

1-1971

OZ 32

Richard Neville
Editor

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Recommended Citation

Neville, Richard, (1971), OZ 32, OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 24p.
<https://ro.uow.edu.au/ozlondon/32>

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Description

This issue appears with the help of Richard Adams, Jim Anderson, Felix Dennis, Stephen Litster, Richard Neville, Marsha Rowe and David Wills Thanks also for artwork and invaluable assistance of all kinds to Caroline, Louise, Stan Demidjuk, George Melly, David Nutter and Det. Inspector Fred (wouldn't it be) Lufferly.

Contents:Emergency Issue Granny's OZ. Cover reprints the obscenity charge against OZ. Obscene Graphic? (now you see it – now you don't). Brian Bolland graphic strip and stills from *Performance* (Jagger's penis). 'Whistle while you Wank?' by David Widgery. OZ Obscenity Fund plea and cartoon. 'Hi Ho, High Ho! It's Off to Work We Go' by Louis Jigsaw with full page Trades Union flag with Shelton's Freak Brothers imposed and a Robert Crumb frame. 'Trot Trot Trotsky Goodbye' by Tom Ludd. 'The Radicalization of the Superheroes' by Lindsay and Lawrence Van Gelder. Ad for *Performance*. 'Letters Luff Left'. Acid House/Clinic Invitation. 'You Don't Know How Good You Got it Here in Britain Mate for Example...' - repressive laws of entry by Neal Ascherson illustrated with apologies to Gilbert Shelton. 'Don't Forget the Glutamate Mum!' by Brian J. Ford. 'Swede 'n' Sour Discover America' – Laura Furman on American deserter communities. Centrefold Columbus and the Pig graphics by Irons. 'Mystic Guerillas' by Jamian Ananda. Monster Comix, back issues, badges, OZ subscription offer. The Pellen Centre ad. 'What Really Happened at Scotland Yard's Christmas Party' by Richard Neville. Fotheringay ad. Muddy Waters interview by Charles Shaar Murray. 'Put a Real Queen in the Palace' by Graham Hunt, member of Gay Liberation Front. 'Y-Front Guerillas' – Warren on the Gay Liberation Front. 'Good Morning Little School Girl' by Marilyn Brando, a grateful graduate of Schoolkids OZ. 'Oh Lord This Cell is Cold' by Michael Kustow. Full page *John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band* ad and ditto *Yoko Ono/Plastic Ono Band*. 'It's All White Ma I'm Only Bleeding' – Hakim A. Jamal on racism. 'Blind Man's Luff' by Germaine Greer + Cembrowicz and Rankin graphic strip. LP reviews: Velvet Underground *Loaded*, Egg, Jimi Hendrix *Live Experience 67-68*. Ad for *Performance*. Print Mint Poster Sale. Back Cover Jagger/*Performance* ad.

Publisher

OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 24p

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.

GRANNY'S

OZ

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No32

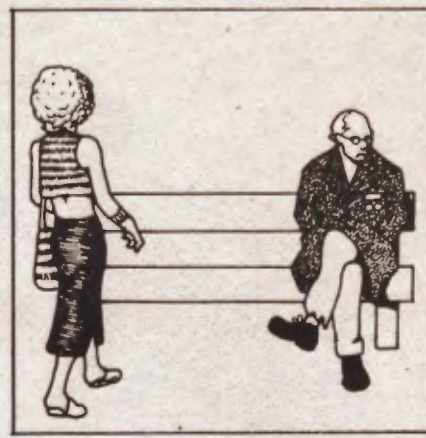
EMERGENCY
ISSUE

OZ Publications
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days between the 1st
of January and the 8th
day of June 1970, within
the jurisdiction of the Central
Criminal Court, conspired together
with Vivian Laurence Berger and
with certain other young persons to
produce a magazine containing

divers obscene
lewd indecent and
sexually perverted ar-
ticles cartoons drawings
and illustrations with intent
thereby to debauch and corrupt
the morals of children and young
persons within the Realm and to
arouse and implant in their minds
lustful and perverted desires.



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BRIAN BOLLAND

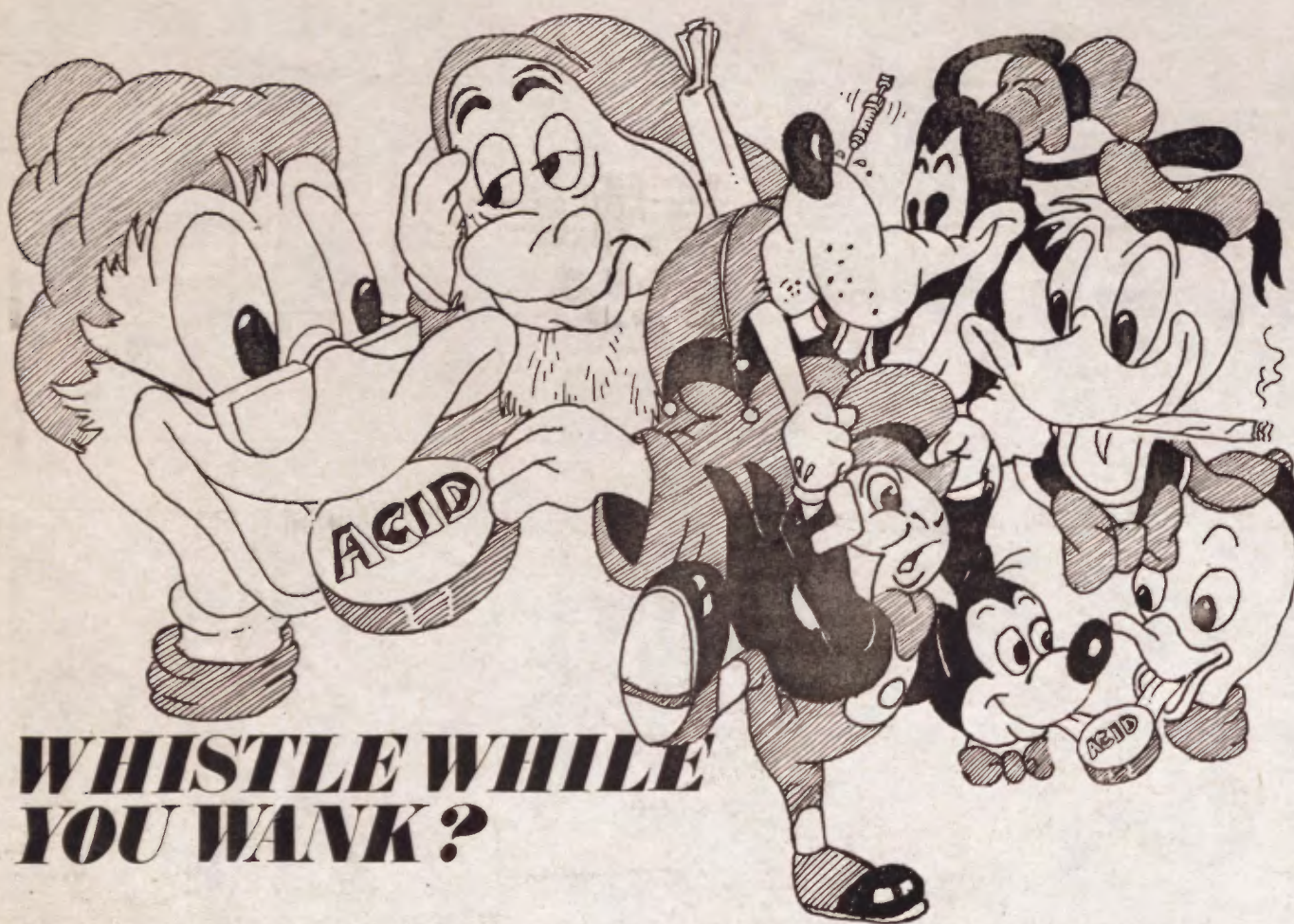
OZ 32 - January 1971
OZ is published by OZ Publications Ink Ltd
52 Princesdale Rd London W 11.
01-229 7541 (24 hour answering service)
01-229 4623
Advertising: Contact Felix Dennis or Chris
Rowley at 229 4623
Printed by OZ Publications Ink Ltd

Distribution: Moore Harness Ltd.
11 Lever St, London E.C.1. 01-253 4882
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Stan Demidjuk, George Melly, David Nutter
and Det. Inspector Fred (wouldn't it be)
Lufferly. OZ is a member of UPS
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occasional subscriber to LNS
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WHISTLE WHILE YOU WANK?

'People who talk about revolution without referring explicitly to everyday life, without understanding what is subversive about love and what is positive about the refusal of restraints, such people have a corpse in their mouths'
Raoul Vaneigem 'Traite de Savoir-Vivre a L'Usage des Jeunes Generations'

'Surrounded by screaming communists with flowers in their arses'

Allen Ginsberg 'To an Old Poet in Peru'

Yipping Frost was lovely to watch. It was also very easy to understand, despite everyone saying how inarticulate the hippies are. They weren't going to be in Frost's quiz show anymore, they were going to be naughty schoolkids and force him to be what he is, an out-of-control-schoolmaster. They were going to be non-verbal and thus show quite what worshippers of idiocy words are in the ping-pong between Frost and guests. It was almost as funny as five minutes of *Monty Python's Flying Circus*. But next day the Yippies buy all the papers to see how shocking they were and the Frost Show phones up Cape to see if their viewing figures have gone up higher than the 'Do It' orders. Why gang, we're even more important than all these yippie miners going on strike, let's hire the ICA and get a few underground celebrities to say the usual things, only more violent seeing Jerry's here. So that's how we Did It in England and Big Jerry goes off on his so-familiar US tour; now we've done the Kabouters and the Frost Show, how about the IRA, they sound nice and dangerous. Who cares if the English Underground has proved, over some years now, that, politically speaking, they couldn't organise the proverbial smoke-in on a hash plantation. Or that the IRA, at least the ones with the most guns, are mainly trigger-happy Right-wingers and that Peoples Democracy, the real core of the revolutionary movement in Ireland, are more interested in Belfast bus fares than blowing their mind.

It's just not enough to be against passivity. To be dangerous

to capitalism you have to do more than spell it with a K and do the two yippie party games, either you light the joint or burn the money. Both Hoffman, in the SNCC voting registration campaigns, and Rubin in the Berkeley student and Vietnam movement were brilliant organisers, powered by 'the need to reach the ordinary guy'. But the decision to become famous, to enter the spectacle in a spectacular way, to get into David Frost's 'Who's Who', is a costly one. Celebrity is the clap of our time and you catch it whatever the ideological phylaxis. Once a yippie Superhero, victor of a thousand consciousness battles, you're another TV star. And your view of the world is from the top, of leaders parading the masses up and down history, which, like outrage against foreign wars and the profit motive, is classical liberalism.

Perhaps the risk has to be taken in America. Perhaps the straight Left is so obnoxious and fond of shadowboxing and the hard-hats so utterly hostile to revolutionary ideas, neither are worth bothering about. Though this is certainly not the view of, say, John Watson, editor of 'Inner City Voice' the Detroit revolutionary paper, recently in London with films of black auto-workers' caucuses... no, he didn't get asked onto the Frost Show. But in Britain, the evidence of class struggle has seldom been more obvious; it's heaped on the corner of every street, it's in every Tory speech and face, it's the first fact of life for every striking miner. And it's never been, with the decline of the Labour Party and the seriousness of the economic crisis, easier for revolutionaries to get a hearing from political workers. The Agit-Prop Players, for example, whom Rubin wanted to provide with funny masks for the Frost takeover, are actually busy taking a play about Productivity Deals round Scottish trade union branches and their revolutionary puppet show was being done on the pavement for the pickets on the Westminster Night-cleaners strike. When, in the same year, we have already had the first official National Docks strike for 50 years and the biggest coal stoppage since the General Strike,

it's no time to think the Revolution is water-pistolng D. Frost.

Old Karlo Marx, author of that great Teutonic folk-rock album 'Das Kapital' whose grave has a certain popularity with revolutionary tourists, had unfashionable views on the creativity of the working class and their struggles, 'communism for us is not a state of affairs which is to be established, an ideal to which reality will have to adjust itself. We call communism the real movement which abolishes the present state of things'. Yet when asked by Frost, who is oppressed? Rubin only allows the Vietnamese and the blacks to qualify, not, for example, the strikers in General Motors (Yes, that's the rock band with a turnover greater than that of the Indian Government). And when Rubin implies that, while the Black Panther Party organises with discipline and a Marxist theory, it's dishonest for whites to do the same, he's just playing racism upsidedown. 'We will take the Left seriously when it starts producing comic books' he says and it's a serious realisation that the white revolutionary will have to swim in a culture of rock, baseball and colour TV, in the world of 'Last Exit to Brooklyn' rather than 'Woodstock Nation'. But since his politics is really on the level of moral snobbery, the only way to reach the workers, who pop up on page 253 seizing their factories 'and running them communally, without profit' is to turn up the volume. The props of the Revolution must become more lurid. More terror trials, our hero is to injure a ligament in his coccyx and incur more courtrooms, aided by his team of beautiful civil rights lawyers. More melodrama with an Artaud soundtrack dubbed on afterwards. More boring underground sensationalism (yes, I do prefer the Evening News to International Times). The heroic will is all, 'everything you say we are, we are, we are' and anything we say we are, we are too.

Rubin is as American as apple pie with a genuine love for violence-in-the head fantasia (gun on psychedelic hip pursued by the Jerry Rubin Department of the CIA), self-dramatising aggression and since he promises 'we will be writing the history books', he has every reason to be cocky about the Grand Design. He's quite right to agree with the friend who says 'I didn't get my ideas from Mao, Lenin or Ho Chi Minh. I got my ideas from the Lone Ranger. You know the Lone Ranger always fought on the side of good and against the forces of evil and injustice'. Moral elitism is the motive, exaggeration is the tactic and it's fairly clear that his megalomania makes him almost impossible to work with, you are either Tonto or the Jewish mother he is so petrified of. It's not the class struggle anarchism of Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, Americans who, while they emphasised consciousness, had this tiresome hang-up with material conditions and the actual protests people get into to defend their needs and rights. Nor is it either the Kropotkinian anarchist's stress on mutual aid and utopian futures which has such a strong natural tradition in America, through Thoreau to Paul Goodman (that suspicious surrealist Abbie Hoffman is much more in this likeable if pacific tradition, his Free Store sounds just like an Oxfam Shop). Rubin is a straight individualist, propagandist of the (electronic) deed plus the old romantic cliché of assassin mind and spontaneous heart, all seen through a purple haze. It might scare the Daily Telegraph and appeal to Milton Schulman, but who really cares. The politics of the old Left, which Rubin hates and feels so much guilt about hating, were two dimensional ethical fairy tales. Support your Labour candidate (or Communist, if you are militant) and wait. Fight for Peace, for Disarmament, to defend Democracy. It dealt in monochrome loyalties and to be a revolutionary, to

support neither the un-free Free World or the non-Communist Communist World was to be a traitor to both sides. It didn't talk about work or sex or revolution much and it didn't seem to notice that electronic consumer capitalism had outposts in your own head. Perhaps to understand these things drugs other than alcohol help, but the Left was too busy or too poor to get properly stoned (yes, there are people starving in London but they are most certainly not Richard Neville and Mick Farren) (*Nor the author of this piece—Ed*) But to simply turn into a consciousness freak, to turn Vietnam into nothing much more than a Special Effects Department for your autobiography, and guerilla soldiers into cute visuals is just as false and ends up just another short cut to nowhere.

There are certainly things from the yippie cargo we need for our voyage. To make a really dangerous Left out of the post-war somnabulists, this will need a sense of ridicule, an emotional subversiveness, the confidence to acclaim drugs and rock as actually revolutionary, not just bad habits the proletariat has picked up. But we must organise real people and actual organisations, not a series of publicity stunts and press openings with the same old cast. We need the migraine of Trotsky more than we need Cleaver's bag of love. And the Yippies, the Hippies who got bust, need to think about how long shouting 'We are the Young' can go on and how you can wake up from the media and the dealer's Technicolour Dream.

David Widgery



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HI HO, HIGH HO! IT'S OFF TO WORK WE GO.

Louis Jigsaw

Plenty of freaks, hippies, and yuppies recognize that the industrial relations scene has a great deal to do with them, indirectly at least, but it seems too remote. The two struggles—the one about wages/conditions/organisation, the other about music/ecstasy/relationships—are radically different in scope and style—so much so that at times they seem to be fighting *each other*. I don't believe this is the case. I believe the two struggles are different poles of the same struggle, and that they can nourish each other tremendously. But in order to make that a reality, we've all got to work our way out of a lot of confusion and be willing to learn from each other.

The greatest dividing point, and the basic knot of the whole problem of our society, is *work*. It is work—imposed work—that is the source of stress to all of us—those who do it, willingly or unwillingly, and those who avoid it as much as they can. The existing work system is the heart of prevailing culture. It sets the tone of 'normal' existence—the giving and taking of orders, the backbiting competition (in self-image as well as money), the mystique of possession, the buying and selling of people's creative energy. Workers and non-workers alike instinctively resist all this. But it comes in a thousand shapes, and worms its way into the nerves of the very hand that is raised to ward it off.

Politics and culture are deeply connected. Never mind which came first; the important thing is to grasp both and see the interconnections. Politicos and freaks, though so different in some respects, are both thoroughly and consciously alienated from society and passionately want to change it. The working-class—to indulge in yet another crude generalisation—are not so *consciously* alienated from society. They know they've got a struggle on their hands every day of the week—a struggle to get enough bread for them and their families to live, a struggle against lousy conditions of work, a struggle against being treated like machines—but the impact of all this, though it goes very deep, is *local, piecemeal* and *concrete*. The bad conditions, inhuman treatment and poor wages are fought against in the place and at the time they occur. They don't necessarily seem to have any connection with what's on telly in the evening, what's on at the cinema, what's written in the papers, with what their kids are being taught at school and how they are treated there, with the thousand forms of advertising, or even with the

600-odd goons nattering away in their neo-gothic palace under Big Ben. It is precisely the main intention and achievement of much of the telly, cinema, papers, education system, advertising industry and 'political' system to limit the scope of working-class demands, and channel it all into superficial novelty and fantasy. Partly this is done by direct attacks against shop stewards who are fighting for higher wages. But it is done even more by trivialising everything, by encouraging neurotic individualism, by frightening people to make them cautious and worried about myths like 'the national economy', by getting them to identify with the people who are oppressing them, by stimulating a degrading and unfulfillable fantasy life, and by generally spreading confusion. All this constitutes the 'cultural' side of things, and it is this aspect which is, on the whole, left out of the workers' struggle. It is left out partly because the material struggle is more urgent, and partly because they haven't yet seen through the cultural smog and its connection with

repression. Unfortunately they are largely hooked on it, even though it continually makes them frustrated. The cultural hoax is what primarily bugs the freaks. They have seen through it and are consciously fighting against it. And because they are fighting the whole style of life they see things more *as a whole*, reject the norms of society *in general* and try to establish different norms here and now. But in rejecting the work scene, the freak tends to throw out the whole idea of work and the workers with it. This puts him in a self-contradictory position, because actually, like or not, he is dependent, like everyone else, on the work that is done. However much he may rough it however much scorn he may have for money, he can't help needing shelter, warmth, clothes, food, transport, electricity, musical equipment and all the boring things that go to make up the physical conditions of life. It is the working-class, basically, that provides these things. Of course, a lot of work is *not* productive, and a lot else not necessary. In a rationally arranged society, using modern technological resources, we could all have all our physical needs and desires taken care of even if everyone worked only fifteen hours a week. But things aren't rationally arranged, and the whole problem is how to *get* them so. That means looking closely into the whole question of work.

With things run the way they are now, for profit instead of for peoples' needs and desires, with peoples' needs and desires just being fulfilled as a means to make yet more profit, any attempt to make production more rational puts thousands of workers out of a job. The employers sack them as fast as they can, to save the wages. And so long as there is no other way to make bread—and so long as they can't see any definite way to rearrange things—the sacked workers simply have to get another job, just as a freak does when he's driven to it. What they really ought to do is take over the factories, continue to do the jobs but award themselves higher pay, shorter hours, better conditions and lots of mind-blowing festivals. But it takes a long time to see that and build up to it. One of the biggest things preventing it happening is the *cultural* limitation that I have been talking about: when you've been deprived of education, leisure, comfort, security all your life, and so had your father and his, and when you've been encouraged to get addicted to triviality and passivity, you find it hard to *imagine* how things could be run differently than they are. So you are thrown back on 7



GETTIN' TH' FLOWIN' DONE AND STILL
HAVIN' A GOOD TIME!

the short term, limited-scope struggle which concentrates just on the most urgent material things.

What exactly is the present stage of the workers' struggle, and how can a well-meaning person help? The first thing to grasp is that there is a split not only between workers and employers, Labour and Tories, trade union leaders and government, but within the labour movement itself. Labour M.P.'s and trade union officials gradually get old, tired, better paid and more cautious, and remote from the workers. Instead of widening the struggle into a struggle to transform the whole of society and way of life, which is what a lot of ordinary workers want (and what all workers blue and white collar alike, would benefit from), they accept an unwritten agreement with the employers and the government—whichever government it is—not to rock the boat too much, but to keep their demands within limits that will not put too much strain on the system.

This cautiousness, resignation and habit of selling-out among the so-called Labour leaders is the reason why over 90 per cent of all strikes are unofficial—that is, they are created by the workers on their own, through their own shop stewards, without the prior approval of their official fulltime 'leaders'. Frequently the strikes are made official *afterwards*—when the leaders are worried about losing their influence over the men and the position that goes with it. The Tories' new industrial relations bill is primarily an attack on unofficial strikes—that is, the great majority of strikes. It would make it illegal to strike unofficially or even to call for such a strike. The penalty would be that the trade union could be fined up to £100,000 at a time for not preventing any group of its own members from striking. After a few such penalties, even the biggest unions would see their financial resources crumble away. And without those resources, even official strikes would soon become impossible.

The strike is the workers' only weapon. While the employing class has dominant influence, through its money, over government, press, radio, T.V., education, the law and everything else, the worker only has the defensive power (but it is also potentially an immense power) to say 'I can stop your rotten system right in its tracks any time I want to if I act together with my brothers. Don't forget the whole thing is run on our labour and our goodwill'. This power, incidentally is one which the drop-out does not have. He can only dodge the system, partially at best. He can never interfere with it.

The new industrial relations bill brings the worker/employer conflict to a new pitch of crisis. The employing class, which is what the government ultimately represents, is constantly driven, by international competition if not by sheer greed, to try and make bigger and bigger profits. There are two ways to do this—sell more goods or cut down wages. As it gets more and more difficult to sell more goods the emphasis is thrown back on cutting down wages (or holding them down while putting up prices, which amounts to the same thing). But

as technology advances and as it becomes more and more obvious that there must be a way of providing everything for every body, workers are less and less willing to put up with attacks on their standard of living. So they strike, while labour 'leaders' do their best to hold the strikes down to limited objectives.

But as it is more and more difficult to con the workers into accepting limited objectives, the employing class and its entourage of M.P.s, journalists, lawyers, broadcasters, headmasters, managers—and all those small shopkeepers and supervisors who would *like* to be the employing class—get more and more hysterical and repressive. **The repression against the unions and the repression against free life styles are all part of the same attempt to hold the mass of the population down and not to allow the equalizing of wealth and freedom which would enable us to do away with so many barriers, so much greed and envy, so much feeling of inferiority and superiority, so much anxiety, so much loneliness and fear of other people, and so much hatred and cruelty.**

If freaks want to help the workers—and in the long run help themselves—the best thing they can do is by trying to join the two struggles together, and work for a complete transformation of society, material and cultural. In the short run, this can be begun by getting down to the humble but vital job of spreading information and ideas at the grass roots level, to two and three and four people at a time. This is where we come back to the politicians, for they, whatever their limitations, have some ideas and experience in the ground level job of talking to the workers. The freak must learn, for his own ultimate good, how to fight the system from within the job syndrome as well as from without.

What can freaks learn from politicians? They can learn how, in concrete terms, the money/work/power system is structured; they can learn what happened in history, how and why the system began. They can learn why the Labour Party and the Trades Union Congress are almost as boring and conservative as the other lot, and learn to detect the mind-blowing things going on *behind* these monolithic disguises. They can learn to read *through* the news and see the visions and passions that the media can never completely muffle. They can learn, finally, in strategic terms, how the system can—hopefully—be changed right through. Work can be changed from a wasteful, resentment-engendering imposition into a fulfilling, trust-engendering universally part-time experience.

What, on the other hand, must the politicians learn from the freaks? They must learn the *subjective* dimension of revolution. They must learn the importance of imagination, self-development, flexible-mindedness, human openness. They must learn not to forget, in the midst of their engulfing work, to look at trees, throb to music, love someone's face, because if they do their work will be self-defeating. They will have cut themselves off from the inner life of the very people they are trying to reach. They must learn what it means to say 'this moment, this feeling, this idea, this beauty exists in and for itself.' And they must learn that, without this dimension, their revolution is in danger of being merely a mechanical change, the reorganization of an ant-heap. Such a revolution would fail to liberate men's deeper natures, which would then be unequal to the new experience of autonomy that they must exercise if they are not to fall for some new ruling class and its glorious new repressions.



TILL

The storm clouds are brewing over the playing fields of Eton, Lord Nelson is becoming a bit uptight on top of his column, and it's just possible that Edward Heath and his band will not have time for a final rendering of "God Save Us All" or a game of bowls or some such English speciality, before proletarian thunder, class war and an orgy of strikes threaten to finish off the ruling bastards once and for all.

Of course half the heads perusing the above will shout a thousand hosannas and scream "pass the joint please" and, with the present saturation point of quick-sell revolution and hip capitalism, who can really expect them to extend their mind-expanding cosmic self-awareness beyond the narcissistic, and the navelology (sometimes known as the India trail) and relate to the actions of four million shop floor weirdies who have spent the best and worst days of their life in Robert Carr's ⁽¹⁾ factories.

In spite of this I am trying to say that Dec. 8th, for those who can remember it, is a date to remember the 500,000 and more people who put the strike together, and struck back at the plans of pig nation to pen the workers back to their servile stations, serving the boss class for the rest of their miserable lives. Governments all over (Western Europe mainly) have a lot of shit legislation up their sleeves to chain the workers to their factory bench, preventing the Luddites of the world from uniting to smash their fucking machines and their fucking machine-minded minds. The present caretakers of big business interests, Heath and Co, have just this in mind with their Industrial Relations Bill to outlaw unofficial strikes and all forms of human revolt against the inhuman misery of their industrial empire. Heavy stuff for those heads who wilfully live off the profits of somebody else's labour!

So, with or without the permission of the underground, ⁽²⁾ the militant workers are fiercely arguing for a general strike. It is not too bad an idea if you really want an alternative society (as opposed to After-eights bullshitting ideology about it). On January 12th the battleground is once more all the old hack trade union leaders, tribune lefties and fellow-travellers who can't travel any further than where their heads were at 30 years ago, trying to keep the protest respectable; resolutions, petitions and other forms of boring exhibition will be two-a-penny. "Taming the wildcats" will be a major pre-occupation of Hugh Scanlon and Co on that date. Don't dare show the great public that we enjoy the strikes and the longer they last the more we enjoy fucking up the soul-destroying routine.

Never mind Maoism, to hell with Trotskyism and all the others, who presume to lead

the working class to the pearly gates. "2-4-6-8 we want to smash the State", and that leaves no room for "revolutionary" (sic) police, and all the rest of the bureaucratic apparatus. Jan 12th is burial day for Lenin and Trotsky, it's goodbye to the old, boring left politics, and cheerio to their central committees and hierarchical heads. Jan 12th is RANK AND FILE DAY, power to the people day, when we say to each other — look brothers and sisters, you ain't campaigning for someone else, YOU'RE FIGHTING FOR EACH OTHER, their struggle is our struggle, a world-wide conspiracy of freaks, workers, lunatics, hooligans, students, and delinquents. Every person rising up angry to seize the remnants of his childhood genius. Our demands are limited — we just want the whole world, and we want to enjoy it all the way.

The first ignorant croak



to reclaim the hoary old myth of the reactionary British worker is next in line for a karate chop. During the dustmen's strike, the Notting Hill boys were using catapults to smash the windowscreens of scab lorries, Ford workers occupied the management block at Dagenham (November 1969), other workers recently set fire to their factory; sabotage rampant elsewhere. Yes, we're really wrecking their show, the spectators are getting uncontrollably restive. More strikes than ever since the golden year of 1926. Ain't it all a bloody shame! The dirt and grime of their system really got left in front of their snotty noses during the dustmen's strike. General Election, June 18th, 1970 — 28.5% of people never made it to the polling booths. This is the question that psephologists, politicians and other system arse-lickers have been asking, and their swing meters ain't churning out any answers.

And 6 months later — Friday November 20th (GUARDIAN) — "TORIES HOLD ENFIELD IN LOW POLL". "More than half of the constituency's 53,239 electors appear to have reacted to the poll with a deep yawn of non-participation." 49.8% voted, the silent majority..of pissed-off people won again. And doubtless not a few dustmen who, with their dustbin politics, had much better things to do than play noughts and crosses with ballot forms.

Another worker who isn't too worried about voting, is middle of the road, eminently respectable Mr William Lewcock, Comrade Bill, age 59, fond of music, camping and carpentry, who freaked out the nation on Wednesday Dec 9th with an ingenious flick of half a dozen switches. Yes, he did what thousands can only dream of. At one go he did better than another

our brothers for hospital black-outs, the G.E.B. allowed this to happen.

Tory party chairman, Mr Peter—many investments—Thomas is to be congratulated on his November 28th observation, "dangerous tendency of workers taking the law into their own hands could lead to a stage of anarchy... the growing tendency among more and more people to defy customary democratic process (for this super cliché read BULLSHIT) is to seek to take the law into their own hands" (Evening News November 28th). Right on! Gerald C. Brinkley, a steelworker from Scunthorpe and a thousand other Gerald C. Brinkleys are super-fed-up with Tory-Tory-Labour-Tory-Tory laws and nonsense which dictates to us, the people, "you have to peacefully accept and passively allow us to exploit you because you see, this is England and it's all legal — and we have democratic exploitation, and democratic boredom and misery, and therefore you must never strike back for political motives — and preferably never strike at all".

January 12th is contagion-day when we may experience a century of industrial slavery — the 5 week-day grind for faceless millions — when pent-up frustrations and crushed dreams come roaring to the surface of life. After so many years of senseless subjection it will take a might explosion to put the pieces of our mind back together again — as sensually-aware, curiosity seeking, love persons. Like the human kids we all once were till they killed out minds with education.

A lot to make up for, to revenge ourselves on, to liberate each other from bourgeois cares and leftist hangovers. It is time to bury our dead, let Lenin and Trotsky lie in morbid peace, a revolution is essentially libertarian. Workers' councils, the democratic control of our environment, etc., and it's essentially fun. Which is why all those dull, boring, dreary, ultra-serious Marxists, Leninists, Maoists and Co are as irrelevant to the workers as ballot papers are irrelevant to power. And no one can be a political artist without the creative power to translate beautiful ideas into beautiful realities. That's what Jan 12th and the alternative society is all about — isn't it? Or is the alternative society just another ideology we consume — but neglect to act out. The only way to live Jan 12th is to do it, to stir shit and enlarge a little bit more the liberated zones of life. Power to the people! In Poland, in England — minds on fire everywhere.

Footnotes

(1) Robert Herr Carr, ex-head of Securicor and now Tory chief troubleshooter as Minister of Employment and Production.

(2) Funny thing that we never mention the oppression of 7/10 of the population — OZ/IT don't write about strikes.

Tom Ludd

"... The people who turned away from the unreal world of comic books a decade or more ago may well find themselves surprised—and perhaps even outraged—at the new politics of pulp..."

"I began to see that Superman was a punk, that Superman didn't relate to replenishing the earth, like Huey Newton and other real people do. In essence, Superman is a phony and a fake. He never saves any black people in this country in any comic book stories."

—Bobby Seale, Chairman, Black Panther Party, in *Seize the Time*

Not any more, Chairman Bobby. Superman's been getting his thing together.

Where kryptonite, ray guns and the inspired madness of generations of evil fiends toiling in the shadow of spider webs to the echo of demented laughter have failed, *tsuris*, *angst* and guilt have conquered.

It will never be the same again with Superman, nor with the others of the caped and cowed legions that fill the pantheon of superheroes. No longer is it possible to go home again to the golden age of comic books, to the safe, secure, predictable world of superheroes menaced by no more than an occasional natural disaster, a monster lurching amuck, a pointy-shoed hood, a Kraut lieutenant, or—God forbid—the loss of their secret identity.

To turn the pages of comic books today is to revisit not the old world of good and evil and of virtue triumphant on a field of craven yeggs, but to plunge to the nostrils in the bleeped-up world of today.

Here they are, folks: See the blacks sitting in at the State Office site at 125th Street; see the cops straining at the leash; see the Young Lords seize a building and take service on an injunction; see whitey try the old hogwash and watch him fail; take a look at a sky raining a pox of filth and rivers resembling closeups of Campbell's Chunky soups.

Is it Metropolis, where good old Clark Kent and his spine of *gehackte leber* used to conceal the impervious *kishkas* of Superman? Is it Gotham, where Bruce Wayne and his adorable ward, Dick Grayson, used to don their Bat duds under the old manse?

Hell, no, it's New York, no matter what they call it. And when today's superheroes travel a bit they find people starving in Appalachia, politicians and public officials wallet-high in sellouts, homicidal hippie-cultists fomenting race-war, American Indians still trying to find the treat in a treaty, and heroes of Hollywood Westerns practicing virulent super-patriotism instead of The Method.

Do the superheroes fare any better than our politicians in finding the solutions to bigotry, oppression, corruption, pollution and inequality? The answer is no. Like ordinary humans elevated to power, the best they can do is raise the questions, point the way, and hope.

But the recognition of the limits of power among the superheroes, and beyond that their accelerating social consciousness, their deepening anxiety, the proliferation of their neuroses, their increasing involvement in issues with no clear solutions, and most of all, their burgeoning radicalization, have restored excitement, interest and merit to a once-crippled industry.

Comic books, damned by parents, reviled by psychologists, denounced from pulpits and nearly borne away on a riptide of criticism in the midfifties, are in the throes of revolutionary change.

Children and the young at heart who stood by the superheroes in the years of their travail and ostracism, who endured their fantastic irrelevance and patent absurdity, who witnessed their brief deification on the altar of camp, have long known that the change was in progress. Today the pace is quickening, and those who turned away from the unreal world of comic books a decade or more ago may well find themselves surprised—and perhaps outraged—at the new politics of pulp.

Like other members of the establishment, superheroes are finding themselves on the



By Lindsay Van Gelder and Lawrence Van Gelder Abridged and reprinted from *NEW YORK* magazine (without permission)

receiving end of tough questions raised not by the yokels who used to ask, "Who was that man?" or "Is it a bird, a plane...?" In a de-emphasis on inter-galactic exploits, the superheroes are facing questions raised on blighted urban streets by angry blacks, troubled whites and concerned, embittered social workers.

Remember Green Arrow, the technological Robin Hood of the comic books, and Green Lantern, the ray-slinger? Radicalization overtook them last spring, in the form of a shabby black man who appeared while the two superheroes were arguing the merits of rescuing a fat, white slumlord from a gang of bottle-heaving kids. To Green Lantern, the kids were "anarchists."

Then the black man turned up. "I been readin' about you," he said. "How you worked for the Blue Skins. And how on a planet someplace you helped out the Orange Skins. And you done considerable for the Purple Skins. Only there's skins you never bothered with—the black skins! I want to know—how come? Answer me that, Mr. Green Lantern!"

His powerful body slumped, his hands open helplessly, his head bowed, Green Lantern whispered: "I... can't."

Since then, Green Arrow and Green Lantern have taken off on an Easy-Rider-type tour of the country. "Listen," Green Arrow told his super-colleague, "forget about chasing around the galaxy, and remember America! It's a good country... beautiful... fertile... and terribly sick! There are children dying... honest people cowering in fear... disillusioned kids ripping up campuses! On the streets of Memphis a good black man died... and in Los Angeles, a good white man fell. Something is wrong! Something is killing us all! Some hideous moral cancer is rotting our very souls!"

In their travels, Green Lantern and Green Arrow have helped poor whites in Appalachia topple a corrupt mine-owner, tangled with a Charlie Manson-style cult on the West Coast, defended an Indian tribe from white man's greed, and gone on trial for conspiracy before a madman who binds and gags them, makes his own rules and bears a suspicious resemblance to Abbie Hoffman's favorite judge.

A month or so ago, good old Superman, in a retrospective episode in issue No. 393 of *Action Comics*, found himself asking the operator of a storefront academy, "You mean you left college to bury yourself in this SLUM just to educate these hoodlums?"

Superman found himself hearing, "These slum kids have auto dumps instead of playgrounds... fire hydrants instead of swimming pools... people here have to scrounge around for a bare existence! Could you survive in this jungle without super-powers? While you're off preventing disasters on remote worlds, who prevents disaster in your own backyard? It's time you did something for these people!"

So Superman turned on with his heat vision and his steel fists to demolish a block of abandoned tenements. Then he told the ghetto folks to try a little self-help to finish the rebuilding job themselves. "Remember," he thundered, "as American citizens, you've got a mighty super-power of your own—the vote!"

Jimmy Olsen—you remember Jimmy, that gussy, eager kid who has been a cub at the *Daily Planet* for about 30 years—well, Jimmy recently exposed "the secret slumlord of Metropolis," a wealthy philanthropist.

What's more, Jimmy led a delegation of blacks who dumped roaches and rats on the slumlord's front lawn during a radical chic party. And Lois Lane—dear Lois, who used to spend her time harboring suspicions about Clark Kent and hankering for wedlock with Superman—well, she's musing about the oppression of women these days.

Batman has been turned into something of an urban guerilla, and Robin has finally been shipped off to college, where the action really is.

The new Politics of Pulp is not simple—if it were, Superman could put himself out of business by razing the slums, replenishing the soil, ending poverty and bestowing everlasting peace and

prosperity in a single issue. Instead of turkey-basket liberalism, the superheroes are confining themselves to making clear that the future of the earth will be determined by its people.

The angst, guilt and awareness now beginning to afflict the DC superheroes have raged for years among their principal rivals for the affections of comic-book lovers, the Marvel superheroes.

This trend-setting group, spawned by the remarkable Stan Lee, boasts the Fantastic Four, quarreling among themselves and losing money on the stock market; Invisible Girl and her husband, Mr. Fantastic, fretting about the lack of time they can devote to their infant son; the Incredible Hulk, wandering the earth and cursing his ugliness; Dare-devil and Captain America, trying to cope with perplexing romantic lives; and the extraordinary Spider-Man.

Spider-Man, the favorite superhero on college campuses, owes his powers to radioactivity and his *tsuris* to acne, trouble with his grades, difficulty with his girlfriends and a chronic shortage of money.

Not every superhero has gone radical, however. One of Marvel Comics' most interesting creations is Iron Man, the comics' answer to Richard Ottinger, who hews to his millions and his guilty white liberalism.

When not encased in the outfit that gives him his name, Iron Man is Tony Stark, a munitions magnate who inhabits a mansion, pals around with U.S. senators, keeps a few skyscrapers in his portfolio and operates a foundation. Tony was just another guy with the looks and assets of Howard Hughes until he went to Vietnam about ten years ago and was blown to pieces. Escaping death, Tony fashioned for himself a ferrous maxi, the technocrat's dream-suit of valves, blasters, transistors, computers and other gadgetry. Iron Man is the New Capitalist Hero—the triumph of military-industrial know-how and good-guy instincts over the forces of evil and a damaged heart. He spends a lot of his time fighting duels with Castro-like Caribbean leaders and pitting his skills against Soviet superheroes who fight dirty. Between punches, he is given to Silent Majority sermonettes, like "Lucky for you, I'm not a Red—I can't continue to attack a helpless enemy" and "You made the worst mistake a Red can make—you challenged a foe who isn't afraid of you."

But Iron Man can be challenged right here in America. One recent adventure—published not long after police cleared black militant squatters from the State Office Building site at 125th Street—pits Iron Man against a Pantheresque superhero named Firebrand.

The story begins with a flaming clenched fist searing through a fence erected on the site of a new community center financed by the Iron Man Foundation. "Anything the Man puts up, I'm ready to tear down," announces Firebrand.

The next day, Tony Stark and City Councilman Lyle Bradshaw arrive for groundbreaking ceremonies only to find that Firebrand and the militants have occupied the land. "This is gonna be a community center, man!" a brother in a beret tells the white cops. "Well we're part of the community, dig it? And we're stayin' until we get listened to."

"No ground's getting' broken, no construction's gettin' done until we have some say in what goes here! Maybe a community center is good for a lotta white consciences, but it ain't what the blacks on the North Side want!"

Councilman Bradshaw promptly rips up the militants' list of demands—for black construction workers and black control of the center's functions—and orders the cops to clear them out.

"I won't allow an irate minority to bully the North Side community out of something it so obviously needs," fumes Bradshaw. "You can't reason with animals!"

A riot ensues, and Firebrand and Iron Man take to the rooftops for a little *mano a mano*. "You'd like to believe that I'm just part of a neat little criminal plot," Firebrand raps as he clobbers. "A commie, a pinko! . . . Well, I'm just an all-American boy, Iron Man. One of those wide-eyed innocents who started out to make this nation a

'better place.' I sat in for civil rights, marched for peace and demonstrated on campus . . . and got chased by vicious police dogs, spat on by bigots, beat on by 'patriots,' choked by tear gas and blinded by Mace, until I finally caught on . . .

"This country doesn't WANT to be changed! The only way to build anything decent is to tear down what's here and start over!"

Stunned, Iron Man returns to the brick-tossing melee below and convinces the cops to leave and allow the militants twelve hours to do the same. He and a few moderate blacks—who have been denounced as Uncle Toms—go to Bradshaw's office and try to work things out. Bradshaw is adamant and accuses the group of "knuckling under to criminals"—at which point Firebrand bursts through the window, shouting: "The people won't wait any more! We're not waiting to have the world handed to us! It's ours for the taking." In the scuffle that follows, Firebrand blows open the councilman's safe, revealing that Bradshaw is the secret head of the realty and construction firms that stand to profit from the center.

As Bradshaw is carted off in cuffs, Firebrand hurls his parting shot at Iron Man. "I'll wait to fight another day. History's on my side!" As Firebrand zips off, a cop asks Iron Man if he feels he has failed by not capturing the super-militant.

"It's not Firebrand's escaping that bothers me," says the shaken liberal. "It's wondering where the rest of us went wrong—that someone like him should have to come into being at all!" He walks off brooding, iron head down.

Firebrand is just one of a squad of superblacks ripping around in the pages of Marvel Comics. There is the Falcon, who looks like Jim Brown, lives in Harlem and preaches against extremists of both races. There is also T'Challa, the Black Panther, an African prince who teaches Afro-American studies in his civilian guise and is given to agonizing over whether his true place is in the ranks of superheroes with his white friends or among his own people. In Marvel Comics, blacks are even villains as well as students, cops, reporters, love story principals and just about anything else anyone is likely to be.

So far, nothing in the comics on the Gay Liberation Front.

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TO UNITE WITH THE MASSES !!!
-AGAINST THE ENEMY!



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Walter Hartford.

LETTERS LUFF LEFT

Several letters were seized by Fred Luff (the Mary Whitehouse of the yard) during his celebrated pre-Christmas raid on the OZ Offices and do not therefore appear. If you want your letter back, call on Fred. Then again, he may call on you.



Dear OZ,

If all god's children got the clap, maybe they ought to stop balling. And, if I can believe what I've read over the last few days, you are at least going to have to take a rest.

Reading Richard Neville's article I readily agreed with his analysis and sense of despair, but in some obscure (maybe perverse) way it also gave me a feeling of optimism. The hippie ideals of '67 were very naive and couldn't really hope to survive long. Haight-Ashbury has become a ghetto, the likes of Esher High Street have adopted bright colours and kitsch designs. We may be horrified by their vulgarity and the extent to which our budding culture has been ripped-off, assimilated and degraded, but at least the coffee mugs in Woolworth's are slightly less grey than they were five years ago. We may get sentimental over Scott MacKenzie and the Mamas and Papas but 1970 has given us Workingman's Dead and New Morning and aren't they much more valuable? The kids who started heading for San Francisco even before it had become another media-hype were so happy to have found some-

Acid House Invitation

Dear OZ,

We are in the process of setting up a sort of 'acid clinic' to be called Mu House, which will provide 24 hour help for anyone on any sort of bad trip of a dopey nature. It will be cool, peaceful and beautiful and very good for your third eye.

In our negotiations for bread to operate with we will need a number (1,000/2,000) to quote which shows roughly how many people we may help in say one year. So, if you yourself or someone you know would have rung us had we been in existence over the last two years, please fill in the form underneath and send it to Box X, OZ. No names and addresses necessary or wanted just a tick or a cross or a star: each to count as one in the reckoning.

Stay Happy

Love

Om Mane Padme Hum
George and Nel

Delete and fill in as necessary:

I/We would have rung MU HOUSE during the course of the last two years.

thing gentle and loving at last that they didn't want to look beyond it, and that became their destruction. They wanted peace and love and they wanted to change society but they failed because they took no thought about it, they believed that simply by being sincere, life would respond gently and sincerely to them. Neither Rome nor the Roundhouse was built in a day and four or five years is a short time for us if we really believe in the worth of what we are trying to do. The only true generalization you can make about underground culture is that it believes that decisions should flow from the people, from communities, not from a centralized power complex. And you cannot justify that belief unless you also agree that that's the way the changes also have to come (both in people and in society). There are a lot of dangerous pricks around who are deliberately trying to stomp us out of existence. But even many of them are basically afraid of what we stand for because their previous existence and their conditioning have not prepared them for it, and they are genuinely unable to come to terms with us unless we show them a certain amount of sympathy and understanding. We are much more used to mind-blowing and mind-expanding but every so often we are confronted with something new that we find hard to accept. I was shattered when I first heard Self Portrait, I thought Dylan had finally sold out, but now I think I can at least accept it.

In the last few years the problems facing us have become much more political, and in a rap earlier this week I found out how much harder it is to get people involved in political things. The political systems we live under offer us little or no openings. The Kabouters are getting somewhere and Hunter Thompson almost made it in Aspen. Of course he wouldn't have lasted long if he had been elected, but what he did is very encouraging. The opposition no doubt thought they were voting against dope, rock'n roll and fucking in the streets but those straights (what a condescending word) who voted for him had realized some important ecological or other issues. What matters is not that they won or lost but that those people got organized. I am not suggesting that freaks indulge in machiavellian strategies to get the poor bastards voting for us; freak opinions on ecology, for instance, would appeal to a very large number of people if they were presented properly and if we gave some recognition to the feelings of those who live 'normally'.

Things are getting heavier in England, and we can't sit back and watch our brothers and sisters being jailed for demonstrating or publishing, but they aren't so heavy that this approach is doomed from the beginning. It is very sad if, for the present, OZ is going to have to be fit for grandmothers instead of grandmothers being fit for OZ but, hopefully, you're still going to be in business, and you might even reach a wider audience, because I know that many of my friends won't read what's in OZ because of the 'porn' they see (used to see) when they flicked through it.

I can't disagree with those who shouted 'fascist' at an obstreperous old magistrate. But fascism, to me, is a word of some force which I would like to see preserved instead of being treated with the same all-purpose meaninglessness that the silent majority uses communism. If I'd been fucked about as much as Tim Leary I'd very likely feel as exasperated as he does, but I don't think that he's going to be much use to us from here on in. A pacifist who turns to violence is often admitting that he's already lost, though conceivably he's only lost his ideals and not the battle. Sometimes I wonder whether my refusal to shout pig and rip up the streets isn't a sign of desperate unwillingness to admit defeat, but perhaps no-one is ever completely sure of himself. I just hope that people will read Richard's article and think about it. But for Tim's sake don't let us adopt him as our new hero or he'll most probably write one more book and retire to the Isle of Wight with his royalties.

holding together, love

Steve Metcalf
Thornbrake, Sandown Road, Esher

Dear OZ

Richard Neville (OZ 31) wonders why we have lost all regard and love for the feelings of other people. What does he expect after five years of tripping in an everlasting OZ field of wavering cocks and great sucking cunts; he's lucky he lost so little.

Love & peace (if thats not a joke yet)

Jill Armstrong
138 Cranworth Gdns, SW9.

Dear OZ

Richard Neville (OZ 31) is right. Why kill the pigs, kissing them would do much more.

Throw flowers not bombs.

Love & Peace
The Dormouse

Dear OZ,

I'd sign this letter and put my address in it but pigs fly low these days. Suffice it to say that I'm 19, male, getting very pissed off after 2 months of university education and wondering what else there is to do. I'm not really a freak, I hate pseudomiddleclasspeople, straights—and this fuckin' college is full of them. I'm studying psychology which is really bad as you can't help turning it on yourself and seeing ust how paranoid and neurotic you really are. I buy OZ because it appeals to my sense of humour plus I like the pretty colours, though I think you're a set of fuckin' pseuds.

I was just flicking through my tattered well-worn School Kids Issue and got the urge to write. Long live Rupert Bear and The Freak Brothers. Hey, how is it that all of the birds in OZ seem to go through life with their legs stretched wide apart, just waiting to be fucked and fucked again. You should see the birds here—straight as shit and twice as frigid. Man, where is there a good scene in Brum? What am I gonna do when I drop out/get kicked out/graduate from this dump? Don't want a straight job. I'd love to be a rock and roll star, but I can't play guitar and I can't sing.

What are you fuckers like anyway? Are you really committed or are you just like Private Eye. I dig this month's Yippie OZ, especially the cover. But, man, can't you relate to real people just a bit more? How many people round here have yard long hair, drop acid and freak about in Morocco. There must be far more like me you could cater for. Right now the only antisocial thing we do is minor vandalism—tankards in the road. That sucks.

Is it true that Oz is secretly sponsored by Scotland Yard/CIA as a safety valve for divergent people and freaks to release their hangups without getting too violent and out of control? Is it true that 2/6 out of the 4/- rip-off price goes to the Mafia? I'd send you a quid for the Bust Fund but a) I can't afford it, b) the pigs might nick it and c) it'd just buy you 3 gallons for your Maserati.

Burn, Baby, Burn,
Worried Blue Eyes

Dear OZ,

I managed to scrounge copy 30 too late to be able to render any assistance to Marine Ted Perkins but 2 years ago I was in a similar position (Infantry Junior Leaders) and can sympathise. Fortunately my parents were turned on enough to lend me the discharge money — £50. After a short time I realized a few things (a) I was an abominable soldier (b) Armies don't stop wars (c) The wearing of a different uniform does not justify murder nor does the belief in a different culture. (d) If I do ever have cause to slay a fellow man I shall decide, not any general or statesman safe in a concrete bunker (e) the army was just one more system only more extreme. You see it works thus, 'Sink the individual completely within the system, no problem with your bewildered recruits at your disposal, justify your ends if you wish, it may be advantageous. Then glorify the system, pander to the individual's ego, give him a nice uniform and a ferocious looking rifle, excite his animal aggressions

with primitive drum rhythms. You can also offer bribes by removing certain abuses and call it privilege and promotion. The only way then of self-realization etc will be to co-operate and assist the system to the utmost of the individual's ability.'

The army advertisements lie themselves blue in the face; sports parades had an alarming absentee rate and the only sport I indulged in was throwing bayonets at the rats that lived under the wartime wooden huts we lived in. There is no need to rattle on about the evils of war, I just want to put across the message that the services can be a displaced ego trip for the arse-lickers or a torment of manic depression for normal human beings. If any other servicemen somehow read this letter, all I have is at your disposal, don't be a lemming, DESERT! Perhaps it might be of greater service to mankind's enlightenment to establish a 'Buy Out' fund rather than a 'Bust Fund' necessary as the latter may be. Please come down off your hypes and remember we have an army (do you have a lethal weapon of self-protection which you don't think you'll ever use?) and it is about time it was put in the museum where it belongs.

Yours pacifically,
R.E. Bird (Ex S/Pte 24153669),
2 Old Drive Gomshall, Guildford, Surrey.

Dear OZ,

Richard Neville's piece in Issue 31 was like a breath of clean, fresh, sweet air, and his report of Tobias Schneebaum's meeting with the Akaramas should be blown up into a ten foot poster, duplicated into thousands and displayed everywhere where people meet together, so that we can all learn how to smile and how to love each other once more!!

Much love & Peace

Don Henderson 192 Shaftesbury Ave, W2.

Dear OZ,

Richard Neville (OZ 31) has drawn attention to what is currently the biggest threat to the whole head/evolutionary scene after pig repression: the existence of large numbers of people who look like freaks, dress like freaks, talk like freaks, but think, feel and act like the miserable hypocritical rip-off artists and burn merchants that they really are. These people now seem to form the bulk of the freak scene. But they must NOT be thought of as representing the counter culture; the ideas are still alive, more so than ever, but they are in danger of getting swamped by misrepresentations and red herrings. The straight press and fascist "authorities" point to the people we're talking about, and to VD and bum trips and acid as a danger to health (meaning the health of their society), as representative of the alternative society; and, at the same time, others who have wondered how to help the birth of the new Age have been swept up by a tidal wave of hysterical revolutionary fervour and taken to guerilla warfare.

The time has now come to take a fresh look at our ideas of freedom, harmony, peace, love, communal living, truth and cosmic consciousness, to discard counterproductive suggestions like violent revolution while other alternatives remain open to us (despite the porcine provocations of things like Luff,) who are doing their best to stir us to violence), and to get together to bring about the Aquarian Age here and now. With this aim in mind, the Aquarian Liberation Front or Aquarian Party is forming, providing a radical nonviolent alternative to the White Panthers and YIP. We will provide a focus for the peaceful underground, a launching pad for the alternative society, and, we hope, material aid and spiritual energy for free communes and communities in the cities and in the country. We will overthrow the whole fucking system without firing a single shot, and we will do it in just a few years. We WILL, because it's in the stars, it's in our heads, it's the reason we're here in 1970, and our planet at this point in its history is highly sensitive to Aquarian vibes. We've got ideas and plans that CANNOT BE ARGUED AGAINST. Join us!

Tony Brantingham
13 Glebe Road, London SW13

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GOOD YOU GOT IT HERE IN BRITAIN MATE

FOR EXAMPLE...

IN SOME COUNTRIES: SECRET TRIBUNALS ARE HELD—WHICH NEITHER THE ACCUSED NOR HIS LAWYER CAN ATTEND!

...YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE SONNY—WE'RE TRYING YOUR CASE.

Leave the wigs at home; call the court a Tribunal; substitute for the gravy-coloured Gothic the rectilinear austerity and strip-lights of a modern room in Thanet House. It doesn't work. Into the proceedings of the Dutschke Tribunal leaked the past like a lacrymogenic, hallucinogenic laughing-gas: once again, the decent English middle class was trying a foreign revolutionary for his views. Once again, they were pretending not to: this was no criminal case, but the Immigration Appeals Tribunal hearing an appeal against the Home Secretary's use of his discretion to refuse an application for variation of an alien's conditions of stay... Once again, they were getting valiantly lost in the menacing forest of foreign revolutionary ideas. Mr Basil Wigoder read a sample from Dutschke's chapter in "Rebellion der Studenten" to the Tribunal. "I shudder to think," he said cheerfully, "what that would look like in the original German. That sort of thinking is not really likely in this country to lead to the manning of the barricades, now is it?"

A hundred years ago, the Russian socialist and revolutionary Alexander Herzen lived in this country. For his sort, things were better then. The coming and going of Russians with bundles of the illegal "Bell" bound for Russia did not lead to Herzen's

expulsion. "Paying visits and receiving visits", referred to by Sir Peter Rawlinson with a fine tremor of revulsion, was not then an offence. Especially after 1848, a large population of European revolutionaries lived in London: Marx, Herzen, Bakunin, Worcell, Ledru-Rollin, Mazzini were only a few. They "paid and received visits", as their emissaries or admirers arrived on the Dover packet. They even "maintained contact with subversive political groups in Western Europe", another of the Home Office's pompous and frightful allegations against Rudi Dutschke. The government, of course, did not much like all this. It was the British people who were proud of these guests, and who, with the threat of a huge demonstration, prevented Palmerston in 1858 from passing his Conspiracy Bill which would have allowed foreign embassies to suppress their London exiles. Garibaldi visited, followed by large and loving crowds; only once did the government manage to cut short his stay on the totally untrue excuse that he was ill.

But there were bad spells for the London revolutionaries, like the spell through which we are passing now. "The public suffers in England, and fairly frequently," Herzen wrote, "from periodical frights, and in such times of panic woe to anything that comes in its way... It must not be thought that

the cowardly feeling of caution and uneasy self-preservation is innate in the English character. It is the consequence of a corpulence derived from wealth and of the training of all thoughts and passions for acquisitiveness. Timidity has been instilled into the blood of the English by the capitalists and petty bourgeois; they pass on a sickly disquiet to their official world, which, in a country of representative institutions, is continually adapting itself to the humour, the votes and the money of the possessing classes. They are the dominant element, and they lose their heads at every unexpected incident and, having no need to feel constrained, they appear in all their helpless, clumsy cowardice... One must know how to wait; and as soon as capital recovers, to be reassured on the score of profits; then all will go on its accustomed way again".

Such was the background of the tragedy-comedy of the Dutschke Tribunal. In October 1968, months after the wave of revolutionary action on the Continent had died down, the public let itself be manipulated into a "periodic fright" over the Vietnam demonstration. Newspapers squeaked about arson and foreign trouble-makers, shopkeepers in Fleet Street boarded up their windows, and the "official world" was encouraged to lay the blame for the malaises of British capitalism at the door of the far left and the underground. The growing class conflicts in the following two years, expressed in unofficial strikes and the mutinous attitude of "respectable" trade union leaders, allowed the activity of that twig of Special Branch which deals with non-CP lefties, a frantic play. Things haven't been so surveillable in this line since the old Revolutionary Communist Party (once a power to be reckoned with among serving soldiers in World War Two) loaded its long-hoarded store of weapons into a taxi and took them round to the nearest police station.

The Tribunal allowed some rare glimpses into what has been going on. The Special Branch gave its evidence in secret, the public and even Dutschke and his lawyers being kept away, but there are grounds to suspect that the Attorney-General had already mentioned in open sessions almost all the "sinister" contacts and the "activities inconsistent with the assertion that Mr. Dutschke has taken no part in political activities" which were later disclosed to the Tribunal members' ears alone.



The "disclosures" were farcical as far as Rudi Dutschke's case was concerned. He had gone to Calais to discuss a book with friends — one a Persian. He had been visited by a stream of friends and, it must be said, of well-meaning left-wing rubbernecks who contrived to discover his address. He had gone to Swansea while there was a strike on at Port Talbot. He had been a spectator at part of two I.S. congresses. His doctor had been associated with Solidarity. His house-mate in Golders Green had been an International Socialist. Sir Peter Rawlinson, in cross-examining Dutschke, dangled a long series of foreign names before his victim, from time to time consulting some sort of confidential name-register on his lectern. Fortunately, most were so mispronounced as to be unintelligible, but the intention to





establish guilt by association — the technique of the Moscow trials of the thirties and the Slansky trials of the fifties — was obvious enough. In this sort of case, Sir Peter implied, to have friends who did undesirable things was to be undesirable, and to be undesirable was to be guilty. "You met Mr. X at Cambridge," Sir Peter would say reflectively, after a peer at his file. "And who introduced you to Mr. X? Ah, Mr. Y. And in what circumstances did you meet Mr. Y for the first time? Through Mr. Z. I see..." Ruthlessly the public prosecutor exposed the internationalist cosmopolitan tendrils of the conspiracy against Party and State.

could have sold himself is the most poisonously destructive virus which could have been slipped into their collective life.

Listening to Sir Peter, one developed the impression that the surveillance was mostly a matter of telephone-tapping and that it was partly the overflow of a surprisingly close watch kept on the International Socialists as a group. The direct bugging of rooms or of non-phone conversations may have taken place; if so, there was no evidence that such conversations had been understood (the inadequacy of the State's German was almost touching; one of the Tribunal interpreters provided for German witnesses and for Dutschke himself seemed to be the English equivalent of the gagging of Bobby Seale). The part played by paid informers, much emphasized by the defence in its appeals to the Tribunal to disregard hearsay evidence in secret session, remains, I think, matter for hazard. The idea that there are "Spitzeln" — unlikely police spies — in I.S. is not. But for the younger German and continental emigres, political refugees of 1968, the fear that one of them

Nothing said in open court, at any rate, suggested that such a source close to Dutschke existed. Had he existed, and had he reported the real content of the conversations with "visitors", the state would have had to ignore him to get its case off the ground. There were inaccuracies about the names and relationships of the German visitors, too, which make the presence of an informer among Dutschke's own friends implausible.

But the balance is ugly enough. A sick and wounded man was admitted to Britain in December 1968 (to Callaghan's credit, two months after the October hysteria, but even he tried to impose on Dutschke the unheard-of condition that he should not write while in London). Eighteen months later, apparently to impress the electors that at least the "law and order" election promise would be kept by the Tories, Maudling selected this helpless man as a ritual victim. He grounded his refusal to let him stay with

one of the most absurd official letters of recent years which explained that in order to secure Dutschke's human rights to political activity, he should be thrown out. Then, at the last moment, and evidently in panic at the flimsiness of the Home Office case, Maudling changed the whole basis of his argument and stated that his decision rested wholly on grounds of national security and upon secret evidence.

Herzen wrote that "to increase the gravity of the charge while the accused is on his trial is utterly opposed to the sense of justice of the English". He also wrote that "the Englishman has no special love for foreigners, still less for exiles whom he regards as guilty of poverty, a vice he does not forgive — but he clings to his right of asylum". To read those sentences is to feel shame, but also fear. For in the treatment of its "aliens" a state reveals how it intends to treat its citizens.

Neal Ascherson

... SO REMEMBER, ALL YOU STONED REVOLUTIONARIES:

25 YEARS AGO THIS COUNTRY DECLARED WAR-OSTENSIBLY AGAINST FASCISM. TODAY THEY ARE APPLYING ITS REPRESSIVE IDEOLOGYLEGALLY

THE RULERS OF



DON'T FORGET THE GLUTAMATE MUM!

The pure food movement has spread to many of the large food producers. As a glance along the labels will show you, where there used to be citric acid, potato starch extract, sodium nitrate, polyphosphates, sodium nitrite too, tricalcium phosphate, monosodium glutamate, and the rest; there is now a swing to new-style acceptable pure foodstuffs for all.

MADE ONLY WITH TOMATOES one reads. Great. CONTAINS CHICKENS AND SALT ONLY says another. Fantastic.

PURE INGREDIENTS ONLY: STEAK, PEAS, SALT . . . reads a third. Incredible. At last the message has got through to the producers. PEOPLE WANT PURITY. But do they get it? Someone has forgotten, just a small point that has evaporated from their minds like petrol on a hot pavement, that the 'pure' ingredients emanate from Earth. And Earth, as you may possibly have noticed, is Impure.

So the 'only tomatoes' were likely contaminated in the field with DDT, malathion, mercury; the 'chickens' were born, bred and died (the last either before, or during, the processing procedure) in a world of synthetic hormones, steroid analogues, insecticide-treated grain and all that kind of stuff. The 'steak' is probably adulterated meat puffed up wildly onto the bones of artificially-heated-and-watered, female-hormone-fattened, watery-fleshed cattle in tiny pens. The 'peas' may well contain chemical poisons directed against insects (they paralyse their brains and knock out the nervous pathways, but don't do it to us largely because we're that much bigger) and heady traces of mind-expanding lead, along with heaven knows what else; and the 'salt' is probably free-running and iodized to boot. So the purity wears a bit thin when we relax for a moment and look through the writing, behind the label, back to the farms and factories where they all came from.

Macrobiotic theory is delightful, and it's obviously an improvement if it makes you think about what you eat. You buy for a purpose, and not just out of habit, diffidence or whatever. But the 'you are what you eat' school of thought isn't strictly true. Balancing sodium and potassium in your diet is futile, by and large, since we all take in more than we need of both these elements, and the body adjusts the balance automatically.

Take in more than you want and it's sedately peed away.

The trouble starts when you take in things like lead and DDT; they tend to be stored by the body and, what's more, they are toxic too. You avoid them by eating food from relatively pure sources, hence the macrobiotic thing. But in some respects it is becoming another money-spinner: buy up a crate, call it 'macrobiotic', and it'll sell to those weirdoes down the road. And now that quick-frozen macrobiotic materials are being made for the first time we have almost gone full circle! THE PRODUCERS have begun to try to purify their foods, and show signs of yielding to public pressure by being a little more 'natural' here and there, whilst THE PURISTS are recognising some of the advantages of business and technology by allowing more artificiality into foodstuffs they produce. There must be a lesson in that somewhere.

Sadly it isn't enough to call for an end to the use of pesticides. We need them. The very nature of an agricultural pest dictates that. After all, when they first evolved it was when plants grew wild and free amongst the forests, and a pest only survived at all by being very prolific. But now that we grow food in concentrated fields of the same plant (as we've done since the Stone Age, so it is hardly new) it's a simple matter for a pest to wipe out massive crop harvests in less time than it takes to explain why.

Pest control is vital, not only if we are to survive, but also if we are ever to feed our brothers to the South-East. It isn't natural, but then nor is being civilised.

But food additives are different. Certainly it's crazy when pure-food addicts refuse to eat something fortified with ascorbic acid, whilst they'll happily gulp down DR SMEGMA'S PATENT PILLS (with added vitamin C), which is exactly the same thing anyway. The addition of chemicals to food has been out of hand for years. To envisage how many different types there are, imagine a shelf with 30 bottles on it. Picture five shelves in a stack. Take two such stacks per store-room, then imagine ten rooms equipped like this and you have the answer. There are over 3,000 different chemical additives used in western countries. The effects of any one, in detail, are unknown. The inter-

related effects of them all in concert are unknowable.

Let us enumerate some of the chemicals that have been used in this way. Benzoic acid and sulphur dioxide have been used for years, but then in came esters of para-hydroxybenzoic acid together with sorbic acid, propionic acid and antibiotics including nisin, nystatin and tetracycline (later subjected to better controls, thank god). Thiourea was used until a few years back, but was found to cause cancer and so was discontinued. Amongst the antioxidants widely used were butylated hydroxytoluene which is toxic to man in amounts not much greater than those used in food, and nordihydroguaiaretic acid which has been banned in England as being too dangerous (though it is still apparently in use overseas).

Many food colouring agents are suspect too. A few years ago a Government committee looked at 30 dyes that had been passed as 'safe' ten years earlier. How many did they now approve? Only two, out of the entire list. Several of the others were by then suspected of causing cancer anyway. Meanwhile dulcin (which damages the liver) and P.4000 (which attacks the kidneys) have been prohibited here though they are still in use abroad. In 1959, in the United States, 55,000,000 lbs of cranberries were condemned because they'd been treated with an insecticide rejoicing in the name of aminotriazole.

Just at the last minute someone found out that it caused cancer after all . . . and a recent survey by the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food in Britain showed that 14% of milk samples were contaminated with antibiotics, which isn't nice either.

So many chemicals are going into food these days, particularly in the United States, that one has to stop and wonder WHAT EXACTLY ARE THEY DOING THERE?

Money, of course.

Vast programmes of research are going on, looking for new emulsifiers for creamy foods, flavour-boosters for meaty ones, colour-enhancers for vegetables; the list is almost endless. And when you've discovered a new agent to do just that, what do you do? Label it as a NEW DISCOVERY and leave it in a bottle on the shelf? Of course not. You sell it. And in that

way the development is justified. So stop to consider the reason why these chemicals were ever thought of and you are in for a nasty shock.

Have people EVER, and I mean E V E R, gone into a shop and said: "Have you bread of a better texture, more kinda smooth?" Has anyone (EVER) said: "I won't buy those beans because their colour green is just a trifle on the pale side?" Or again: "Oh, goodness me; a touch of monosodium glutamate on that steak before you grill it, if you'd be so kind, Charles?" No they haven't. There never was any demand for these things at all. Nobody wants them. Nobody missed them when they weren't there. And nobody is benefitting more than the investors in that line of country and the big firms who make the stuff. People do not buy fortified, emulsified, homogenised podgy Sunblest bread because there is a demand for it, but because it's what the grocer has been inveigled into selling. In short, you have no choice.

The law on the subject in Britain is far more severe than that which exists in other countries, in the main; but we have over 300 separate bodies to enforce the law about food additives and so complaints and errors can easily get lost in the maze. In practice they do just that, too.

The overwhelming majority of the additives have effects we cannot begin to understand on their own, let alone in combination with the other gunk that goes in with it. I am not being scarey either, but there is—and no-one would doubt this for a moment—a real chance that disease, disability or genetic damage could easily result from their indiscriminate use. And when so many chemical reactions seem to be able to cause cancer it is just idiotic, scandalous and immoral to feed someone something that hasn't EVER been proved necessary. If we needed it, the risk might be worth taking. But when we don't . . . ?

The law should state that nothing ever goes into food unless it's necessary to make it safe, or palatable, or nutritious; unless in some way we need it. That way we'd cut down the list of additives into something we could understand. As it is, most of these things probably do more damage than whatever it is they prevent ever did.

Brian J Ford



The American deserter community in Stockholm began with the arrival of the Intrepid Four in the Spring of 1967. Although Sweden is heavily economically aligned with the United States, the first four and the nearly 500 others who followed them have been given asylum by Sweden. The most prominent reason for acceptance of American deserters here on any terms is the strong anti-Vietnam War feeling of the majority of the Swedish people. A special asylum, for humanitarian reasons and commonly called humanitarian asylum, was created for deserters and later opened for draft resisters as well. Under such asylum, a deserter is given a work and residence permit, a Framlings Pass which allows him to travel outside of Sweden, and entrance into a confusing society that is enlightened capitalism in its most bureaucratic and paternalistic form. Unlike refugees from the Eastern bloc countries, deserters are not considered political refugees and are not given political asylum. Humanitarian asylum is an insecure asylum. The deserter or resister must renew his permission to stay periodically—anywhere from every three to every twelve months. A deserter who has received humanitarian asylum can be deported if he has committed a serious crime, even if his return to the Mother Country means political persecution. Political asylum guarantees that one will not be returned to the nation that will persecute one politically.

The significance and the danger of special humanitarian asylum was never so clear as in the past month when it became known that this winter 14 American deserters will be deported from Sweden to the Mother Country. The deserters for whom deportation is planned are said to have failed to "adjust to Swedish society". They are now in Swedish prisons, the majority serving time for drug crimes, considered very serious crimes in Sweden. What could have been construed as diplomatic pussy-footing on the part of the Swedish government in giving only humanitarian asylum has been coupled recently with a strong propaganda offensive in the popular press against drugs, a campaign that has served to create an automatic association of "deserter" with "narcotics". (In fact, a new Swedish word, *knarkdesertor* was coined.)

Sweden is a country whose major addiction and social problem is alcoholism, and the new predilection of a minority of its youth to hallucinogenic drugs and speed is shocking and frightening to most Swedes. There is almost no distinction in their minds between hashish and heroin. They simply have no knowledge of the difference that exists. And the press, supported by the government, has found an outside agitator, a scapegoat for its domestic drug hysteria—the foreigner, the deserter to whom Sweden acted as a generous parent and who rewards Sweden by corrupting its youth. In an almost staggeringly pervasive way, the Swedish government has managed to obscure not only the particular social problems of the deserters, but to wipe out their political standing for the people. The manipulation has been thorough and effective.

Malmö is a harbour city in southern Sweden, a place where many deserters arrive after leaving Germany or other places in Europe. This autumn, the Malmö police escorted four deserters (who had not yet been granted asylum) back to Germany and handed them over to the American M.P.s there. The catch used by the Swedish police to justify this little-publicized incident is that the soldiers stood small risk of being sent to Vietnam since they had from 3-9 months to spend in the Army. This justification, coupled with the close cooperation exhibited by the door-to-door escort by the Swedish police, should

indicate an effort on the part of the Swedish government to take advantage of the precariousness of humanitarian asylum and to make it less and less possible for refugees from Babylon to come to Sweden.

That was only a warning. Joseph Parra, on November 25, was the first deserter to go. He is twenty-one years old and deserted from a hospital in Japan, having been wounded in Vietnam. In Japan, he made anti-war speeches. He came to Sweden via the Soviet Union. He has spent fourteen months in Swedish prison for selling LSD and in the United States stands to face five years in a military prison for his desertion alone. Since the Army still considers him a soldier, he can be charged with selling drugs while in the Army. Since the United States considers that its soldiers have no right of free speech, he can be charged with treason for his speeches in Japan. If Edwin Arnett, a deserter who returned voluntarily to the United States, was sentenced to four years of hard labour for desertion, the fate of Joseph Parra is not to be envied.

If at all possible, his fate will not be duplicated. The American Deserters Committee, the Swedish FNL groups, and other left and liberal groups in Sweden are working hard at this time—the more left groups for political asylum, the more liberal or "humanitarian" groups for an end to deportation of deserters. The next deserter is due to be deported within two weeks. There is virtually no place a man can run to when he has no passport and is about to be deported. The sense here in the deserter community is that if this year *knarkdesertorer* are deported, perhaps next year it will be politically active deserters. After that perhaps it will be any deserter or resister. On the week of November 16, 23 members of the American Deserter community began a hunger strike that still continues as of November 26 to gain publicity for the imminent deportation of Parra and to stop the deportation of American war resisters. It was an attempt to gain recognition of the fact that this is a political issue—not a drug issue. The strike finally gained headlines when one of its members was taken to the hospital. Meanwhile, leafletting goes on, as well as attempts to speak directly to Olof Palme, the Prime Minister, and Eric Holmqvist, the Minister of the Interior. A delegation representing many Swedish voters—supported by Jan Myrdal and other prominent Swedish figures—met with Holmqvist, but he refused to answer any questions and was willing only to pose for pictures shaking hands with the delegation.

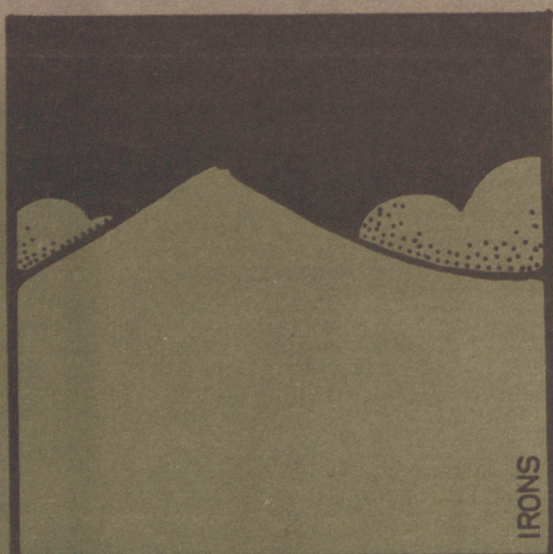
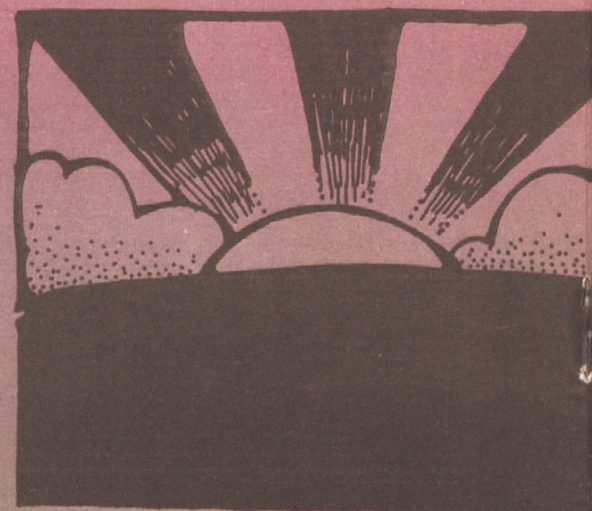
Deserters who return involuntarily to the United States must be recognized and greeted by their brothers and sisters as prisoners of war. In the not so distant future, the American political refugee will become a common sight in the world. Whatever chance we have of surviving depends on our strength and our efforts for each other. In Stockholm, when you see a brother ripped off by a pig in whatever uniform, you know it is one world and that the struggle is everywhere.

Laura Furman



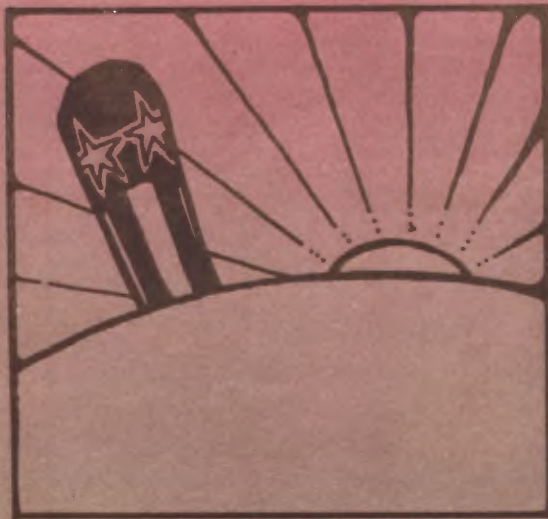
Since this article was written, two more deserters have been deported from Sweden. Another has been sentenced to deportation, making about 12 deserters in Swedish prisons awaiting deportation. The work of the ADC needs money in order to continue. Our spirits are high, but our debts are many. Send money to: ADC (c/o Verdandil), Kungsgatan 66B, Stockholm 11122.

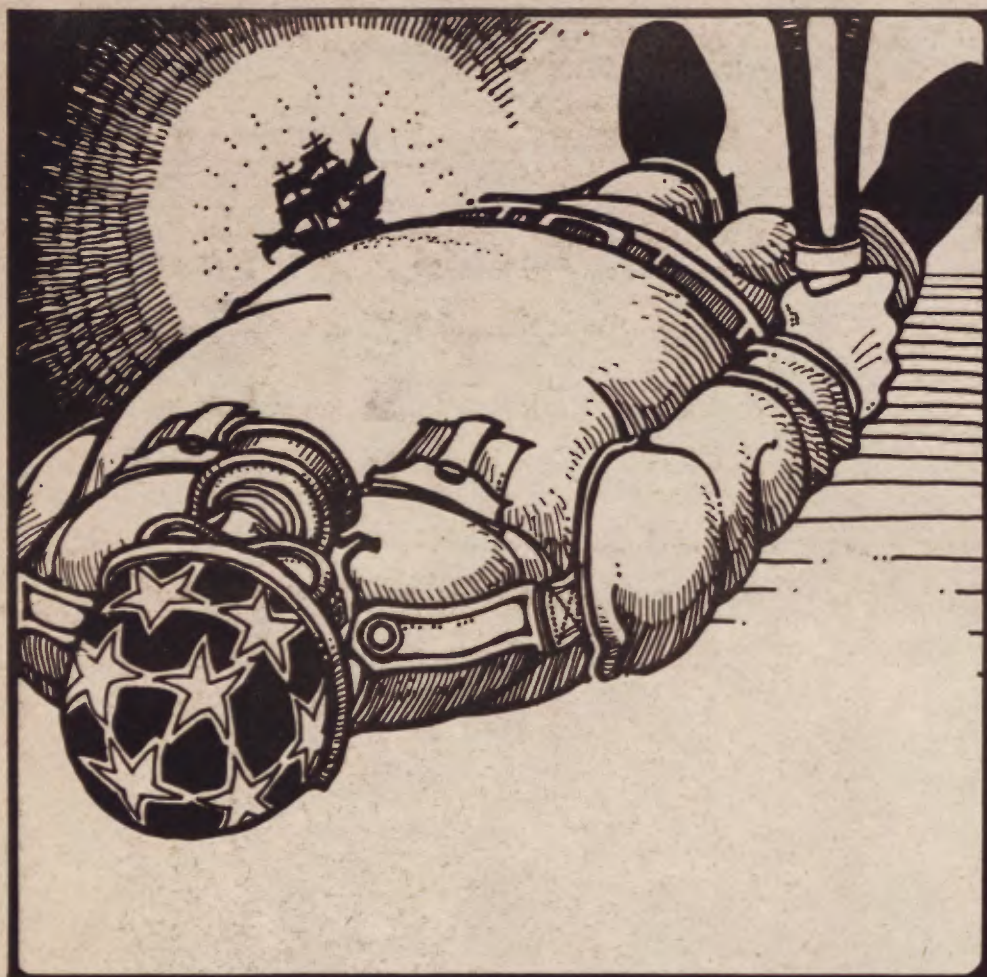
CONTINUED OVER...



IRONS







MYSTIC GUERILLAS

How a band of six theocentric mystical androgynous gypsy freaks got busted in Italy and their consequent adventures in prison

We floated into Italy on our magic carpet caravan chanting *Om Mani Padme Hum*. We were on our way to Florence to view a few art masterpieces, then to Assisi to visit the home of Saint Francis, as four of us were once from San Francisco, and then on to Rome to meet more of our tribe and to invade the streets, fountains and ruins with our gypsy street theatre.

Driving that morning through the little Italian town of Chiavari, by the sea, we decided to use the rest room. Shortly after we stopped a Carabinieri car drove by coming to a quick halt as soon as they spotted our mammoth coach. Within seconds, three of the most outrageous Fascist police, accompanied by the most histrionic hand gestures and loud screams, assaulted us from every direction. We immediately sensed that we had fallen into an Italian ambush and prepared ourselves by swiftly depositing about five grams of hashish, that we had been saving for the museums of Florence, into Samantha's vagina and doing some yogic deep breathing exercises to minimize our adrenelin supply. A few minutes later there were two police cars escorting us to the station with one plain clothes officer accompanying us in the front seat of the van while Ricardo drove. We chanted Hare Krishna on the way and I flashed on the early Christians singing at the doors of the arena of death.

At this point, unknown to anyone, Samantha had a fit of paranoia and discarded the vaginal parcel out through the rear ventilator without looking, thinking it would be safer, not knowing that it landed on the police car behind us. By the time we reached the station, the police were in an hysterical frenzy, but I must admit, cautious and

a little fearful of us, as we demanded respect with our fiery eyes. The ensuing five hours were a series of theatrical guerilla confrontations which rendered us and the police exhausted. While they rampaged through our truck, tearing, ripping and spilling our possessions, confiscating every form of organic growth, of which we had a lot, we chanted, read excerpts from the Bible, (they took Marjorie's "Treatise on White Magic" by Alice Bailey), sang *Noi siamo i bambini de arco balano* — "We are the children of the rainbow" and did pantomime for the guards and policemen. When the TV and newspaper photographers arrived and started to film us, we danced and carried on for the cameras.

Prison became for us the ultimate psychedelic trip without drugs. Life was reduced to a micro-cosmic level. It was, in all respects, the entire world within a series of walls, except the yin or female entity was missing, which of course made for an unbalanced environment, but fortunately for us aided the mystical thought process, which we utilized to its highest.

We began and ended our days with yoga and meditation. The interim was spent in intense study of the scriptures of all the major religions (we were given many books by the American Consulate of Genoa who has long sideburns and is groovy and has a son who is a head), reading social documentaries, and in general, high frequency literature. We spent many hours making clay sculptures, paper mache masques, jewelry and flutes. We drew mandalas and cosmic drawings for the guards and prisoners with sayings such as, "*Noi siamo tutti i fratelli de uno Spirito*". We became good friends with all the guards, addressing them by their first names, although all the other prisoners called them signore. Ricardo actually had his own yoga student, a young Italian boy who had been

busted for ten grams of hash, until the guards stopped the sessions, telling him that we were hypnotizing him.

The journalists, in the meantime, were having a field day with our story. Gross lies and petty propaganda were printed about us. They said that we were supplying Milan and Roman students, but the ten kilos of hash that was reportedly found, was in reality Moroccan henna (hair dye) and assorted cooking herbs. They also printed in big letters that we were singing "*Jesus Hashish*" in the police station, that we were nude when the police came to our van and that smoke was billowing from the windows. More incredible, they printed an enlarged photograph the police had given them of Samantha completely naked with black blurs covering the nipples of her Anita Eckberg sized breasts, implying with a typical Italian perverse sensationalism, that we were immoral orgyists etc.

In prison it was getting colder as Autumn approached, and we insisted on getting more clothes from the van. When they were delivered in a large box, we noticed that the police had blindly thrown in all the most festive scarfs rags and tapestries, with which we decorated the walls along with our mandalas etc. After changing into our turbans, gypsy scarfs and dancing pants and vests, along with our neo-Taj-mahal decor we experienced an even freakier mode of behaviour. Like two exotique birds in a cage we sang, danced and made music. When everyone was let out of the cells for a walk in the courtyard or television, Ricardo and I would pop out of our cells like jacks-in-the-box doing cart-wheels and flips in the corridors to everyone's amazement. The four girls who were in the other part of the prison were just about as outrageous, walking around nude, freaking out the elderly matron guards, baking their own bread and gourmet dinners (we could order any extra food if we paid) and performed plays for the resident whores in their ward.

We spent a great deal of time trying to under-



stand our karmic reason for imprisonment. Our perspective towards society and life in general was clarified to an intensity surpassing any of our other previous perceptions. Why were we initially attacked? Before they even found any drugs they assaulted us as though we were animals that should be killed. Why? We were colourful, we were happy, we were free. We were in direct opposition to the imprisoned, grey minds of the society who put us in bondage. We were like Joseph and his coat of many colours. Just as his brothers hated him with envy and conspired to cast him into a pit, so shall man conspire against us for they are envious of our covenant with our Father, the Universal Spirit.

In Italy, the penalty for the most miniscule amount of marijuana is a minimum of three years. How can someone be imprisoned for a state of consciousness or a state of being? Is it not the same reason why the early Christians and the News of this century were persecuted. How can LSD a drug which induces celestial-cosmic-realization be considered a crime against society?



Because God consciousness is dead in our western civilization! God consciousness is a threat to the modernization of technoramic materialistic society and its utilitarian scientific rationalism. This society has been attempting to surpress the cosmic "hippie" movement from its very beginning. It has developed a righteous fear of the 'underground' and its philosophy because the hippie defies and exposes the perverted, capitalistic and hypocritical power structure for what it is.

After forty days and nights we went to court to face our trial. Our Italian assigned lawyer, a very beautiful man, had fallen in love with us by the time we went to court and considered us his own children. He testified, in a thirty minute soliloquy, that had the whole court almost in tears, that Samantha, who was 18 years old and not liable to imprisonment as she is underage in Italy, was responsible for the importation of the said drug, (10 grams) and that we had no knowledge of her actions. He concluded his dramatic oration by saying that it would be a crime to imprison us for our fantasy.

That very day Ricardo, Marjorie, Poppy, Samantha, Bernadette and I found ourselves flying free on our magic carpet again. Instead of going to Naples to take our boat to India, we were exiled to France, where we met the rest of our tribe. We will rest in the French countryside until our rebirth in the Spring when our caravan will resume the journey to the East. We are the many coloured reflections of the white light of God. We are the children of the rainbow. Hare OM. Jamian Ananda



smalls

Apologies to the hundreds of our readers whose small ads were ripped off by bad tempered Freddie in his visit last month.

INTERZONE A is back. No 6 is on sale in shops in and around Notting Hill Gate. 1/- or by mail from Gary Butler 50a Princedale Road, London W11. Send 6d extra or SAE. FREE RAFFLE. Win a record or two of your choice. The first 1000 copies sold will be numbered consecutively. 1st prize = 2 records, 2nd = 1 record, 3rd onwards many surprises. Winning numbers will appear in Interzone A No 7 and other head publications.

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WHAT REALLY HAPPENED AT SCOTLAND YARDS CHRISTMAS PARTY



NOW: IT CAN BE TOLD

Having just stepped out of the shower, I was Johnsons Baby Powdering my pubic hair when Detective Frederick Luff burst through the bathroom door. After a strained exchange of courtesies, I hurried to the bedroom to dress and to admire the calm with which six other plain-clothesmen and two dogs were ravaging my home.

"What's your name?" I asked the man who was disabling the telephone. "Get stuffed", he replied. Further attempts to inveigle introductions elicited similar responses. Police had gained entrance with a warrant issued under the Obscene Publications Act. The task of the accompanying labradors was not apparently to sniff through my personal collection of OZes for evidence of ejaculatory bliss, but to assist members of the Drugs Squad who just "happened to be passing by".

Somewhere in Wakefield, at an ex-OZ printer's, are two crates of aniseed which we had once planned to mix with our inks. Its purpose was to decoy hash hounds if they ever happened to lunge into the homes of our readers. Having left Wakefield in a hurry, we never managed to pursue the experiment. However, I am happy to report that the additive was unnecessary. The labradors were hilariously hopeless. The corners of my room with which they were frenziedly obsessed were those most remote from any possible contamination.

While these bewildered, ill-trained hounds gnawed needlessly through the back of a decaying harmonium, their masters ransacked my library, my personal letters and files; pillaging such

sentimental souvenirs as a roneoed pirate edition of Portnoy's Complaint (purchased under an Australian counter), an unusable antique hookah from Calcutta and probably the world's only extant complete set of Australian OZes. Few, if any of these objects are likely to be returned. In a previous sortie, police confiscated copies of OZ 23. Subsequently they decided not to prosecute it, but despite persistent requests the issues have not been returned. The excuse? "Sorry... lost in the warehouse". No receipt has been forthcoming for the items taken from my home on Friday, December 19 and as Louise—who lives with me—and myself were carted off to Notting Hill Police Station while the Obscenity/Drugs Squad were still marauding, I will probably never know in detail exactly what was commandeered. Incidentally, simultaneous invasions of privacy occurred upstairs from my basement at the home of Jim Anderson and at the OZ office in Princedale Road. (Fortunately, the raid on Felix Dennis' home was bungled.)

One member of the Drugs Squad—a memorably offensive and aggressive individual in a light grey Prince-of-Wales check suit who sported a pipe and styled himself on Laurence Harvey—is obviously destined for transfer to Frederick Luff's obscenity team. He was so incensed at the contents of my morning's mail that he foamed at the mouth, muttering: "You are all warped". At the recent Wet Dream Film Festival in Amsterdam I had met the makers of the prize winning film "A Summer Day", which unfolds the astonishing biography of a farmyard girl who literally loves her livestock. The directors honoured their promise to send me an amazing never-before-

published transcript of an interview with the girl, Bodil, plus some booklets portraying her pastime. The full fleshy technicolour closeups of Bodil being fucked by a pig sent the aspiring Laurence Harvey berserk. I can only assume that he must have identified with the gifted beast.

I offer one final testimonial to the acquisitive zeal of the Magnificent Seven. After the police had greeted me in such uncomplimentary tones, I produced a Sony cassette and began recording the mounting pandemonium. It was immediately wrested from me and "searched" for drugs. I then reassembled it and plugged in the microphone. It was spotted by a senior officer, who instructed that the machine be searched. I protested that it had been done already. "But not very thoroughly", he replied, grabbing it from me, "in fact we shall take this with us".

It can be argued that however misguided the law, a policeman's duty is to enforce it. On occasion it is necessary to remove items from a person's home to produce as evidence in court. But the entire Luff operation was a blatant abuse of police powers. The hysteria over the tape recorder confirms their own recognition of this abuse. They even confiscated handwritten notes of the raid written by Louise. Because Luff and his heavies feared any record being taken of their activities they tried to suppress it by force—the same force which they are clumsily exerting against OZ.

After three hours of this edifying spectacle, two policewomen arrived to search Louise ("You're so clean", they kept repeating) and then we were

escorted to Notting Hill police station. It took another three hours of miserable isolation in the backroom before we were formally charged with the possession of dangerous drugs and our solicitor, David Offenhach, grudgingly admitted. His presence was prompted by the lightning efforts of the Oz team and of Release, who were similarly swift in courting bailiffs. I have no previous convictions (sorry, Panthers), yet Frederick Luff flatteringly categorised me as a dangerous criminal, refused bail and banned all visitors. I spent a hungry, wakeful evening in the cells reading, appropriately, Evelyn Waugh's Decline and Fall.

Although I was due at West London Magistrates' Court at 10 am the following morning, Luff did not arrive to escort me until 10.30 am. This seemed mere inefficiency at the time, but I have since had reason to believe that the delay was due to his privately conferring beforehand with the magistrate. This information comes via the crime reporter of a Fleet Street newspaper, but is obviously unverifiable.

(That morning I spied in Luff's briefcase a copy of my book, Play Power. "Did you steal that from my home too?" I asked. "No, I actually bought it at the Mandarin bookshop". He did too; and had returned to buy two more, so I expect it will eventually be used against me in some way)

David Offenhach had warned that West London Magistrate's Court was tougher on drugs cases than Marylebone and that should I appear before the remarkable A.L. Stephenson, there was a

possibility he may refuse bail. As it is customary for defendants to be invited to make a statement to the bench in such circumstances, I scribbled some impassioned notes in the back of *Decline and Fall*. What actually occurred in court outstripped the most morose expectations. When Luff announced that he opposed bail, Stephenson not only parroted this refusal but did not even allow Offenbach to complete a formal bail application. When my solicitor's pleas were truncated I begged permission from the bench to make a statement. Silence. Police began swooping, so again I asked to make a statement. By this time the police were manhandling me, so I screamed that my case had nothing to do with drugs... "I am in this dock because of the personal vendetta of one man against OZ". Of course the police—who control the courts—were incensed. As spectators like Felix Dennis and George Melly jumped to protest, I was bundled unceremoniously through the foyer and hurled into the cell like a sack of potatoes.

It was the first time for many years that I felt frightened. This novel tang of fear was induced not only by the violence of my ejection from the dock but because I had come to realise that an enormous, complicated mechanism had swung into action which had, as its sole objective, the deprivation of me and my friends from our freedom of speech. Today they had forcibly silenced me in court, as tomorrow they may silence the magazine.

Brixton compares favourably with Australian boarding schools. The warders are no more bossy than prefects, although with less legitimate power. (Two days inside hardly renders my observations valuable.) There is little difference in the treatment of convicts and remandees, except that the former are allowed television, table tennis and other amenities and the latter are allotted a distinctive uniform. Food consists of tinned spaghetti rings and other delights; appalling, but no worse than most Oxford Street cafes. Tea is oily, bromided and served without sugar. It is possible to order daily newspapers, have food and wine supplied from outside. Exercise consists of two ½ hour daily bouts of circular walking. I heard no complaints of violence and I was not ill-treated or victimised in any way, although many of the formalities were futile and harmful. After a compulsory bath we were shunted in line for a cursory medical inspection without shirts—an efficient recipe for flu.

The saddest and most memorable moments in this big city Butlins consisted of conversations with other inmates. I had expected 'hardened criminals' to be neither so pleasant nor so uninformed. As my cellmate put it: "When you meet us crims off duty, in a place like this, we're the nicest people in the world—but catch us on a job and we'd blow your head off". The gentlest of souls said he'd spent the previous month practising technique with a sawn-off shotgun ("It turns pheasants into mincemeat") and explained that he would have no compunction in using it on his next job. (He is planning to do a Securicor van).

Recidivism is not so much voluntary as imposed by the inmates' cultural and economic oppression. Many prisoners explained that after their first conviction they were considered fair game for police lineups so it was pointless going straight. The ones I met readily accepted their role in the system. Gaol became a fruitful rendezvous in which to make new contacts and mastermind future jobs. During my short visit I learnt how to open most peoples' front door through the letterbox, how to rob a supermarket (silencing the burglar alarm) and double my money with secondhand cars. For most of the men there could never be any escape. Several had been able to crash out of various gaols in the past, but were always recaptured in a Shepherd's Bush pub or a relative's cupboard. "Why didn't you leave the country?" I asked, and it invariably turned out that they had no idea how to obtain passports—even legally—and that their world map consisted primarily of England with a few crazed foreign lands scattered as remotely and as inhospitably as the moon. They ran to relatives because they had no conception of how to register at a hotel.

Unexpectedly, on Sunday evening I was ordered to collect my kit and wait downstairs. David Offenbach and his father, Harry, had taken the unprecedented step of rousing a Judge in Chambers on a Sunday and secured bail. The magistrate's suppression of Offenbach's plea had worked in my favour.

I was released from gaol because of the toil of my solicitors, the support of many friends and the privilege of my class. A senile, prejudiced disciplinarian still presides at West London. His daily incarceration on dubious pretexts of people less able to retaliate than myself can be forestalled only by his hopefully imminent retirement. (Even in my case he won. The cost of my release was £250)

Out side Brixton I rejoined my friends, including George Melly, who gallantly risked £250 bail, and



we ended up at the Roundhouse for Release's Christmas party. The irony is corny, but I cannot resist recording that as I floated into the Roundhouse, and was confronted by the extrovert inmates of a new culture—hair, beads, incense and smiles—to whom I respond so ambivalently—The Who creamed ferociously from stage: 'I'M FREE... I'M FREE... I'M FREE...'

The elation was temporary. The full implications of the past few days weighed me to earth. 1. Along with Felix Dennis and Jim Anderson I was already facing an obscenity charge over OZ 28 at the Old Bailey (possibly heard in March). 2. Now, along with Louise Ferrier I was shortly to face a charge of possessing 'dangerous' drugs. 3. As a result of the recent raid, police would be preferring more obscenity charges against Jim, Felix and myself over subsequent OZes and would oppose bail on the grounds that we had already been committed on similar charges. 4. If this or any future OZ provokes a prosecution, it would certainly result in immediate gaol for the three of us and a temporary end to the magazine.

This means that our editorial hand is forced. If the magazine is to survive, we are now compelled to conduct editorial decisions in a way which we have always previously avoided—ie carefully. Until we defeat the charges against OZ 28, we must strive to elude a further prosecution.

Contrary to our contemporary image, OZ has never been solely sexual. In this respect it is like you or me. Sometimes it fucks, sometimes it's stoned, sometimes it dances to the sound of its own record reviews; but most of all it reflects a lively, diverse informed concern for the far flung issues of social, cultural and political evolution. Maybe it stems from its Australian origins, but whenever OZ does flash its sexuality, it does so with a vulgarity, ostentation and relish that happens to be the undistorted style of those involved with the production of the magazine. Few girls remember the face of the man who exposes himself on a train, likewise, out of a 48 page OZ 31 our more repressed readers will recall only the two titillating pages of illustrated small ads.

Even if OZ was the magazine that Frederick Luff and his superiors erroneously imagine, it should still not grant them carte blanche to rifle our offices and homes at whim. Not many publications could operate without advertising, contributors and production files. Countless articles, and a double-spread of 'letters-to-the-

editor' planned for this OZ were stolen from Jim Anderson's home. And for what? All because an uniformed Mary Whitehouse and his punchy henchmen think Jim, Felix and myself are professional smut peddlers... that we devote our lives to "depraving and corrupting" this sceptred isle, this merry band of men, this purient England.

This is the second time in my life that the threat of gaol hangs heavily over the rainbow because people of demonic perversity are moved to punish those with whom they disagree. Six years ago a Sydney magistrate sentenced Martin Sharp, Richard Walsh and myself to six months hard labour for publishing the satirical forerunner of British OZ. The features deemed most objectionable included an article by the late Lenny Bruce and a cartoon by Martin which coined the phrase "get folked". That particular OZ would now seem tame even in Australia, and the whole affair, in retrospect, laughable, expensive and unnecessary—just as in a few years the shimmering Schoolkids OZ will be universally recognised more as a symptom of social change than its instrument. It took two years of tedious legal wrangles to gain an acquittal in Australia. The question of obscenity revolved around "an undue emphasis on sex" and eventually the High Court conceded that—as with beauty—obscenity lies mainly in the crotch of the beholder.

But let us suppose, for the sake of discussion, that the preoccupations of those of us at OZ are so narrow as to confine the magazine exclusively to sex; that there is in fact "an undue emphasis". (It is not only the Luffs who would readily accept this hypothesis. Peter Cook once brandished before a public audience a double-spread of a pubescent Californian trio and shrieked that the magazine was for masturbators only—which seems unnecessarily restrictive). But let us suppose that cunt and cock leapt from every page, that OZ was a living array of Pellen's Personal Products, that it farted in your face, winked labia majoras at you, uncurled its foreskin, splashed forth a veritable Niagara of cum... so what? Would we still be guilty of *obscenity*, of depraving and corrupting those who volunteered their 4/-?

When I think of obscenity, I think of other things. I think of our fathers depraving and corrupting—in some cases demolishing—entire civilisations for the sake of personal greed. I think of the ruthless eradication of, say, the Inca, Aztec and Maya cultures in Latin America, the smashing of highly developed societies in South East Asia, India and Africa, the massacre of tribal communities in Australia and America, a practice not only still flourishing (Cf the Aussies now in New Guinea) but not even recognised by the majority of ever having occurred (ad in current *Esquire*: "The Spanish were nice enough to



discover America... you should at least discover their brandy." Nice to whom? The Indians?). If this all sounds like ancient history, think of the depravation and corruption inflicted on Vietnamese peasants by the most powerful nation on earth, or think of Portugal's current enslavement of the people of Angola and Mozambique, ringmastered by NATO and financed by British corporations. Often the process of neo-colonialism is disguised by the complex, paradoxical patterns of international economics. The U.S. has "loaned" millions of dollars to Guate-

mala, Haiti, Nicaragua and Paraguay—all dictatorships and, "without exception life has become worse for the majority of people in each of these countries over the last ten years", as it has in most of Africa. See *Exploitation*, a brilliant, essential handbook on the world power structure by Robin Jenkins recently published by MacGibbon & Kee.

The lust which I think of as obscene is the lust for profit and power which not only depraves and corrupts millions of those in "developing" countries who are harnessed as a source of raw materials (and markets) for European and U.S. industry, but here in Britain where the majority of workers are so muzzled by masscult and mesmerised by media that—like slaves whistling in a cotton plantation—they cannot even comprehend their own impoverishment.

The bitterest irony is that the most suffocating source of human enslavement—spiritual—could not have accomplished without the bedazzling potency of a superstition known as Christianity. While our fathers plundered two-thirds of the world, our gods depraved, corrupted and brutalised delicate tribalisms and in passing promoted modern up-to-date diseases. ("The white man came and asked us to shut our eyes and pray. When we opened our eyes it was too late—our lands were gone". Kenyatta). Last night, Southern Television's feature movie was 'The Sins of Rachel Cade', which entrusted the task of enforcing chastity upon the black villages to Dorothy Malone ("Come here Kulu! Our God



proclaims great punishment if you sleep with a woman who is not your wife"). She herself was protected by the British Army (played by Peter Finch) while some nameless corporation silently prospered behind the swamp. The guileless racism, exploitation, depravity and corruption inherent in this film was no doubt enjoyed—perhaps applauded—by the region's viewers who themselves have of course suffered indoctrination by the same Christianity which has bequeathed to them—if not Dorothy Malone—the ethics of work, property, family and fidelity to be inculcated into every school, council house and factory. (And prison: the entire Sunday in Brixton is spent shuffling prisoners to various chapels and congregations).

It seems to me then, no coincidence that those most determined to extinguish OZ and turn back the tide of libertarianism are, without exception, religious maniacs. The punitive Australian magistrate was a member of an elite lay Catholic organisation and the energetic Frederick Luff once explained to me that the difference in our mutual points of view stemmed from his subservience to the will of God. If there was any logic in law such an admission would send Luff to gaol; for Christianity has cloaked more depravity and corruption in a single day than all the pornographers in their collective lifetimes.

As none of us at OZ could bear to live with the possibility that the magazine is totally ineffectual, we happily admit that the sexually precocious pages of OZ and its glistering editorial sensuousness encourages readers to get their rocks off more often—just as we hope it helps uplift the

20 gins later...

highest of highs and that it offers at least the gentlest suggestion of perspective to any drop-out's discontent. If this impact is considered 'depraving and corrupting' then I look forward to further first hand lessons in criminology at the expense of Her Majesty's Government.

If it could be proved that OZ triggered off any sexual atrocities, such as are usually headlined in News of the World, the Crown may have a case against us.

Diagnoses of the impact of 'pornography' have always been hampered by the lack of empirical evidence. However, on September 30, 1970, the most comprehensive report on obscenity and pornography ever undertaken anywhere in the world was presented to the US President and Congress. It is published in full by Bantam Books, 666 Fifth Avenue New York (\$1.65) and should be examined by anyone who is in any doubt that Obscenity laws are insane, malicious, unworkable and an intolerable infringement of civil liberties. (Don't confuse this report with the one masquerading as it under the same name and published by MacGibbon & Kee with contemptible dishonesty).

The 17 man Commission—not an orgy of yuppies, but austere, experienced establishment figures appointed by Congress recommended that: "All federal state and local legislation prohibiting the sale, exhibition, or distribution of sexual materials to consenting adults should be repealed". The Commission went on to affirm that: "There is no warrant for continued governmental interference with the full freedom of adults to read, obtain or view whatever material they wish... extensive investigations both by the Commission and by others, provides no evidence that exposure to or use of explicit sexual materials play a significant role in the causation of social or individual harms such as crime,

delinquency, sexual or nonsexual deviance or severe emotional disturbances... a few Commission studies indicate that a possible distinction between sexual offenders and other people, with regard to explicit sexual materials, is that sex offenders have seen markedly less of such material while maturing."

The Bantam edition is a challenging 700 pages long and bristles with data from all over the world. It includes a thorough breakdown of Danish statistics which reveal not only that sex crimes in Denmark have dropped since the abolition of obscenity laws but that this cannot be accounted for by the liberalising of criteria by which such crimes are judged, or by any failure to report such crimes. The congressional document is a thundering empirical confirmation of most intelligent people's intuitive predilections.

In fairness, it should be mentioned that three out of the seventeen Commissioners dissented from the bulk of the recommendations. The most extreme repudiation came from Charles Keating Jnr, the only Commissioner appointed by Nixon himself and this helps explain why it met with the same fate as the Wootton report on drugs in this country (to be filed in the dustbin). Charles H Keating attached his minority statement to the report. "For those who believe in God", he writes, "in His absolute Supremacy as the Creator and Lawgiver of life, in the dignity and destiny which he has conferred upon the human person, in the moral code that governs sexual activity—for those who believe in these "things", no argument against pornography should be necessary". And so it continues. The same words, the same neurotic myopia, the same crazy appeal to a Supreme Being instead of reason... the voice of Luff, Whitehouse, Black and a host of others whose greatest fear of all is freedom.

It is not surprising that its painstaking survey of existing research data combined with original experiments caused the Commission to conclude: "In general persons who are older, less educated, religiously active, less experienced with erotic

material, or feel sexually guilty are most likely to judge a given erotic stimulus 'obscene'".

So—derived not from contestible psychoanalytical theorising but deduced from extensive sober observation; these 17 (minus 3) jet setting, button down crew cut sociologists and lawyers virtually indict all smut squads as nothing but a bunch of ageing, ignorant, naive, guilt ridden religious bigots.

Up until the pre-Christmas raid, Felix, Jim and myself had greeted the harassment of OZ with only sporadic bursts of seriousness, as had many of our friends. It was instinctively assumed that we could ultimately establish in a court that OZ did not deprave and corrupt—even if it meant redefining the whole concept of obscenity. Notwithstanding the perpetual ransacking of our offices, we were aware that in less enlightened communities we would have been automatically gaoled. But it has finally dawned upon us that the authorities in this country take our publishing venture more seriously than we do. Following my extraction from Brixton I learnt that the police had been watching all our houses for some time, that they virtually admitted to tapping all our phones and they have even dossiered trivial, little known facts of our personal lives. So while the fearful significance of the OZ persecution has become belatedly apparent to ourselves, many people are still more amused than amazed. The pickaxing of this magazine is nothing less than political censorship. OZ has relentlessly promoted scorching elements of the new culture—dope, rock'n'roll and fucking in the streets; it is the only magazine in this country to consistently and constructively analyse the tension between the freak/dropout community and the militant left and to struggle to develop a theory from such antagonism. We see fun, flippancy, guiltless sex and the permanent strike of dropping-out as part of an emerging new community, but painfully acknowledge the limitations of leeching on the present society and becoming stooges of its consumer junkyism. We appreciate that OZ antics are often adventurist, escapist, dilettantish,

narcissistic and juvenile; but we are congenitally incapable of facing a solemn fun free future, cutting cane beneath some spartan banner of liberation; we want only to play with our toys, not own them, and we are fumbling towards a solution of living and working collectively—not for profit—which there ain't—but because we love what we do and believe naively in a joyful tomorrow of spiritual, emotional and intellectual coitus non interruptus.

But still we are afraid. An endless avalanche of support is necessary for us to conquer the court case. Not just the urgent money (make cheques payable to the OZ Obscenity Fund) but moral encouragement as well. Write letters to newspapers to your MP's, come to the Old Bailey (probably in March, date to be confirmed) do everything to arouse the public to the importance of the issues involved; help whiplash the backlash. For while religiously executed, it is politically motivated.

But still we are afraid; because there are already signs that the fence-sitting liberals may jump off on the other side. Example: When Jerry Rubin visited this country he conned massive publicity but was not actually convicted of any offence. His greatest 'crime' was to boost Frost's ratings. That much vaunted monument to the brave British independent intellectual tradition, Penguin Books, has paid vast sums of money to Jonathon Cape for the paperback rights to Rubin's book, *Do It*. Yet it has been discreetly recommended to Penguin's editors from above that they ought not to proceed and so—surprise surprise—these gallant spirits capitulated. Penguin isn't *Doing It*. Such then, is the climate in which OZ goes to the Old Bailey.

Idiot International has collapsed, Black Dwarf is dormant, the bailiff is at I.T.'s door, Friends flails valiantly... Meanwhile fifty thousand people buy us every month; so for God's sake all you out there—don't let the bastards grind OZ down—or it will cost you dearly. You'll be stuck with an eternity of colour supplements.

Richard Neville

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Muddy Waters has been my favourite singer since I was twelve years old, and since that time one of my primary objectives has been to see him play. I finally made it in a small, shabby club in Reading on a freezing Sunday night.

The supporting act to Muddy's band was Larry Johnson, a country blues guitarist from Georgia, and about half Muddy's age. In a time when it is considered Tom for a black to play the blues at all, Larry Johnson risks much abuse for playing in the country idiom. What is fascinating about him is that his performance represented my first encounter with country blues presented as a living music. I had heard earnest white archivists like Jo Ann Kelly and Mike Cooper play it like fourth-formers delivering a school play in Latin, and I had heard elderly bluesmen like Champion Jack Dupree presented like museum pieces, but Johnson presents the country blues as a contemporary music.

Before his set we talked briefly about guitar strings, various white musicians, particularly Mike Bloomfield ("Bloomfield is a good musician, so I would say that anything he doin' in music would be good"), an English guitarist called Roget Hubbard ("about the best I've met anywhere, whether here or in the States"), long guitar solos ("Some blues players make you feel good twice: glad when they get up and glad when they get down... I believe that if a guy is serious about his thing, and know what he's doing, I think that he can get his thing over in three minutes to five minutes"), and the continued survival of the country blues as a living idiom ("I think it's slowly dying, or might be have already died, and it's time for like a new generation of people to doing it").

Then it was time for the main man. His band and roadies lugged assorted Gibsons and Fenders onto the stage, and began tuning up. The band finally got itself together and played two competent but unexciting instrumentals in a slick nightclub-blues way, guitars well to the fore. Then Muddy came on, leaning on a crutch, his no-longer-processed hair in a bushy Afro. He sat down on his stool and finger-picked a riff out of his Telecaster. In came the band. The sound was totally different, with piano and mouth harp leading. Muddy's own guitar playing was almost inaudible, except during "Sail On", when he pulled a slide from his pocket, turned up his volume and conjured up screaming, swirling smoke rings of sound that hung glowing over the stage and moved the audience to spontaneous gasps and cheers. I've never seen any performer except Hendrix involve an audience so much in his music. Eventually the evening wound up, far too soon, with another two numbers from the band, and the following conversation with Muddy and Larry was taped directly after that performance.



... How're you feeling now since your accident? (A car crash late in 1969 which put Muddy in hospital for nine months.)

Muddy: I'm not back together but I feel much, much better.

How do you relate to the people who're playing your songs? I mean, how do you feel when you hear...

Muddy: Love 'em.

Led Zeppelin.

Muddy: Let 'em play. The more they play the better I get known. If somebody gonna know I made it once, you know...

How do you feel when you listen to, say, Led Zeppelin playing "You Shook Me"?

Muddy: I feel good... sure I like it. I love it... I wish someone would call my name fifty million times a day. The more you call, the more people gonna hear. That don't bother me.

Do you listen to things like John Mayall and Paul Butterfield at home?

Muddy: Got to listen to them because they all spring from me...

You don't feel that you're being ripped off by all of this?

Muddy: When you get in the record business someone gonna rip you anyway, so that don't bother me. If you don't rip me, she gonna rip me, and if she don't rip me, he gonna rip me, so I'm gonna get ripped, so you don't be bothered by that, because people round you gonna rip you if they can.

Do you think that there are people coming up in the blues who're going to take it that much further?

Muddy: What colour, white or black?

Whatever you want, any colour.

Muddy: I don't know. Today, it's a different story. The kids come up today didn't have them hard push the way we older mens did. They came up while they could have a dollar in their pockets. They don't have too much to have the blues for, you know... me coming up, no money in my pocket and sometimes trying to hitch hike on the highway hungry, and all that jive...

Do you enjoy listening to your "Electric Mud" album?

Muddy: And I made it and you ask me that? Of course I like it! Well, I like it less than some of my other things... well, I listen to it over and over.

A lot of people I know don't really dig that album as much as they dig some of the others.

Muddy: Right, I know, I don't myself, but the public...

Gonna do another one?

Muddy: Not never—not no electric mother. No more, no, no.

Yeah, because Howlin' Wolf did an electric album, and after he'd made it he went around telling people he thought it was dog shit.

Muddy: Yeah, well, me and Wolf, we got different minds, you know...

Do YOU like Wolf's electric album?

Muddy: I like all of Wolf's records. That's blues playing, and I LOVE blues. Anybody that's singing the blues, I LOVE them. I love his records.

I thought that one of the nicest albums you ever did was the one with Paul Butterfield and Mike Bloomfield.

Muddy: You better look back at "The Best

Of Muddy Waters" with Little Walter and Jimmy Rogers. That's where it all came from. It'll be a long time before them fellers can get to where Little Walter went to.

Larry: Little Walter modernised harmonica playing without a doubt and I do believe that Little Walter took that instrument as far as it's going. There will be nobody else ever come along and do anything different with that instrument for a long while.

What struck me about watching your band tonight, and watching Larry, is that the white blues bands are so much into technique. They seem to be trying to out-speed the guy who's been on before them, but neither you nor Larry were coming on flash at all.

Muddy: You know, they in a hurry to get this dollar TODAY, not tomorrow. They can put out one record, sell a million copies. If I put out a blues and sell fifty thousand, that's doin' cool.

Larry: You see, there's such a thing as playing blues, and there's such a thing as putting on a show. When I set on, and when Muddy set on, he set on to play blues, in other words to be heard and not to be seen.

Most of the bands I see are using speed and technique as a cover-up for a feeling that isn't there.

Muddy: That's right, that's right...

Larry: That's the show, that's the show, we just explained that to you!

Muddy: I don't need to use no cover-up. That piece of steel (the bottleneck), that's my cover-up.

You should use that more, it's a beautiful sound.

Muddy: I use it little once in a while...

more on my old records than on the new... I come on and do my thing... that's what make Muddy Waters.

Do you think there's anyone playing in the same direction you are?

Muddy: I don't know of no-one. To make a story short, I'm a little tired from working. You got to be another Muddy Waters born, raised up in the cotton field on the plantation, then get up to be a young man, come up to New York or Chicago or Detroit. Somewhere, and go THAT direction. It won't be somebody: "I heard a Muddy Waters record, I'm gonna go out there and do it like Muddy Waters."

Larry: Always, till the end of time, I believe it's gonna be hard for a cat to come from a million dollar family, and get a college education, and can afford fifteen hundred dollar worth of equipment and get up on a stage and sing "I'm broke and hungry" and you look behind him and there's a thousand dollar amplifier sitting there. It's gonna be hard, very hard... because it's only people GOT the blues can sing the blues, and really do it justice...

Muddy: You get people playing AT the blues, and when you got a GOOD blues player, you gonna hear him PLAY it. There you go...

Charles Shaar Murray



Put a real Queen

Queers can do what they like now, can't they? I mean, there isn't any discrimination against the poor things any more now. The 1967 Sexual Offences Act put an end to all that, didn't it? After all, if it's *legal* what more do they want?

Legality is hardly the main point. We're still left with absurd but almost universal social prejudice. It's not just the colonels and Alf Garnetts. It's the suffocating 'understanding' of the broad-minded liberal intelligentsia, and the detached 'interest' taken by most heads. We aren't considered criminals, it's true; but we are considered badly psychologically sick, which is hardly preferable. Homosexuality is still talked about as a 'problem'. The 'alternative society' has adopted the same condescending, tolerant and intolerable attitude as the *Observer* readers before them. The average head is just as concerned as anybody else to keep up a nice 'healthy' heterosexual image... which is often, of course, a fraud. Most people, of both sexes, whether they know it or not, have had to repress feelings of attraction to another member of their own sex, or at least hide the meaning of such an attraction from themselves. And trendy teenage magazines are there to reassure them: 'Don't worry, distraught of Liverpool, just because you've got a crush on another boy (or girl, as the case may be), that doesn't mean you're a homosexual.'

Which doesn't exactly help matters for those with the courage and intelligence to realize that they *are*, at least in part, gay. It tends to alienate them from 'normal' people (i.e. those who can't bring themselves to such an 'admission'); so that a counter-culture is set up, whose norms and self-image are as distorted as those of the official culture against which it is reacting. This gay counter-culture, centred on Earls Court and Chelsea; has all the defensive chauvinism that one associates with, say, black ghetto cultures: its own language, its own rules of the game, its contempt for outsiders (for many gay people the idea of heterosexual intercourse is preposterous: compare 'whites are scum'), mixed with a sort of admiration for outsiders ('I actually made it with a gorgeous straight last night': compare desire of many non-politicized blacks to be accepted into white society). Lots of gays are busy repressing the straight side of their natures—just as unconsciously as many straights are repressing their gay side.

This repression, entailing lack of self-fulfilment, is extremely dangerous, the more so because it is unconscious. Don't kid yourself that your sexual tastes and behaviour are *natural* (in the sense that

they express your deep, biological nature), any more than most of your other tastes and behaviour are. Who you fuck with, just as much as what clothes you wear, what food you eat, what drugs you take, what language you speak, is *socially conditioned*. There's nothing necessarily evil about this fact. Given human nature, it couldn't be otherwise. But the question is whether the conditioning is for your good (if you hadn't been conditioned to speak some particular language, you'd be in one shit of a mess), or whether it's an instrument of control used by one group over another, which may have served a useful social function once, but is now clapped out and useless. And that, of course, is the case with our sexual conditioning. In prehistoric times, it was possibly a fairly good arrangement that the males, being on average physically stronger than the females, went out hunting etc., while the women looked after the children and the home. The trouble was that in most societies this gave men the ascendancy over women. The gap widened with the cultivation of the ultra-masculine man and the ultra-feminine woman; for exaggerating the differences is always a useful device for those on top to stay there (compare South African apartheid). Men were both the warriors and the intellectuals—i.e. they had the instruments

of control in their hands. And they used them to dominate and exploit women. It is against this that Women's Lib is fighting. And we in Gay Lib are fighting a very similar battle.

The polarity between 'gay' and 'straight' is a product of this false exaggeration of the difference between the sexes. Men, naturally—i.e. biologically—are *not* always more masculine than women. Whether you have a prick or a cunt (i.e. the official criterion of whether you're male or female) is *not* a reliable guide to the natural sexual orientation of your whole being. And the more evolved you are (the further you are from the simple wants of an animal), the more true this is. We are very complicated creatures, which is very beautiful—acid, obviously, helps one to realize this. But most of us are still so hung-up on ludicrous old stereotypes that we just can't see it. We accept as 'natural' what confused, paranoid oppressive doctors tell us is natural, rather than consulting our own bodies. Our bodies alone are natural: they are part of the universal life-force. But we're frightened—we prefer to impose pre-conceived ideas on our bodies (e.g. pretending that we're still as simple as rabbits or geese); and if they don't conform to these ideas, then we panic. This is the worst thing a person can do if they discover homosexual feelings in

themselves—go to a psychiatrist. Psychiatrists, with a few honourable exceptions, are our Number One Enemy. Being hustled by the fuzz and fined and jailed is one thing; having a shrink prodding around with his blunt analytical instruments in the delicate inner recesses of your soul, trying to re-condition you, 'integrate you into society' is something quite else. The vilest technique of all is 'aversion therapy', whereby (if you're there to be 'cured' of homosexuality) you are made to vomit or are given electric shocks at the same time as being shown pictures of attractive people of one's own sex.

This is the ultimate form of repression, a mixture, as usual, between a bit of subconscious sadism and a lot of bungling stupidity. It's the BRAIN POLICE you've got to beware, my friends of freedom.

This is, of course, a struggle in which gay people are very far from being alone. Every person who cannot be made to fit into the stereotypes a repressive society has set up for them, is a potential revolutionary. Do not let the tension between stereotypes and reality be internal: that way lies genuine psychosis. Get it out. The stereotypes should not exist. They are barriers between us, which stop us from truly relating. They are barriers against reality, which stop us



COLIN THOMAS

in the Palace

from truly seeing and living. We must smash the barriers. And in the revolutionary struggle, Gay Lib and Women's Lib play a particularly leading part. For the sexual barriers go much, much deeper into the human soul than class or even race barriers.

We have reached a stage in revolution when it no longer serves any useful purpose for the sexes to be treated differently. Like the redundant human appendix, this once-useful distinction must be allowed to die, and actually forcibly removed if it proves necessary. In type of employment, in pay, in status, in the decision of who one goes to bed with, the fact of which sex one belongs to should no longer be relevant. Ask your DNA code, as Uncle Tim would say. Men and women are growing together. And two impending political developments will assist this. Firstly, as we pass from the family unit to the commune, the idea of a male/female pairing-up will make less and less sense. Secondly, with a united world, the need for large populations (in order to make up large armies) will disappear—in fact, population control will be one of the biggest priorities, so that the old argument about sex just being for reproduction (with concomitant bullshit about homosexuality being 'unnatural') won't look too convincing.

What is the role of the Gay Liberation Front?

Gay people are an oppressed people. We are made to feel sick and inferior, we are called psychopaths and invalids when we are not called criminals. We are no more sick than anyone else in this fucked-up society, and the last thing we want is pity or 'help'. We are also an exploited people. Exploited, because heterosexuals are able to externalize their subconscious guilt feelings about their own latent homosexuality, and persecute us instead. Queer-bashing is an enormous psychological relief—therapeutic in the same way as gassing Jews was therapeutic, according to Jung, for the Germans. We are a scapegoat, and this is a particularly uncomfortable way of being exploited.

Now if it is categorization, division of people into groups and classes, that distorts reality and creates false stereotyped images, then one of the main long-term tasks of liberation is to get people to see through these images, to tear down the socially-created barriers that divide us from each other, to make us see that, in reality, we are all one. But in the short run, when one class is oppressing another, this creates more specific problems, of a political nature. Thus for workers, for blacks, for women and for gay people, all of whom

are being in a very real and immediate way oppressed, it is very difficult to see that 'we are all one'. So long as the oppression actually exists, the oppressor must be fought against with no holds barred. This is why, for example, American Black Power movements are so liable to slip into racism as extreme as Governor Wallace's in the opposite direction. For one of the biggest parts of oppression is the oppressor's attempt to induce and sustain an inferiority complex in us. In order to throw this off, oppressed people frequently find it necessary to fling the same shit right back in the oppressor's face. We can only say to the oppressor 'we are all one', when we have first re-discovered our self-respect which was stolen from us in order to bolster the false egos of the straights.

The first task of the Gay Liberation Front is to help all gay people to get back their self-respect. This is why our group has to be a specific and separate one, and we cannot let our demands just be a part of some more general revolutionary group's programme. We are gay, and we are proud of it. We want to turn all gay people on to the fact, not that 'gay is alright' or 'gay is permissible', but that GAY IS GOOD.

Graham Hunt, member of
Gay Liberation Front

SWEET JESUS—
WE'LL BE BUSTED
FOR THIS...



Y-FRONT GUERRILLAS

"Fucking faggots"—Rock group manager
"A bunch of pooves"—White Panther
"Filthy queers"—reporter, *Daily Sexpress*
"I'm not one BUT"—heads, liberals,
underground press etc. ad nauseam
"We don't encourage lesbians"—Women's
Lib. spokeswoman
"We need psychiatrists"—unliberated
homosexual

Gay means the ability to love someone of the same sex. This also involves sucking and fucking and anything else you can think of. You got it right. We think sex is good and we want to have it as good as anyone else. We want life to be good for all the people. So long as any people are oppressed, women, blacks, poor, young, old; we are all oppressed. Dig it.

We are engaged in a revolutionary struggle for freedom and the liberation of people from the Man's chains—the chains of fear and racism and poverty and sexism and hatred and war. Gay people have been involved in the Revolution for a long time but only now are they involved as being gay. "No revolution without us". The quotes at the head of the article are some first reactions to Gay Lib. Some of the persons have since changed their minds.

That's cool. We don't expect peace and love and brotherhood in a split second. If your head's fucked up, it takes time to put it together. Our head's are fucked up some too. But we have the right to make demands of those who regard themselves as freaks and revolutionaries. Whenever you oppress us, we will say that you are being unloving and counter-revolutionary. Whenever you oppress us, you oppress yourselves for we are a part of you. The difference is that today you know us as being gay and being proud. On December 13th at the Roundhouse some of you may have had the cookies and cakes GLF brought along. Originally, these were planned as part of a large demonstration but the way the evening developed it soon became clear that a political demonstration would have been inappropriate. So we just did our thing. This was a political action in itself because there will never be a completely straight happening in the alternative culture again.

GLF is the fastest growing radical group in England. Show your love for your gay brothers and sisters; those of you who are gay, COME OUT.

Warren

In "Play Power", Richard Neville, describing an encounter with two freaky, dope-smoking girl hitchhikers aged 16 and 17, comments with satisfaction; "They certainly won't grow up to marry bank-clerks"? but that's where he's wrong—they will and what's more they'll be quite happy doing so. Both the underground heroes and Det-Insp. (get those filthy perverts if it kills me) Luff, in their own very different ways have mistaken the playful exploration of the schoolkids into the realms of dope-smoking

Marilyn Brando
A grateful graduate of Schoolkids OZ

GOOD
MORNING
LITTLE
SCHOOL
GIRL

and free fucking for something more committed than it really is. John Gordon of the Sunday Express and the great silent majority behind him were horrified by OZ 28 because in it schoolkids wrote blatantly (and smuttily) of sex and dope, and generally attacked the values of straight society. They saw the magazine as the work of a team of nasty little perverts, corrupted by the staff of OZ. Yet the schoolkids' preoccupation with underground values was neither very exceptional as regards English schoolkids in



general, nor very significant. It's about time straight society got things in perspective and realised that many of their kids are smoking dope, dropping acid and fucking freely, quite unconcernedly. Nevertheless, both sides of the fence fail to see that such habits don't necessarily reflect a radical change in ideology. These kids aren't even interested in changing their schools, never mind the world. Of the schoolkids who worked on OZ 28 most have slipped back to the provincial, middle-class, middle-of-the-road morass from which they came. Continue to bow before the authority of teacher, parent and a conservative government with but muffled mutterings of dissent; continue to dabble in the underground when authority's back is turned.

As was said by Anne in Schoolkids OZ, we'll conform to anything as long as we get something out of it. We're only trying to be happy. Offer us a plausible life-style and we'll try it out. Schoolkids are just experimenting with the choices offered them. Drugs and promiscuity are one experiment—for many, they offer happiness today. Tomorrow, who knows? Few schoolkid "freaks" are deeply involved in the underground as the definite alternative life-style of the future. They're interested in its values because it's there at the moment—something to do. In the 6th year of my very straight, provincial secondary school, I would estimate that out of the 60

girls, around half fuck, a quarter smoke dope, and about half a dozen have dropped acid, which, if representative would suggest that the underground is getting a pretty firm hold among the nation's schoolkids, yet, of these girls, not one has any desire to drop out of the straight society, nearly all intend to go on to higher education, and in their heart of hearts most aspire ultimately to a nice job and a nice husband. Of those few who have even heard of OZ the majority are revolted by it. In fact we're as far from violent revolution and fucking in the streets as our contemporaries were 10 years ago.

I worked on the schoolkids OZ because I was interested in the OZ people and because I had nothing better to do. I also enjoyed doing it. Like I enjoy lots of things—like I sometimes enjoy going to school. The experience has maybe broadened my outlook in some respects, it's made me stop and consider the values OZ is defending, if nothing else. It hasn't made me drop out, burn my mind, shoot my parents Don't insult our intelligence, Luff. We'll resist OZ's corruption just like we resist being corrupted by our parents schools, The News of the World and Enoch Powell. OZ's teeny readers will all too soon drift on past, unless people like you force them to develop a commitment to it.

OH
LORD
THIS
CELL IS
COLD

Michael Kustow

So OZ is in jug, and there in the dock stands 'Red Rudi' (as the Sunday Express calls him with its customary objectivity) telling Sir Peter Rawlinson that of course he visited the Chinese Legation in London: 'I wanted to discuss certain problems with them, get some documents. I am interested in understanding how the world works. I am a human being.'

There seems to be quite a few human beings in docks for political trials in Britain this Christmas weekend. Remember the slogan the French students coined when the authorities deported Cohn-Bendit? 'We are all German Jews.' Maybe we should start inventing a few slogans ourselves: 'We



are all long-haired Australians. We are all German epileptics.'

And they've seized OZ. The usual routine, take all the back numbers, as many files as you can lay hands on, all material for future publication, and get the GPO to disconnect the telephone to stop incoming offers of help.

I'm personally peeved about the seizure, since the police have probably taken away a bunch of photographs of comics I'd given to OZ for a feature in your January issue. Political comics they were, one I recall in particular, a French comic called UBU-LAND, which shows how fast America is

becoming like the country ruled by King Ubu, Alfred Jarry's cynical, cruel and arbitrary despot. It looks like our own Home Secretary is rehearsing for the role, too. It could be a memorable performance.

Anyway, I'm glad Oz were able to return my original comics before the raid, otherwise the exhibition about comics I'm preparing for the ICA would have had a few gaps. While preparing this exhibition, I've come across two other seizures of magazines very similar to OZ. In Paris last month they seized *Hara Kiri Hebdo*, a comic-strip-and-satire weekly; and in Brazil they jailed the staff of *O Pasquim*, the most popular weekly in Rio, also a paper that prints unpalatable truths. But Neville should count himself lucky to be in London, if it was Rio, he'd have been arrested by the Army. Here, it's only Detective Inspector Luff.

His arrest, Rudi Dutschke's appearance before the Immigration Appeals Tribunal are happening in London, so we can breathe easier: here there's no military junta like in Brazil, no bending of the law as in France. Our policeman are wonderful and we live in a democracy, so everything will be conducted by due process, and if the stress of self-justification does cause a German immigrant to suffer another epileptic fit, well that's unfortunate. At least there's a good British legal battle going on out there, and we can follow the proceedings in the press, except the session in camera of course.

After all, we're in Britain, and in December 1970 that's a hell of a better place than many you and I could name. Like Berlin, where Rudi might get his brains blown out properly next time.

But nobody's likely to take a gun to OZ editors here, or throw a Molotov cocktail through the office window. Not yet, anyway: we keep guns and bombs for preserving farmland from airports. The British are only a violent people when incited, and you're not going to tell me that a Tory government or the Sunday Express are actually inciting the electorate to violence, are you?

I need to spend Sunday morning writing you this letter like I need a hole in the head. I'm not an accredited member of the Underground, nor even a particularly close friend of anyone from OZ, so there's no need for me to come to your defence. Nor am I in the habit of rushing into print about attacks on the individual liberty of immigrants. But, as an American friend said when I rang to tell her what happened to Neville in court yesterday, 'Oh shit, it's happening here, too.'

And she's right: a new law and order is being installed in England now; and your arrest, Dutschke's deportation, the Industrial Relations Bill, even those puerile museum charges, are the first warning shots of what may become a fusillade, even an intensive bombardment. Merry Christmas.



JOHN LENNON / PLASTIC ONO BAND





Malcolm X Once Said
"Watch carefully, and when
you see a black person
smile... then you are
seeing God!!!"

Last month, that's November, I was sitting in Africa enjoying the sun and my brothers and sisters, when I got hold of an American magazine. I read in it that a friend of mine, a very beautiful actress named Jean Seberg was in the hospital where she had just lost her child. I guess I did what you did when you heard the news, I shook my head and thought "Ain't that a damn shame... the poor girl must be very sad." As I read the story, I noticed a strange wrap up which said: "the father of her child is a black activist she met in California!!" I called the hospital and was told that Jean was in bad shape, she should not be bothered. I didn't dig that answer so I packed my bags and went to find her to see if I could be of any help in her time of suffering and to find out if the black activist was me!!

Well let me get to the meat of the story... it was supposed to be me... yep, me... a little ex-dope addict from Boston, Massachusetts, the cousin of Malcolm X was accused of making a baby with the beautiful Jean Seberg, star of Joan of Arc, and Paint Your Wagon... ain't that something?

When I walked into the hospital in Paris, there was Jean, crying and listening to the tape recording of her baby's funeral. She cried for hours in my arms. Finally she told me the story. There is a little newspaper here that linked her and me. It implied that I was indeed the father of her child. I've got the paper, perhaps OZ will reprint it and those of you who can read French can translate it for those of you who can't. But you can see what the world will do to a little girl who tries to help black people.

What really shocked me was when I found out that Jean was crying for me. She knew that the story would hurt me with all of my friends in America. She knew that as the cousin of Malcolm X I had a responsibility to my brothers and my sisters not to fool around with white women. I went to find out about this paper... and I did. It is the sort of "newspaper" that screams "SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE"; "the youth of today are crazy"; "long-hair people are starting all the trouble in the world" etc.

And there she was, crying, alone and hurt. Crying for a dead child that the world was ready to condemn... maybe you?

How fast the world forgets that Abraham Lincoln was a "bastard" Alexander the Great was a "bastard" and even the birth of Jesus Christ was questionable, but Jean Seberg had to be hung. Not on a cross this time, but 1970 style... newspapers.

While I was walking around in London, I just happened to remember that another friend of mind, Vanessa Redgrave had a baby by a man, other than her husband... but he was alright, yep, he was alright... why? Because he just happened to be white.....

I continued my looking for answers to why the world would do to Jean Seberg what they were and are doing to her and her now dead baby... then I saw in some of your local papers that your government is trying to adopt laws affecting what they call "immigrants".

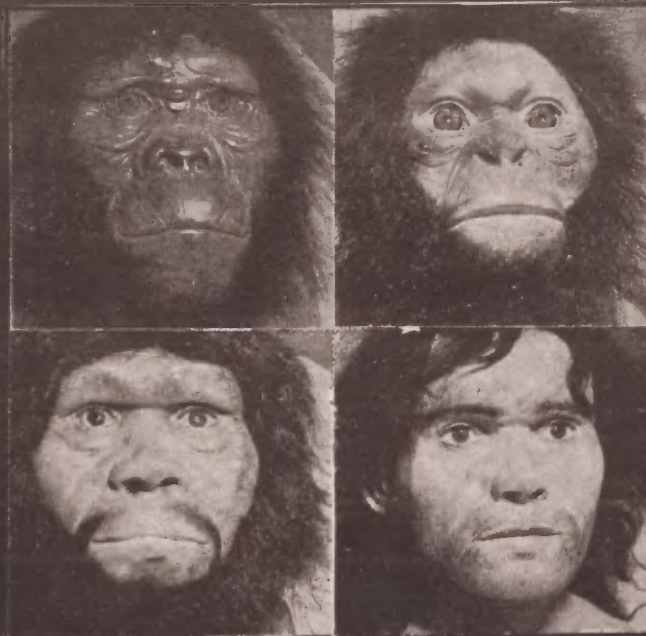
Now, I know what white people from Britain really think about my people... they just don't love us. And I feel that is their right. But do you guys have the right to raise a generation of youngsters who call themselves "SKINHEADS" and travel the subways looking for black people to beat? Oh, I know I was told that they are just young kids who go to football games and attack those people who wear their hair long... but I read, recently, again in one of your newspapers, that they have finally showed their true colours... "LEAVE WHITE WOMEN ALONE".

Perhaps if someone told them their true history. Tell them that we didn't ask to come to England, the West Indies or America. It was the British who put us in chains and brought us there. White people brought us... tell them, will you, please? Don't pull out the eyes of black people and then blame us for being blind!!!

Speaking of being blind, while continuing my search, I saw a picture in the same newspaper of a painting that sold to some chump for over £2.3 million. And what in the hell did I see? The face of a NIGGER. I'm not that blind, I recognise one of my own... and you do also.

On the front page of most of your papers, there he or I was, big lips, kinky hair, black complexion and his face cost over £2.3 million.

I asked OZ if they would do me a favour and reprint the famous



IT'S ALL WHITE MAN I'M ONLY BLEEDING

face just so you too can have a painting of a NIGGER. It won't cost you £2.3 million, just the price of this magazine. Or maybe they would prefer to reprint a picture of a true black man, MALCOLM X. If they print his picture, at least you'd have a portrait of a black man who knew he was a black man.

Yep, the guy who painted this brother of mine, had the last laugh. The American cat who bought that painting, (I don't know the name of the artist because I happen to dig pictures that come out of a Polaroid camera) the chump who paid all that dough for it, just bought the picture of a nigger, just like me. Even he would be a second-class citizen in America and could not live in Mississippi. Perhaps not Chelsea either.

Oh, dig, I know they call him a mulatto, (whatever that is) but I also know he looks like me; and perhaps even he might look like the baby that Jean Seberg might have had, had it lived. Lived? In this world? With a black face? Don't make me laugh. Even the American who bought the face of this nigger, would never even consider taking me home to eat or talk with. The money he spent for the picture of my brother could have fed half the starving black children in London and the United States.

But you good folks there in London don't have to worry. Vanessa Redgrave won't let you down, sure, she will bail black people out of jail, she'll even sit and eat with us, now and then. Why hell, she will even protest against the war in Vietnam... but don't worry, you have trained her well, she'll never sleep with one of us. She won't bring a black baby into your world... and I thank my god for it.

Now let's get back to Jean Seberg... NO. I'm not the father of her child. That is easily proven, very easy. I know where I was when the child was conceived and so does she and a lot more people, so she don't have to worry about that.

Watching her cry, in my arms, over her dead baby, made me realize a lot of things. One; in my arms I was holding a woman, a woman with blonde hair and blue eyes, completely different from me, but I wished I could have been the father of her child. She is a woman I'm proud to say to the world, I do love. With the same type of love that Jesus Christ spoke of; that Moses spoke of; that God, Himself, speaks of.

Perhaps the world feels that Jean Seberg owes them an explanation: Well maybe she does, but for me, just as for Malcolm X, I prefer to leave you with what you DO deserve; dirty oceans, smoggy air, polluted rivers, wars, skinheads, segregation, hatred, discrimination, a rich queen and an untainted Vanessa Redgrave... THAT'S ALL YOU DESERVE... you made it, die in it.

Don't worry about Jean Seberg's baby, it'll never darken your door... it died. That little baby girl never knew she'd have been hated one day... just because she was black... if she was black. If you want to know about Jean's child, have the decency to ask Jean. Or go on to your orgies in Denmark or Sweden, or continue to buy paintings of my family.

Malcolm X once said: "God loves me when I work, but he adores me when I smile."

Jean smiled, she gave birth to hope, and hope died... you killed it.

And if she had lived, I wonder what would have happened to her in London when she realized she did have some black blood. Naturally with black blood, she would not live in a white community, which means that Vanessa could only give her bail, which of course, is the correct thing for Vanessa to do, right? After all, it was Josephine Baker who said the hell with the world and its colour problems, I love children. She went out and adopted kids of all colours, remember? With all the rich people there are in London, it was a poor woman, Josephine Baker who had the courage of her convictions, she loved children, not just black children, even though she herself was a black woman. I admit that Vanessa says all of the right things, she says what is right but does what is white. All the children in her home are white.

I remember sitting with Vanessa in her home and she was telling me the story of how her father Sir Michael, once had a little black dog. Everyone loved this little black dog, but one night an African dignitary was coming to the house to sit and talk with Sir Michael. But the good Sir had to caution his young ones... "Children," he said in thunderous tones, "do not call the dog tonight."

Being raised properly, good English children always obey their elders, especially if their elders happen to be their parents. So that night nobody called the dog.

I guess I forgot to tell you... Sir Michael Redgrave's dog's name was... NIGGER.

I love Van. I love her brother Corin also. I admit also I have no great love for Lynn. Her and I just don't make it, but we are polite to one another... but the truth is the truth.

I'll take a Jean Seberg any day.

Malcolm X once said, "Never judge a man by the colour of his skin... judge him by his conscious deeds..."

So Britons, go on with your selling of silver in your silver markets along the King's Rd., keep on selling portraits of niggers to stupid American art dealers, but remember most of all... don't forget to hate.

Goodnight Enoch Powell, wherever you are.

And to you Jean Seberg... I wish you shelter in a storm, a cozy room to keep you warm; but more than health, and more than wealth... I wish you love...

Now let me tell you the finish of this story... Jean wanted her baby just like any mother, be she Vietnamese, Chinese or African, but to remove the doubts raised about the child in middle America, she had to submit to a most horrible travesty of human life—the birth had to be witnessed not just by doctors, but by a crowd of people there for the sole purpose of seeing whether it came out black or white.

The child when it came was delivered by what white folks call Caesarian section, two months premature because of the strain of all the lies and stories.

With eyes agape, all the people in the room watched the doctor remove the child and what do you think. Yes, Jean Seberg's baby was white.

To her baby's funeral she invited Indians (red men) Africans (known as negroes) and of course white people. Whatever she does, wherever she goes, she is one person that will do right and never do just what is white.

Perhaps one day a picture of Jean Seberg, human being, will sell for £2.3 million. When and if you happen to be in a position to buy it, remember you'll be buying the portrait of a nigger... to me, a nigger is a human being with guts and the ability to live in a world that demands us all to hate, yet niggers survive because we love... and damn it, when we love, we love and no force on this crazy earth will make us change. To me, the epitome of love is an eight-letter word... learn it, it spells... MALCOLM X.

And so, to Jean Seberg and all of the white people who are cut from the same cloth as she, may I say to you... "May the peace and blessings of Brother Malcolm X shine upon you, and give you peace..."

Hakim A. Jamal



YOKO ONO / PLASTIC ONO BAND



words cembrowicz pictures rankin

Knock-knock

who's there? ezra! ezra who? ezra doctor in the house?

come in...

seems like they are stealing my brains again, doctor...

hmmm...

...radar control of my intestines...

...nihilistic delusions persecution, hallucinations...

...feel like a cork in the ocean...

...petrification, implosion, affect impoverishment, ... transference ...
... engulfment

...if i'm dead, i can't be killed...

...encystment, disjunction projection introjection splitting denial, ... love as violence? truth versus social reality?...

BLIND MAN'S LUFF

We've always known that the shit would eventually hit the fan. The permissive society was a journalists' catch-phrase that confused parents had begun to believe in. One of the reasons why the Tories and their virgin leader won by a landslide at the last election was that the rednecks of England thought that the long-hairs were getting away with murder. Wilson gave the vote to the eighteen-year-olds in a last-ditch attempt to stem the tide of reaction. What he did not bargain for was the degree of reactionism among the eighteen-year-olds themselves.

The Underground was beginning to feel (until recently) as if it was operating in a vacuum. Its gestures had become louder and more rhetorical, more deadly serious than before, so that more than one powerplayer paused now and then to wonder whether he hadn't overshot somewhere and ended up nowhere. Our energy was all draining out into the void, meeting no obstruction, never bouncing back. Repressive tolerance was killing us. The Underground Press cast about for new sources of energy, and decided to grow despite all Alan Marcusson's dire predictions.

But what was needed to foster new growth was a little judicious pruning. That need coincided with the decision of the Tories to score two new public relations victories, by "smashing the Unions" and "eradicating the Underground". Government without the trade unions is impossible, as the Tories well know, so the whole rigmarole is meant to display an intransigent, authoritarian attitude which the mass of the British population will welcome as the proper face of government. To win the allegiance of the readers of The News of the World this government will flirt with real economic danger and find it worthwhile. The public relations value of appearing to send all the pot-smoking cunt-lapping ad-men for the revolution to Brixton (or even Parkhurst) is enormous. All those bitter people who envy those who never fought a war or even

did national service will feel vindicated. The cost of the operation is, moreover, tiny.

However, the enforcers of this policy are not as sophisticated as their masters. Driven on by the same kind of burning moral indignation that the governors are trying to appease, Inspector Luff and his familiars decided that as a really crushing punishment, Richard Neville was to go without his presents and his Christmas dinner, even if the slippery bastard was impossible to jail by legitimate means. So they had him busted for the second time, while he was still on remand for charges relating to their first bust. But in appearing to persecute the Underground so ruthlessly, they did in fact no more than is routine for people from the Underground who do not edit papers. Inarticulate grubby kids who look as if they just might not have any fixed abode are refused bail as a matter of course. The Underground media freaks might have been feeling isolated from their readership because of their increasing absorption into the establishment. Hooray hooray. "At a stroke" Inspector Luff reintegrated the Underground, by treating hitherto unconvicted and always very well defended Richard Neville like an old lag.

By crushing OZ the ground is made more fertile for Ink. By encroaching upon what more naive moderate folk have always thought of as their civil liberties, the police and their masters are forcing a polarisation in the general public. The backlash against permissiveness is about to provoke its own backlash. Even the prostitute press will be sympathetic to a cause of crude censorship, which has involved confiscation of material prepared for the defence of the Schoolkids' OZ charges. Xmas day in the jail-house is a great line for the "human interest" purveyors. The Underground as such cannot be attacked because it cannot be isolated and identified. The attack must be aimed at the Underground Press, the only visible Underground Establishment—that has its own disadvantages.

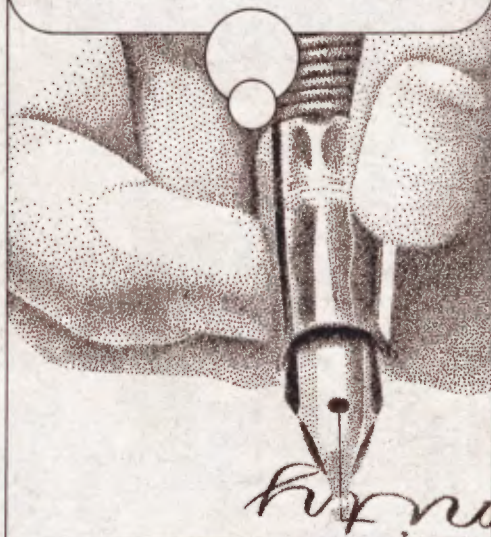
The really exciting thing about all this unlooked-for manuring is that shit is an underground medium. It is doubtful whether the virgin prime minister and his ten thousand sainted followers can handle it as well as we can, arsefuckers that we are. At least they've stopped laughing at us, which means that we can go back to laughing at them. We don't have to thrash ourselves into a frenzy of revolutionary fervour any more: we can evacuate the pockets of the establishment where we have been allowed to play and bring it all back home to the underground. We can be illegal. We can conspire. We can come closer together again as the space around us closes. There are more of us now but that's nothing compared to how many of us there'll be tomorrow. Eradication means plucking up by the roots—but our roots are what they'll never get at, they're sunk down somewhere inside of every family in the British Isles. Whenever the virgin Prime Minister takes his solitary pleasure he pours out his seed upon the Underground.

Germaine

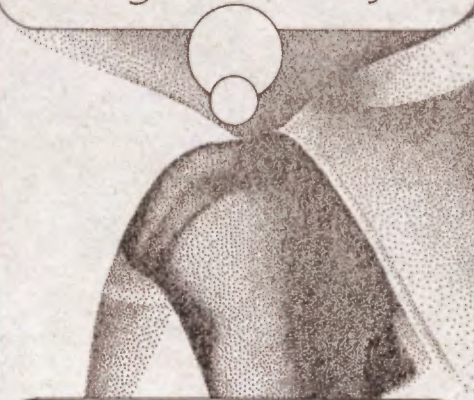
...let some air in ...



INSANITY ????



...regression,
repression, extinction
alienation, incongruity
precipitation of non
being imprisonment
non gratification of
inner self ?
reality as persecutor??
ontological insecurity???



...

...rotting ...



keep taking the tablets



don't feel too good
myself these days !!



MUSIC no re production

LOADED

Velvet Underground

Cotillion (Import)

Back in illusory flower power 1967, when most people wanted to go to San Francisco, and those who didn't made up for it by pickling their skulls in acid, the Velvet Underground, plus Nico, released their first album. The only drug they mentioned was Heroin, the chicks were based around Sacher-Masoch and de Sade. Not a number for the love-freaks.

The Velvet Underground have been through a long diversified trip since then but basically they haven't changed at all. Nico, who sang so hauntingly on that first album, is recording by herself, as is ex-guitarist John Cale. Lou Reed, who still leads the Band on this album, has left them, hopefully only for a short while after hassles while they had a residency at Max's Kansas City (NYC version of the Speak ... with balls), and they've got a great new organist/guitarist/bass/etc in Doug Yule. The music has gone from the incomparable 'Heroin' and all the other tracks on that first album, through the eerie 'Gift' and 'Sister Ray' – surely the best junkie track yet – and the religious investigations on 'The Velvet Underground', their last set.

With *Loaded*, the band have retrogressed, musically at least, to the hard edges of the first two albums: the nearest to the reflective melodies of the last album is 'I Found a Reason', but that's also much hearer late fifties pulp muzak, if it has any obvious origins. The paradox, although it's probably the most accurate picture of today's world on record, of Lou Reed's songs has been that, despite their basic grounding in the sordid and the depraved, they are fundamentally optimistic.

Now the band are continuing on that staple theme. Poor five-year-old Ginny, for whom everything is totally draggy, gets her life saved by that "fine, fine music" when she starts to tune in to "a rock and roll station" on her radio. "Despite all the amputations/computations", assures Reed, "you could dance to a rock and roll station." More than you can say for this benighted island of JY and his echelons. The Velvets have always made one thing very clear, they're a rock and roll band, not some superspecial freak show. And on this album they underline it once and for all.

Perhaps the best cut is 'New Age' which combines everything the Velvets mean and have meant. Love in squalor, or maybe just seen through a cynical eye. It's a fan's adoration of a star who's past it now "over the hill, and looking for love", if she was ever there. "Can I have your autograph, he said to the fat blonde actress..." it's all there in that one sentence. The whole groupie trip, and more, the whole hollow celebrity facade, perpetrated every day, almost every hour, by one branch of the media or another.

You can dig the same feelings in the final, longest, track on *Loaded*: the desperate, depressing, but totally real dirge for "Jimmy Brown, he ain't got nothin' at all" – 'Oh! Sweet Nuthin'. Maybe it's this harsh accuracy that makes the Velvet Underground completely depressing, though you can't deny they're right, while the tragic career of Neil Young, as recorded on his albums, is merely a hymn to self-pity and self-indulgence. The acid-soaked delusions of the West Coast (though the new Paul Kantner album blows many out, even if only by reaching further beyond them to the stars themselves), don't make it down in the Village, where you can't buy a paper without some 'evil mothers' flashing knives in your direction. Maybe if the Velvet Underground had been reared with Kesey, Owsley and all the guys, then 'Heroin' would have been 'Speed Kills', and

'I'm Beginning to See the Light' would have been about 'My Favourite Trip'. But, mercifully, they weren't, and they remain, supremely, as the heaviest rock and roll band in the world, helped, no doubt, by the fact that unlike many others, they actually mean what they say.

"Standing on the corner,
Suitcase in my hand,
Jack is in his corset, Jane is in her vest,
And, me, I'm in a rock and roll band ..."

Jonathon Green

THE POLITE FORCE

Egg

Deram

On the evidence of this, their second album, Egg are potentially one of the most important British groups to emerge in recent years. As with all innovators, their music is not, at first, easy listening. Its complex series of varying time signatures and unfamiliar chord progressions and the sheer vitality of the group's ideas make the first hearing of *The Polite Force* an unnerving experience. So much is happening in Part One of 'Long Piece No.3' for example that it takes a long, long time before you're really into what they're doing. It opens frantically, with bass, drums and organ each playing different progressions of 5/8, 7/8, 9/8, 11/8 and 13/8 simultaneously. Suddenly the piece switches to a dialogue between drums and group with the tension being screwed up tight in a series of staccato 7/4, 9/8, 11/8, 13/8, 17/8 and 19/8 passages. Relaxation comes only with a brief free passage from Dave Stewart on organ before the staccato breaks return and the piece ends, in mid-air.

In the sense that the Nice were always willing to compromise with the Hollywood Bowl "pop go the classics" syndrome and the Soft Machine are now channelling their solos through early Coltrane-type moods and phrasing, Egg's music is totally uncompromising and makes no concessions at all to an audience's lack of familiar musical references to work from. As a result they have had to put up with a lack of regular gigs, bread and recognition in the right places.

Luckily the group are not too bothered by the apparent lack of interest in their music. Their contract with Decca allowed them to spend nearly three months working on this album and to use musicians like Henry Lowther and Bob Downes as sidemen. They appear on 'Contrasong', another vocal number but, basically, an indulgence in pure rhythm. Here the interposed 5/8, 9/8 time changes dominate drums, brass and even Mont Campbell's singing to the point where it's almost an exercise in sheer technique.

'Boilk', the third number on the first side, is the album's only weakness. It's a very disorientated piece, a nine minute mood switch from normality to the "nightmare" of drum tapes played backwards, off-key mellotron and pneumatic drills and back to the tranquility of Bach's 'Durch Adams Fall 1st Ganz Verderbt'. Ironically enough it's preceded by the sound of a pick-up switching off. After a few hearings I expect you'll find yourself following the cue – unless, of course, you happen to be stoned and ready to embark upon what could be a very traumatic experience.

By far the best music of the set comes with 'Long Piece No.3', a 20 minute number which takes up the whole of the second side. Its four parts are only tenuously related to each other and, on the surface, even lack any internal coherence beyond their basic rhythmic progressions. The stabbing key changes of Part One fade into a more conventionally melodic piece on a 3/4, 5/4 and 3/8 pattern before Part Three, which organist Dave Stewart describes as a "neo-classical chord progression" He uses a tone-generator and fuzz-box on the free passages here, which become wilder and wilder as they go into the frenzied changes of Part Four.

Despite the incredible pace of their music, Egg are always very disciplined in their playing and move through the almost baffling complexity of their material with precision and economy. And, at a time when most groups seem determined to wrench all the emotion they can out of every possible climax, it's refreshing to come across musicians who are, in a very real sense, purists.

Jim Talbot

LIVE EXPERIENCE 67-68

Jimi Hendrix

(Bootleg)

James Marshall Hendrix was a mindfucker.

A savage, cocky nigger from Seattle. The Jumpin' Black Flash of Harlem. The Devil's Voodoo Chile. Hide your daughters.

Hendrix was a mad dog creaming flower children out in the Hyde Park sun.

The stone free son of a gardener in a permanent purple haze. Glistening ivory skin on a million poster portraits. A dark, phallic fantasy, nailed, selotaped, pinned and hung in a million adolescent bedrooms.

One of the few, one of the *very* few original rock musicians. Idolised, imitated and flattered, but like the Ancient Mariner, with never a drop to drink. Pathetically alone with his pre-fabricated philosophies, his drugs and his plaster caster chicks. Born hungry and died drunk.

And the good times. Hendrix, the executioner, poised with his electric Excalibur, coaxing magick melodies with his razor edged fingers. Tearing at its metal flesh in a roar of shrieking teeth. Quivering in anticipation; knowing; wrenching; the sickening splinter of wood and plastic. The smell of the feed-back, groan of the crowd. "Behold! The axe of a Rock and Roll star!" Routine amputation of his fifth limb.

That's showbiz in Woodstock Nation.

You don't need this album if you're into hi-fidelity, brothers and sisters; but if it's psychedelic reminiscences you're after, then *Live Experience 67-68* should be right up your bootleg alley. Tracks include versions of many of the early Experience standards. Songs whose titles alone epitomize the spirit of a lost generation. The trademarks of a lysergic outlaw – 'Stone Free' 'Wild Thing'; 'Foxy Lady'; 'Purple Haze'; 'Voodoo Chile'; 'Little Miss Lover' and 'Hey Joe' – already part and parcel of the inevitable legend that will envelop the name Jimi Hendrix for the next decade at least, and probably for much longer.

Sources vary. Eleven of the thirteen cuts were taped direct from live British television and radio broadcasts. Three from the Lulu T.V. series in 1968, four from a guest appearance on John Peel's "Top Gear" in 1967 and four from B.B.C.'s "Saturday Club", compered at that time by a balding and doubtless bewildered, Brian Matthews. Only two tracks were recorded professionally, and these on an unknown date (probably late '67) in concert at Liverpool.

Quality varies throughout. At best, it compares favourably with run-of-the-mill bootlegs, but all too often atmospheric fade, bass overload, distortion and general lack of separation share equal credits with the music. There is no discernible stereo.

You can pay anything up to £4 or £5 for *Live Experience 67-68*, when and if you can find it at all. Pressure is on the London retailers to co-operate with major record companies and refuse to handle it. Fortunately, like most shopkeepers, record retailers are piggy little capitalists, and with 30/- as a negotiable wholesale price, £4/10/- leaves them with a modest 200% tax free profit motive. The colour of your money can work wonders from under the counter in Soho.

But, to be honest, this album's only really worth that kind of touch to collectors, disciples or those of you rich enough not to miss it. In any case, hoard those Xmas record vouchers – rumours reach OZ from Amsterdam of an even more spectacular bootleg in preparation. It features, (wait for it), Hendrix and Johnny Winter doubling on leads, (really!!), the McCoys backing up and Jim Morrison sitting in on drunken vocals. Reliable sources boast of an early New Year release, full stereo and a triptych, glossy sleeve, depicting a life size colour shot of Morrison's cock. That's showbiz in Woodstock Nation.

Felix Dennis

Vice. And Versa.



Mick Jagger.



And Mick Jagger.

This film is about madness. And sanity. Fantasy. And reality. Death. And life. Vice. And versa.

performance. x

James Fox/Mick Jagger
Anita Pallenberg/Michele Breton

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Produced by Sanford Lieberson in Technicolor.

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"MEMO FROM TURNER" PERFORMED BY MICK JAGGER

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