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OZ 15

Richard Neville
Editor

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OZ 15

Description

Editor: Richard Neville. Deputy Editor: Paul Lawson. Design: Jon Goodchild. Writers: Andrew Fisher, Ray Durnat, Germaine, Tom Nairn, David Widgery, Angelo Quattrocchi. Artists: Martin Sharp, Rick Cuff, Michael English, Larry Smart, Vytas Serelis, John Hurford. Photography: Keith Morris. Typesetting: Jacky Ephgrave, courtesy Thom Keyes. Pushers: Louise Ferrier, Felix Dennis, Anou.

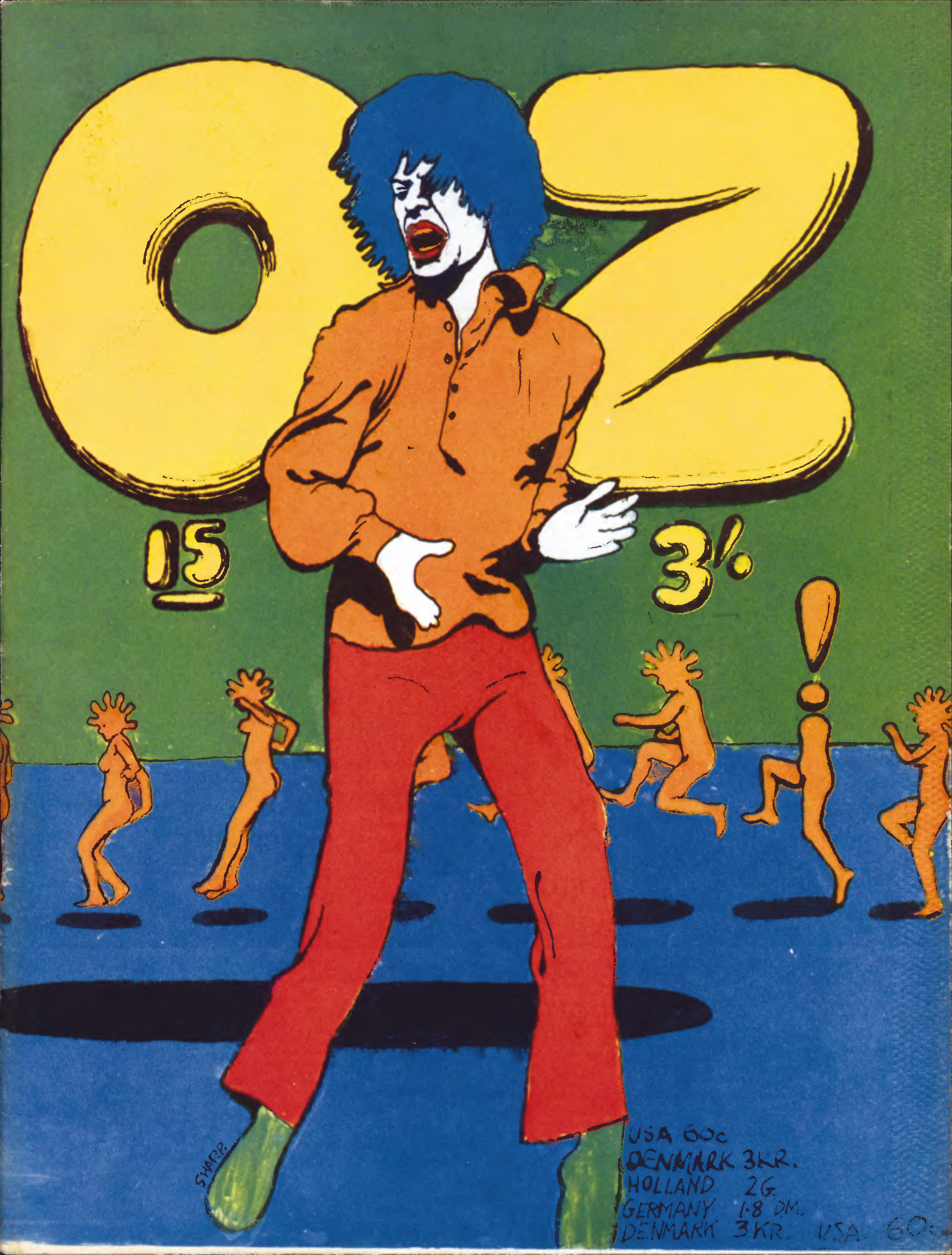
Contents: Letter from Clive James. Martin Sharp cartoons. Germaine Greer's 'Flip Top Legal Pot'. IT subscription ad. 'I Can't Escape My Passion Drives: Confessions of a Suburban Wife'. 'Dreaming of a Red Christmas' by David Widgery, Martin Sharp graphic/collage. Oz back issues with cover images. 'Barricades Around the Small Screen' - Wayland Brown on TV. 'Mr Ripper's Dirty Books'-obscene publications. Interview with Allen Cohen about Meher Baba. Michael English illustration & C. Logue poem. 'Continuity & Discontinuity' by Edward de Bono, 'The State of American Protest' by Peter Buckman. Transcription of the Stones' 'Street Fighting Man' and 'Jigsaw Puzzle' + photo. BFI report confidential. 2p Hippy graphics. 'Down on the Farm' - communalism by Emmanuel Petrakis. Martin Sharp's Electric Circus Exploding Hendrix graphic. 'Rock Aesthetics' by Richard Meltzer. 'Support your Local Police' by Tom Nairn.

Publisher

OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 48p

Comments

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



15

3!

SHARP.

USA 60c
DENMARK 3KR.
HOLLAND 2G.
GERMANY 1.8 DM.
DENMARK 3KR. USA. 60c

OZ 15

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Denmark George Streeton, The Underground, Larsbjørn straede 13, Copenhagen K.



Dear Sir,

Thank heavens for the sense of Eugene Schonfield in his article on 'Chicago'. A lot of young militants strike me as plain 'rockers' and 'yobs' excusing themselves with a nihilist philosophy. If only they would realise the validity of Schonfield's statement: 'Fascism is fascism and it doesn't matter whether it's a

black fascist, a blue-haired fascist or a long-haired fascist.' I pray that readers will stick to a beautiful alternative of OZ rather than the Tyranny of 'Black Dwarf'.

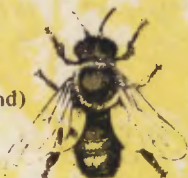
John Dougill
Lockner Farm,
Chilworth,
Guildford.

Dear Sir,

Apropos of 'Happy's' comment in OZ 14, Ray Durnat may be relaying his hang-ups to other people, but they sound to me like the kind of hang-ups that more than 50% of the population have. Ray scores in being able to articulate them, which is a hell of a lot more than can be said for some of your contributors. If some reader (or perhaps the editor) could provide a commentary on Herman Kahn's piece in No 14, or even give me the general drift of it, maybe I'll learn something. Or is it that the underground sees obscurity and rambling as virtues, even when trying to explain its own hang-ups.

(If you think that's worth printing, and I don't please leave out my address.)
Sincerely,

Brian Morley



Dear Sir,

I have just read OZ No 14 and I feel I should communicate with you and your magazine about your position. First, for a 'supposedly' revolutionary mag you seem to support avidly mass commercial culture. Pop, whether whether it be Hump or the Doors it is still commercially orientated, retrograde, reactionary, primitive (using primitive chord changes and harmonies), traditionless and superficial. What really pains me is all the 'big hips' who shout how progressive it is without even hearing Stockhausen, Boulez or Cage.

Secondly, your letter column seems to be filled with disconcerted spiritualists such as Janie who forgets man is a social animal, his consciousness is a product of social relations and politics is the weapon of the class struggle and that his philosophy and ideology derive from the superstructure of our society.

Thirdly, all the old clichés—Berke Berke's bourgeoisie.

Fourthly, Mr Kahn. Has this dear gentleman never observed anything and seen the economic, social and political structure in its right perspective. He seems to think that capitalism is absolute, that there is no class-struggle and society is static. Someone should inform him that society progresses, the means of productions revolutionise (ie mechanise), labour is not needed. But capitalism needs labour to make profit. Wham. Big contradiction. Economic crisis. Only one way to solve it. Social revolution.

Fifthly, the Czech article. When will the public realise 1) neither Russia nor Czechoslovakia are communist/socialist. 2) You cannot have socialist states. 3) This crisis is due to Czechoslovakia having a far more advanced capitalist type economy than Russia, and therefore wanting to join the also advanced west.

Finally, Chicago—Pacifism doesn't work. Eugene, if you want something you grab it, you don't ask. If you want a change in society, you have to smash it first, and only the proletarians can do that.

In conclusion I would say your magazine is another product of the pseudo-radical set. I wish it wasn't.

Yours sincerely,

Neil Rogall
38 Primley Park Cresc.
Leeds 17.

Dear Sir,

to write on vinyl plastic with wotever media (um) YOU CHOOSE! or is consequently available or PRACTICAL (for instance strong solvents are not recommended unless you wish to produce literature of the obscure) EVEN SMUCDXVDESE but wot about making a stencil? wot about it ,,,,,,??????????? 'the medium of the printed word is now so outdated that it is abandoned to dillettantes whose only qualifications are their abilities to vary the parchment'—Khufu, egyptian pharoh during the 26th century bc inventor of hieroglyph pictograms which he transported to china where through long evolutionary processssss the complex ideograms of china developed—abasalootaly false history.

TTHE JOINT VENTURE
13 ladbroke crescent W1.

Dear OZ,

At the beginning of September the Turkish government passed a new passport law. This forbids hippies or beatniks from either entering or staying in the country. Many are being turned away and 40 hippies staying in Istanbul were immediately deported as soon as the law had been passed. Their definition of beatnik is bitnik in Turkish. Bit means louse, so really it's louse-nik they mean. This means that anyone who has long unkempt hair and beards, defiled and sordid clothes and is penniless, will not be accepted.

If anyone gets to Istanbul, don't stay at the Gulhane Hotel or in the area of Sultanahmet, it's renowned for its busts. Don't ever trust a Turk—police rely on informers.

The best hash (esrar) comes from either Bursa or Gasiantepe. Don't buy form Istanbul, it's too expensive.

There are many of us busted in Turkey. Turkey is the worst country in the world to get busted in. The minimum sentence given is 2½ hears, the maximum sentence 30 years, the inbetweeners as myself receive 8 years 4 months. We don't receive amnesties, murderers do.

I was busted in the country with Pakistan hash (charas). The cha charas was chatral chatos, each piece was stamped by an official stamp that said: 'Chatral charas' in urdu.

Turkish prisons are like hotels caged with animals.

Do what you can for us, we need someone to take notice of our situation. I've been in nick for 2½ years now and have 3½ more to do. But think of those with 30 years. I write on behalf of all of us, it's been the first opportunity. My letters are not controlled, no one in the city of Erzincan can understand English well enough. Besides they trust me. Anyway, if I'm sentenced for abuse against Turkey and its laws, my case will be stronger . . .

Robert Pontin
Merkez Ceza Evi
Erzingan
Turkey

PS Once when I was Ankara, Oz came to me, how about a few more copies? Sorry I can't send the subscription money. Your stickers came in useful, 'CANNABIS' is stuck upon the cell wall. Ninety five percent of the prisoners are 'heads' here. Many are serving life imprisonment ie. caught with 450 kilos or 0. . . 50 kilos of shit and so it goes on . . . love
RP

Dear Richard Neville,

In receipt of yours of Sept. 10, very sorry about never writing that piece on Kingsley Amis (some day it will be done) and yes, I *would* like to "generalise my criticisms of the Underground", elaborating my point about its "political deathwish" (your words, boyo), "phoney culture" (yours again), "etc" (again). The "etc" has me worried, since the other two quoted terms pretty well cover the range of my arguments as first made public in my notorious long letter to the *New Statesman*, a letter which I understand has subsequently come to be regarded down there among you all as the four-cornered, hard-edged perimeter of absolute squareness. Well, even though I would never dream of assigning Underground politics a "deathwish", I still *think* that on present showing they have their own doom built in, whether they wish for it or not. Obviously Underground politics, such as they are, *wish* for most of the things which the liberal-humanist tradition has long cherished as the very opposite of death: love, peace, creativity and the rest of the caboodle. But as Hannah Arendt pointed out at the end of one of her classic studies of totalitarianism, *politics is not the nursery*.

Politically speaking, it seems to me that as long as the Underground preaches revolution it is setting itself up to be knocked off. The revolution it calls for would in fact be the worst thing that could happen to it, since the Underground would be automatically and abruptly taken care of by whatever force emerged to administer the resulting chaos. (This force needn't be the police, by the way: vigilante daddies with a few young mouths to feed would justifiably beat you to death with tee-squares as you tried to grab milk from the crates.) In its heart of hearts, of course, the Underground has no plans for revolution, since this would mean taking over an industrial society which is too complicated for it to understand. Nor does it even have plans for bringing immediate pressure to bear on the people who actually *do* administer the industrial complex. Perhaps by instinct, certainly not by brains, the Underground seems to have tumbled to the fact that continued and increasingly complicated industrial progress is the necessary precondition of its own survival. The clearest demonstration of this new awareness (a semi-conscious awareness, I fear) is that the Underground, when it fights at all, fights the police — the very force specifically equipped and paid to deal with street action. As genuine *saboteurs* of the industrial system, the Underground does not rate; although with typically boneheaded ignorance it dismisses the old Committee of 100 stuff as essentially quiescent.

But of course the Underground is right and my generation was wrong on this subject: you can't smash the set-up by peeing down the manhole of an RSG, parking your arse on a V-bomber runway, or even blowing up Battersea powerhouse. The only way to fight City Hall is by providing an alternative mode of existence and keeping it running long enough for the industrial complex to become humanised by penetration and by example. This is the

real politics of the Underground, a politics it inherited from the CND generation without gratitude or understanding, just as the CND generation inherited the old radical tradition without gratitude or understanding, and so on all the way back to Christ Jesus, whose followers first landed us with the continuous historical problem (not just a difficulty but a *problem* and never to be laughed or sung or "meditated" out of existence) of moving the legions out without moving the priests in. And what I originally objected to about Underground politics I still object to: its pigheadedness about what really *are* its politics, its blindness to the *fact* that it must guarantee the continuity of its own intelligence by clarity and by study, its blindness to the *fact* that a down-grading of technological complexity would mean suffering on a large scale, its blindness to the *fact* that its own present liberty was created in the past by men it has not the knowledge or the discrimination to recognise as heroic, its blindness to the *fact* that any revolution open to a power-grab is a *defeat*.

My idea of unmitigated, catastrophic boredom is to listen to a convocation of dropouts mumbling about Britain's similarity to, say, Greece. The subject of the *differences*, of how these differences came about and how *best* they can be preserved, never comes up. As a psychological climate, the Underground in Britain is essentially an atmosphere in which some clod getting busted for not being smart enough to hide his pot can imagine himself to be in the same political condition as a middle-aged, committed Greek intellectual being tortured for what he knows. And so on around the ring, until every distinction is blurred. We - are - the - Viet - Cong - and - what - is - done - to - the - Viet - Cong is done to us. (And what is done by the Viet-Cong is done by us?) Che lives. (But have you ever had to decide who dies? He had to. Lovely smile, though.) Dixon - of - Dock - Green - equals - Heinrich - Himmler. In this mish-mash of generalised emotion, realities drown. The murderous complications of politics become elementary photographs, the photographs become trendy wallpaper and everyone who is anyone can feel involved, even (especially) those who haven't the imagination to realise that other people's *pain hurts*.

And meanwhile the extension of liberty in these islands is curtailed and its very preservation threatened by the growing disinclination of the infected young to commit themselves to the choices between evils, the long second thoughts and the necessary boredom vital to liberty. Instead of rights, we are offered Love. Love, that magic word whose manic propagation among this generation is Hollywood's final triumph. As if the guaranteeing of personal liberty against abstracted emotion were not the whole of politics in the modern age!

But of course none of this 'Love' garbage could work for a minute without a great deal of equally polarised Hate, which we see venomously directed at handy symbols like the bourgeoisie (the custodian of civilisation in Europe), liberals (we name no names because we know so few), and

regular politicians up to (or down to) and including Johnson. It never occurs to people who *cartoon* politics in this way that they are in fact succumbing to the mental corrosion spread into space and time by the two chief tyrannies of this century. Let me make this point once more, Richard, before I turn to our second topic of the evening: *there is only one tradition of thought, that tradition is the liberal-humanist tradition and there can be no simplification of it which is not a distortion*.

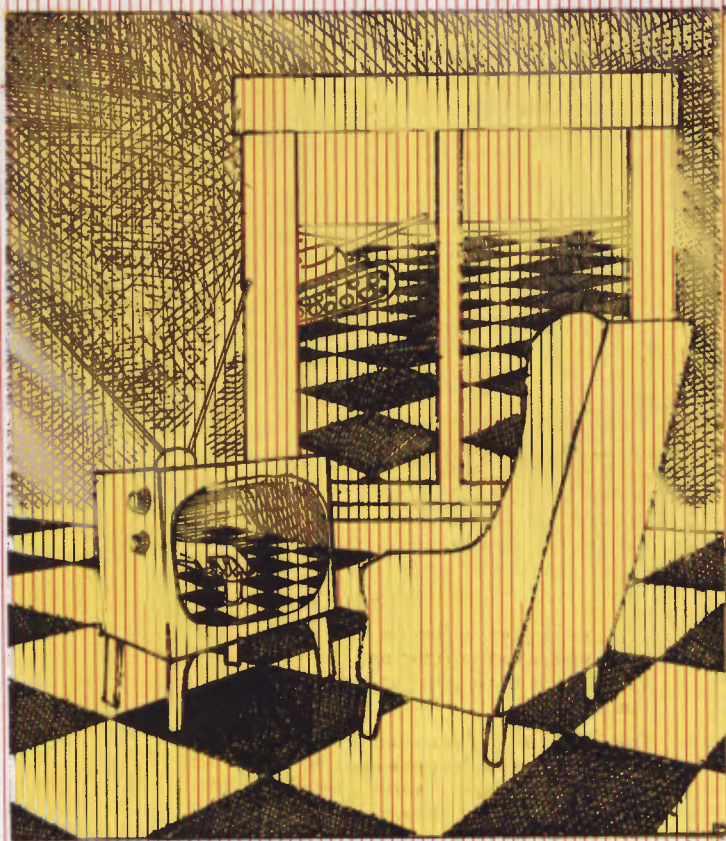
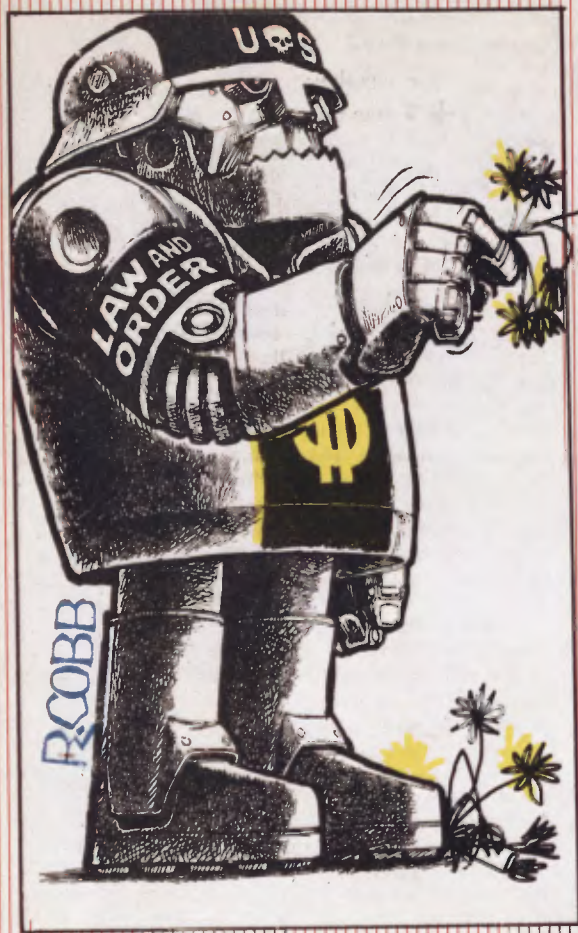
As to "phoney culture", I need add very little to what I first argued. It seems possible that the Underground is already shaking itself free from its first chaotic democracy (in which *everyone* is "talented") and evolving towards the realities of art, which, as some of your sweet helpless people have doubtless already realised, means some people being more talented than others. But the cultural ambition of Underground people as a whole remains villainously low, and can be raised only when it is realised that no alternative *culture* is possible. An alternative *society* is at least a proposition, but an alternative *culture* is not even a notion. There is only one culture, in which the unique is added to the unique, and to become aware of its eternal laws is a necessary step in realising that life is not a fairy story. A work of art comes out of the alone on its way to the universal and during its passage through the brain of the poor bastard fingered to be its creator he receives a forcible reminder that "self-expression" is strictly for children. Art is individual, but it is not *personalised*, and has *very little* to do with happiness. The Underground, expressing itself compulsively, has come up with some styles of dress, a few good ways to decorate the walls, some tricks with lights and some copycat graphics: kid-stuff mainly, and fair enough, since most of its members, by the long time-scale of the artistic life, are children still.

The true significance of the Underground is as a political movement and political movements are not in themselves creative—all they can create is the possibility for creation.

And after all this, am I basically for or basically against? Basically for: and will remain so until the point when the Underground goes irrational by conviction. That point is not yet, but it could come. Every bad poem, Zen epigram and brutal paragraph brings it nearer.

Clive James,
Pembroke College,
Cambridge.







These two reports by Release are, in some ways, a very effective reply to the Flip Top Pot anti-legalisation article in this issue.

Dale is the editor of Interzone A and one of the most active participants in the community around Notting Hill—at one time running a free food and clothing stall in Portabello Road.

ONE

* The voice of three Villages—Silenced

Having a party in Notting Hill Gate can be hazardous, but there is nothing more likely to revive the flagging party spirit than a visit from the local constabulary, in force. It seems that the police are attracted by party noises but rather than joining in as guests, they prefer to come uninvited on the pretext of looking for ... drugs.

Dale's flat was raided in April when there was a gathering of 29 people on the premises. The police managed to find a very small amount of pot, and some skins. Nevertheless they proceeded to arrest all 28 people, the 29th was a Russian Orthodox priest who had been allowed to leave.

At Ladbroke Grove Police Station everyone was charged with being in possession of cannabis, but it was technically impossible for all 28 of the people arrested to have possessed the piece of cannabis and the charges against 24 were dropped at committal proceedings five weeks later. Many of those arrested spent several weeks in custody because they were unable to find suitable sureties to bail them out. (A magistrate can grant you bail but unless you have a friend who is over 21, a householder with no police record, who the police consider suitable—there is not much chance of being released before a trial.)

Dale, and his girlfriend, and two others were the only ones finally charged.

Dale (19) and Kathy (19) were charged with being in possession of cannabis and

of allowing their premises to be used. The other two were charged with being in possession of cannabis; one of them pleaded guilty and was fined £10 at Marylebone Magistrates Court. The other was later placed on probation when the case was heard at sessions;

The police referred the case to the Director of Public Prosecutions who considered it serious enough for his intervention, which automatically meant that Dale and Kathy would have to appear before a Jury at Inner London Sessions.

Four months later, four issues of Interzone A later, and a few days after the arrival of Kathy's baby, the case was heard.

Dale and Kathy pleaded 'not guilty' to both charges, they were found 'guilty' of being in possession of cannabis, and 'guilty' of allowing their premises to be used. The case was remanded so that Mr RE Seaton, Chairman of Inner London Sessions, could order probation and medical reports. Kathy was allowed bail, but Dale was remanded in custody. Before the case was finally heard we contacted three people who knew Dale very well, had given him ideas for Interzone A and would act as character witnesses for him. One was a psychologist and two were priests, but Mr Seaton was not persuaded by their evidence to follow any other course than that which the probation officer had recommended. The probation officer's report to Mr Seaton recommended that Dale would benefit from a period of Borstal training.

Kathy was put on probation for two years and Dale was sentenced to Borstal—a discretionary sentence of up to two years.

Borstals are overcrowded, and it is almost impossible to go from the Court to Borstal. So Dale is now in the notorious Borstal Allocation Wing of Wormwood Scrubs Prison, where he could remain

for months, until there is a place for him at a Borstal.

He is appealing ...

* A True Story

Chris and Alfred were walking home one afternoon when a blue police car pulled up beside them and a couple of policemen got out. They searched Chris and Alfred, but as they found nothing they got back into their car and drove off.

A few hundred yards further on the two boys were stopped again by the same police who had bothered them a few minutes before. This time they were told to get in the police car, and unless you are wearing a pinstriped suit with fast terms Eton report in your pocket, it is advisable to do what the police tell you. They were taken to Muswell Hill police station and charged with being in possession of cannabis resin.

—What cannabis resin ! ?

—The cannabis resin we found on the pavement when we went back and looked at the spot where we first searched you.

PLANT ... but Chris and Alfred kept their cool—made no statements, and asked for bail. They were allowed bail of £50 of their own surety and came straight round to Release. They had to appear in Court the next morning but we explained that this appearance was just a formality, as the police cannot proceed with a case until they have an analyst's report on the drugs in question. We told them how to apply for legal aid and gave them the name of a solicitor who would fight the case for them.

They were refused Legal Aid, but their solicitor made the necessary inquiries, the results of which were interesting !

Chris and Alfred had been stopped walking up an avenue—at the top of the avenue there is a cinema.

The police said that when they first stopped Chris and Alfred, a policeman who was sitting on the cinema roof had seen Chris drop a piece of pot on the pavement. The two policemen in the car had not seen this surreptitious movement but on talking to their colleague, who by then had climbed off the cinema roof, had decided to go back to the first stopping place and had found the dropped pot.

This seemed a miraculous piece of detective work and their theory was put to the test. Our solicitor with surveyor and photographer made an excursion to Muswell Hill.

They were surprised to find that, from the spot that the police said Chris and Alfred were first stopped, the cinema was completely obscured by trees.

From the cinema roof—very far from the taking as location as taken place, the area of road where the dropping was alleged to have taken place, could not be seen.

THE CASE WAS DISMISSED WITH COSTS.



TWO

If you're wondering why Brian Jones' sentence (£50 fine) was so light; it's because even the thickest observers realised the stuff was planted.

THREE

For some of us at OZ, the Brighton obscenity trial (Page) was a nostalgic event. In September 1963, the Sydney Stipendiary Magistrate Mr Locke found Australian OZ 6 to be obscene and he gaoled the art director and editors. They appealed, and the conviction was quashed.

Sixteen expert witnesses appeared for OZ, but Mr Locke, the Sydney magistrate, like Mr Ripper the Brighton magistrate, couldn't believe his ears. In his summing up he noted:

'Some remarkable pieces of evidence assist in assessing the weight to these and other opinions expressed by some of the witnesses for the defence. As an example, we find the witness John Olsen deposing, among other things, 'distortion in art is absolutely normal'. In another place he said: 'There is no real world of art that is not distorted'. A second example: the witness AK Stout said 'I do not know what an obscene term is' and in another place he said, 'Four letter words never corrupted anybody'.

Astonished as he was by this kind of testimony, at least Mr Locke did not go so far as to recommend that the witnesses be scolded by the 'University authorities'.

FOUR

David Adams, editor of the forthcoming Notting Hill Herald, explains why:

The process of decentralisation has begun. We've seen it in the Digger movement, and we've seen it in Czechoslovakia; we see it in local community centres and in Welsh and Scottish nationalism. Now the process will evolve and, unless something drastic happens, within the next quarter century we shall have returned to village-styled self-sufficient communities linked to the central zone but autonomous in many respects and with a great deal of self-government. Whether these village-styled communities will be so localised as, say, boroughs or counties are now, or whether there will be a compromise and the small communities will be part of a medium-sized community of a state, and the state autonomous within the federation (eg Notting Hill, Camden, etc within London State, London State being part of the UK federation), depends on many things. The point is that the process is one of historic inevitability.

The actual form of the press is fast becoming redundant. There are faster ways of learning about events and more durable ways of keeping a record of important statements. What the newspaper must become is a reflection of and a service to, a community. The reason that national newspapers are becoming valueless is because they are centralised (despite regional editions that only very slightly from the London-based edition) and because they are hardly interested in dissemination of information.

A new press must evolve. It will be a product of the community, as in the States Village Voice, East Village Other, etc are a real part of the community they deal with. The press must become a self-perpetuating force. It initially guides and stimulates the community and thereafter acts as a voice and a synthesis of the various aspects of the community. It must be by the community, for the community and of the community. At the moment I know of no local paper over here that is just this. There are small journals that serve a minority group; there are others that serve a lot of people in different parts of the world. Perhaps the reason is that we are only just beginning to discover our communities. You can't start a local press and form the community afterwards; by our law of historical inevitability the community evolves and produces its own newspaper.

This is why we are publishing the Notting Hill Herald; it has now become an inevitability, as the evolution of Notting Hill into a community that is working for itself is seen to be an inevitability. The Herald has simply come into being; well, not simply, because the community hasn't got far enough yet to be able to dispense with money and we need money to print the paper.

So we are appealing for funds; and not only for the Herald. The Herald will be published by a group called The West London Free Press. Later the WLFP will publish any printed material that fills a gap in Notting Hill. One of the first things will be a free poetry service, subsidised by profits from the commercial productions like the Herald.

At the moment the press, and this applies to local newspapers as well as nationals, is a one-way media—from newspaper to reader. Editors look at events and decide what their readers are interested in. In fact media, by definition, is a two-way rubber ball. Things happen, and they get reflected; ideas are expressed, and they get reflected; moods are present, and they get reflected. Now newspapers make the news; it's a crazy situation but inevitable if you think of the lack of communication between readers in their environments and the editors in their Fleet Street offices. We will be reflecting an area, acting as a catalyst and, in the truest sense, a medium. We will disseminate information. We will exist only to collect relevant informa-

tion and pass it on.

If you think you can help, we'll be glad to hear from you. What we really need is money. Once this thing has started, it won't stop. The revenue will pay for the printing with, we hope, some left over for free literature. But the WLFP has to be set up. Donations to: West London Free Press, 1 Glendower Place, SW7. We'll let you know what's happening as soon as.

FIVE

The Assassination of Maurogenis: Who is next?

On May 29 the body of George Mavrogenis was found in a forest fifteen miles north of Copenhagen. He had been shot through the head. His widow, Brigit Mavrogenis, only stated that she believed his death to be a political murder. Mavrogenis, a member of the Central Unionparty, had once been press attache at the Greek Embassy in Copenhagen, but after the coup of April 1967, he had quit his post and founded a resistance movement against the dictatorial regime in Greece. In view of the fact that anti-junta resistance groups in Europe are being watched and followed by assassination squads sponsored by the present illegal government in Greece, it is not too much to believe that this is only the first of a coming string of assassination attempts. The junta appears to fear freedom among Greeks outside its well-patrolled borders almost as much as it fears freedom at home.

From: Domocrita, June 19

A Quote from the New York Times

'Athens, June 1—The Education Minister, Theophylaktos Papaconstantinou, in a circular made public today, warned that the police had been asked to report, reprimand or even arrest children violating (New Teenage decorum) rules out of school.'

Got any news, information, rumours? Send it to Spike, c/o OZ.

SIX

Second best disc jockey, according to the Melody Maker awards, is Tony Blackburn. Tony was so incensed at John Peel's victory, that he wrote to Melody Maker claiming Peel didn't really qualify as a pop DJ and that the award should go to himself.

SEVEN

After repeated requests for money due, gentle Michael X recently became impatient at the offices of International Times and drew a knife. He left satisfied.

SEVEN

Living up to our reputation for string pulling, nepotism and corruption, the editor of this magazine urges all readers to buy his sister's new novel **The Girl who played Gooseberry** by Jill Neville. Biased as he is, the editor thinks this book is funny, sad, stylish, unexpected and profound. Buy it and swell the family exchequer. (Weidenfeld & Nicolson 25/-)

Also highly recommended is **The Beginning of the End**, by Angelo Quattrocchi and Tom Nairn (Panther) with its extraordinary mixture of poetry and logic.

Note to media men: OZ Advertising Manager, John Leaver is nightly washer-upper at Muffins Restaurant in Ifield Road SW10. Come, enjoy scallops mornay, rosemary lamb and tequila, while John's rinsing your dishes you can discuss next month's advertisement.



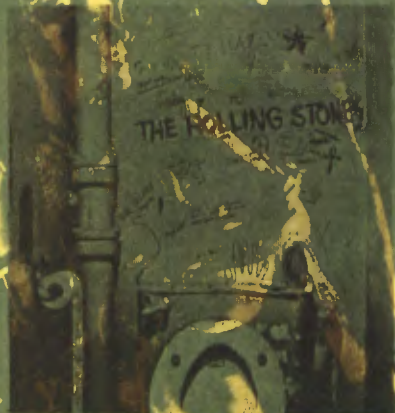
HUNG-ON-YOU

230 Kings Road
End-of-the World



EIGHT

The Decca bureaucracy is notoriously cowardly and conservative. The only thing they like about the Rolling Stones is the money they earn. Despite fierce battles last week, Decca still refuse to accept the Stones' LP lover and have again delayed issue of the



Beggars Banquet. Says a Stones publicist: 'Where will it stop? If we let them change the cover, they'll be interfering with the lyrics'. Meanwhile their 45, Street Fighting Man, which is not released in England and banned in Chicago, is enjoying discreet brisk sales in One Stop Records (in Oxford Street).

NINE

Both the BBC and Thames television have turned down a Dutch made documentary on the late Biafra, now showing to packed houses in Amsterdam. The film is considered 'too anti British'. It depicts, in gruesome detail, the bombing and slaughter, showing how whole generations of Biafrans have been wiped out. The film also details the British arms bargain sale.

TEN

If Middle Earth folds it will be due to the single minded efforts of Superintendent Smith of Bowe Street Police Station. His merry men were responsible for the fatal raid on its Covent Garden premises and they've been harassing Middle Earth ever since. When the GLC closed the roundhouse on Saturday 28 September, alternative arrangements were hurriedly made at the Lyceum. At 3.30 pm, £350 was paid to its manager for the planned Canned Heat concert that night. A few hours later, Smith's heavies swooped in and warned the Lyceum's manager against accommodating the grooving junkies. Canned Heat was canned once more.

Middle Earth have asked OZ to print the following warning:

In future, anyone found pushing, carrying or fixing will be grabbed and turned over to the police immediately.

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Flip Top Legal Pot

Legalise Pot rallies are so beautiful; hundreds of doe-eyed painted people stirring slowly under the soft sky, bound together by their sense of gentle daring in a common cause, holding smoking incense sticks like they were precious aphrodisiacs or opium pipes at least. Not less beautiful, but probably more so because their beauty is not compromised by utility. If pot is legalised it won't be capitulation to this kind of demand: when our masters decide to have pot on their side it is dubious whether it will be to our ultimate advantage.

It is clear that nobody wants to be penalised for doing something harmless and pleasant, but do we really want our pot legal?

Champions of legality do, because the law against marijuana is too clear an example of the arbitrary nature of the law, but to many of us the notion of law itself is antipathetic. The law exists, we are told, to protect life and property. It protects life by outlawing abortion, euthanasia and suicide, ie: it insists on life even when it is unbearable to the liver. It cannot be proved ever to have prevented a murder or an assault, and can be proved to have legally killed and to have penalised those who refused to fight and kill. Police brutality is legal massacre. In the interest of life, it proscribes marijuana, as a dangerous drug less habit forming than tobacco and coffee and considerably less harmful to the organism than alcohol and aspirin. If the law did protect life or could protect life against war, madness, or disaster perhaps there would be some point in wooing legality, but there seems to be no point at all in respecting it as the safeguard of property. Many of us do not believe in the inalienable right of property, to the extent that we possess little or nothing, and do not complain when it is used or carried off by others, and tend ourselves to use and carry off the goods of others, especially department stores and bookstalls, and yet I do not find posters saying

Legalise Theft.

Everything that I do can be guaranteed to annoy a guardian of the law in a certain frame of mind, and yet I cannot join any movement to

Legalise Offensive Behaviour.

It would be less soft-headed, and consequently more beautiful, if equally futile, to rally in Hyde Park under the banner

Fuck The Law.

The signers of petitions to legalise cannabis

go to some lengths to distinguish themselves from the criminal classes. Of the thousands who would sign and maybe did, the publicised names were priests, members of parliament, pop intellectuals, jurists and doctors, stooges of the establishment, some of whom were so rosiely innocent of the irrational nature of arbitrary opposition that they cried out in amazement when they were passed over in the race for more eminent positions within the establishment. Others were so firmly entrenched that they didn't have to worry. You can't revoke MBE's.

The legalization of cannabis has been rejected by a committee set up to advise the Home Secretary on drugs in Britain. They recommend, however, that the penalties for possessing cannabis should be reduced.

sub-committee

The rest of you, stop and consider before you rally again, what legalisation would mean. Our masters will not legalise marijuana until they have worked out how to control it, which means *how to exploit it*. When the cigarette companies have finally lost their battle to conceal the relationship between smoking and lung cancer, they will begin pressurising for legalised marijuana (and ought to be designing the scene right now). Their economic pressure is more powerful and more subtle than the unintelligible ravings of a few unamplified hysterics among the doe-eyed crowds

ledge.

In deciding against legalising cannabis, the committee felt that knowledge of its effects was insufficient to justify a change. It was also recognized that legalisation would break international agreements on drugs.

of Hyde Park. Governments get a useful slice of revenue from cigarettes, otherwise tobacco would already have been outlawed. The potential rakeoff from pot is enormous—it's even more than what goes to the pushers.

Then the advertising campaigns will begin: all the young executive prestige shit will gather round the kind of joint one smokes. They'll come in flip-top boxes and be lit with Dunhills, photographed on malachite bedside tables, with automatic pistols and platinum cuff-links. All the slow ritual of rolling a joint, the gentle rhythm of passing it from lip to lip . . . all the communion of the shared conspiracy gone. The smoke won't be as good either, adulterated with commercial products,

dry and stale from being too long in the packet, or the shop, or the machine.

Maybe it won't happen that way, only one thing is certain: if pot is legalised, it won't be for our benefit but for the authorities'. To have it legalised, will be also to lose control of it.

The alternative is to join the criminal classes and be done with it. Regard the law as your enemy (it is actually impartial to all but itself) and take steps to lick it. The negro, prevented from joining the whites on his own terms, closes the ghetto to the white man. The pot smoker may reject legality and work instead to promote lawbreaking in that form, as far as possible with impunity. To begin with Stop Getting Caught.

Any London con can tell you that you're more likely to get caught when you aren't doing anything wrong than when you are, so it's nonsense to think that you need not develop any routines to protect yourself because you're not doing anything wrong. The law is not concerned with right and

But there is no doubt that Mr. Callaghan will be sympathetic to the case for a change of law over the ownership of premises. The... der heavy criti-

wrong. Any criminal knows that the police will manufacture any evidence that they cannot find, and better it should be pot than detonators and gelignite, or heroin. He also knows that in all but the rarest cases (like if you're a bishop in mufti) it is worse than useless to claim having been framed. Learn how to deal with the police. The great evidence manufacturing industry is part of that legality pot smokers are so anxious to get on the right side of. Fuck it. (One way you could fuck it, if you are caught, is to insist on the exact amount you were carrying being declared in court, so the cops don't keep half of it to plant on somebody else.)

Most criminals know the law very well: pot smokers don't bother to find out. You should know exactly how little you have to tell the fuzz. If the cops stop you on the street asking what's in your paper bag, especially if it's obviously records, pause before letting them search the rest of you long enough to hurl your gear into the nearest front garden or down the grating or into a crowd, or somewhere. Even if they find it, it's a different matter to prove that it's what you threw. Even if you're not carrying anything you could throw something else just to confuse

things. Another way is to carry some harmless substance like basil leaves, or sugar cubes, or sugar pills, so that they think that they've found the gear and don't bother to fit you up, and only after tests discover their error. The tests are too documented and too public to be rigged (I think). Learn the criminal's rule, to protect your own, especially your connection, and don't as one idiot did toss your gear to someone else when you're getting busted. Remember ignorance of the contents of a parcel is no defence. If you're in a public place which is getting busted drop the gear on the floor because it can't be traced to you and the management is for it anyway, that's if you can't drop it in the can in time. Awful to think of the stuff the fuzz gets hold of for free. Don't leave gear at home: if you must have it around it's safer on you, especially if you're staying with a friend. Don't stockpile it: let the pushers do that: for them it's a calculated risk.

There are more ways out, and we must develop them. If, like Mafia and Prohibition we succeed well enough in breaking the law and not getting caught, it will paradoxically have more effect in getting pot legalised, than all the pious ejaculations and gormless pleas for gentler sentences, because people cannot be allowed to get away with things. We have certain advantages over criminals of a less self-conscious type, so let's use them.

If after all you really must have your pot legal, you can always get a prescription for tincture of cannabis, an innocent corn cure, and have your own bottle of filthy green liquid, and your own little spoon.

Germaine.

Janet Golding



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I CAN'T ESCAPE

The emptiness in my arms is an evil force, driving me to inexorable ruin. To satisfy my needs, I am willing to gamble away everything.

by Myra Norris

I had the dream again last night. It was so real that I awoke with my body sweat-drenched. Even after I was fully conscious, I seemed to feel the hands roaming over me, taking their pleasure, meeting no resistance on my part.

I rolled over in our huge double bed. I reached out my hand. My fingers touched Don's undented pillow. I withdrew them as if they had touched a loathsome reptile. With growing awareness, I recalled that Don would be away another ten days. The swing through the mid-west district wouldn't be curtailed for hell or high water. These junkets never are.

And I don't dare complain. I have no right to. The house we live in, the clothing I wear, the insurance policies which protect the children and myself are all very much involved in Don's journeys to his company's district offices.

But as I listened to the ticking of the clock and glanced down the length of my naked body, I knew that I would be taking action again. And the thought sickened me.

"You're no better than a cheap whore," I told myself. The words bit into me with the force of a whip blow. No woman likes to think of herself in these terms.

I rolled over on my stomach and buried my face in my arms. I tried to will myself back to sleep. It was useless. The quivering in my loins, the ache in my belly, the pounding of my heart against my breasts wouldn't allow sleep. Finally I rose and watched the dawn come up in the eastern sky.

At breakfast I managed not to betray my innermost feelings to the kids. I packed their lunch boxes, herded them into the Mustang and got them to school. I hoped that their innocence would not be destroyed by their mother. Yet I

knew there was a distinct possibility that it would. Supposing Don found out.

You never can tell about that. You're never safe. There's always the unexpected return, the gossiping neighbor, the telltale clue.

Yet knowing all these things wasn't enough to stop me. I pulled into the parking lot behind the Double E and found a phone booth. I trembled so that I found it difficult to insert the coin into the slot. "Make him be at home!" I breathed.

The receiver buzzed once; twice. Although the day wasn't particularly warm, the clammy sweat broke out along the length of my spine.

Then; "Hello?"

"Jack, darling."

"Hey, it isn't even nine o'clock yet."

"I have to see you. Are you free?"

"For you? You bet your round little bottom. And don't let anybody pinch it until I get there. Give me an hour to shave and clean up."

"The usual place?"

"The usual, naturally."

THE usual place is a suite in a motel near Kennedy International Airport that Jack's firm keeps for visiting firemen. Cars pull in and out all day long and there are never any questions asked.

I could scarcely breathe with the excitement that gripped me. It was an excitement tinged with the worst possible feelings of panic and guilt.

(Continued on page 54)

HO! HO! HO!

CONFESSIONS OF A

MY PASSION DRIVES-

I demand the passion and I hate myself for it. My sick hunger has made me worse than a common street-walker; it has destroyed my hope of ever being the normal woman my husband married.



FAITHLESS SUBURBAN WIFE

DROP OUT!

ROBIN FARQUHARSON



Alan Aldridge's book jacket for 'Drop Out' by Robin Farquharson (Blond 25s October). Last winter Dr Farquharson suspended a successful career and 'dropped out': his book is an impression of contemporary society seen from the bottom up.

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Revolution '68

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So read **The Beginning of the End: France, May 1968** by Angelo Quattrocchi and Tom Nairn, two non-compromising writers of the Left who tell it like it is. Angelo was there. Tom wasn't but what the Hell, he still knows what it's all about better than any press-room pundits. So will you—when you've read him.

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'I do not agree with the many, who think it is even now too late so to compose the public mind as to be able to stop at Reform, instead of driving on to a Revolution . . . The example of France should certainly operate, to prevent our thinking of settling things on a totally new bottom. Major Cartwright to Thomas Hardy 1826

'If you do not give the people reform, they are going to give you social revolution. Let anyone consider the possibility of a series of dangerous industrial strikes, following the present hostilities, and the effect that would have on our industrial recovery.'

Quintin Hogg 1943

DREAMING OF A RED CHRISTMAS

David Widgery

It moves. After two decades of devout leaning against locked doors, the left has walked into two or three of the boudoirs of power and begun to convince people about the secret passages they found there. 1968 is decisive historical punctuation quite as important as 1917, 1872 and 1848. What makes it so critical is not just Paris in May or Prague in August or the Cold Crisis which made the bankers hearts go cold everywhere this year, but the impact of all three on people and their politics. The separate proofs add up to a revolutionary theorem. Paris showed the flush of energy and resourcefulness released by workers who according to the script was hopelessly conned, cajoled and cut and dried by the system. Prague (and its echo and cameo in Chicago) which showed again, if further proof were needed after '53 and '56, that the Communist World has nothing to do with socialism and the Free World has even less to do with freedom . . . neither side really objects to slaughter in the streets as long as it stays the right side of the fence. The gold crisis too has collision which ought not to have been able to happen but which has left the banks bleeding and the growth rates amputated. The authorised version of two hostile and incompatible social systems, has been shown, unignorably on 100 million cathode tubes, as two intolerable systems of human domination. The revolutionaries are those, in the Mekong Delta, the Chicago stockyards, the Oakland courthouses,

the factory action committee and the college lecture hall in France, fighting, sometimes winning, but recognising and naming Capital and its lieutenants and integuments. The left for which for twenty years has been huddled to keep warm round various campfires in the dark and shouting insults at one another, has at last seen the glory of a mass movement without which they looked, and were, a joke.

After France and Enoch in the absence of a popular party, stalinist or social democratic, many workers are feeling the need for politics; many engineers are reluctant about their national strike precisely because they realise that without real politics it will get smashed with both arms tied behind its back. Those who (mis reading Marx) thought that workers had to be driven by misery will see them beckoned by ideas, ideas which take on a power of their own in the world of chimneys and girders. The programme is increasingly simple; the system stinks and it moves over if you push it hard enough.

Just to take one example, that of the struggle of council tenants, now almost entirely working class since the Town Hall has largely replaced the private landlord who can make a bigger profit in building office blocks and middle class commuter estates. In 1915, a group of Glasgow housewives decided to knock the rent increases and they fought on their own with

broomsticks, justbin lids and pails of water to throw at the Council bailiffs. The court cases were blockaded by thousands of workers from the shipyards, the foundries and the munitions factories. Soldiers informed by letters to the front began to talk of mutiny. In insurrectionary crises, the first Rent Act was passed fixing the rent at the pre war level . . . many tenants are still living on the gains of this victory. In '39 tenants took over the control of their buildings during rent strikes in Birmingham and the East End. At Langdale Mansions Police had to negotiate with tenants pickets before being allowed through to interview a man who had committed a crime. In St Pancreas in 1960 when 400 police and 28 bailiffs sprung a surprise raid, housewives waving frying pans ran to building workers on the Shell south bank site and and railmen in the Camden Goods Yard who marched back to the estate and routed the forces of law and order. The bailiffs report describes the flat of one of the evicted tenants: 'The original door has been removed and a bulkhead lined with steel plates six inches thick fastened in its place, buttressed with heavy baulks of timber. The windows too, were firmly secured with thick planks. Work was commenced on the door but no impression made. Attention was then turned to the window and a hole made, through which the defendant kept up a steady fire of bottles'. This October 240,000 GLC tenants face the first of four yearly increases in rent with

wages frozen and unemployment the highest since the war; there are already signs that if the Council try evictions it could be on the scale of Glasgow, already dockers and car workers have promised support and there have been massive tenant demonstrations in Central London which the press has systematically ignored.

But if the systems growing economic jerkyness will generate new political failure will express itself in the ideological responses of the middle class. Not only does the system creak at its arthritic joints and its trade pulse wander and grow more reedy. But as a civilisation, as a set of abstract values, as a way of life, modern capitalism is not just in a state of terminal melancholia, it has actually ceased to exist. The tone of its ideology is prematurely drained of any optimism, just listen to the language of Humphrey's speeches, still-born in his tonsils. Its rhetoric meanders from a mystified scolding to an irrational violence. For not only did the end of the Undemocratic Convention in Chicago exemplify the systems inability to recognise the one man, McCarthy, which might be able to save it from within, but McCarthy himself was unable to do anything outside the definitions of the system except go on thinking like Thomas Aquinas and acting like Florence Nightingale.

We are in the process of seeing quite how far most quondam liberals are prepared to go in order to keep their own indignation safely in leash. In the States, the time is long past being against the war, but please Mr President a little less bombing, against the draft but Hell we'll go, nothing against pot and LSD we'd love to try some, some day. But now in Britain the tone of public liberalism (fulsome or niggardly depending on the party in power) is becoming increasingly inconvenient. It should not be lost on us that it is the Observer which is offering bright ideas about anti-riot weapons, William Rees Mogg who front pages the most sket-

chy lies about forthcoming insurrections and lovable, Labour back benchers whining ignorant-ly about riot suppression.

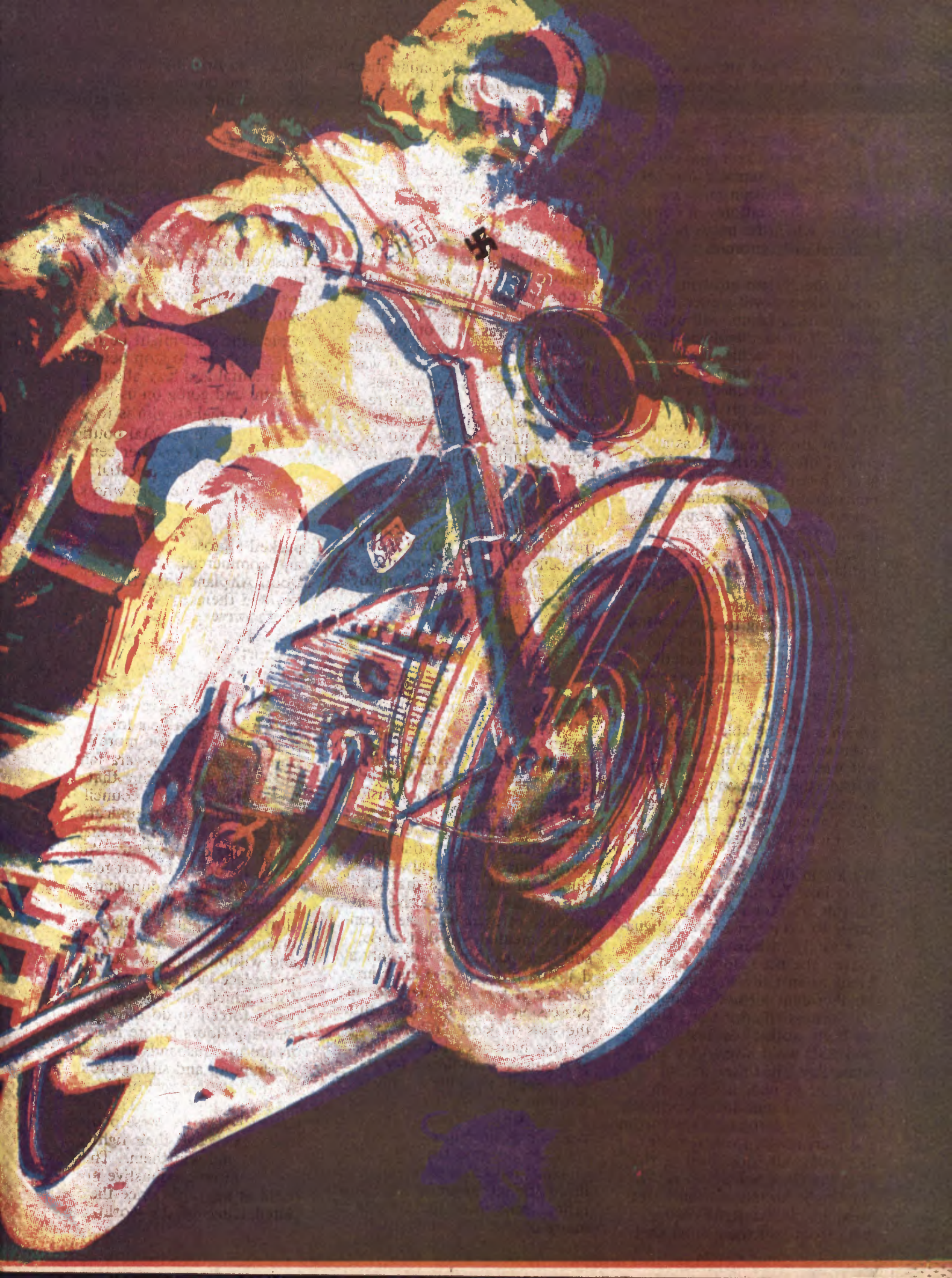
What the black community and working class militants have known for generations is being painfully discovered by those middle class intellectuals who have previously cherished and disseminated the most endearing illusions about the basic decency of our system. Now even they are coming to realise that modern Britain was built on blood, the ache of mens muscles, skulls and gravestones, and this it was built by gangsters and thieves. The difference is that until recently this bloody part of the business has been done out of sight, in India, Malaysia, the far East, Greece and the Labour Camps of South Wales and the Industrial North which are as foreign counties. But now, and from now on, the police courts the cells, the senior common rooms and the graduate employment exchanges is showing the privileged something of the methods the system has used to oppress the rest of the world.

Middle class rebelliousness and bourgeois hooliganism has other intriguing results. It seems to be leading the guilty sons and daughters of the British bourgeoisie to adopt, as a grotesque toughness, the romantic illusion that violence of itself is strengthening and purifying. Certainly the evidence suggests that the revolutionary class is always the subject of attack and that without self defence the active non-violence of socialist society cannot be created. In that sense, soft core pacifism is not only a delusion but a dangerous snare because it leaves the aggressor in possession of the initiative. But the sons of gentle folk bragging of how hard they hit a copper is as repulsive as violence for its own sake is anywhere, and has nothing, repeat nothing, to do with socialism. The idea of violence as the highest form of class struggle and the superiority of racial nationalism to socialist internationalism are simply crude rationalisations of the absence of many of any mass industrial

support in Britain and the inability of the rationalisers to go about getting any. In all probability, the demands in England to demonstrate 'that power is in the street' will in fact simply demonstrate that power is sitting in front of his TV watching the Golden Shot. Students, layabouts and undergroundies simply lack any point of purchase on the system. Which is not to say there are not a great deal of things that can be clearly sightedly done.

A pleasant start might be for British hippies to stop being sentimental and lazy about the system, and going on as if their highest aim is to serve in oriental boutiques. If one per cent of the celestial beings who say,

packed a gross and commercial Doors-Airplane concert devoted themselves to throwing accurate yoghurt bombs at the Queen or undressing in Court we would be a lot better off. And the more obsessive of the Guevara fan ought to start realising that our Sierra Miestre is the council estates and skill at duplicating leaflets is more valuable than knowledge of a carbine. And everyone ought to start realising that words like redundancy and unemployment, so effortlessly slotted into political diagrams means grown men with families and without jobs not sure how to replace last years school uniform which has holes in it, wives forced to do three hours cleaning floors before most of us are up, husbands doing the washing up and sitting broken in the kitchen; real holes, real floors, real people. The new present is about these people, their needs and their fight to defend and win them. The mixture is more combustive now than at any time since the War; intellectuals of the world, ignite.



TURN
TURN
TURN

YOU JUST
CAN'T SHOOT
PEOPLE DOWN
IN WARM
FLOWING
VERMILLION
BLOOD LIKE
THAT,
FLOODING
THE GUTTERS
TURNING
THE PARKS
TO LAKES
OF CRIMSON

YANK
M'DOODLE
IT'S A
DANDY
HAW!
HER!
HO!

Tell me
MR. John
Wayne
How do you
feel about being
Not chosen as
Mr. Wallace's
Vice-President

AW SHUCKS!
THAT'S SHOWBIZ
FOLKS

ALL
THE WORLD'S
A STAGE, AND
THE MEN
AND WOMEN

MERELY PLAYERS,
THEY HAVE THEIR
EXITS and THEIR
ENTRANCES..

ER... THOU SPEAKEST WISER
THAN THOU ART WARE
OF...

AWAKE! For
morning in The Bowl
Night... HAS FLUNG The
Stone that
into the Stars
to FLIGHT!

AS YOU READ THIS
ARE THE OLDEST
YOU HAVE EVER
BEE.

AS YOU RE
YOU ARE TH
OLDEST YO
HAVE EVER BE

OH, TELL M
MR. CALL
WHY?
YOU
LEGAL
NOT
BECAUS
BY THE
CAUSE

HEY
JEW
HEY
JEW

MY
VOT
IZ
IT
GEORGE

THESE ARE DAYS

NUDGE
NUDGE

NUDGE
NUDGE

NUDGE
NUDGE

By far the most costly war in terms of human life was World War II (1939-45), in which the total number of fatalities, including battle deaths and civilians of all countries, is estimated to have been 54,800,000.

INTO
THE
UNKNOWN

and all day long the hunters stalked the streets in search of the flood
Children of the concrete, rickon automatics horny for images. Saint
Stephen was stoned out of his mind... don't leave him hanging all
6,000,000 can't be wrong.

WHAEVER MAN GIVES ME
IN TRUE DEVOTION, A LEAF, A FLOWER
FRUIT OR WATER, I WILL ACCEPT IT.
That gift is love.
His heart's dedication

I SEE MY LIFE COME SHININ'
FROM RADNOR WALK TO WORLD'S END
ANY DAY NOW. ANY DAY NOW
I SHALL GO TO WALES

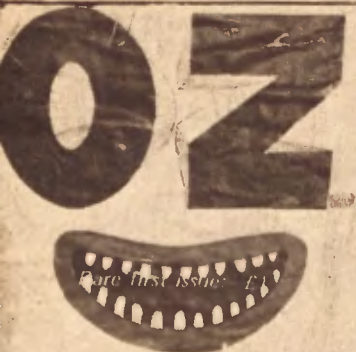
THE IS SUK BRITISH.

IS THERE ANYBODY THERE
IS THERE ANYONE THERE
TO RECEIVE
ALL THE GIFTS?
THE GIFTS I ALWAYS ON
WHEN I KNOW THERE
NO ONE THERE

M
MIND

SHARPS PERE, ET. CO.

Do you
want the
corgis?



Theological striptease
Turn on, tune in, drop dead
Why 'New Statesman' editor
Paul Johnson is so bloody successful
In bed with the... English Free!...
Playmate fold-out: Private Eye? the Death
of President Colin MacInnes & Malcolm X. 'Raped Congo'
with Playboy beads. Yare. & Dondies, and so much more in
this issue of OZ 14.



5. Famous Giant poster. 2/6



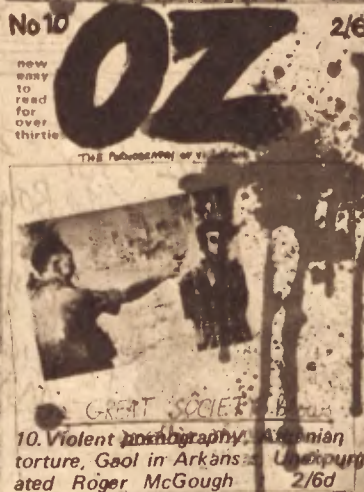
6. Dope sheet, King of Khatmandu, Letter from Greece, John Paul, X-rayed McLuhan, Blue movies. 2/6



7. Dylan analysed, Wag Beach shock, Maharishi, Michael X and Flower power, Sunny-Killer. 2/6



9. Edward de Bono, Quinquity on Russia, Gushkin, Beatles' musical symphony, Billy pictures. 2/6



10. Violent pornography, Armenian torture, Gaol in Arkansas, Unpurged Roger McGough. 2/6



11. Yippee! Famous New Season, parody, Vietnam a real offensive, Braggins, Duff, Rock yokes. 2/6



12. Virginia's M... Chamber, Three colour Buddhist. The divine model.



14. Park's Bourgeois, The Day of the Grouse, Sihanouk, Edward Garp, H Kahn, Propped, Roger. 2/6



13. Another little English gold gatefold, AGT, When Harrods is looted, Beginning of the end. 2/6

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Rush to OZ, 38a Palace Gardens Terrace, London W8.

A full-page view of a blank sheet of graph paper. The grid consists of light gray horizontal and vertical lines forming small squares. There are approximately 20 columns and 15 rows visible. A faint vertical margin line is present on the left side, about one-fifth of the way from the edge.

'If you want to make a revolution first take over the television.'

'If only we had our hands on television we could transform society'

'If THEY didn't have firm control of the BBC and the ITV they wouldn't stay in power another week.'

How true is all that?'

'Television is a revolutionary medium but that doesn't mean that it can be used to transform consciousness within any given society. The attitude of people towards the television medium is inherently revolutionary in the sense that it contains a built-in demand to control that medium but television can only illuminate the information about a society that its inhabitants already possess in general terms.

Most public discussion about television programmes isn't fundamentally discussion about quality—it is argument about what ought and ought not to be shown.

If you don't like a book you take it back to the library; if you don't like a play or a film you walk out; if you don't like a newspaper you change to another one. If you hate a television programme you complain to the relevant authorities and ask them to take it off. In every television viewer, and I don't believe there are really any exceptions to this, there is a thwarted programme controller.

In other words with television as with no other medium, there is an automatic demand on the part of the recipients to exercise control.

'At the same time there is an automatic simultaneous demand on the part of the authorities to exercise control. Both government and viewer share the identical underlying supposition: that to communicate pictures to half the population is to be able to mould society. Every individual viewer knows of certain things that he doesn't want his fellow citizens to hear or believe for fear that this will ultimately alter the way society operates; every government fears that its functions will be, in some mysterious way, usurped or its own political structure altered or disrupted, if certain categories of ideas and information circulate on the enormous scale on which the television medium operates. In other words both series of pressures upon television are pressures towards **censorship and self-censorship**: all discussion hitherto conducted about the organisation of the medium of television has been discussion about

ways to tie it up, to prevent it realising its believed potential. But there is in fact no reason to accept that it has any such potential, any power to influence people much beyond the point they've already reached.

Of course television has never operated outside conditions of thorough control of one sort or another in any part of the world; there's no way to test this argument.

But there are certain things we do know. If you use television consistently as a means of lying and distortion you create a situation in which the medium as a whole is disbelieved. The greater the degree of control by government and party over television in, say, the Soviet Union or pre-Dubcek Czechoslovakia, the lower the level of public credence. The same really goes for France.

If Brezhnev himself took control of Czech television and changed all the personnel to suit his own ends (as he might well do) he wouldn't succeed in persuading a significant proportion of the Czechs that the Russian troops moved in to stop a counter-revolution. He might terrorise them simultaneously into signing pieces of paper to that effect but no matter what proofs he might present, if his message failed to match the actual experience of the people watching he would fail to convince them.

'Television operates within the area of accepted consciousness. Governments in insist on keeping tabs on it in one way or another 'to keep it out of irresponsible hands' but although television can be used to make the gentle shifts in public opinion necessary to shift Douglas-Horne for Wilson or Wilson for Heath no set of hands, however 'irresponsible' could use the medium to shift the system of government out of existence.



But there is still this inherently democratic demand by the viewer to take charge of himself. What about that?

Television seems to bring out the authoritarian in people, whatever their alleged views on politics in general. It has the power to accelerate changes in ideas and tastes—but the kind of influence it wields in this field is more apparent than real; a social change engineered by a spate of programmes is apt to evaporate overnight when something else comes along—unless there is a real basis for that change existing quite independently of television.

The point is that the revolutionary element in the nature of television occurs in the instances when it makes the unconscious feelings of masses of people conscious and explicit, when something hits the screen that people already know but didn't realise could be openly stated. Recently you had in Britain a programme that went fairly thoroughly into the question of the behaviour of the police towards black immigrants; previously no-one on a really public medium had drawn attention to a widespread phenomenon of maltreatment. After the programme many papers said the 'police had won' and the usual liberal elements contended that the 'police had lost' and it was left at that; but no-one troubled to find out what had happened to the consciousness of immigrants themselves after the programme. For the first time something that related peculiarly to their experience was dragged into the open and turned into a fixed point of public discussion, known about, argued about. For them the television programme had of course changed nothing at all as far as their physical well-being was concerned, but it had subtly altered an aspect of their identity as a group within British society.

Television could build upon the desire of the viewer to take charge of it; it has a strange power to take what an individual or a small group realise is happening to them or within them and generalise upon it with an entire society looking on. The problem is how the viewer, on one level participating less in regard to this medium than in the case of any other, thrusts his private or unconscious realisations towards the people who fill the screens. How does the television medium scramble out of the bonds with which the authorities and the viewers continually leash it up and realise a series of potentials that would be profoundly revolutionary?

I don't know. Perhaps you have to have the revolution first.

BARRICADES AROUND THE SMALL SCREEN

MR RIPPER

You thousands of Underground children who will queue up all night in the cold and pay ludicrous prices to squat on a concrete floor and worship a fashionable, imported pop group, with your vision obscured by a plethora of tv cameras should remember that Her Majesty's Courts provide regularly, free of charge, spectacles of even greater absurdity and entertainment.

One memorable judicial 'happening' was the trial of Michael X at Reading (see OZ No 7) and another was the recent prosecution of Bill Butler in a Brighton 'part-time' Magistrates court.

On August 29, Butler was convicted by a car salesman, a Labour Exchange manager (retired) and an auctioneer's wife for selling obscene prose and poetry, and fined £230 plus 180 guineas costs. When passing judgement, the Chief Magistrate, Mr ('laughing Jack') Ripper commented:

'May I say how appalled my Colleagues and I have been at the filth that has been produced at this Court, and at the fact that responsible people including members of the university faculty have come here to defend it. It is something which is completely indefensible from our point of view. We hope that these remarks will be conveyed to the university authorities. As far as the book Poems by John Giorno, this is the most filthy book I have ever had to read.'

At one stage during the proceedings, Bill Butler was asked by the Prosecution, who hoped to embarrass him, to read aloud from that book of poems by the filthy John Giorno. Butler did so—with a rich, resonant bellow that delighted the gallery, discomfited the Prosecutor and educated the Bench. Another highlight was when the exasperated Prosecutor (Mr Michael Worsley) asked Butler: 'But why do people read such poems?'

'Because', answered Butler wearily, 'poetry is one of the few things left that makes life worth living anymore'.

'Fucknam' by Tuli Kupferberg, a Fug, was one of the items condemned. As the Defence pointed out, it was ironic that this was considered to be dirty, when the butt of its satire, Vietnam, is in reality a far greater and crueller obscenity.

The most comic moments in court were, as usual, provided by the police. One item confiscated was an issue of a New Underground tabloid, 'East Village Other'. The front page pictured a scattering of numbered dots and the headline read something like 'You will be arrested if you join these dots'. The exhibit was tendered with the dots joined. But it was admitted by the Crown that the dots had not been joined by the Defendant. So who had completed the dirty picture? 'Er... we did' muttered the embarrassed assembly of plain-clothesmen. (They were not arrested.)

3,000 copies of OZ and some issues of IT were also seized by police at the time of the raid. Although these had been dropped from this prosecution it was clearly hinted at in Court that separate

action may follow against the publishers. We cannot give official opinion on the verdict, because Butler has decided to Appeal and OZ does not possess the immunity of 'The Times' from *sub judice* proceedings. However, know your enemy. We offer a condensation of the Prosecutor's final address to the Bench. It also should be pointed out that almost all of the iniquitous items are available in London bookshops or were at the time of publication. One final sadness; none of the publishers of the works prosecuted (eg. Corgi, and New English Library) offered any assistance to Butler. Evergreen Review didn't even bother to answer Butler's letters.

Extracts from Mr Michael Worsley's closing speech:

Thirdly I would like to say a word about the defences expert witnesses. I have not called any expert evidence to rebut it and I take full responsibility for this decision. The reason for this is because I rely on your examination (he is referring to the Magistrates) of the works themselves to rebut the defence of public good. It is obvious that these books are obscene and it would not be in the public good for them to be published. The Court is perfectly open not to accept the Defendants experts. I concede that not every page of every work is obscene. One would have different views about whether it is good or bad and this is not a question of whether this is disgusting but whether it is obscene. I rely on this Court knowing a dirty book when they see one despite all the expert evidence and all the high-sounding language which was used.

Fourthly I should now like to say a word briefly about each of the witnesses in turn. First the Defendant Butler he has given his opinion about particular works, for example the pornographic poem. This is unmitigated filth, but Butler said and others said that it had literary merit. Whether Butler is sincere or not I believe he may be, and he may have devoted his life to literature or not, but anyone capable of saying that this poem is of literary merit shows that you cannot rely on their evidence. You have seen this poem. I wonder what this country is coming to, if we can say that this sort of filth has literary merit and should be published in the public interest.

As to Mrs Anne Graham-Bell, she is a lady, if I may say so, of the utmost respectability and honesty. She told us that this material would help publishers, but this of course is irrelevant as we are only concerned with the publication

which was intended under these circumstances. As to the extract from The Story of O in Evergreen 31 she disclaimed any desire to deal with this which shows clear evidence of bias. She thought that once a person became an adult they could not be corrupted, this is of course wrong as you (the Magistrates) well know. She is not to know the evil to which these sort of things lead.

As to Mr Mottram, he said that the 'pornographic poem' had literary merit. The Defence did not even admit that certain passages were disgusting and obscene they tried to defend everything, even this poem. Mr Mottram is a moral tutor of students, yet he said that if his students could only find sexual fulfilment through sadistic perversion it would be a good thing for them.

Objection by Defence

This was a completely hypothetical point and indeed a silly hypothesis. It was my recollection that Mr Mottram said if they did that and nothing else and if this was the only way they could fulfil themselves there being no other way then it would be a good thing, this changes the context of the remark and, therefore, the shades of meaning given to it.

(There seemed to be some dispute between the notes on evidence taken by the Prosecution and the Defence as to precisely what Mr Mottram did say).

Worsley continuing.

Reference was made to the judgement of Mr Justice Stable in the case of *Secker v Warburg* about the standards of our time. I should like to point out that the material in that case was concerned with a natural love between man and woman not with buggery, sadism, orgies etc. Mr Justice Stable does not countenance or approve the kind of practices concerned here. In many cases he has shown his extreme distaste, dislike and disgust for buggery.

As to Section 4 (1) (objects of general concern) which includes political objects for example Vietnam—if one has compassion one does not need to hold the heads of the readers over the muck-heap to express it. This does not drive a decent man to filth.

I rely on you (the Justices) knowing a dirty book when you see one. I would only repeat that you know a dirty book when you see one.



S DIRTY BOOKS



obscene... it's official !!

Hunk's Journal
Hitler Painted Red
Poems by Bill Beemer
Poems by John Giorno
Ritual
Say My Name by Gibson
I Want to Fuck Ronald Reagan by J G Ballard
Cuddons No 11 (with 'Fucknam' by Tuli Kupferberg)
Grist
Kulchur No 9 (with 'Toilet' by Le Roy Jones) No 16
No 19 (with 'Yoga Exercises' by Tom Veith)
Best of Olympia
East Village Other
The Last Times (contains Plymel)
The Seed
Evergreen Review: No 15; No 16 ('Justine' by de Sade);
No 27 (Robert Ce Soir);
No 31 (Lovers of Roissy from 'The Story of O' by Pauline Reage);
No 34 (Last Exit to Brooklyn);
No 35 (Pinktoes); No 36 ('Justine' by de Sade)
and Nos 38, 40, 41, 43-50.

G. METSON

A TURNING ON TO THE DIVINE GAME...

The following text is an interview between a group of people, which included children, and Dr Allan Cohen, Counselling Psychologist at the University of California. He was a colleague of Dr Timothy Leary and Dr Richard Alpert during early researches into LSD and similar drugs. His disillusionment with chemicals as a means to consciousness enhancement brought him to Meher Baba who says that true self-knowledge can only be gained through a natural process of evolving and unfolding consciousness. Dr Cohen was recently in London to give a series of lectures.

Q: Meher Baba says that everything is nothing. God is the only reality and that he says to give up drugs. Why should you give up drugs if they aren't real? It's just like a dream you know. You just dream about taking drugs. Like I dream about living. So why give up drugs at all?

AC: In a dream many things can happen. Some of the events that occur in a dream make me dream more deeply, other events in a dream can help you wake up! If you take as the assumption, as Baba does, that the purpose of life is to fully wake up to who you really are, to Infinite God, then there are certain things that help; certain things that hinder. Though all these things are illusory. For example, you could take drugs in a dream! And taking drugs in dreams gets you stoned, and gets you high, and you would perhaps be more complacent, perhaps satisfied in the dream to continue dreaming. In one sense you might do something difficult in your dream that might cause a small nightmare, and that small nightmare might be enough to get you to ask the question; can I wake up? And how can I wake up? Baba is simply saying about drugs, and he says this specifically, that if drugs are a dream into a dream, an extension of illusion, and that taking that dream into a dream as reality is as he says, like taking a mirage to water, and if the purpose of life is to drink of that self knowledge then taking drugs can harm one to waking up.

Many people who have turned off drugs and moved on to mysticism are the real revolutionaries. They aim at more than change in local policy or revisions in the structure of the national government—they seek a revolution in the nature of man and seek to start with themselves. For many reasons outlined by Meher Baba as well as common sense, 'turning on' keeps you from permanent internal revolution. The perfect men have really changed the world—Buddha and Jesus had neither armies nor thrones. The real revolution is of that consciousness which none can control but yourself and which can even transcend the possibility of frustration. No matter how politically involved you might be, your first objective is to cool your own head, that with advanced love, consciousness and intuition, you might know exactly what to do to get where you know you want to be.

Q: I hear Baba calls himself God. If one man calls himself God, how do you know that he is God?

AC: What else can he call himself when he is God? He says there is nothing but God. He not only says he is God, he says that ALL are God in varying degrees of consciousness. We are not conscious of our Godhood, and continue to experience the duality of illusion. He has the full consciousness and continuous experience of Godhood, and the authority to say: 'I am God!' He says that he is God in human form, the Avatar, the Ancient One who has come to redeem the modern world.

Q: What's to stop me going out in the street, going up to someone and saying, 'I AM GOD'? Turning a lot of people on to the fact that I am God.

AC: Besides bad Karma, you would have to HAVE those qualities which would shake the world.

Q: If Baba says God is in everyone, why should I bother with Baba? Why can't I look towards myself and find the God within me.

AC: Because you wouldn't know yourself if you saw it. Because we are not sufficiently conscious, we don't know who our Real Self is. That's precisely the reason why we can't follow it. And that's precisely the reason why we need a master who embodies our Real Selves in a way we can relate to It. In a way that will not fool us or let us down. When one follows his or her ego one is subject to all kinds of illusions and delusions because the ego is NOT the Real Self, and only the Master really knows what experiences one needs to get out of the illusion of self and find one's Real Self. Baba says I AM YOUR REAL SELF. And of course, that he loves you more than you could ever love yourself. Because, you don't know how to love yourself, he does. So it is absolutely essential, that at some stage of the spiritual path for everyone to



get hooked up with a perfect Master. Or to get hooked up with one's REAL SELF.

Q: If Baba is in silence, why does he write so many books and give so many explanations?

AC: Well Baba does say that he's keeping silent this time because for one thing man has had enough words! And its now time to live them. He's also in silence because it has great mystical significance. But about the books, he said that these are books only the words written to satisfy the intellect, the convulsions of mans' mind and intellect. Words are a signpost. At least it points the way to non reading.

Q: If one gets involved with Baba should one drop ones present religion or beliefs, like Christianity or Yoga etc?

AC: Baba says it's not necessary to leave one's religion. He belongs to no religion, in fact he intends to draw them altogether like beads on one string. If you follow Baba then you are a real Christian. Or you are a real Buddhist, because after all you are following Christ or the Buddha in Baba. Furthermore, every religion was based at least on a Perfect Master. Perfect Masters are the same consciousness as is Baba. However Baba does say that concentration on him is the perfect way. Looking into a whole lot of other methods might impede one, so it's best to concentrate one's energy on one source. On one Master.

Q: What are Baba's attitudes on sex and marriage?

AC: Well, Baba says that sex is the major duality of experience. The biggest one. In effect, the experience of being a man or a woman is the most powerful pull towards the illusion of duality. The most obvious crystallisation of that duality is in the physical form. It is trapped in a physical form in our identification as either a man or a woman, which really grabs our consciousness. When all other things can be wiped away we are all still pretty much attached to that kind of distinction. Baba says that because we are attached to the distinction we are unconsciously seeking to unite with the opposite, to become one, which is all motivation is anyway. Thus, the whole business of sex is to get the apparently male, and apparently female regions of consciousness together. Now, the question is, how do they get together? It depends on the part of illusion that one identifies with. If for example one is identifying totally with physical body, then the question of lust crops up. Apparently to get together just physically, well, it doesn't work, just on that level because it intensifies the separateness of the opposite partners. And it makes one acutely aware of missing them if they are not there in their physical body. If greed and jealousy appear we are still I and YOU, and the problem of getting together has not been fulfilled either. Another step up is getting together of the mind, the mental body. Then, possessiveness and lust leave. They cannot be conditions of a mental affiliation. Physical gratification can also not be a limitation to that kind of Love. And that kind is when the person really would like the happiness of the other no matter what. That's a very high form of attraction. That's where the duality starts to break down, because then I am with you wherever you are, and whatever you are doing, and the togetherness is much greater. But that then, is STILL limited because of I love you. The origin of the sex drive is divine Love, where really the two elements Unite into Oneness. This can happen in a pure consciousness, where the drive is not attached to the body, the emotions or the mind. Baba says the value of a really deep and sustained male female relationship is to bring out all the deepest part of the ego, which has to be transcended.

Q: We were talking about the drive towards One-ness and so on, and the channels to take, but will we, or do you think it possible that evolution will eventually lead us all to God realisation? Like soon, we may be able to communicate telepathically, breaking down some barriers of separateness surely. Does Baba say that we will eventually stop reincarnating, all of us, and God reign only. Or do you always have to involve?

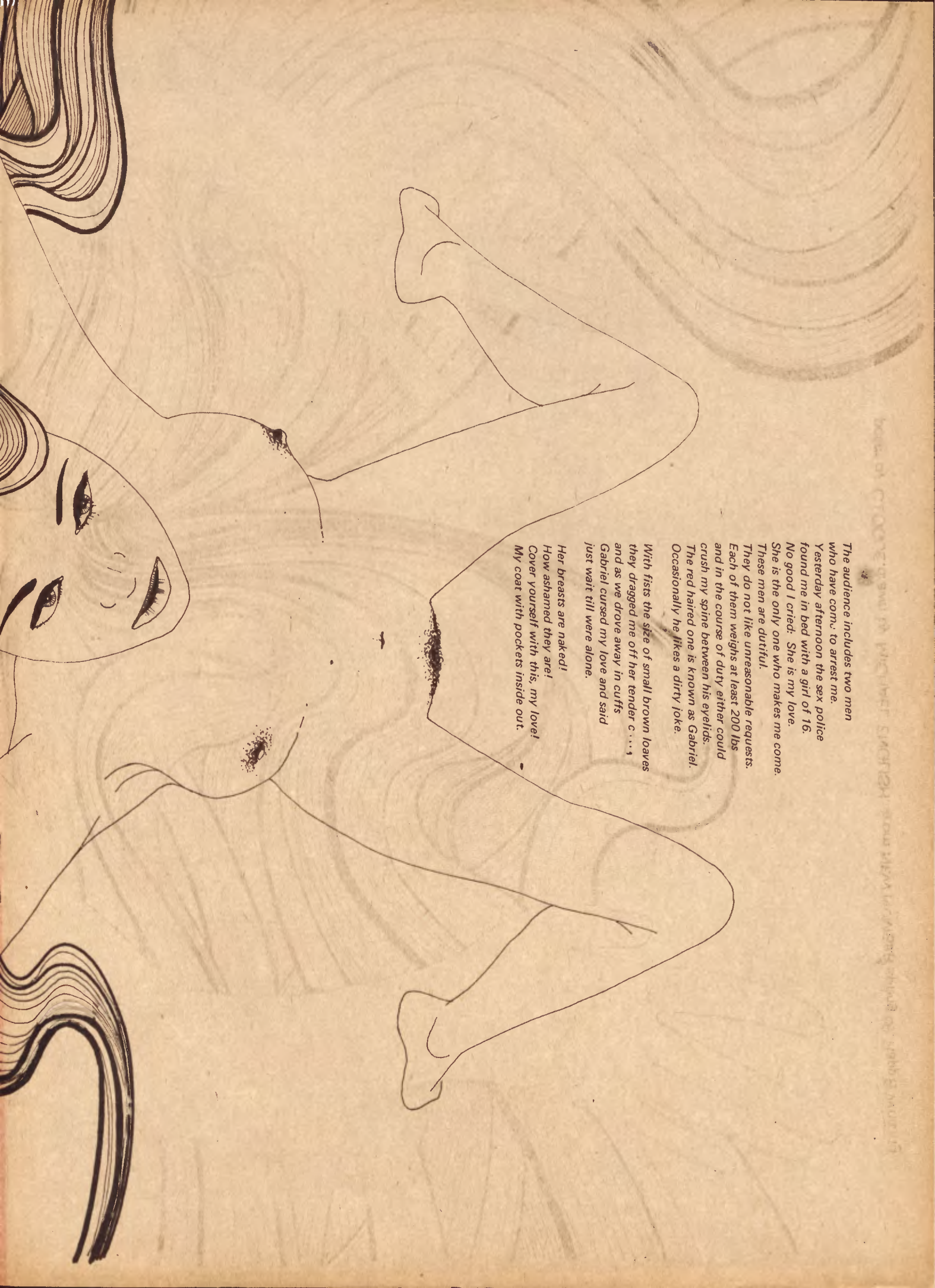
AC: The way Baba talks about it is that evolution is really cyclical that spiritual progress is obviously easier in certain ages. Like it's going to be a heck of a lot easier for all the people around after Baba speaks! That does not violate any of the individual Karma. For example, some cat that might really be zonked by the next Avatar in the Avataric age, seven hundred years from now, might today be a dog.

Mike McKinnery.

For more information on universal love, it's mystical and real meanings, The mechanics of the universe, the perception of illusion, the understanding of true self-knowledge, write to:-
The Universal Spiritual League, 87 Wardour Street, London W1.

poem by C.LOGUE. drawn by MICHAEL ENGLISH. from NEW NUMBER 69. Rapp & Whiting.





BOOK OF CLOUTIER DRAWN BY MICHAEL SANTIAGO AND HELEN LUTHERBY SHOWN BY GABRIEL NAUPE IN

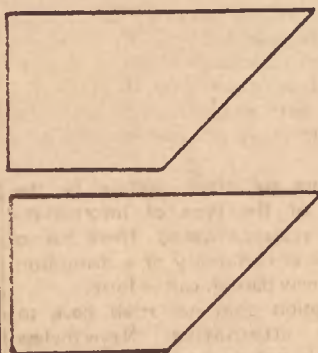
The audience includes two men
who have come to arrest me.
Yesterday afternoon the sex police
found me in bed with a girl of 16.
No good I cried: She is my love.
She is the only one who makes me come.
These men are dutiful.
They do not like unreasonable requests.
Each of them weighs at least 200 lbs
and in the course of duty either could
crush my spine between his eyelids.
The red haired one is known as Gabriel.
Occasionally he likes a dirty joke.

With fists the size of small brown loaves
they dragged me off her tender c...
and as we drove away in cuffs
Gabriel cursed my love and said
just wait till we're alone.

Her breasts are naked!
How ashamed they are!
Cover yourself with this, my love!
My coat with pockets inside out.

continuity & discontinuity

Edward de Bono. ©



a

The two shapes shown above would be made out of thin plastic. The idea is to put them together to form a single shape that could be described accurately to someone who could not see what was being done. Almost everyone arranges the two shapes to form the rectangle shown below. This arrangement is either described simply as a rectangle or else as a rectangle that is three times as long as it is broad.

pic B.

A third piece is now added and as before the aim is to arrange all three pieces to give a shape that is easy to describe. Many people have quite a lot of difficulty over this but eventually (with annoyance at their slowness) reach the solution shown below. Other people reach this solution at once. Again this shape is described as a rectangle or as a rectangle that is four times as long as it is broad.

Pic C.

Two further pieces are added and the task is to arrange all five pieces to give a shape simple enough to describe. Most people become completely stuck at this stage. They think for a bit and then set off with a rush only to end up with disappointment at one or other of the shapes shown below. One of these is incomplete since a piece is left out and the other is not simple enough to be described comfortably. Many people give up and declare that it cannot be done.

Pic D.

And yet the answer is extraordinarily simple. A complete correct sequence is

Pic E.

The difficulty is that at the second stage the longer rectangle is indeed the most logical development from the shorter rectangle but use of this longer rectangle makes the third stage inaccessible. If, however, the square had been chosen at the second stage then the third stage follows easily since it just involves making the square bigger.

The plastic pieces provide a simple and visual model of a self-maximising system. At each stage the available pieces are put together to give the best possible arrangement. Unfortunately the system has continuity so the arrangement may not be the best possible pure arrangement of pieces but the best one that follows on from a previous arrangement. The rectangle was the best arrangement at the first stage. At the second stage the longer rectangle was the best arrangement given the preceding shorter rectangle. Yet at the second stage the square was obviously the best pure arrangement.

In order to reach the solution one would have to disrupt the continuity. One would have to refuse to be blocked by the adequate. One would accept the rectangle as perfectly adequate but would go on to discover alternative arrangements such as the square.

The pieces of plastic may be considered as pieces of information and the passive self-maximising system as a model of the information processing system of the brain. Traditionally information processing in the brain has always been regarded as a physical process analogous to the way a man might build a house by choice of units and choice of their distribution and relationships.

A computer is an example of a physical information processing system. In a physical system everything is at rest or in uniform motion in the same straight line unless acted upon by some force. In a biological system nothing is at rest unless so constrained by opposing tendencies.

The principles of biological information processing are fundamentally different from those of physical information

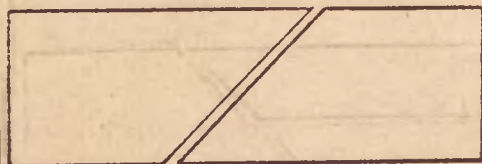
processing. In spite of the traditional view it seems very likely that the brain is not a physical information processing type of system but a biological type.

A physical type of system involves a processor and what is processed. The processor actively works on the material that is to be processed. A biological system is passive and self-organising. The material processes itself. The physical system works by choice within a frame of reference and requires some way of rejecting what does not fit. The biological system works by random generation followed by survival through natural dominance. There are many other points of distinction.

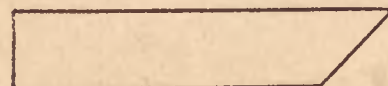
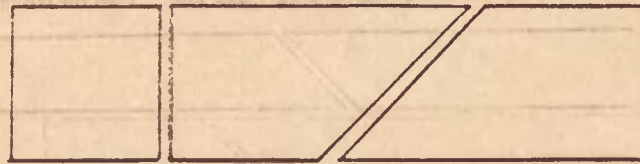
Perhaps the simplest difference to remember is that in a physical system one is not allowed to be wrong at any stage whereas in a biological system it may be necessary to be wrong at some stage.

There is a story about the man who asked a large cigarette manufacturer if he could have the contract for sweeping the floor in their factories. He was given the contract on condition that the waste tobacco was not used in any form which might compete with the firms products. Nevertheless the man made a fortune. No one knew how he had done it. In the end he disclosed that all he had done was to collect the waste tobacco and then dump it out at sea beyond the three mile limit and claim repayment of the duty. So strong is the continuity from the idea of tobacco to its usage that few people guess how the man made his fortune.

Words and categories tend to magnify this inherent defect of the information processing system since they freeze development at one stage. They imply that future arrangements can only be arrangements of these earlier stages rather than a complete disruption with proper reformation of patterns. It is as if in the arrangement of the plastic pieces the rectangle was given a special name and all future arrangements were supposed to be based on this rectangle. This is in fact exactly how many people do tackle the problem.



b



c

There is a great hunger for hard words, fixed categories and rigid definitions. Most people feel a need for something tangible to build with and to build upon. Useful as this tendency may be in matters of technological development this use of hard words nearly always leads to philosophical word games which are fun to play but as important as nuns' knitting. A caricature of this use of hard words is shown in the supposedly true story of the bank which employed a large computer to work out what characteristics would define the best credit risks among its customers. All sorts of information on each customer was fed in. At the end the computer gave the unexpected answer that the most dependable indication of credit worthiness was being out of a job. The best credit risks were the unemployed! It is easy to see what had happened.

It is not a matter of rejecting the hard use of words as being harmful outside technology. It is not a matter of fleeing from the Western habit of pigeon-hole polarisation to the complete Eastern fluidity and rejection of categorisation. It is a matter of using words not as definitions but as triggers. These are soft words. A soft word is a word that triggers off the appropriate response or image. The function of a word is given by its effect not its history. At one moment it may mean something to someone, at another moment something else to someone else. But words can only be used in this fashion if people have had the necessary experience so that the word can trigger off a ready made reaction just as a code number may conjure forth a complete book from the library. Psychology is perhaps the easiest of all fields in which to wallow around in self-justifying word games. Instead of borrowing the idiom of such word games one could perhaps develop a direct awareness of the fascinating processes that happen with the type of information processing system we call mind. Such an awareness leads to the emergence of a much more useful idiom. **Wordless involvement of the mind as in the problem at the beginning of the article can be more use than the confused and**

limited gyrations of verbal analysis..

When 'The Five-Day Course in Thinking' was published in America it was interesting that some of the keenest interest was from computer people even though the book stresses the need for discontinuity and the limitations of logical sequence. The interest may have been due to the design of the book not as an attempt to teach anything but as an opportunity for the reader to develop an awareness of the fascinating processes that make up his own individual style of thinking. And in that awareness the computer people are as interested as creative people.

The problems are certainly trivial in the book. But then there is no special switch which changes the system in the brain depending on whether one is dealing with trivial problems or earth shaking ones. It is the triviality of the problem which shows up the nature of the system so clearly. And an understanding of the nature of the system may be far more important than an understanding of the more serious problems since very often these problems are the direct result of the faults of the system. For instance there is a point in the book where philosophical speculation would pronounce a problem to be insoluble and yet the solution is simple in practice. This shows up the limitations of pure detached thinking and the dangers of word-games.

Humour may well be the most significant phenomenon of the mind since it indicates the nature of the system better than does anything else. Humour and the related insight both show how the system is capable of suddenly switching over to a new arrangement of information. A computer is not capable of this sort of behaviour since it operates in a linear fashion which means that at any moment there is only one possible arrangement of information according to the programmed instructions.

There may not be a reason for saying something until after it has been said. Usually a point arises from a context but sometimes the point has to come first and then the context will follow.

It may be necessary to be at the top of the mountain in order to find the best way up. It is usual to move only if there is a direction but sometimes it may be necessary to move in order to generate a direction.

These things are made essential by the behaviour of the type of information processing system involved. There has to be a break in continuity or a disruption before the new pattern can re-form.

The disruption does not itself have to offer an alternative. Nevertheless disruption is not an end in itself but a stage in the development of the new order. For that reason methods of disruption are useless if they impair the faculty for recognising the re-formed pattern even as it snaps together.

It may be wondered what there is to be gained by an awareness of the workings of the information processing system of the mind other than an opportunity to construct new word games. It may be mistakenly assumed that self-awareness is but another name for self-consciousness and the rigidity of pseudo-complete analysis.

Apart from the fascination of the process and an acknowledgement of the limitations of the system it is possible to be specific enough to show that there is an important functional word which is missing from every language. In its function the word is as fundamental as the negative which is the basis of the arbitrary and useful yes/no system. The use of this new word could make a difference both to thinking and to behaviour. There is nothing magical about the word which is a practical logarithm. But to gain any acceptance the word would have to emerge into a setting that had some awareness of the thinking behaviour of the mind.

d

For instance if you were asked to divide each of the three shapes shown below into two halves which were equal in size shape and area, how would you do it? More important than just working it out could be an appreciation of why it should be difficult.

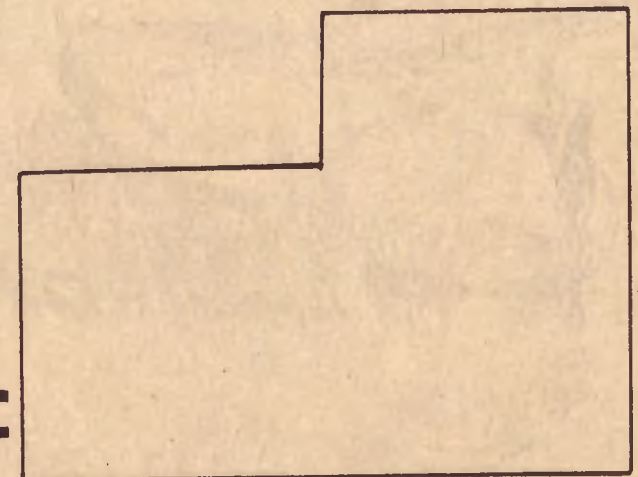
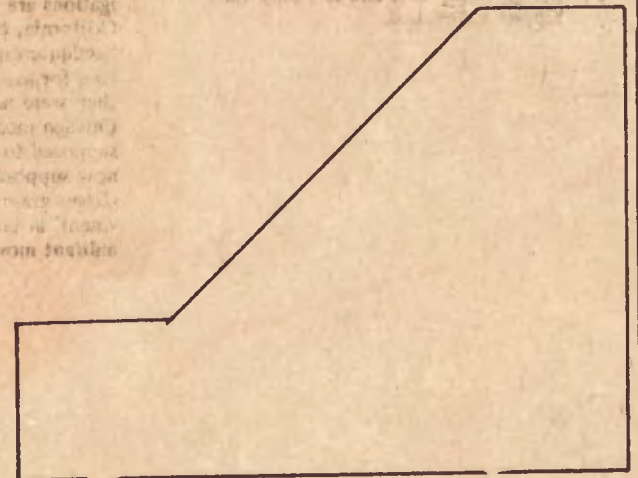
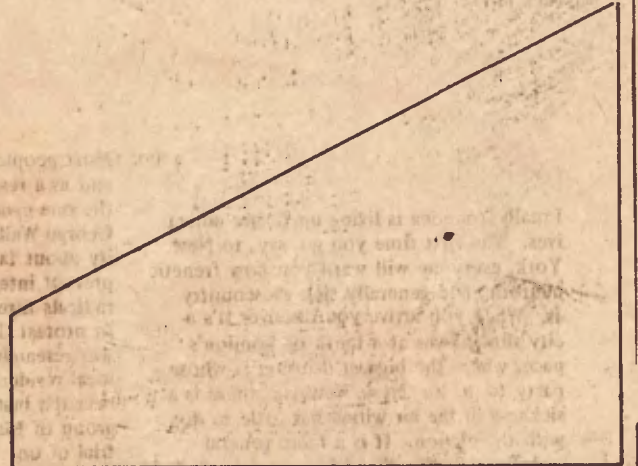
What does one know of the mad mud of mind?

Pic.F.

The Use of Lateral Thinking, Jonathan Cape 1967. 18s.

The Five-Day Course in Thinking, Allen Lane the Penguin Press, October 22nd, 1968. 25s.

Edward De Bono, c. 1968.



e

f

The State of American protest

by Peter Buckman who has just come back alive.

Finally America is living up to her adjectives. The first time you go, say, to New York, everyone will warn you how frenetic, neurotic, and generally sick the country is. When you arrive you discover it's a city that moves at a tenth of London's pace, where the biggest decision is whose party to go to. Now, however, there is a sickness in the air which has little to do with the election. It is a more general malaise, a feeling that life cannot be coped with, that has spread amongst the Right as well as the Left and left only the Yippies untouched.

Most people can't see what's going on, and as a result, 20 million may support the one candidate who tells it like it is: George Wallace. He can talk with impunity about taking over Southern schools to prevent integration, but when Columbia radicals threaten to take over their schools to protest the university's involvement with war research, and its policy of evicting local residents to make room for more research institutes, they get busted. A group of Black Panthers attending the trial of one of their brothers were set upon inside the Courthouse and beaten up by 150 cops in ordinary clothes. Investigations are 'proceeding'. In Oakland, California, two cops shot up the Panther headquarters, and were dismissed and face trial for assault, but that was because they were in uniform. Two months after Chicago most of those people who were supposed to be so outraged by Daley's pigs now support the repression. The FBI alleges grave communist and 'foreign involvement' in both the student and black militant movements. Berkeley was declared

a 'state of civil disaster' after a group called the Up Against the Wall/Mother-fuckers shot at some cops from the centre of a crowd. It is small wonder the Left are making preparations for long exile, for even that will make the bad old McCarthy days seem like a childish dream.

Faced with all this the Left is in bad shape. For one thing it is so fragmented no dialogue is possible between liberals and radicals, let alone Trotskyites and Maoists, young and old, or black and white. Much worse is the gap between rhetoric and reality. The Panthers, led by Eldridge Cleaver (now the Huey Newton is to be jailed) ask for nothing but guns, seeing themselves as a 'black colony within the white mother-country' ripe for liberation. But they also expect genocide. If a colony like Santo Domingo is invaded by US Marines the moment it looks as if a legally-elected anti-American administration is taking power, how much worse will a colony within American borders fare? Tom Hayden, ex-SDS president, one of the organisers of the Chicago demonstration, talks of '2,3, 100 Chicagos' to disrupt the electoral campaign. He will be successful, but the effect will be to bolster Nixon and the forces of the Right. The Columbia SDS talk of carrying the struggle to the working-class, but when they try to arise only the local residents they are met with apathy. Though European, and a few American radicals persist in thinking the revolution is round the corner because of the economic and social situation, it cannot be while the Left finds itself isolated, divided, and more than ever remote from the rest of the community.

The most depressing thing is that the most political protesters, those most articulate and sophisticated in their theorising, have the least to show and the smallest following. Tom Hayden and Carl Oglesby are respected, but few are persuad-

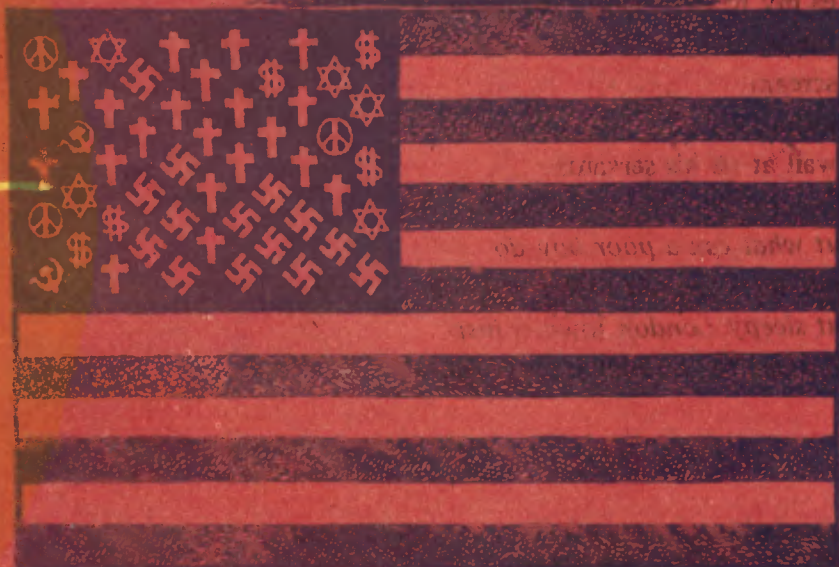


ed to act on their philosophy, which is to know your enemy—the whole capitalist system—and fight it wherever you can so that groups may be free to 'discover a sense of their own authority and power'. This unfortunately degenerates into isolated incidents of violence whose significance is unclear and whose success so temporary the public is totally alienated. The radicals, moreover, are fatally split between those who believe in the necessity for planning and those who rely on spontaneity. The planners place great emphasis on strategy so that each action is successful in its limited objectives. The spontaneity people believe in 'exemplary action', in an act so daring it galvanises people to do their own thing. That this has had some success—in Berkeley and Columbia, not to mention Paris—has encouraged its supporters to hope for too much from it. No reliance can be placed on the 'masses' to support a revolutionary action if they're getting what they want from the system.

One big claim of the radicals is that their action in Chicago and elsewhere 'polarised' the apathetic and showed the system up for what it was. Fine, but that isn't worth the sacrifice if the effect on the system is negligible, or if all that those fired up by so much brutality are allowed to do is go out and get beaten bloody once again. In an International Revolutionary Students' Conference held recently at Columbia the Germans explained that had spent masses of time discussing theory before acting, so that when the time came everyone would understand what they were doing. No one, it seems, in the American New Left has time for such things.

In this context the only people whose 'exemplary actions' make any sense are the Yippies. They at least bridge the communication gap between theory and action by their life-style, and they are most serious about making people realise how ridiculous the whole thing is. Their throwing of dollar bills from the gallery of the New York Stock Exchange is well-known, as well as their incredibly brave but not remarkably successful actions in Chicago. At least they got good advice: 'Don't call a cop a Nazi pig,' said Abbie Hoffman, 'all he'll do is beat his chest with pride. Call him a sissy nigger-loving Commie fag Jew-bastard. Then he might think you're getting at him.'

The Yippies have ruined the dignity of the Officers Training Corps by miming the drill-routines alongside the cadets, and more recently sent up the sacred House Un-American Activities Committee by appearing before it dressed as witches and casting spells. Most of all they fearlessly live by the do-your-thing-or-fuck-you philosophy that is the only one enjoying a following outside the student body. Young workers see the Yippies having a good time and begin to wonder where it's at. Young radicals are encouraged not to take things too seriously. The trouble is the situation is so serious that when the repression comes—soon—the Yippies will be the first victims. Things will get worse.



R&COBB

STREET FIGHTING MAN

Everywhere I hear the sound
of marching charging people,
For summer's here and the time is right
for fighting in the street . . . boy.

But what can a poor boy do
'cept the same old rock roll thing,
But sleepy London town is just
No place for a street fighting man.

Yes I think the time is right
for violent revolution,
From where I live the game they play
is compromised solution.

Yes my name is called disturbance
I shout
I scream
I kill a king
I wail at all his servants

But what can a poor boy do
'cept the same old rock roll thing,
But sleepy London town is just
No place for a street fighting man.

Approximately transcribed from:
(Street Fighting Man; Jagger, Richards
Essex Music)

There's a tramp sitting on my
doorstep,
Trying to waste his time;
With his mentholated
sandwich,
He's a walking clothesline.
Here comes the Bishop's
daughter,
On the other side;
She looks a trifle jealous,
She's been an outcast all
her life.

The gangster looks so
frightening,
With his luger in his hand;
But when he gets home to his
children,
He's a family man.
But when it comes to the
nitty gritty,
He can shove in his knife;
Yes he really looks quite
religious,
He's been an outlaw all his
life.

Oh the singer he looks angry,
At being brought to the line;
And the bass player he looks
nervous,
About the girls outside;
And the drummer, he's so
shattered,
Trying to keep the time;
The guitar players look
faded,
They've been outcasts all
their lives.

Oh there's 20,000 grandma's
Waving their hankies in the
air;
And burning up their tensions,
Shouting "It's not there."
There's a regiment of soldiers,
Standing looking on;
And the Queen is bravely
shouting,
"What the hell is going on?"
With a blood-curdling
"Tally-ho,"
She charged into the ranks,
And blessed all those
grandma's
Who with their dying
breaths,
Wave "Thanks."

Approximately transcribed from the unreleased
LP, *Beggars Banquet*.

BFI REPORT

Confidential

According to its memorandum of association the British Film Institute (BFI) was established

to encourage the development of the art of the film, to promote its use as a record of contemporary life and manners, to foster study and appreciation of films for television programmes generally, to encourage the best use of television.

It has a board of Governors. All, according to the Articles of Association, appointed by that eminent artist of the film, that astute recorder of contemporary manners, that the connoisseur of film and television, Chancellor of the Exchequer *As a result there is not one member of the board elected by the 80,000 or so members of the BFI.*

Only the Income Tax authorities seem to produce the same sort of helpless rage that the BFI induces in many of those that deal with it. Remember, too, that the BFI gets £300,000 a year from the

Government. Recently Paul Rotha, Tony Richardson, Ken Loach, John Schlesinger, Susannah York and Clive Donner, amongst others, signed a letter to Jennie Lee expressing no-confidence in the Board of Governors. Derek Hill (Short Film Service and New Cinema Club) has waged a campaign against the BFI—particularly over the short film issue. At the last AGM some members went along to try and do something about the Board of Governors. They thought that the provision of the Articles of Association about each member having one vote meant something. They soon learnt the dreadful truth about the omnipotent Chancellor. Oz has been given a mass of facts and complaints about the BFI. Some proved inaccurate when we checked them, others are reproduced below: Stanley Reed, the director of

the BFI, is a good press relations man. Flushed with his success in this field, and the associated one of subsidy-gathering, he has now set his sights at turning the BFI into the Rank Organisation of 16mm. Reed's response to all criticisms is a shrug of contempt and the reply that the only thing wrong with the BFI is its lack of money.

Look at some of its departments. 1. British Film Institute Production Fund:

In 1951 the film industry gave the Experimental Film Fund £5,000. Over the next nine years it got about £40,000. Out of this came four or five Free Cinema movies (though Every Day Except Christmas and We Are The Lambeth Boys, are Ford-financed). Almost all the fund's films were mediocre or bad. The shows scarcely attended, press comment transparently 'kind', the films wretchedly distributed. Several have never had a booking. Even more startling: of every six projects to which money was given, only one was ever completed.

The Committee administering the fund consisted of an 'inner' committee, empowered to award up to £100 without formality, and a full Committee meeting twice a year. This included such avant-garde minds as Sir Arthur Elton, an aged documentarist, Basil Wright another aged documentarist, Lord Bradbourne, producer of *In Which We Serve*. The Fund's chairman was Sir Michael Balcon who once told Ken Tynan he could never bring himself to make a film which criticised British institutions such as the army. Neither Elton nor Wright has made a film that wasn't subsidised by government or big business in their lives.

The only passionately concerned committee member was Karl Reisz, who doesn't like anything that's not in the spiritual tradition of Free Cinema i.e. socially conscious left-wing and

tormented by confusion.

Fund footage was a standing joke in London laboratories for years before the fund went broke. About two years ago the Fund was reinvigorated, with £5,000, a new name—excluding the word experimental, be it noted, and Bruce Beresford, a young Australian, in a technical-production-liaison post. He is probably the only person in the whole BFI who knows how to put a film together.

Although films have been steadily completed since Beresford's arrival, subsequent distribution of them by the BFI's Philip Strick has been farcical. In one case he sold B S Johnson's film *Your Human Like The Rest Of Them* (winner of the Grand Prix at the Tours Short Film Festival and Melbourne Film Festival) to the BBC for £75. It should have been sold for about £1,000. The story is a standing joke at the BBC. Most of the films remain unsold.

Why doesn't the BFI sack the dud Committee and set up another with a Peter Brook-Ken Tynan-Bruce Beresford-Don Levy-Stephen Dwoskin nucleus, perhaps? The answer is: the BFI is too enmeshed with its Old, old boys...

2. The BFI and Short Films

Short films are demonstrably vital to new talent and to history of the cinema. For years Richard Roud, National Film Theatre (NFT) Programmes Officer, made a policy of making up no programmes of shorts (except the BFI's own, or in response to pressure BFI men Lindgren & Huntley's specialist interest films) and he pointblank refused to help the Short Film Maker's campaign by spotlighting short films.

Just as this campaign was certain to succeed, Reed set up a BFI Short Film Committee. At an NFT Open Discussion on shorts, with Derek Hill, Caroline Heller, John Irvin and others, only one member (Alan Lovell) of that committee turned up. That committee is a face-saving sham, to enable the BFI to pretend to a little credit for a campaign which it dare not support because its governors include representatives from

Rank and the ABC; the campaign was in part directed against these two companies. It cannot be too often repeated: the BFI is not, in fact, an independent body.

3. The BFI and The Industry.

The British film industry does a great deal for the BFI. It helps finance it. It gives the NFT free films. It gets very little for its help, since it could run its own archives, stills service, etc, much more cheaply. Sight & Sound, the BFI publication was at one time so contemptuous of British films that pressure was successfully exerted by one of its industry governors to muffle its criticisms. Another informal regulation forbids the institute to express any definite opinion about censorship. Once again: the BFI is so enmeshed with the old boy net that at every turn this must determine its policies.

4. The BFI as a Competitor.

Derek Hill complains 'No sooner had news of the Short Film Makers' Campaign plans (for a short film festival) been announced than the British Film Institute declared that *they* were putting together... a week of short films at the NFT in August.'

The pattern is quite obvious. Rank and ABC, with their governorships, can dominate the BFI. Reed's empire-building can lead him *only* along a collision course with every other 16mm interest.

It's up to them to put the BFI in its place.

5. the BFI as a Publisher.

During the mid-fifties, BFI Publications put out a scattering of indexes of film directors. Roud's monograph on Max Ophüls sold all of 200 copies in five years. Its subsequent ventures were few, halfhearted and wretched.

It took a younger critic, Peter Cowie, with his Zwemmer/Tantivy paperbacks, to prove that filmbooks could succeed. Hearing that another younger critic Ian Cameron was linking up with Nicholas Luard and Studio-Vista for another series, the BFI decided, not to collaborate, but to provide (government-subsidised) competition. It linked itself with Secker and Warburg.

The BFI is supposed to further film appreciation. Just how it 'furthers' it may be illustrated by two interesting facts. It repeatedly refused to supply a copy of the NFT's mailing list to Studio-Vista, alleging that it was 'out of print'; it was in fact freely circulated in all BFI departments from which Studio-Vista deviously obtained one. It also refused to stock the rival book on Godard, at the NFT festival bookstall, until veiled

threats were uttered.

Once again, the pattern is quite obvious. The BFI will go as far as it dare in obstructing the sales of publications other than its own. How this constitutes 'furthering' film appreciation is hard to see. The issues are exactly those aroused by the BBC's subsidising of the Listener, with the difference that the BBC doesn't try to obstruct sales of the New Statesman.

6. The BFI and Critical Opinion.

In a Sight and Sound Article in 1958, Basil Wright said, 'What we need at this stage is an anarchic paper, run by a group of probably rather scruffy young men between about 17 and 22, who will let off squibs and roman candles and rockets in all directions and generally stir up the whole thing.'

The early Sixties saw three such papers—Movie, Motion and Definition. Did Sight and Sound give them any encouragement? It called Definition (from the London School of Film Technique) 'cultural gauleiters', described Movie as out for kicks from violence, and ignored Motion, which had carefully documented Sight and Sound's attitudes. When the London Film-Makers Co-operative was founded, Sight and Sound went out of its way to delve into the political past of one of its members and libellously misdescribed him as a 'professional witness' for the McCarthy Committee. Sight and Sound also runs the Monthly Film Bulletin and overlaps with the NFT Programmes. It maintains its reputation for 'authoritativeness' by:—

A: Being distributed free to all BFI full members—it automatically increases its circulation by several thousand.

B: All opinions other than its own are either viciously attacked (as above) or ignored. Reference to almost any issue will show reiterated attacks on 'the critics', The NFT programme cite Sight & Sound critics *ad nauseum*, newspaper critics rarely, and other specialist film critics (from Films & Filming, Movie, Film Culture) almost never.

C: The BFI is an important information centre, and never loses an opportunity to find second 'jobs for the boys'—suggesting one another as festival jury members, press critics, etc. The BFI old boys network includes Richard Roud and Peter John Dyer on The Guardian, Tom Milne on The Observer, Penelope Houston on The Spectator (where politically, her heart, if not her head, is) David Robinson on The Financial Times (though capable of an independent line)

and John Russell Taylor on The Times & The Times Literary Supplement.

7. BFI Response to Criticism

One expects a semi-official body to ignore a great deal of criticism, either for its own good reasons, for hidden reasons (e.g. industry pressure and politics), or through simple lethargy. What one doesn't expect is a vindictive, ad hominem response which, without being the rule at the BFI, is all too common. For example:

When an employee of the Central Office of Information (C.O.I.) made a perfectly fair criticism of the BFI in the correspondence columns of a magazine, a BFI Department Head wrote a personal letter to his Head of Department, on the thin pretext that the letter could be taken as the COI's official opinion; the correspondent almost lost his job as a result.

Again, when Films & Filming criticised the recent increase in the price charged by the BFI for stills, the BFI officer responsible wrote to the editor accusing the assistant editor of abusing the BFI's facilities by paying member's price for stills subsequently used for publication. This accusation was not merely false, but, again, libellous. In point of fact, that assistant editor had, over the past ten years, given the BFI stills library many thousands of stills, on condition of retaining free reproduction rights. Once again, the BFI's response to perfectly reasonable criticism could hardly have been more spiteful and ungrateful.

8. BFI Had Faith.

In the last NFT programme Richard Roud claimed that the NFT had pioneered appreciation of the New York underground over here. Perhaps he can explain why, when he was offered 40 hours of New York underground movies in 1966, he turned them down as of no interest? And why in 1967 he said of two movies by Peter Emmanuel Goldman, 'these have little to do with what is generally known as Underground cinema, which is just as well?' And why, when the current underground programme was arranged with the co-operation of the London Film-makers Co-operative, did NFT programmes and press-sheets bear no credit whatsoever to that organisation?

9. Muddle and Apathy.

A: A student at the London School of Film Technique ran a film society which managed to attract, as its special speakers, men of the calibre of Francois Truffaut, Hitchcock, Fritz Lang, Nicholas Ray, etc.

The BFI is in an unparalleled situation to arrange for such events at the NFT. Over the years it has consistently failed to do so. (In this connection it should be noted that the Berkeley and Rouben Mamoulian programmes were part of a 'package' arranged by a New York archive, to tour all European cinematheques, and the NFT's sole initiative in this respect was making its theatre available).

The recent sessions by Peter Ustinov and Don Siegel represent a new initiative, which should be encouraged—it should also be noted that its inauguration is pathetically tardy.

B: The print copies of BFI releases have been a matter for complaint from within and without the Institute for many years—some sequences, in important films, are virtually indecipherable, others wrongly edited. The BFI has a blanket excuse in alleging poor quality of the original archive print. But according to many BFI staff, this poor quality is a fiction, in many cases; the BFI simply releases the cheapest print, indifferent to its quality.

C: The BFI and CBA services have become so bad, with mislaid and delayed films and acknowledgements, that its usual procedure, to blame the GPO, has worn thin, and the recent Annual Report acknowledges, covertly, the volume of complaints, by pleading that its volume of work has forced it to cut down on its usual 'personalized' service. In fact this 'personalized' service includes putting reels from Film A in the tins of Film B and delays of half-an-hour or more, while

the staff hunt missing films and forms, are the rule at its Film Counter in Lower Marsh.

D: The acquisition of films is equally slapdash. A visiting Professor recently had to make four appointments before the films he was offering were even looked at, a film delivered by hand still hadn't been looked at four months later, despite numerous reminders, and was simply withdrawn.

10. The National Film Archive:

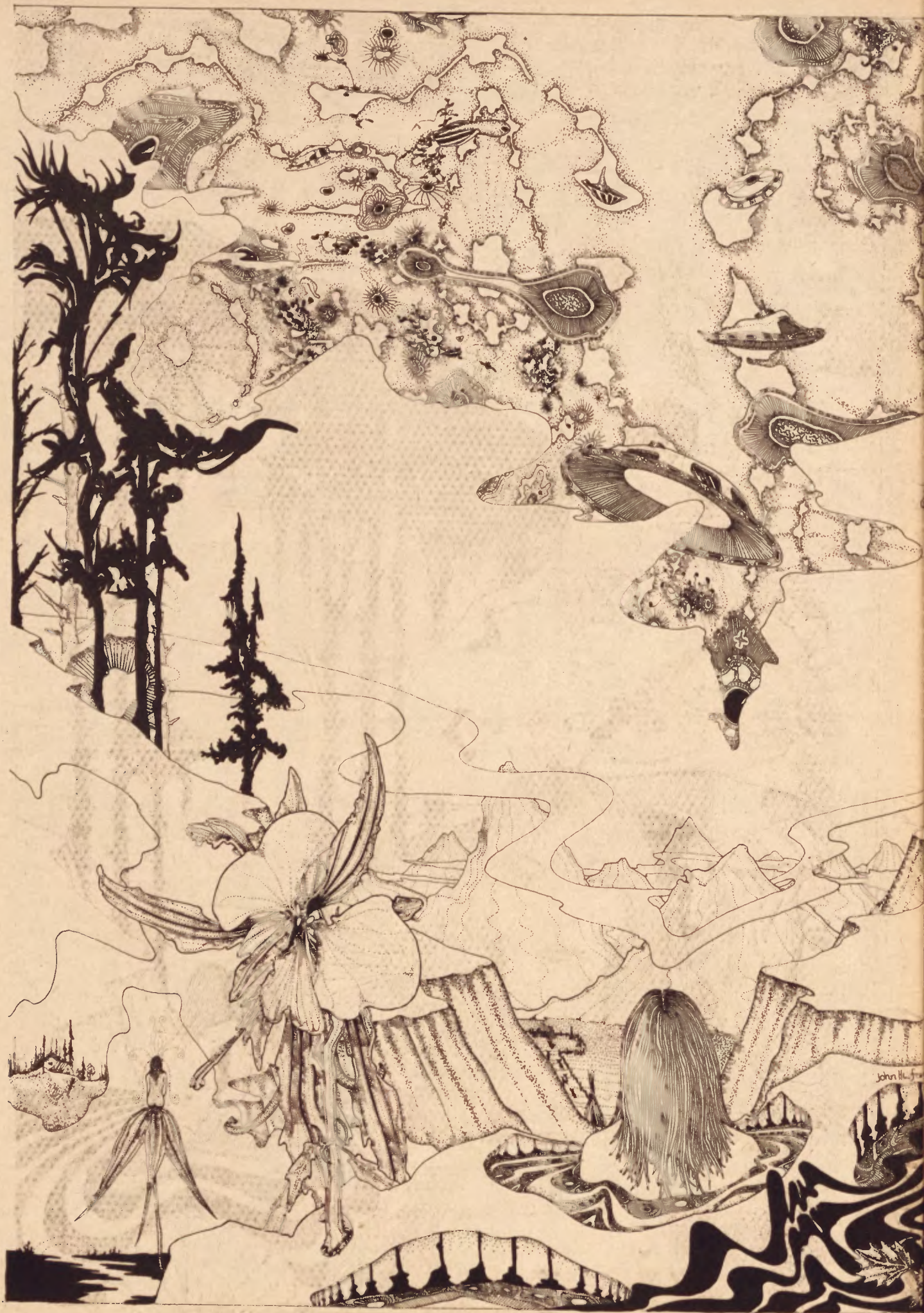
The National Film Archive, run by Ernest Lindgren has at last count 1899 films—many of them appear to be short films. When you consider that over 2000 overground commercial films are made in the UK and the US each year and when you add the films made in the rest of the world (Japan makes over 300 a year) 1899 is an amazingly small number. Particularly when one learns that 17 of the films are those of Basil Deardon (obscure maker of 40's English films) and that there are no films of Godard, Truffaut or Resnais.

11. BFI Charges:

The NFT obtains its films free of charge from kindly distributors, but its seats cost as much as those at Rank cinemas, even before the recent increase, which brings them up to West End standards. The BFI pleads a loss at the NFT, but in fact its figures on this are entirely theoretical (as its report implies, when speaking of sums *deemed* to relate to the NFT). A policy of high prices all round bears particularly heavily on undergraduates and other young people whose interest in the cinema is both active and influential, and the BFI should adjust its pricings in an effort to make concessions towards them. Undoubtedly the BFI performs some useful functions, a few very well. In many respects, however, it is competitive, vindictive, exploitative, selfregarding and irresponsible. As a semi-official body, supported by the taxpayer, and responsible to its members, it has no business to be so. And the groundswell of discontent with its senior members will continue until genuine, not merely token, changes in its composition, its status and near-monopoly position are made.

Rather sheepishly, we should point out that two OZ people, Martin Sharp and Andrew Fisher have both happily made films with grants from the production fund.

Sharp (Do you love me Darling? 1968 with Bob Whitaker) Fisher (The Adventures of X, 1967 with Michael Newman)





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CUFF

How to start: 5-12 friends who know and enjoy each other's company can look for a large house of six or more rooms via an agent, classified adverts etc. for a rent of £10-£12 per week. This works out at about £2 per week each, with two persons sharing a room. Add another £5 each per week to cover overheads (rates, electricity, gas). An initial deposit of £2,000 each should cover the agent's fee. Initially, the bare essentials: mattresses, a table, some chairs, a cooker, etc. could be purchased either second-hand or on hire purchase, then gradually increased by bargains from jumble sales, auctions, second-hand shops or outright gifts of furniture from sympathetic contacts. To provide for this, a common fund should be set up, also to

DOWN ON THE FARM

Emmanuel Petrakis,
15 Camden Hill Road,
London SE19.

cover cost of minor repairs, decorations, etc. One person (the one with the most stable income) would sign a long lease with the landlord, with option to sublet. In group situations a person's hang-ups from childhood and early adolescence tend to come to the surface. Constant depth communication among all concerned should gradually bring about greater insight and understanding of oneself and others. This is not easy, and is a wisdom gained through tears and crises. But there can also be moments of fun and enjoyment when everyone participates in group singing, dancing, picnics, love-ins, etc. It would be foolish to introduce drugs into the scene, as this would be providing the fuzz with an open invitation to bust

up the community, and all its constructive aspects as well. If you want a successful community, you had better make sure that the participants share a commitment towards an outside social goal, such as community service, Underground information and liaison service, raising funds for a useful project, etc. Selective screening of applicants and a probationary period for newcomers would tend to protect the group from undesirable or parasitic hangers-on.

There are a number of community houses in London and other parts of the country, each with a different approach (artistic communes, social work, rescue work, with or without sexual freedom, digger-style, Christian philanthropic, vegetarian, pacifist, bourgeois liberal, pot-takers, etc.). one group of about 8 persons, the Phoenix Community, in Crouch Hill, North London, is so well organised, that for £5 per week each member enjoys a private room, evening and weekend meals (they employ a cook), central heating, a large garden, a frig, a washing machine, and a telephone. They have formed a housing association, which has erected a block of flats with communal facilities nearby, and a third house has been purchased for conversion. They hold an open house one evening per month. Besides communal functions, arrangements should safeguard the use of a room for reading, writing, meditation, private interviews, and so on. The Phoenix community provides a quiet library room, as well as a communal lounge.

One way to initiate aspirants into communal living, is for the Underground organisations to rent a large country house near London and other major urban centres for weekend communes. These would give interested radicals a chance to really get to know each other in a functional setting, to explore ideas, and to have a nice time together.

Living together: When two or more persons, who have known each other over a period of time, have discovered common bonds and affinities, and gained affection for each other, they may form a Group Family to give more definite shape to their relationship, and to encourage its expression into deeper and more meaningful channels. In the Group Family, or mutual adult adoption, there is no mine and thine, but "ours": our home (a community flat or house), our common fund, our children. Thus we can find happiness through sharing and serving, and live at a deeper level which removes the root causes of much personal and social suffering through isolation. Most of our social evils are the result of our present mistaken concepts and poor human relations, which make strangers of our fellow humans. The Group Family may, in some cases, imply Group Marriage, in the practical if not the legal sense. The family should not be a strait-jacket where too intensive and sometimes explosive relations exist, but a co-operative group sharing a similar outlook on life, always open to include other suitable persons. Older members act in the role of uncles, aunts or grandparents. The younger adults can function as spouses.

Although apparently revolutionary, the idea and practice are not new. They have been successfully applied for many years, with local variations, in the Polynesian Islands, in African communities, in Israeli kibbutzim, among the Eskimos, etc. This way of life is currently practised by some hippies and others in the U.S.A. and the U.K., and by increasing numbers of young people in Sweden.

Working together: The Alternative Society can only come about through our daily efforts towards economic independence, functional integration, and constant re-education. In the initial stages, community members may have to take on casual work outside the community. The eventual aim, however, should be to provide basic services or make useful goods in order for a group to cover its material needs. What individuals can do in this direction, a group can usually do better. An example of individual initiatives: Ding Dong Cottage in Cornwall, run by Judith and Douglas Cook of the peace movement, who make and sell wooden baby toys. One can also mention diggers who work as part-time gardeners, radicals who earn a living as teachers, Janos Abel, a libertarian who runs his own printing service, and many others.

If we look at communitarian groups, we can quote Beeville Community in New Zealand, a group of about 30 people who started about 30 years ago from small beginnings as a pacifist group. They are self-supporting on 30 acres, 12 of which are in permanent orchard, and have set up a small pre-cast concrete factory, a modern honey-processing plant and building with 480 bee-hives, and a repair workshop.

Another pacifist commune, Koinonia Farm, in Georgia, USA, consists of about 10 adults who make a living by operating a pecan plant to process their pecan nuts, and by selling fruitcakes and pecandy via a small mail order business.

About 11 anarchists live together at Tolstoy Farm, in Davenport, Washington, USA, on 180 acres, 30 of which are tillable. They are proud of their canned and frozen crops, obtain their milk from a cow and some goats, and raise chickens. Their income is supplemented by casual work in neighbouring farms.

There are many other communities, urban or rural, in the US and other countries which have started quite modestly. Some have set up experimental schools, others sustain themselves by making leather goods, children's clothing, tools, watches, etc. In Japan, 30,000 live in 30 communal villages, kibbutz-style. Some of them have built modern factories for making chicken-rearing equipment, furniture, mats, and preserves. There are also workshops and motor vehicles for the needs of the commune and for outside work. There is total economic integration, a high degree of self-sufficiency, and the various needs of commune members are catered for.

In India, the Gandhian village commune movement has spread over the past 15 years and now embraces 60,000 villages with a total population of 40 million people. There, people grow their own food, build their own homes, weave their own clothes, and give their children a basic practical education imbued with co-operative humanitarian values. The work and the proceeds are all shared and no one lords it over anybody else.

In Israel, over 85,000 people live in about 223 kibbutzim (agricultural communes), many of which are reputed in the country

for their high cultural and artistic achievements. A number of kibbutzim pool their resources to set up industrial and further education training centres, and to manufacture agricultural and other equipment for their own use and for export.

South America has about 20 worker-run factories, owned co-operatively by themselves, which include the following industries: metal, printing, glass, textiles, transport, flour-mills, etc. The main agricultural co-operatives in Sao Paulo (Brazil), were started over ten years ago by Japanese immigrants who had learned the co-operative idea from Germany (Japanese kibbutzim now send their teenagers to train in Israeli kibbutzim).

French industrial co-operatives, also well-established for many years now, include the various stages of production, from raw material to finished product, in building, electronic testing equipment, deep sea diving apparatus, printing, electrical goods, cookers, refrigerators, etc. The Federation of Communities of Work in Paris produces its own sophisticated periodical 'Communaute', assists new co-operatives, sponsors training schemes, and carries out international research in co-operative ventures from Mexico and Peru, to Algeria (where they built a new village with 1,000 dwellings) and Polynesia (where a co-operative fishing industry is being set up).

We too in the UK can do the same if we but get together with a will to create constructive alternatives to the Status Quo and its robotisation. To do that we need to set up our own Underground Co-operative Bank or Trust Fund to provide interest-free loans to capable but moneyless radicals with skills or good ideas. We also need to establish an information-pool on casual work (without cards and formalities) until our comrades can develop their self-supporting ventures. These could be workshops producing soft cuddly toys, mini-skirts, aprons or other goods, photographic, home repair or duplicating services, or we could run small progressive freedom-schools in working class areas, organise bargain and literature shops, etc. Failure to respond constructively to the challenge of the times might well bring about more personal breakdowns of various kinds, street violence, and fascist repression as is the case in Greece, Czechoslovakia, Spain and South Africa today.

With a view to co-ordinating efforts and providing contacts and information on libertarian ventures, the 'New Life' movement (15, Camden Hill Rd, London SE19) has been publishing 'NEW LIFE', an international newsletter, since 1965. We are now conducting a workshop/course on "The Dynamics of Social Change" to explore together techniques of mutual aid, creative living, practical projects for personal and social regeneration, re-education and psychological re-orientation. We invite all constructive activists to join us in this exciting adventure and to link up with each other. 'It is better to light one small candle than to curse the universe for its darkness' (Chinese proverb).

THE ELECTRIC CHIRCHUS



rock

Richard Meltzer made his controversial debut in OZ 11 with *The Anglo American Pumice Factory**, and in this issue we present selections from his unpublished book: *A Sequel: Tomorrow's Not Today*. Extracts were first published in *Crawdaddy*, the amazing American Magazine of Rock, which revealed that Grove Press had "wrestled with Meltzer's book for seven months before finally turning it down because 'they didn't understand it'". It was written originally in the summer of 1965 for an undergraduate aesthetics course. The editor of *Crawdaddy* writes: "The intent of the book is to simply offer a sideways insight into the workings of rock as an art form; it is certainly the most careful, well handled approach to the subject I've ever seen".

* For those of you who missed the pun: Pumice = light weight rock.

aesthetics

Bob Dylan's greatest dive into the rock 'n' roll domain, *Like a Rolling Stone*, represents an attempt to free man by rescuing him from meaning, rather than free man through meaning. John Lennon's two collections of writings, *In His Own Write* and *A Spaniard in the Works*, have shown his desire to denigrate all meaning and thus throw intentional ambiguity into all domains of meaning. And very definitely all meaning is similar, beginning with the most 'authentic and continuing down the line.

When told by Paul McCartney about a girl he encountered with the idea that God had advised her to marry Paul, 'I was trying to persuade her that she didn't in actual fact have a vision from God, that it was . . .'. George Harrison interrupted with, 'It was probably somebody disguised as God'. Meaning by any other name, smells about the same. John and Ringo destroy P.F. Strawson's argument for separation into logical and empirical primacy:

John: 'We're money-makers first, then we're entertainers.'
Ringo: 'No, we're not.'
John: 'What are we then?'
Ringo: 'Dunno. Entertainers first.'
John: 'OK.'
Ringo: 'Cause we were entertainers before we were money-makers.'

Whereas James Joyce attempted to salvage meaning from semantic chaos, John would rather attain a cool semantic oblivion, and thus has written two books intentionally inferior to James Joyce's works.

One of Lennon and McCartney's manoeuvres is to present meaning in such a role that it becomes trite. Thus is the use of 'in spite of' in a positive sense reduced to triviality in 'Yes It Is':

'Please don't wear red tonight.
Remember what I said tonight.
For red is the colour that will
make me blue
In spite of you
It's true . . .
Yes it is, it's true.'

This very spirit of the song, with its assertively positive title, presents a frightening ambiguity between arrogance and possession of a unique vulnerability. 'When I Get Home' plays upon the mere appearance of a single word, 'trivialities':

'Come on, if you please
I got no time for trivialities
I got a girl who is waiting home
for me
Tonight.
Wo-wo-wo-I
Wo-wo-wo-I
I got a whole lot of things to tell
her
When I get home.'

In the midst of apparent 'tragedy' in realising a sudden revulsion at his semi-adulterous involvement with another girl, he can hesitate to give it the meaning of 'triviality'. But the five-syllable word is so strange in such a monosyllabic context that it is rendered incredibly inappropriate, and the need for meaning collapses.

In a world of such things as random values, metaphysical inconsistency, and the constant unavoid-

able interruption of pure aesthetic perception by random events from within and without, eclecticism is the only valid position; and other stances may be measured by virtue of their distance from the eclectic. Andy Warhol has devised one of the simplest of all schemes, the selection of a poplar motif, from Troy Donahue, to floral prints, to Campbell's Soup, followed by mechanical multiple reproduction of this motif, with the consistency and inconsistency being a function of the mechanism of creation. Rock 'n' roll, however, cannot rely upon the selling power of random circumlocution of the originally acceptable motif, but turns toward the utter compression of popularly acceptable, yet eclectically arranged, images. A Little Bit Better by Herman's Hermits begins with the instrumental introduction from the the Four Seasons' Coca-Cola commercial, proceeds with the sinister spirit of the Rolling Stones' Play With Fire (of course rendered innocent by Herman's contradiction), sung with the vocal style of the Zombies, to the tune of Chuck Berry's Memphis, and in possession of a title clearly reminiscent of the recent hit by Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders, A Little Bit Too Late. Wayne Fontana himself sounded like a clear version of the Kingsmen in his first hit, like the Searchers in his next. The Beatles have taken from visceral jazz saxophonist John Coltrane in Love Me Do, the gay Four Seasons in Tell Me Why, Larry Williams in I'm Down, and Bob Dylan and Scottish marching bands in You've

Got to Hide Your Love Away. They have used elderly African drum in Mr Moonlight, violins in Yesterday, timpani in What You're Doing and Every Little Thing, packing case in Words of Love, and unusual amplification manoeuvres in I Feel Fine and Yes It Is. They have used double tracking on several records, sometimes so obviously that it can be easily noticed (in Hard Day's Night, John Lennon's harmonica line can be heard while he is singing lead vocal in I Should Have Known Better. It does not matter if part of the Beatles' formula is visible; after all, even Lennon's bathing suit is clearly visible in a bathtub scene).

Teilhard de Chardin's philosophy of education as expounded in The Phenomenon of Man is readily visible in the eclecticism of rock. Just as branches of life strive for continuation, sometimes to succeed and sometimes to reach a dead end, with nature always using a multiplicity of interrelated strivings in its drive toward the Omega Point, rock 'n' roll is clearly viewable in terms of crude persistence. As long as a fixture 'works' in the Allan Kaprow usage of the term, it remains in the fore-front and shouts its presence; when it ceases to work it is relegated to relative obscurity until a new context presents itself and allows for favourable reacceptance. No branch can ever really become extinct if it continues to function in the

memory, even dormant, and old but undiscovered branches from both the 'within' and 'without' of things past, as Chardin uses these terms, can always appear in active functions in contemporary rock. The almost forgotten 1957 minor hit by Kathy Linden, Billy, features an expectation of obscenity in its final passage: 'And when I sleep . . . And when I sleep . . . I always dream of Bill.' This anxiety of waiting for the impossible use of 'sleep' in the last line is not too overtly common in rock of any period, but suddenly in the summer of 1965 it arose in Tom Jones' What's New Pussycat? Pussycat lips, pussycat eyes and other pussycat features are mentioned until, with the final verse, the singer is hesitatingly approaching something more openly sexual and finishes, 'You and your pussycat . . . nose'. Here is the appearance of a branch of rock with now at least two evolutionary members, a branch which I can call the 'pussycat school'. Rock has had its 'rain school' (Raindrops, Teardrops, Rhythm of the Rain, Walking in the Rain, etc.), a fine eclectic grouping which is ambiguously between the inner and outer world of artistic evolution. There are even flimsier branches, such as the branch of all songs with 'tell' in their titles. Rock has implicitly operated on this infinitude of random, eclectic evolutionary pathways, something merely suggested by Thomas Pynchon in his V. My categories 'pony tail rock'

(the group the Poni-Tails, What Is Love? which describes this emotion as 'five feet of heaven with a pony tail'; Chantilly Lace, with its reference to the hair piece as a criterion of socio-sexual adequacy), 'fear-of-loss-of-being rock' (Going Out of My Head; Remember, Dion and the Belmonts' absolutely obscure I Can't Go On Rosalie) and 'march rock' (Little Peggy March; the beat of I'll Never Dance Again; the tympani of Every Little Thing; Calendar Girl, which declares, March, I'm gonna march you down the aisle) are as valid as such categories as 'folk-rock', 'Motown rock', or even 'rock-which-legitimately-renders-human-experience' or 'that-which-consistently-conforms-to-the-standards-of-classical-music rock'.

At the same time rock has transcended any difficulties encountered in the sociology of knowledge. Because it is so wantonly eclectic, any moment's linear connections can bear contradictory relationships to those of the next without difficulty. I Can't Stop Loving You has succeeded I've Had It, Tequila had led to Too Much Tequila, and Eve of Destruction and Dawn of Correction have appeared almost concurrently. William James has seen the impossibility of viewing philosophical constructs separate from the temperament which has led to them; rock has never for a second viewed the construct and temperament as anything but the same phenomenon, or noumenon for that matter. Quine has noted, 'The unit of empirical significance



is the whole of science. The unit of rock significance in the whole of rock is a roll, and this is not merely the result of the failure of reduction, as Hegel's unit of historical significance as all of history seems to be. Just as permissible, anyway, is the James' position in Summer-time, summertime, which resembles Hegel's end of history, 'No more studying history.'

The possibility of artistic evolution presupposes questions of evolving legitimacy and illegitimacy. Once a new approach has been legitimized through acceptance it may be repeated; in the case of rock 'n' roll the very process of legitimization itself can pertain to rock 'n' roll's total picture, and this repetition of course is driven into the ground, just as I have obliterated the concept of *legitimacy* by overuse so far in this very essay. Rock has dealt with legitimacy and illegitimacy in a manner which frequently annihilates the distinction. Often something is said of being observed as being so, in a rock context and uttered often. When Elvis Presley followed his early hard core rock hits with a ballad Love Me Tender, the music of which had been taken from when Foster, several months before. Could Elvis have been considered a popular musician in the same musical context? Was rock 'n' roll, not even three years old, an identifiable movement, or the verge of fusion with this popular mainstream? Pat Boone built his entire early career on music ambiguously legitimate to both pop and rock, with titles like Love Letters in the Sand, Anastasia, There's a Gold Mine in the Sky, April Love, When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano, and the Jagger Friendly Persuasion. Perhaps he was interested mainly in attaining pop legitimacy for his own songs imbued already with a pseudo-rock energy, without concentrating upon how that energy might enhance what he conservatively judged to be legitimate. The Rattlers, perhaps the biggest group during the early days of rock 'n' roll, seemed to sound in legitimate that they have completely vanished. As rock developed, a significant change took place: ballads became illegitimate. That is, they no longer ambiguous 'good' music but were now eligible for use by rock 'n' roll. Beauty could now reenter rock 'n' roll with full 'badness' to it; there was no longer a need to 'spice' beauty with the submundanely pretty, a muzak necessitates beauty was now free and ontologically energized. 'Soul' encountered a similar problem, reduced completely by Ray Charles. His early blues and gospel remained on intense, lyrical energy that seemed unacceptably removed from rock 'n' roll sentimentality.

Charles' What'd I Say and Swanee River Rock alienated his work from its earlier more conservative legitimacy and introduced to rock a variety of soul far more 'righteous' than that of rhythm and blues. One of the first great ballads of this new era of rock was Conway Twitty's It's Only Make Believe, perhaps an indicator of the self-cognition necessary for such a transition beyond limitation by dubious distinction. 'People see us everywhere. They think you really care. But what I can't deceive. I know it's only make believe.' The problem of delegitimation has sometimes been reduced to a problem of trivialization. The Righteous Brothers' Unchained Melody is a song recorded scores of times in a 'legitimate' context, but only they recorded only one Brother Sin. On the record, a dubious trivialization itself could make it completely renderable through a rock context. The idea was to slur the phrase, 'what are you doing? God speed you love to me.' That it is not clearly audible; even inaudible on a faulty transistor radio. Bob Dylan has brought his harsh folk songs of protest into rock 'n' roll by following the latter's pleasure principle, recording for single releases (separate from his record albums) those songs which are the most audibly pleasing, as Like a Rolling Stone and Positively Fourth Street.

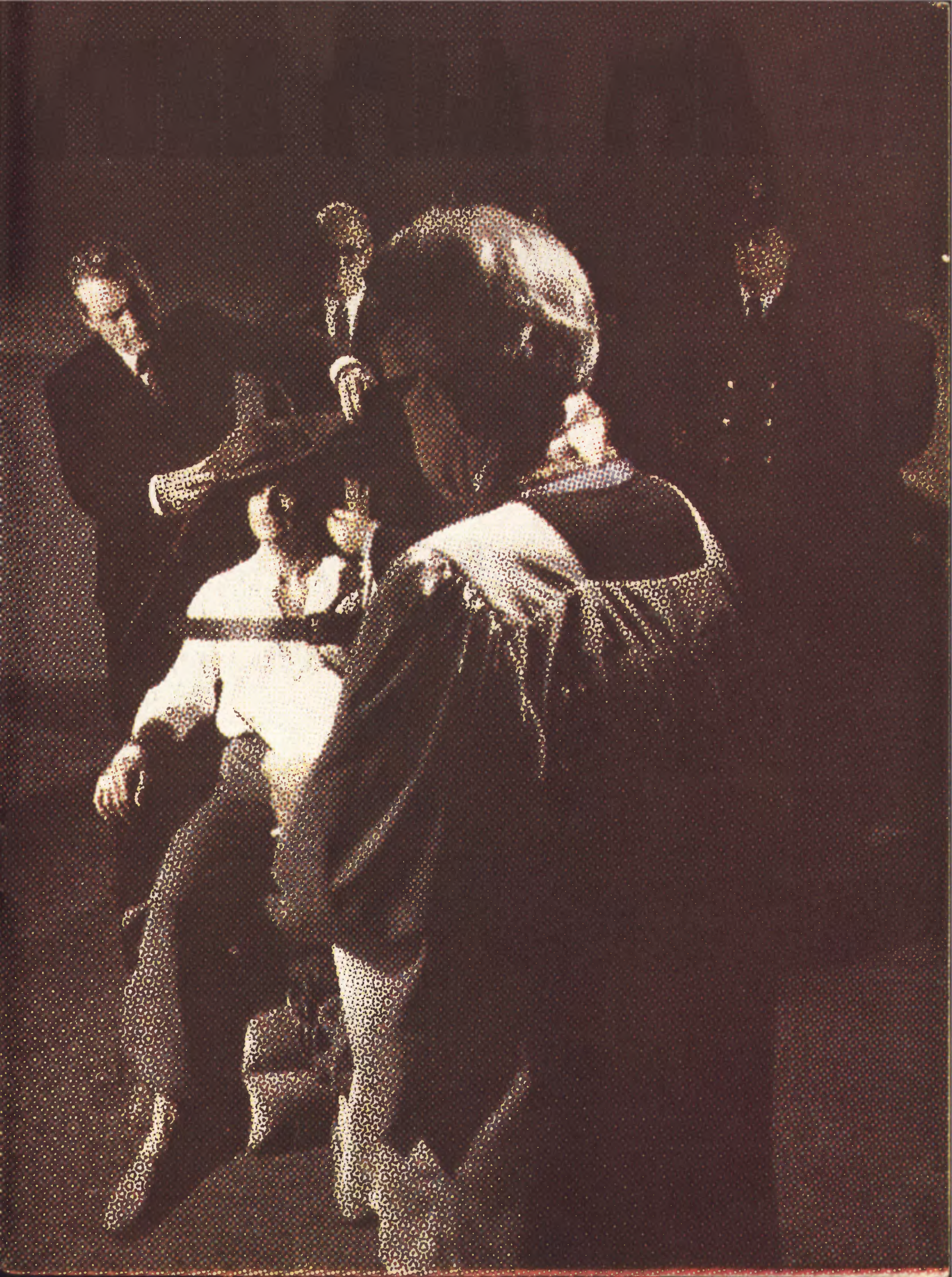
The usual label for segments of artistic evolution, 'baroque' and 'rococo', are really superficial manifestations of this deeper activity. A cursory examination of the terms used to designate such as the accepted song, is revelatory of an orientation different from that of the traditional forms to which those labels were originally applied. A song can be a 'hit', a 'blast', a 'smash', or even a 'gasser'. Kinetic destruction is inherent in kinetic success.

Stylistically, Conway Twitty resembles closely Elvis Presley, who is echoed by Terry Stafford, who sounds like Del Shannon. Marriage Fidelity can be thought of as an unique Joan Baez; Adam Faith is essentially the same as Jimmy Soul, both stylistically and conceptually. By a convenient critical epistemology, Dee Dee Sharp has resembled the Orleans, and to some extent the Marvelettes. The 'late great' Buddy Holly was posthumously heard in the singing of Tommy Roe and Bobby Vee, who has even used Buddy Holly's Crickets. The instrumental sounds of the Tornadoes and of Johnny and the Hurricanes display no distinct difference. Mel Carter is not easily distinguishable from the

'late great' Sam Cooke. Some vocals and harmonica solos by Dylan and Lennon have sounded so related that one rock 'n' roll magazine said that they might be the same person in different disguises. Jay and the Americans sound like the Fortunes, who sound like the We Five, who sound like the Ivy League, who sound like the Beatles, who sound like the Zombies, who sound like the Searchers, who sound like the Everly Brothers, who sound like a multitude of white country blues singers, who sometimes sound like Negro country blues singers, who can sometimes sound like urban Negro blues singers, who sound like the Rolling Stones, who sound like the Nashville Teens, who do not even look like Jay and the Americans.

At the close of Plato's Symposium, Socrates has clinched complete control of the situation and has, by keeping his listeners on the verge of boredom and sleep, forced them into acceptance of anything he chooses. 'Socrates was arguing with others—not that Aristodemus could remember very much of what he said, for, besides having missed the beginning, he was still more than half asleep. But the rest of it is what Socrates was forcing them to admit that the same man might be capable of writing both comedy and tragedy—that the tragic poet might be a comedian as well.' Socrates here has spoken of tragedy and comedy alike as a matter of drunken brawling. John Lennon in a similar position would group together amny more things, likely tragedy, comedy, pornography, melodrama, structured philosophy, mathematics and psychology, history, film, rock, babble. Dilled beyond speech, one might still indicate his conception of the One as different beyond speech. Black Jagger actually offers a variation of this position at the conclusion of the Stones' Walking the Dog, babbling, Duh-duh-duh-duh-duh... just a waiting. Struck by profound revelation, he is ambiguously wounded and removed of his power to speak coherently or so awestruck that coherent speech is no longer necessary. Any way, he just babbles.

By Richard Meltzer



All states are police states. But some societies disguised the fact much better than others, above all Britain and North America (the area of 'Anglo-Saxon democracy' in its different forms). Now, the disguise is wearing thin.



SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE KEEP THEM INDEPENDENT!

The battles of Chicago and Grosvenor Square have made the biggest holes in it. But the evidence accumulates every day that these were not brutal accidents, that the old garment can not be sewn up around them — that they were, instead, symptoms of profound, irreversible social change. The mystification was founded on a social consensus which is very rapidly deteriorating beyond repair: in effect, society was held together by an ideological and moral cement which made police-type force secondary. And this physical force simply grows in importance as the cement rots away.

The most obvious expression of the change is simply growing consciousness of the fuzz as a social fact, and some sort of social problem (which in Britain naturally takes the form of dismay that coppers aren't as wonderful as they used to be). But it has already been registered culturally in a very striking way. No fewer than three movies this year present an image of the police almost unrecognizably different from that dear to American and British cinema in the past: Don Siegel's *Madigan*, Gordon Douglas's *The Detective*, and a British film, Douglas Greene's *The Strange Affair*.

The consensus worked by keeping us convinced that, on the whole, the police was good. It was the upright guardian of an acceptable social structure. The bent cop is a familiar figure in Hollywood convention, but the whole point lay in contrasting him to the honesty of 'the force,' to incorruptible superiors. The common theme of these new films is, by contrast, that the whole force is bent and corrupt in some

way, because it serves a corrupt social order. Instead of showing corrupt individuals in a wholesome system, they show would-be honest individuals in a system so corrupt that they cannot survive it.

Madigan is much the weakest of the three films, although by the best-known director, Don Siegel. A season of his films was running at the NFT when *Madigan* appeared, which included the first-rate *Baby Face Nelson* (1957), *The Line-Up* (1958) and *The Killers* (1964). *Madigan* is much poorer than any of these, but does at least raise a more interesting question than any of them.

Dan Madigan (Richard Widmark) is a semi-corrupt New York detective: he lives on what is called 'police discount' (hand-outs) but has never actually 'sold out' a job, as his complacent superiors put it. But they have nothing to be complacent about, we learn. Police Commissioner Russell (Henry Fonda) is having a furtive affair with a married member of the Womens League against Juvenile Delinquency, and his Chief Inspector Kane (James Whitmore) is bent in half trying to protect his bent son, Patrolman Kane, who just can't live on his salary. Russell has a high reputation as the soul of uprightness. Nevertheless, he bends over double too, to shield Kane and Madigan. He says of Madigan: 'I always feel he's out there doing something I'd rather not know about'. Yet at the climax, when the cops go in after the crazed killer, he can say: 'Be careful, Madigan. Good detectives are hard to come by.'

Thus, everyone is corrupt, from patrolmen to Commissioner. And the system only works by everyone protecting everyone else. But though Siegel discloses this completely bent universe for us, he is absolutely unable to explore its contradictions. More at home with violence (the keynote of his best films) than with the sociological insight which the theme demands, he founders hopelessly back into conventionality. Everyone's rotten, he suggests, but it doesn't matter because everyone is also OK at heart: the corruption is superficial. When the fuzz comes face to face with the real enemy, everything shifts back on to the familiar terrain of cops-and-robbers. Madigan becomes a hero, Russell becomes human, and even the

bitchy Mrs. Madigan (Inger Stevens) finds she can't bring herself to screw the other man.

However, one must accord the film some credit for its extraordinary ugliness: Siegel's ageing heroes, brought constantly into lined close-up, and the grainy brutality of many scenes, accord better with the theme than the sagging story-line.

But *The Detective* takes the theme—almost—to its logical conclusion.

Joe Leland (Frank Sinatra) is another New York cop occupying a middling position in the police hierarchy, like both the heroes of the other films. The film traces the whole story of his investigation of the murder of a wealthy homosexual, and is most renowned for the boldness of the dialogue, where penises, spunk, and screwing are spoken of fairly casually. But it is another boldness which is really interesting.

Leland's father and grandfather were both cops, and he struggles to keep straight. He represents the old cinema tradition of the honest policeman. His investigation of the murder is really the analysis of the different corrupting pressures to which he is exposed; and the ambiguous 'success' of the search is really his final recognition that the pressures are irresistible, and his decision to leave the force. The 'honest cop' has become a thing of the past.

The film shows police corruption as having three main aspects. First of all, it is a highly bureaucratic institution, torn by a ceaseless, unscrupulous scramble for promotion. Leland gets his promotion to Lieutenant by sending the wrong man to the chair, against his inner convictions. Then when he finds a subordinate using Nazi techniques to extract a confession, he is powerless to protest because it reminds him of what he has already done. Secondly, the policemen are riddled with the petty-bourgeois prejudices of outside society, in a peculiarly crude and rigid form: this is conveyed vividly by their attitudes to the homosexual milieu shown in the film. Leland fights a lone, losing battle for tolerance. Thirdly, the police are helpless before the massive political and financial pressures of an outside society which is itself totally rotten. When some agitators are arrested, Leland remarks angrily that the

police have to 'sit on the lid of the ghetto garbage can', and make the eventual explosion that much worse. Then the shocking truth of the crime emerges. The murderer was a respected pillar of society, who had preferred to commit murder—and then suicide—rather than be known as a homosexual, and have his life ruined by the vile prejudices of his bourgeois environment. And he was also the centre of a vast property swindle with vested interests in ghetto housing, in which half the city's upper crust participated.

Thus, Leland succeeds in exposing the 'real villains'. An older type of detective movie would have ended on a brassy triumph-of-justice fanfare at this point. But Leland realises that there is no triumph. The swindle will be back in operation again in six months, whatever happens. It is society. The police force he believed in is there to protect and foster its corruption, not to cure it. He quits, saying that 'there are some battles one can't fight here', but without making clear what they are, or how he will fight them. Played with convincing dignity by Sinatra, Leland is the conventional Hollywood hero-figure in a fallen world, a universe whose values have collapsed and left him alone.

Madigan told us that cops are corrupt, but that it didn't matter too much as they are all good guys underneath (it even turns out that a negro preacher's son *wasn't* roughed up, when under suspicion of sexual assault!). *The Detective* says that fuzz corruption is only the logical expression of a hopeless social order, hence the one remaining good guy in the world has to pull out.

However, there is still a faint trace of Hollywood's old optimism in the existence of this one good guy. One can't understand how he could have survived so long—what would really happen to an officer who knocked colleagues down every time he saw them being nasty? But anyway, one crusader is left, determined to keep on trying. Americans have conserved that much faith in their dream. In the British anti-fuzz film, there are no redeeming features: no hero, and no hope at all for anyone.

The Strange Affair has two central characters, and of the two P.C. Strange of the title is less important (Michael York). He is overshadowed by Sergeant Pierce

(Jeremy Kemp), who corresponds to Madigan and Leland in the other films. Pierce is a gritty, angular figure who has made a fetish of police honesty, and consequently detests those who are dishonest: 'There's nothing in this world more despicable than a bent copper!', he warns P.C. Strange. He particularly hates one successful gangster who was formerly a bent copper, and is now in the heroin trade. P.C. Strange is a novice constable who has failed his University exams and naively 'wants to do something useful for society, and that sort of thing'.

The film follows the disillusionment and downfall of both men, but unlike Leland they do not survive catastrophe: Pierce ends up mad, rambling on helplessly about God and the sins of young folk, and Strange is jailed for planting false evidence on a suspect. In other respects, there is a remarkable parallelism between the films: *The Strange Affair* translates *The Detective's* critique of the police integrally into British terms. Certain conversations and attitudes echo one another almost word-for-word: for instance, Leland's talk with Curran in the police cafe, and Pierce's talk with Evans in the washroom at New Scotland Yard.

However, the British film is—at its best—both more subtle, and much better directed than either *The Detective* or *Madigan*. Take the theme of police bureaucracy. Greene manages to convey the essence of this, and also the central dilemma of Sergeant Pierce, in one short, brilliant episode. When Pierce returns to New Scotland Yard, and gets out of his car in the parking ramp, two superiors are looking down at him, framed stiffly in an opening with the building looming darkly behind them. He is angrily rebuked for having failed to 'sign out'. Now he has to go and sign out, and then sign in, so that 'the book' is in order. From their attitude, and his protestations, we gather that his over-earnest regularity, his anxiety to be a 'single-handed sword of justice' makes him a grain of sand in the organisation, that he is disliked and persecuted for it. As he hurries awkwardly up the ramp, the concrete ceiling shutting out the sky behind him, he already appears vividly as a man alone, increasingly shut up in a private world of rancour and bitterness.

At such moments, Greene makes the routine talent of Douglas and Siegel very obvious. And he is helped both by a very good musical score by Basil Kirchin (*The Detective* is burdened by the conventional noises of Jerry Goldsmith), and by a marvellous acting performance from Jeremy Kemp as Pierce. Unfortunately, at his worst he is a lot worse than either of the other two. The weak bits of *The Strange Affair* are precisely those singled out by most critics as constituting the film's main interest.

All three films counterpoint their view of the police with a story of the central characters' private lives. Here, *The Detective* comes off best, with a relatively creditable version of that other great American figure, the nymphomaniac. Greene lets himself be betrayed by the swinging-scene mythology into a picturesque vision of a Hampstead nymph and her pornographer guardians: as anyone who glanced at the reviews knows, they make a blue film of P.C. Strange in bed with their ward. This is the same trendy terrain which proved so disastrous in Greene's last film, *Sebastian*.

Still, the flimsiness of these parts of *The Strange Affair* is outweighed easily by its virtues: its vision of a London half ruins and half a raw novelty which underlines the archaic routines of the fuzz; its accurate register of the British class hierarchy, both inside the police and in its relationship to the public; the scenes at the Westland Heliport, where Pierce's desperation is set off against the arrival of a white-robed oriental sage and his crowd of devotees; the quietly convincing picture of the police crusade against youth, drugs, and sex. One can leave the last word to the script: we see Strange and another copper crossing a Notting Hill street, at the same place we saw them previously, on their first patrol, when they knew nothing about it. Now Strange has begun to understand. 'I thought I was going to defend the social order against the incursions of crime and anarchy', he intones, mimicking the kind of voice which later sentences him to two years inside. 'Well,' he goes on, 'that's all absolute rubbish, isn't it.'

Tom Nairn





THESE
ARE THE
DAYS MY
FRIENDS..