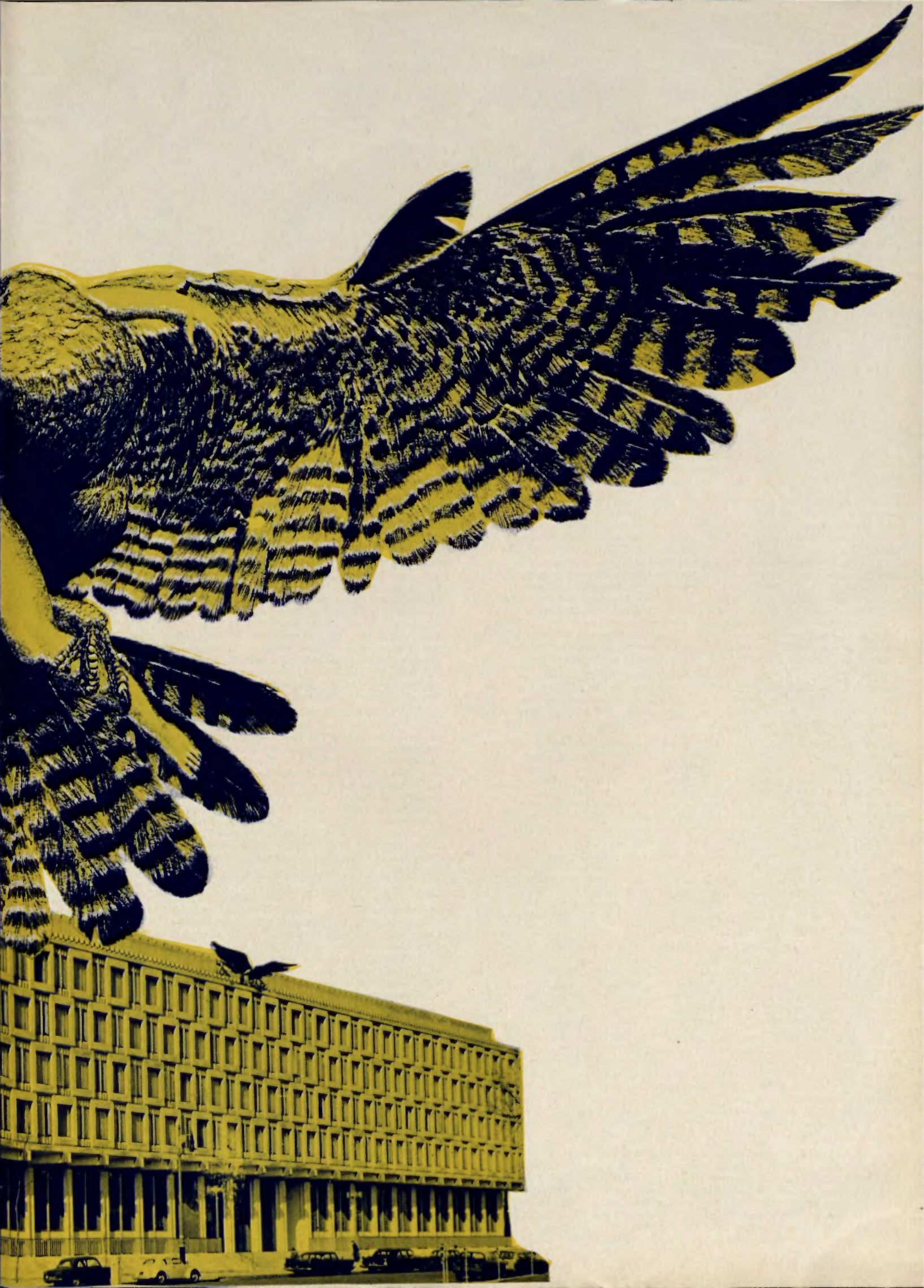
Exclusiveness is the end product of impurities in your food. In the macro world, exclusiveness is the most dreaded disease possible. For without suffering how would we know what good is? Without slavery how would we know what freedom is? Without sickness, how would we know what health is? The bigger the front, the bigger the back. Philosophical ideas are meaningless unless their purpose is to help us toward health and happiness, beginning tomorrow! Any commitment to an ideology that doesn't bring you joy is a bummer, and only leads to anxiety and loneliness.

I have a friend, a gifted writer who after a lifetime of non-commitment to anything but good writing, finally got himself a commitment—helping North Vietnam win the war. He loved those people, twelve thousand miles away. Recently he was in my living room with the gentle General Waste-More-Land, who feels strongly about the war and suffering of those people too. Each of them was doing their thing according to their beliefs. But my writer friend could not stay in the same room with the General. The very sight of his Dada uniform was an affront to everything he held sacred. After a few brutal words to the General, my friend left. The General said, "I feel sorry for your friend, he must be in terrible pain".

The value of a personal commitment is making it work for you every day. It seems to me that my friend and many like him have failed to do this. As for me, he can no longer tolerate my commitment to macrobiotics because of its "profound triviality". But I ain't mad at nobody.

Jay Landesman





THE FAIRY FELLER

Richard Dadd,
"The Fairy Feller"
1817 - 1886.

"And if ever the suspicion of their manifold being dawns upon men of unusual powers and of unusually delicate perceptions, so that, as all genius must, they break through the illusion of the unity of the personality and perceive that the self is made up of a bundle of selves, they have only to say so and at once the majority puts them under lock and key, calls science to aid, establishes schizophrenia and protects humanity from the necessity of hearing the cry of truth from the lips of these unfortunate persons."
Hermann Hesse Steppenwolf.

His father Robert Dadd was a chemist and lecturer on geology. He was educated at Rochester Grammar School and his talents as an artist, developed among the woods and by the Kent sea coast, enabled him to gain admittance to the Royal Academy Schools. He won some medals and formed "The Clique" with Frith, Augustus Egg, H. O'Neil and Phillip, who did not issue a brotherhood manifesto like the Pre-Raphaelites but who were bounded to each other by friendship and similar aspirations to fame. There were sales and exhibitions and Dadd seemed assured for a time of the usual fine career. Through a friend at the Royal Academy, he received in 1842, a commission to accompany one Sir Thomas Phillips to make sketches and drawings of his European and Near Eastern tour. (Sir Thomas had received his knighthood for quelling the Chartist riots at Newport.) The strange new worlds of Egypt and Turkey had an incredible effect on Dadd which is apparent from extracts from some of his letters home:

"Then listen to wild sounds of the tabor, and see the strange dresses of these street musicians, see bubbling water, see bright green trees, dazzling dresses, stately camels, all shook up in such inextricable confusion that you lay down your reason and implore the passenger to hold you tight, lest you indulge in any rabid feelings towards your linen"

"The moon rose after some time, and we, having stayed two hours, mounted and rode through the mountains of Engaddi. This again, was rather rich-looking to my eyes (diseased eyes), like the end of the world. Many parts was as the extinct craters of volcanoes and some of the mountains had bent themselves in the most extravagant way . . . the old men look like Patriarchs, the young have almost feminine beauty, the pipes are bubbling and the smoke wreathing about in fanciful curls and on this the fire throwing a ruddy glare . . . to see the naked villains walk up to the fire would have worked your blood up to a boiling heat."

From another letter. *"The cafes were very interesting on account of the assemblage of characters outside their doors. The pipe seems to be the best friend of the Turks, and contentment was never better expressed than by one of those same people lounging in listless idleness, the only noise accompanying his thoughts being that of the smoke bubbling through the water, and perhaps it is no traduction to say that the smoke and bubble are apt and fit types to represent his thoughts."*

"groups round the wells on the seashore, with, perhaps, a string of camels grunting and growling, the whole recommended to you by the overture of the sea roaring in, gently as any sucking-dove, and covering the golden beach, which glitters dazzlingly bright, with long lines of whitish foam . . . groups of Turks in light dresses, white large turbans, Bedoween Arabs, mounted, and cantering so gallantly through the street that you wish yourself a born blackguard and robbing mountaineer."

Besides all these most sensuous descriptions Dadd's letters contain statements that are filled with an awareness of what fate had prepared for him. In a letter to Frith, he wrote: *"I'm very tired of the world, and have seen so much disgusting selfishness since I have left England that I am half a misanthrope . . . the excitement of these scenes has been enough to turn the brain of an ordinary weak-minded person like myself, and often I have lain down at night with my imagination so full of wild vagaries that I have really and truly doubted my own sanity . . . I shall never be jealous of you now, for I've got open my mind, yes, opened my mind."*

Early in 1843 Dadd left his companion in Paris without giving any reason and returned to England. However, news had already reached his friends and family that he was far from well, having suffered sun-stroke in Egypt. Some even said that he was mad, but there was little evidence to show for this other than occasional violent outbursts and certain peculiar mannerisms and idiosyncracies which he had developed. One such oddity was his newly acquired habit of always wearing clean kid gloves. Another was that he decided to live on new-laid eggs and ale and vast quantities of these

items were found in his lodgings after he had left. Also he would speak fearfully of being pursued by fiends and that the 'Great Fiend' himself was looking for him.

A doctor recommended complete rest and his father undertook to look after him. One fateful Manson-like summer day, they went together to Cobham. The ferns, where he had lain as a boy on those long summer evenings, seemed to recoil as though to avoid his night-filled eyes. Pungent herbal scents lingered on the night air, which rose from the lush ground, and they reminded him of the chemist shop - his father's.

The screaming ravens filled his head with half forgotten images of seamen, arabs and fairies all engaged in the furies of a demoniacal dance of death: a knife flashed through the air and plunged into the heart of the 'Great Fiend', who let forth neither cry nor scream but simply stared a moment in disbelief then crumpled to the ground.

So it was that Richard Dadd murdered his father, or as Dadd avowed later, "an individual who called himself my father." When the body was found the following day near a large pit called Paddock Hole in Cobham Woods, Dadd had already fled to France. The authorities searched his rooms and found a portfolio of drawings of many of his friends horribly disfigured, all with their throats cut, indicating the direction in which his mind was fleeing. He was eventually arrested near Fontainebleau where he had tried to kill a fellow traveller in a carriage. French newspapers carried the story that he had a list of a number of personalities he intended to kill, including the Emperor of Austria. He was committed to an asylum at Clermont without trial and remained there for some ten months while the Home Secretary considered his future.

Dadd's family and friends urged the authorities to allow him to remain in France thus avoiding the misery and scandal of a trial but the Home Secretary (obviously the Maudling of his day) thought that this would have created a dangerous precedent, and had him extradited in 1844. His family and friends were in fact spared the indignity of a trial and Dadd was placed in the Criminal Lunatic Department of Bethlem Hospital. He spent the next twenty years of his life there, producing works of great imaginative brilliance. How he was able to maintain a creative force under the conditions that existed in Bethlem, or Bedlam as it was more popularly known, is not known. Bedlam was considered a source of much amusement and visits to observe the antics of the inmates whose treatment often consisted of starving and purging was very popular. Deaths from overdoses of opium derivatives were frequent.

In 1852, Resident Physician Hood had this to say about Dadd:

"For some years after his admission he was considered a violent and dangerous patient for he would jump up and strike a violent blow without any aggravation, and then beg pardon for the deed. This arose from some vague idea that filled his mind and still does so to a certain extent that certain spirits have the power of possessing a man's body and compelling him to adopt a particular course whether he will or no. When he talks on this subject and on any other at all associated with the motives that influenced him to commit the crime for which he is confined here, he frequently becomes excited in his manner of speaking and soon rambles from the subject and becomes quite unintelligible. He is very eccentric and glories that he is not influenced by motives that other men pride themselves in possessing—thus he pays no sort of attention to decency in his acts or words, if he feels the least inclination to be otherwise he is perfectly a sensual being, a thorough animal, he will gorge himself with food till he actually vomits, and then again return to the meal. He has said that he once when he was in a public place in Rome with the Pope, felt a strong inclination to assault him, but that on second thoughts the Pope was so well protected that he felt he should come off second best, and therefore he overcame the desire. His mind is full of delusions."

In 1864 he was transferred to Broadmoor where he died of TB in January 1886. There is little of his work available to the general public, although the Tate Gallery will let you see "The Fairy Feller's Master Stroke" on which he spent nine years of work without finishing it, and a few lesser water colours. Bethlem Hospital has lots of the best ones but it is difficult to get to see them. The Tate hopes to arrange an exhibition in the distant future. Meanwhile, join the crowd of children and freaks who make the pilgrimage to the Tate basement and stand mesmerised in front of "The Fairy Feller's Master Stroke."

Peter Jones





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