

9-1971

**OZ 37**

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*Editor*

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## OZ 37

### Description

**Content:** Angry OZ / A World of Young Love. (Issue inverts itself half way through, both covers are 'front' covers) Ad for Traffic. R.D. Laing ad. *Ink* ad. Angry Brigade Communique 6. 'Grass?' by Andrew Cockburn + full page 'I crossed my fingers and took my first puff of marijuana' graphic + 2p 'They Said I was Out to Lunch' cartoon. Ike & Tina Turner ad. William Morris *The Wood Beyond the World* ad. *BAMN: Outlaw Manifestos and Ephemera 1965-70* ad. LP reviews: The Who *Who's Next*, The Mothers *Fillmore East June 1971*, Jack Bruce *Harmony Row*. Ad for Tony Palmer's *The Trials of OZ*. 'Tyger' by David Widgery + Blake illustration. 'The Cannock Chase Murders' poem by Judge Argyle QC + MacKinnon graphic. Film ad for *Taking Off*. OZ mail order. Full page Elastic OZ Band 'God Save Us' ad in front-page tabloid form. 'Another OZ scoop – We Meet Ronald Biggs'. Ad for Yoko Ono's *Grapefruit*. 'Under Whose Thumb' Mary Strong/Andy Levine on the Rolling Stones, macho, egoism & cocaine + Jagger/Nazi torture montage. 'Good Little Bad Girl' – Harry liked his wife in lingerie but everyone else did too! Sandy Denny ad. Full page graphic + thanks to the one juror who thought OZ 28 not obscene and the Judge who granted the editors bail. 'What UCS?' – Stanislav Demidjuk on the Upper Clyde Shipbuilders. 'Not So Much Oppression More a Way of Life' – Roger Hutchinson on the north and *STYNG*. 2p text and graphic sequence on 'pig law'. 'How to Deprave & Corrupt' – Warren on the OZ trial & sexual freedom + pics of couple. Full page 'big ladies' ad for *Who's Next*. Letter from Fulham Women's Liberation Workshop. Transatlantic Records ad – "We don't think Mr. Justice Argyle would like our new releases either". 'Internment' – Northern Ireland by Brian Trench. 'Rage of Innocence' – James McCann, Crumlin Road jail escapee. Polydor/Atlantic records ad. 'One Big Frame Up' – Angry Brigade: The prison letters of Jake Prescott and Ian Purdie. Full Page Mothers *Fillmore East* ad. 'Go Home Ozzies' – Garth on deportation.

### 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.

*A World of Young Love*

# OZ

PRICE P  
20  
B.W. CE

Number 37 4/-



THIS  
BOOK IS  
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AT HALF PRICE  
POPULAR BOOK CENTRE  
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steve WINWOOD jim CAPALDI dave MASON chris WOOD  
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'Welcome to the Canteen'

**Traffic Etc... (An expanded Traffic band) Their latest album was recorded 'live', and is called "Welcome to the Canteen." It's out now on Island. ILPS 9166**

SEE TRAFFIC'S ONLY LONDON CONCERT BEFORE THEY LEAVE FOR AMERICA. IT'S AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL ON SEPT. 23RD.





#### Memo to the D.P.P.

This publication is entitled OZ/37

Terror of the Dirty Squad and their voluntary helpers the Angry Club against Pornografics has made the creators of this ish anonymous. So here they all are:

A picked band of dedicated perverts somewhere in West London.  
Absent Friends.  
Peter Brookes, Stewart McCinnon, Sherlock Holmes, Peter Tilt, Martin Sharp, Andrew Cockburn 'B', John Davies, David Nutter, Gwais Danone II, Simon Viridian, David Nutter, 'A', Eden Vale, Brian Faulkner, Det Insp Fred Luff, and all the boys on the Squad, Accolade Leary, his namesake Tim, George Sney, Tony Elliott, 'X' Roy Knife, De Midget, Bob Laurie, The Grocer, Victoria Library, Jersey, Beauty Prince, Alex Aggro, True Detective, a collection of Jesuses, Mike 'that scabable core of evil' Argyle, Sammy Barr, Adrian George, Ellen 'A' Dale, 11 good people and theoretically true, the brothers Ludd, William Blake....  
Smoking by Henri Winterman  
Drugs by The Man  
Colour by Jim Paul  
Lighting by Judge Griffiths  
Wardrobe by Laurence Corner out of Just Men  
Fights arranged by the Angry Club and Not A Puritan (London) Ltd  
A Bust That Lot If You Dare Production (Zurich) Ltd.

Nothing in OZ is copyright, but we suggest you check our sources before you start ripping anything off....

Our thing: Should underground papers be a hangout for the local community freaks or should they discourage such personal contact to concentrate upon the priority of putting out a paper? It's a conflict that's arisen in many offices and recently got an airing in the letter column of Chicago's Seed, which was accused of being cliquish. The Seed responded with the obvious comment that the more people that hang out the harder the job of producing the paper becomes. But they left the question open, adding: "We need you to remind us of where we are going."

Cannabis cigarette papers, made from pure hemp fibre, is legal because 'non-psychoactive' explains amorphia, the cannabis co-operative that distributes it and devotes profits to legalizing marihuana. Cannabis papers cost 50c a packet, regular papers 15c or 20c all from amorphia (POB 744, Mill Valley, California 94941).

The future: Attempts to gain dictatorial powers 'by certain enemies' and "sensational news about espionage activities" can be expected before March 1972 according to Horoscope for the United States of America in India's 'Astrological Magazine' There will be more bloodshed as a result of the Black quest for freedom and, despite Nixon's proclamations, increasing American involvement in Asian and Middle Eastern affairs, the magazine adds.

Reprinted from 'Other Scenes'



"Menu: Fruit Juice, roast beef with gravy, sweet potatoes, canned peas, tossed salad with dressing, bread and rolls with butter, pickles,

apple pie with ice cream, milk, coffee. Sounds delicious but... Fruit Juice contains Benzoic acid (a chemical preservative), dimethyl polysiloxane (a foaming agent), DDT and related compounds, parathion or one of the other potent phosphorus nerve-gas pesticides; saccharin (chemical sweetener). Roast Beef has DDT, and other related compounds: methoxychlor, chlordane, heptachlor, toxaphene, lindane, benzene hexachloride, aldrin, dieldrin and other pesticides, particularly in the fatty parts, stilbestrol (artificial female sex hormone) aureomycin (antibiotic), mineral oil residue from wrapping paper. Gravy contains DDT and other pesticides that were in the meat, antibiotics products formed from the interaction between the chlorine-dioxide bleach used on the flour and the flour nutrients. Sweet potatoes have pesticides, coal tar dye and sulphuric malathion. Peas will give you some magnesium chloride (colour retainer), magnesium carbo carbonate (alkalizer), DDT, and other pesticides. Tossed salad with dressing has sodium alginate (stabilizer), monoisopropyl citrate (antioxidant to prevent fat deterioration), DDT and related compounds, phosphorus insecticide and weed killer. Bread and Rolls has nordihydroguajaronic acid (antioxidant), oxidation products resulting from interaction with hydrogen peroxide (bleach), magnesium oxide (neutralizer), AB and OB Yellow (coal tar dyes), diacetyl (artificial aromatic agent), DDT and related agents. Bread and rolls also has nordihydroguajaronic acid (antioxidant), ammonium chloride (dough conditioner), mono- and di- glycerides and polyoxyethylene (softeners), nitrated flour or coal-tar dye (to give bakery products yellow colour suggestive of butter and egg yolks), parathion and related compounds. Pickles: aluminium sulphate (firming agent), sodium nitrate (texturizer) and emulsifier (to disperse that flavour). Apple Pie: that's got butylated hydroxyanisole (antioxidant in lard) and all the chemical agents in flour, butter and margarine, sodium phenylphenate (preservative) several or possibly all of the following pesticides used on apples: DDT, dinitroorthocresol, benzene hexachloride, malathion, parathion, demeton, lindane, lead arsenate, nicotine, methoxychlor, chlordane and others. Some of these pesticides would also appear in the lard. Ice Cream: stabilisers and emulsifiers as above, artificial flavouring, coal-tar dye, antibiotics, DDT and related compounds. Milk: DDT or its chemical kin and antibiotics. Coffee we leave to your imagination.

Lifted from 'Poinons in Your Food' by William Longodd. Recommended for anyone interested in eating(still).



In November 1831 the Poor Man's Guardian reported proceedings at the Stockport Magistrates Court where Joseph Swann was

charged with selling pamphlets and newspapers on which stamp duty had not been paid. He had been arrested in 1819 for selling pamphlets and seditious poems.

He was eventually sentenced, after appearing in the dock in chains, to two years imprisonment for seditious conspiracy, two years in prison for blasphemous libel, six months for seditious libel. From the dock he said: "Han ye done? Is that all? Why I thowt ye'd get a bit of hemp for me and hang me."

When he returned to Court in 1831, Captain Clarke asked him what he had to say in his defense; Defendant: 'Well Sir, I have been



out of employment for some time; neither can I obtain work; my family are all starving... And for another reason, the weightiest of all; I sell them for the good of my fellow countrymen; to let them see how they are misrepresented in Parliament... I wish to let the people know how they are humbugged...."

Bench: 'Hold your tongue a moment'

Defendant: 'I shall not for I wish every man to read these publications.'

Bench: 'You are very insolent, therefore you are committed to three months imprisonment in Knutsford House of Correction, to hard labour.'

Defendant: 'I've nothing to thank you for; and when I come out, I'll hawk them again. And mind you (looking at Captain Clarke) the first that I hawk shall be to your house.'

Joseph Swann was then forcibly removed from the dock.

Poor Man's Guardian (UPS)



One section of the population who were little surprised by Argyle's decision were West Midlands journalists. Not a body of men

noted for revolutionary left wing fervour, there were general cries of relief and the Birmingham equivalent of "off the pigs" in Brum newsrooms when Argyle left in 1970, after five years as second citizen in the celestial city. Journalists had become more than a little sickened by his cosy little habit of ringing up papers and informing them, in his pie little voice, that he would have something interesting for them in the courts that morning.

This invariably meant that someone was going to get three or five years for some act of petty vandalism, the sentence being accompanied by a set of homilies about society.

If the journalists were pleased to see him go, the papers themselves were not. The Birmingham Post, a morning paper that makes the Daily Telegraph look like an underground guerrilla sheet had featured Argyle's campaigns with mounting enthusiasm. This enthusiasm led them into the realms of fantasy as Argyle's terrorist campaign in the courts heated up. The paper began claiming that deterrent sentences were having effect, and that there were more working public telephones in Brum than there had been. Residents of the city can only have regarded this as a satirical flight of fancy as telephones continued in their normal state of disrepair.

Of all Argyle's merry pranks, the one causing Birmingham's present Recorder, Mr JM Davis, the most concern was Argyle's virtual suspension of Judges rules. These rules govern police behaviour towards people charged with an offence, and young Birmingham police are reputed to be without any knowledge of them.

The crowning glory of media conscious Argyle's P.R. efforts were the lamentable poems he wrote for the Birmingham Post. The one about the Cannock Chase murders reaches a nadir of obscenity even by his standards.







The first of the British alternative press prosecutions — the case brought against IT for 'conspiring to corrupt and debauch public morals' and 'conspiring to outrage public decency' by publishing homosexual contact ads — now enters its final stage: a hearing at the House of Lords.

The Court of Criminal Appeal has rejected an appeal against the convictions handed out after a five-day

hearing at the Old Bailey last November. Knullar (Publishing, Printing and Promotions) Ltd., publishers of IT at the time, was fined a total of £2,000 and three working directors, Graham Keen, Peter Stansill and David Hall were given 18 month suspended jail sentences and ordered to pay £200 costs each.

The charges concerned the columns of small ads through which homosexuals could openly contact each other. The column had been running for two years when police raided the IT offices in April 1969 and seized correspondence, unsolicited replies to box numbers and small ad files.

The principle at stake — whether or not it is legal for homosexuals to openly contact each other — is perhaps not as fashionable as the broader issue of censorship and freedom of the press, but is just as vital, especially if you happen to be a homosexual. If this appeal at the House of Lords fails it will provide the forces of darkness with a powerful legal precedent to enforce an archaic and discriminatory law.

Knullar needs help to fight this case. The Bust Fund was depleted long ago on the case's passage through three courts. Contributions can be sent to Knullar Defence Fund, c/o Seifert, Sedley and Co., 14 Took's Court, Cursitor Street, London EC4.



Readers who enjoy a juicy trial can rest assured that the State has plenty of weapons in its legal armoury with which to assail OZ and the rest of the underground press, even if every trace of nipple and thigh was ruthlessly expurgated, though the advantage of the obscenity laws is that the prosecution can deceive some people at least by claiming 'this is not a political trial'. Here is a brief account of some of the other charges available:

1 Incitement to commit any other crime — to write 'try to get it's beautiful' or 'maybe merely portraying something in a favourable light'.  
2 Conspiracy: an agreement to do some illegal act. At the time there is 'conspiracy to commit a public mischief' of which 'conspiring public morals' is one branch.  
3 Seditious libel. This has fallen into disuse in recent years (probably because it is too obviously political) but prosecutors and judges have to 'save' old-fashioned offences, which are national when the political and economic situation has sufficiently deteriorated. The main difficulty (persuading juries to convict) will be overcome by doing away with trial by jury. It is a very indefinite offence and susceptible to cover virtually anything. Although in this legal lame often called the 'prosecutors Bible' I define it as writings which 'directly tend or have for their object to excite discontent or dissatisfaction to excite ill will between different classes of the Sovereign's subjects; to bring into hatred or contempt the sovereign or the government, the laws or constitution of the realm, and generally all endeavours to promote public disorder; or to incite people . . . to use any form of physical force in any public matter connected with the State.' Generously, the good book adds: 'A man may lawfully discuss, criticize or censure the measures adopted by the Queen and her ministers for the government of the



country, provided he does it fairly, temperately, with decency and respect, and without imputing to them any corrupt or improper motive!' The jury have to 'look at the audience addressed, because language which would be innocuous practically speaking if used to an assembly of professors or divines, might produce a different result if used before an excited audience of young and uneducated men'.  
4 Official Secrets Act 1911, Section 1 (1): 'If any person . . . with any purpose prejudicial to the safety or interests of the State . . . (a) obtains, collects, records or publishes, or communicates to any other person any secret official code word or pass word or any sketch, plan, model, article or note, or other document or information which is calculated to be or might be or is intended to be directly or indirectly useful to an enemy', he is guilty of an offence. Selecting from these alternatives then there is an offence of publishing to any person any information which might be indirectly useful to an enemy. Some peaceful CND demonstrators at Wethersfield air base were sent to prison under this section, and it was decided that the State determines what is prejudicial to itself; the enemy's need to be only a potential enemy.

5 Offences under the Inciting to Mutiny and Disaffection Act 1797 and Incitement to Disaffection Act 1934, for encouraging members of

the armed forces to leave their job or to go on strike etc. Section 53 of the Police Act 1964 makes it an offence to attempt to cause 'disaffection amongst the members of any police force'.  
6 Contempt of court: one aspect of this is publication of an 'invective' against a judge (in his capacity as judge) with a view to bringing the administration of justice into 'disrepute and contempt'. In the morning the editor of the New Statesman was found guilty for saying 'An individual owning to such views as those of Mr Stopes cannot apparently hope for a fair hearing in a court presided over by Mr Justice Avory — and there are so many Avorys'. Quite recently, the Court of Appeal passed on a more liberal front and declared that even 'vigorous' criticism of a judge that was all right 'provid-



DISCONTENT.

ing it keeps within the limits of reasonable courtesy and good faith" as interpreted by the judges! The vigorous critic in that case was none other than Quintin Hogg, who had got his facts wrong so that the judges had to excuse even 'erroneous' criticism.

7 Criminal Libel — normally libel is a civil wrong, i.e. you are sued for damages. But it can be a criminal offence if what you write might endanger the 'public peace' as by 'arousing angry passions and provoking revenge'. It has been revived and used several times in recent years: the reactionary Judge Melford Stevenson gave a stiff prison sentence to someone who wrote to the Prime Minister complaining about a police officer.

8 Blasphemy. All of which goes to show, there are no such things as 'civil liberties' — it is purely a question as to what the State allows (or ignores), or as to what you can wrest through struggle. If they want to get someone, there is always some charge available with which to cloak the victim. And when too many people have seen through this charade, they resort to naked repression and don't bother to prosecute — they simply call it 'internment'.



RIB Information Service. 58, Charles Street, Cardiff. Tel: 44441. 'Help RIB before we have to help you'.

Following the article on Encounter Groups in OZ 35 we have been sent a list of 'People Not Psychiatry' numbers for Birmingham and Nottingham. Too long to print here, but ring if info is required.

A group of young people in Leyburn and the surrounding North Yorkshire Dales countryside, agast at their recreational and cultural stagnation, and hoping to provide much needed social services are endeavouring to set up AGAPE. They want to give all the usual goodies, and want to get finance, offices, etc. Contact Pete

Thronber, 'Rockington', Cliffe Drive, Leyburn, Yorks.

TOUCH, Dundee's own people's advisory service, can be found at 112 Princes Street, Dundee, Scotland. They are based on BIT and Release and are waging a campaign against oppressive police.



For those of you who just can't get off on the endless compulsory God at school: The Walthamstow Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Worship in Schools, average age 15, with strong, if by necessity anonymous backing from many teachers, has been formed to fight this relic of the 1944 Education Act — which forced everyone to take daily doses of religion. They intend to write to MPs and media for publicity and support at first, but 'if this fails we shall have to resort to stronger methods, marches and even strikes'. 'We are not fighting religion, just the compulsion to do something that we believe should be a matter of choice.' Send SAE for details, or just sympathy and support to Mick Burns, 45 Reisberg Road, Walthamstow, London E17.



'Hippie-style commune is HQ for international drug traffickers' screamed local headlines when a member of the Fluff, a 15 strong commune outside Bradford, was busted for sending some dope to Canada last January. A few months later the commune had hassles again when 30 lawmen with attendant hounds descended on the commune and arrested a dozen of the dwellers, one of whom is now doing a two-stretch — for dope. Fines for the bust totalled £300 — well beyond Fluff finances. The Friends of the Fluff were then formed to help out with bread, and sure enough, they too were busted — another £800 worth of fines. All of which sad tale leads to the point: The Bust Fund for the Fluff and their Friends is having a benefit on October 22 in St George's Hall, Bradford. Hawkwind among others will be there. Once the fines are paid, a permanent Northern Bust Fund will be set up for the unlucky around there. All are welcome, all help and bread especially.



Abbey Wood White Panthers Dance: October 1st, Harrow Inn, Abbey Wood. Hawkwind and a surprise band.

Central Index Information Service. 10 Fournier Street, London. E1. 24 hour service for all types of info. Specifically designed to co-ordinate and relate information.







# Smalls

**Exciting Sex Offers!** Pictures: all guaranteed unretouched, uncensored full-figure female nudes. Bundles: - each containing at least 200 different uninhibited poses. £1 plus 25p p & p. Books: Sexual Ecstasy - showing all the coital positions in real-life action photographs. £1.50. Also, The Whip; Sadistic Cults; Bondage and Humiliation; and Fetishism - £1 each or all 4 for £3. Fast Service under plain cover. Send now to: OZ Books, 49 Lynwood Close, London, E18 1DP

**Male Nude Magazines.** Finest Porno Selection in Europe. FREE magazine with first order! Send for FREE brochure today. Lux Publications, PO Box 10269 Amsterdam, Holland.

**Gay?** Gay small ads have been hassled out of every mag that has tried to run them. If you care about gay civil rights, come to Gay Liberation Front's Wednesday meetings at 7.30, All Saints Hall, Powis Square, W 11 or ring GLF at 01 837 7174.

**Pregnancy Advisory Centre.** Kensington Laboratories. Confidential pregnancy testing. Immediate results and free consultation. 124A Brompton Road, S W 3. 01 581 0391/2. Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays open until 7 pm.

**Are You Adventurous?** If so, you must not miss the chance to make exciting new friends of the opposite sex in a revolutionary way. Free details from: SIM (OZ), Braemar House, Queens Road, Reading.

**Pen Friends Everywhere!** and exciting dates too! Get yours. Write: Intro (Dept OZ), 247 High Street North, London, E 12.

**Nude Boys and Men.** All types, sizes and shapes. Largest selection of male nude photo magazines in the USA. Send for FREE illustrated brochure. Rainbow Studio-OZ, Box 46544, Hollywood, California 90046.

**Underground Craftsmen and Producers** interested in co-operating to sell and distribute goods, please contact Dave at 01 836 0550.

**Meet sexy birds, gay men, kinky couples,** through a monthly magazine with nationwide contacts. 50p to Personal Column, Sefton Street, Blackpool.

**Young Lady Amateur Photographer** has for sale stag films and photos for FREE, Yes Free. Details send SAE only to Miss V Phillips, Dept O, PO Box 604, High Road, Chiswick, London, W 4.

**A 24-Hour Van Service** at very cheap rates. Motivation Transport. 459 8522.

**Couples.** Make new friends at London's best meeting place. Box 5 (36).

**Scene.** The medium for people seeking people. Various aware interests, age groups. For current issue send 20p to Scene, 62 High Street, Harpenden, Herts.

**Lady's Battery Massagers** 7" long, 1 1/4" thick, round, invigorating, scarce items. End frustration, frigidity etc. £1.50 post free to Gadoneix, 24 Cranbourn Street, London, W C 2.

**Electronic Ear.** Range 1/4 mile, through walls, etc. Made cheaply, easily. Instruction 50p + p & p to Gadoneix, 24 Cranbourn Street, London, W C 2

**'Male Form'** a fantastic male nude mag at £1! 'The Handreared Boy!' A first class story by Brian Aldiss at £1.60! Lists of male nude material sent under plain cover!

Don Busby Studios, 10 Dryden Chambers 119 Oxford Street, London, W 1 (Postal Service Only).

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**If you're paralyzed, paranoid, perverted, criminal, schizo, alcoholic or dead,** don't bother to apply to Contacts Unlimited. If this hasn't eliminated all OZ readers then please do. £1 for 4 dates. Ring 01 437 7121 (24 Hours) or write to 2 Malborough Street, London, W 1.

**Roll It Up!** !!! in Stars and Stripes, \$100 Bills or Draft Card cigarette papers. Mail order 15p per pack (PO preferred) plus 3p stamp please. To: Joint Enterprises (Dept O1), 41 Octavia House, Southern Road, London, W 10. Wholesale enquiries welcome, 01 960 1070. Be the first one on or above your block to do it.

**Gentle Ghost** have 200 people to do anything beautifully, e.g. van removals, transport, writing, designing, painting, graphics, filming, modelling, typing and help people through bad trips and help or advice and pleasure. Phone 01 603 8581 any time. Love.

**Are You Sex Mad?** Send £1 for 'Happiness' underground magazine. Stories, FREE parties, introductions (all types). ARC (F), London, N 22.

**Couple,** 30's, wish to meet others for group discussions. London. Box 137

**Wanted!** Nice young girls for top paid job in Italian nightclubs. Apply with photo and details to: Paolo Targon, C/o Coradazzi, Via Soncino 3, 20123 Milano, Italy.

**Scandinavian Films and Mags** for sale. B & W films 200" normal 8 £10. Mags. £2. Information 50p from: Cartaidentita 03093520, Fermo Posta Cordusio, Milano, Italy.



## R D LAING

His latest book

### The Politics of the Family

and Other Essays

R D Laing here returns to the theme of the family, the social unit that, by its very familiarity, is the most difficult to see. He presumes neither to approve nor to disapprove: he offers no predictions, no prescription for action other than to invite the reader to strip away his own assumptions, projections, introjections, and to look at what is there when these are gone.

Tavistock: £1.50

Also available

**Knots** Tavistock: £1.50

### The Divided Self

Penguin 30p Tavistock £2.00

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(2nd edition) Penguin 35p Tavistock £2.25

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Paperback £1.00



Tavistock



Penguin

# INK

## LIVES

## EVERY FORTNIGHT

10p.

INK sister of "OZ" producing a special last issue in spirit representative of the Old Oz, go on sale Monday and out the revolution! the next guest editor: American hipster, the named Richard V

MORE than 25,000 copies of Ink, sister underground paper to Oz, go on sale today with a cartoon of Home Secretary of Reginald Maudling on

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Dearest Grace,

How lovely for you, you've been letting Vivien fuck you it is such a wonderful experience having a schoolboy. My dear surely you have other schoolboys who are fucking you regularly. Darling, I have to admit I also indulge with boys from time to time, although I am now 50 I can only get full satisfaction with green boys. Especially ones who have never seen or fingered a woman's fanny, and their clumsy efforts trying to wank me off, even though they sometimes succeed in making me come. We must try and meet dear and exchange experiences.

I am also,  
Grace.

of people out of business."

(On grass) "I tried it once, but it didn't do anything to me. The kids say it makes them think they're going 30 miles an hour when they're going 80. If that's true, marijuana use should definitely be stopped."

(And finally, on young people) "Luckily so far, it seems they kind of consider me an older friend, somebody believable and down to earth."

Liberation News Service



"No revolution was ever won without violence." "Just as the structures and programmes of a new revolutionary society must be incorporated in every organised base at every point of the struggle, so must organised violence accompany every point of the struggle."

(Angry Brigade Communique 6)

It can't happen here, they said... It Happened Before.

1780 The Gordon Riots.

1812 The Luddite Insurrection

1817 The Massacre of Peterloo

1831 The Bristol Riot

1840 The Chartist Riot

1886 The Hyde Park Riots for Universal Suffrage.

1910-1911 The Bermondsey Uprising

and the Big Transport Strike

1916 Clydeside

1926 The General Strike

A few instances where the people started to attack the system... It's happening today.

British Imperialist and Colonialist History is littered with mass murders and massacres. In their colonies they killed and killed... and killed again. The Scottish Massacres, The Indian mutiny, Ireland, The Zulu War, The Boer War, the Sindh Massacres, The Greek Civil War, Ireland, Kenya, Cyprus, Aden, Ireland. Open your eyes, brother, and see the beast. A few instances where the system killed not just one or two but thousands and millions, black and white, men and women, to save their skins and preserve itself. That's where Repression Comes From and that's our answer to the calls of 'adventurism'.

Eight months have passed since the Angry Brigade invaded the British scene. No invasion was ever popular.

We never expected the 'Morning Stars' and the 'Socialist Workers' to welcome us. They represent a generation of defeated people - defeated ideas. We never expected the Underground to welcome us either. The Underground is more political than the old dead left. Inside it there are forces which represent a total critical life style, an anti-authoritarian creativity. These forces are emerging, in spite of the Superstars, the spectacular personalities, the Fiers and Creative rip-off specialists. To the brothers and sisters of the Underground who will have to fight their own war to get rid of hip-capitalism



and parasites: we say Right On!

There are many areas of struggle many priorities. For the cell which signs this document, working class youth IS the main priority. The following is a direct quotation from Shin'ya Ono. We endorse it.

"The problem is not one of 'creating consciousness' or 'raising consciousness' among working class youth that they are oppressed. They all know much better than we that they are fucked over by this system in all kinds of ways. They experience in the most acute way the oppressive conditions created by capitalism and Imperialism: family school, unemployment, pigs, courts or draggy jobs. The problem is not even a question of teaching them to fight. Most of the working class youth have done much more fighting against pigs and among themselves than most 'revolutionaries' can hope they will ever do."

In fact there are two main obstacles preventing their awareness of oppression and its causes from developing into a fully revolutionary direction... first their chauvinism and racism and secondly their basic defeatism about their ability to 'beat' the system... not once in a while, but destroy it totally.

#### Defeatism -

Most of us are basically defeatist about our ability to win. (You can't beat the Town Hall, the Fuzz shop, The Army) No matter how hard we fight, we slide back into our comfortable bourgeois holes. The basic weapon of capitalism and Imperialism has permeated through our souls to our bodies.

Our Basic Weakness is the irrational belief in our own weakness



#### Racism And Chauvinism

The system through its agencies: schools, family and mass media, cons youth into thinking that however oppressed they may be, there is always some other group worse off. Long hairs occasionally, women, gay people, and blacks fill those roles in descending order. The con provides white working class youth with a privileged position which they translate into one-upmanship and ego. They waste valuable energy in attacking one another. Real class solidarity through race and sex barriers is effectively prevented.

Words however persuasive, ideas however true, leaflets, pamphlets or books however colourfully illustrated cannot blast into the minds of youth: minds frozen in reactionary ideas, sustained by social and economic realities.

The only way to deal with this ice-block is to smash it head on, with a real alternative: to see a group of other young people, men and women able to fight, hit and beat the system: that ramps up the guts of apathetic being in ways no words or analyses can do. This is what we are trying to do.

There are no illiberal stages for working class youth... if you're up against the wall, you don't decorate it... you destroy it.

#### The Gang

We are trying to move with working class youth beyond the stage of the gang. The gang is too often an isolated form of escape. It necessarily contains all those ideas which are dead or dying in the system: profiteering, leaders, rituals, and male dominance. The gang occasionally makes defensive forays against the system. However, the gang can only be a revolutionary force if it transforms itself: - from a distorted receptacle of a dead ideology into a structure which is constantly attacking and harrasing what is becoming an increasingly more savage oppressor

#### Communes

The hips must move beyond the days of Rolling Stone, Release, deals and Peace. There are hundreds of communes all over England. Some of them have complacently opted out of the struggle. There is no Peace while war is raging - and we didn't start this war. If you don't fight - you get smashed. To those who say we have manipulated them, we pushed them we reply: We have grown tired of discussions, of being polite, of making correct analyses first. We are nasty, bitter and angry. And we are moving on! Wherever there is a commune, a collective or a group of people engaged in action to change their lives and the lives of their neighbours, there you have a potential Angry Brigade. (Like the gang - an isolated commune can only move into sterility and reaction)

We must move beyond the next bombs, the next spectacular press cuttings. We must leave the front pages of 'The Times' or the back pages of 'The Mirror'. We must dissolve our precious white identity. **MOVE ONTO THE STREETS.**

We are cells who believe that organised violence must accompany every stage of the mind-fucking struggle. We should all challenge, attack and smash our bullshit chauvinism, sexism, racism and imperialist-class privileges.

The Brigade is not a thing you join. It's actions you do. It's ways you change your life. Lets start to fight our war. In London, Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Coventry, Bradford, the lot...

#### Power To The People

Cell no. ac (Action-Communication) Angry Brigade.





Smoking doesn't seem to be a sin any more. Time was dope was in a sort of way revolutionary. We did it and They didn't. Nowadays They do, and it isn't changing them much. Not all of them do, of course, but have you noticed that dope — marijuana — is getting sort of respectable. 'Nova' writes about pot in the suburbs, and Jill Tweedie writes in the 'Guardian' that it's all perfectly OK, and the law is ridiculous. Thanx for the news. Wait a minute though, sure pot has been proven harmless, so much better than alcohol, no hangover, but what about the dirty filthy profiteer, the dealer. In Tweedie's words "the dark world of the pusher". Like Victorian prostitutes a lot of people like to think of dealers as necessary — since pot is OK it presumably has to come from somewhere — but not nice. The Misuse of Drugs Act propounds this hypocritical illogicality in its purest form by ever so slightly lowering the penalties for possession while banging the rap for trafficking to 14 years.

No one likes dealers much except for Timothy Leary who said he was a hero, and that isn't quite right either. Dealing after all is just a way of making money. It may be, for some people, a few other things as well. It gives you a sense of position, if you like that feeling you're an outlaw. You're doing something terribly illegal, and people need you, even if a lot of them don't like you. You're not doing anyone any harm — talking here just about marijuana, without getting into any morally tricky areas of the sterner stuff. Trouble is, people don't understand the trials and tribulations that go to bring your smoke.

First thing about dealing is the waiting. On rare occasions the man rings back when he said he would, it's OK to go right over and pick it up, the stuff's the same kind and quality as you ordered, he doesn't take your money and ask you to hang on a minute, he's just got to pick it up off the cat who's holding it, and everything's fine. But the rest of the time you sit around and wait for the phone, and ring people who might know of something, who say they'll call you back. I remember a roomful of dealers in a time of desperate drought waiting sixteen hours at the contact's house for the man

to turn up with the shit. None of them would smoke a joint in case they would be too stoned to taste the merchandise when it arrived, and they were too paranoid of each other to talk. No one was allowed to use the phone; security, man.

The major problem for any dealer is always supply. Dope is usually easy to get rid of, especially in times like these, when dope is exceptionally hard to find. Such problems make one think that it would be worthwhile going out and getting it oneself. The nearest major point of overseas supply is Frankfurt. A lot of dope from Pakistan and the Lebanon goes there, and if you have a contact, especially among the US servicemen on the base, you should be able to score large quantities at say £50-£60 a weight. If you go there without preparation however you could be in trouble, and there are many stories of hopeful dealers getting burned (having their dope or money stolen) or otherwise maltreated. To get your dope back to England you have the choice of ship, plane or car. You can bring it in in a properly remodified suitcase or car. Or you can just pack it in and hope for the best. You can be unlucky, or lucky. One man I know was driving back from Germany. The customs man he drew at the border had just passed out from the customs man academy, and he was determined to catch someone. He noticed that the floor of the Mercedes was a quarter of an inch too high. Inside there were fifty kilos and my friend got six months.

In the producing countries, you will of course be able to buy the shit very much cheaper. On average you won't have to pay much more than £5 a pound in either Morocco, Lebanon, or Pakistan/Afghanistan, slightly higher maybe in Lebanon and slightly less in Morocco. But this scene again is locked up in the central point about dealing — connections. If you go to Pakistan, for instance, it is wise to stay out of Karachi. Any taxi driver or newspaper seller will offer to get you shit, but it will probably be old bootpolish or mindy weed which can be made to look exactly like shit. Up in the North of Pakistan the dope is even cheaper, likely to be of better quality, and there is less chance that the man you bought it off will go straight to the police. American pressure has made the Pakistani, both civil

and military, much keener on the job. Since they started massacring Bengalis they are increasingly sensitive about foreigners too. If you are intending to drive back with the produce, remember you have to cross such unfriendly borders as Turkey and Iran, where they like to give you thirty years. If you weren't white they'd shoot you. The best method of personally importing it overland used to be to run a coach tour — New Delhi £135 return. The border guards aren't so keen on searching a coach load of people, or of taking the coach apart. If you just want to bring some back from on holiday, the best tactic is to find one of those useful craftsmen who will make boots with hash soles. With tight compression you can carry a pound that way, though hash that has been carried that way is usually hard to break up for smoking. Many of the import hangups can be avoided with the help of good organisation, such as the coach trip. A professional importer will have contacts with the locals, know which are the relatively cooler customs posts, and which policemen to bribe. To anyone who wishes to examine a relatively big import operation I recommend the story of the Kelaher case recently running at Middlesex Area sessions. In that case, which concerned the busting of a group of importers who had arranged to have two packing cases containing 24 lbs of shit airfreighted from Syria to London, we had the interesting spectacle of Chief Inspector Victor (Vic to his friends) Kelaher being accused by HM Customs of aiding and abetting in the import of cannabis. He denied the charge, without even a blush. What do you think, reader?

The other central point about dealing, along with connections, is you and the police. Some people have been dealing for years. They have never been busted, and they claim that the police don't know of their existence. They don't have many people round to where they live, they don't let their phone number get around too much, they don't have their stash on the premises, and they move house every so often. Well maybe the police don't know of their existence. Maybe no one has

their address who has ever been busted, has dropped a few names, just to be helpful.

Any dealers say that it is important not to keep an interesting house, which people will want to come to socially as well as to score. Remain inconspicuous. A well frequented house on the other hand means that you always have customers with in range, and don't have to go out and about much. There pros and cons either way. The best rule is to tell your customers always to ask you first before sending anyone along.

If paranoia strikes, bear a few things in mind that may clam you down. First of all phone tapping at present is reserved mainly for important people they are very, very anxious to get hold of, like spies, and angry people. Chances are they won't get around to tapping your phone. If they do one thing for sure is, you won't hear any clicks to indicate what is going on.

If, as a dealer, you are busted remember that police officers are underpaid, and they may chose to impose a direct fine rather than go through all the bother of a court case: "We estimate the value of the contents of your flat at £2500 Mr — I suggest you turn it into cash." Paradoxically you may come off worst if they come round expecting a big find and don't. Their pique at missing the chance of a large bribe or a large haul of shit which they can resell themselves may make them vindictive.

Dealing has certainly changed in character over the last year or two. It has almost lost the aura of gentle 'let's remember we're doing this for the people' and has become in most instances as dangerous as any other criminal activity. Guns are becoming increasingly popular as an aid to big burns, such as the £33000 one a few months ago that, among others, caused a certain bunch of dealers in a London market to look very unhappy indeed. As time goes on things are going to get rougher. The 'culture consciousness' of the dealer varies. Some just keep their dope in mounting piles saving for a rainy lifetime, others put it into what might be called "culture orientated" businesses, a well known chain of head shops in London for instance, or a recently deceased record company, where the shit supported the bands and vice versa.

Dealing is just an ordinary profitable activity that can be used in any way you like. It is an existence best approached without illusions.

Andrew Cockburn

GRASS?



" I CROSSED MY FINGERS  
AND TOOK MY FIRST  
PUFF OF MARIHUANA...



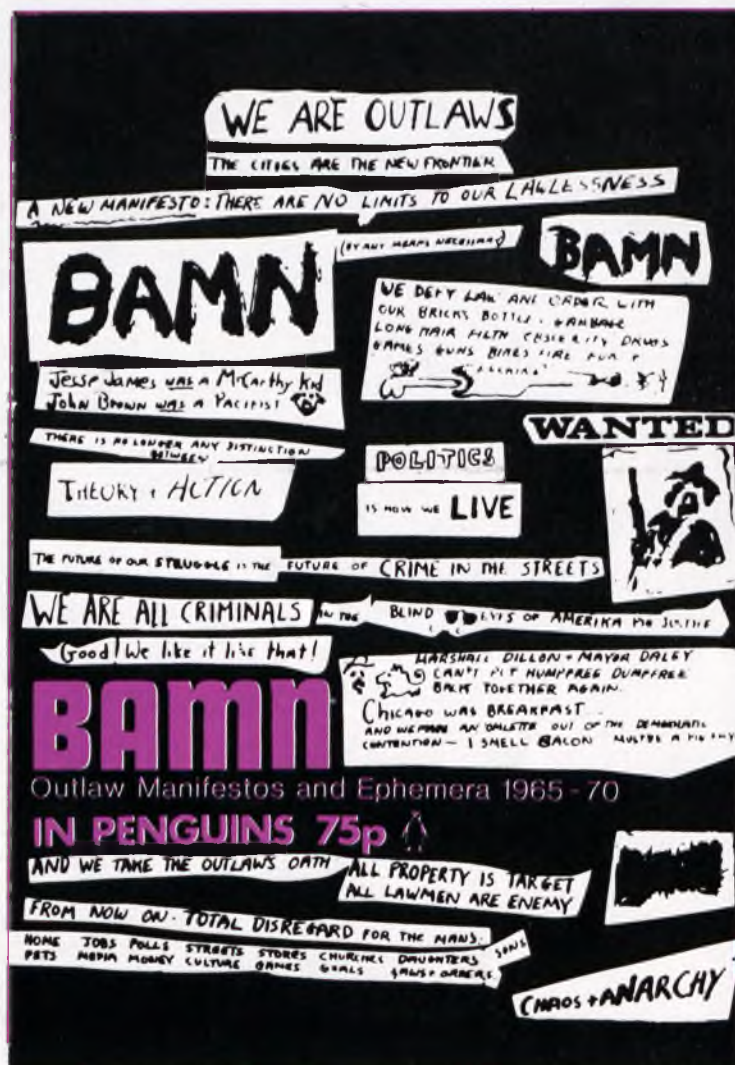
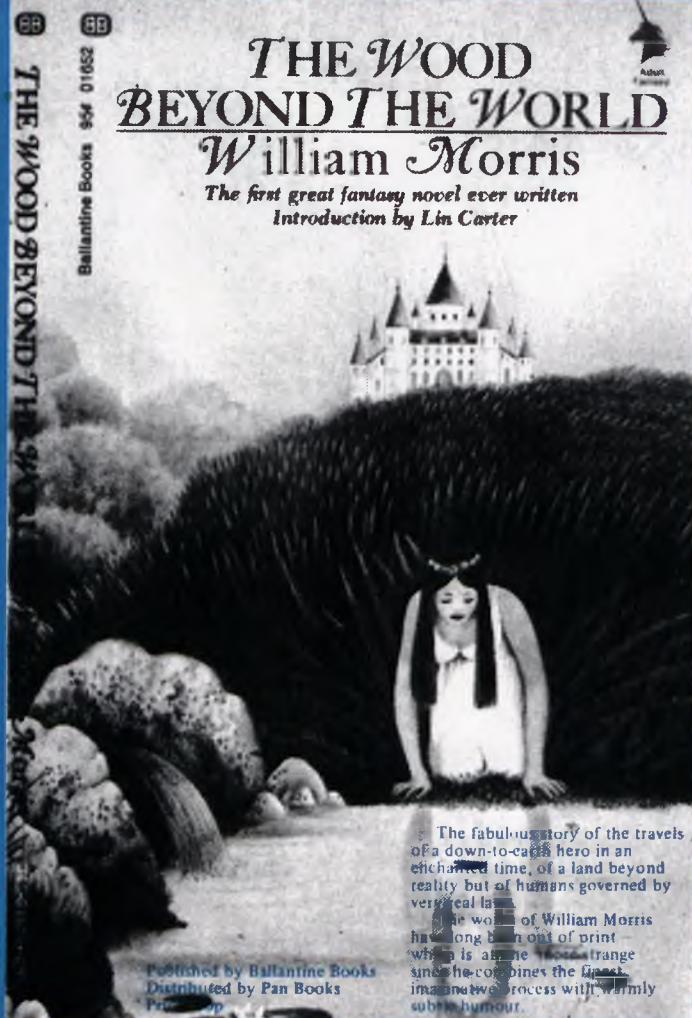




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## The Who 'Who's Next' (Track)

Probably the main reason that the Who - like that other product of the London mod scene, the Faces - have kept everything together so well is that essentially they're still good old rock n rollers.

OK. They do have Pete Townshend's exceptional talents to give the rock basis a certain embellishment, but right down there rock n roll still stands.

'Who's Next' demonstrates the rock essence to a far better extent than any of their work since 'Sell Out'. The 'art' digression of the rock opera 'Tommy' may have taken the band into the heart of culture-culture New York City all the way to Metropolitan Opera, and earned Townshend his canonisation as an 'intellectual' but for rock fans it had strayed away from the true path.

The new album is a typical rock group album: a collection of songs stuck together, with no particular 'concept' bar that one band has written and performed all the material on it. The Who, maybe, because they went through all the personality hassles that seem endemic to a rock band, in the early days, stand out today as one of the only rock bands left with their original members. Townshend, Moon, Entwistle and Daltrey have held together and their music, as exemplified by this album, has benefited from it.

Even if ex-Quicksilver pianist, and veteran of virtually every session worth mentioning in the last few years, Nicky Hopkins has slipped in on a couple of cuts, a violinist Dave Arbus finds his way on to the O'Riley portion of 'Baba O'Riley', the Who are still producing very much what we have learnt to expect from them.

This album serves as a complete guide to the music of the band. It ranges over the whole spectrum of their creativity over the last six years and all the clichés still shine out as truisms. What stands out about the Who is that they're always so positive, they never waste time with self-justification or apoloising. Daltrey's vocals are simply exultant, the music backs him up.

A few novelties: Townshend emerges from his Twickenham home studio with synthesiser and electric organ, as well as playing piano on one track, though Hopkins takes over otherwise. John Entwistle has his track - 'My Wife - an institution that is getting like Ringo's efforts on the Beatle's LPs.

'Who's Next' is a very fine rock album. It doesn't require deep intellectual seraching to discover any meaning for those who would like to it's possible to bop around to it. The best recommendation for a true rock creation. The cover has the lads caught just after they've pissed on a 2001 style ferro-concrete monolith. What does it mean, but then, what does it matter....

If a 'best track' selection is required then there's a tie between the long version of their current single 'Won't Be Fooled Again', an interestingly cynical appraisal of the calls to revolution.... the new Boss/Same as the old Boss'..... and 'Getting In Tune' with the immaculate pronunciation of the key word 'chune' by Daltrey. Right. It's all a bumper fun bundle, not to be missed. Go get it.

Aristide Prainge

## The Mothers 'Fillmore East, June 1971' (Reprise) The Byrds 'Byrdsmanix' (CBS)

The Byrds have always been an enigma to me. Mr Tambourine Man' cut through the cold pas of most 1965 material (all but 'Satisfaction') and he who, like a needle through a wall, followed by a few blatantly psychedelic lps, a little country and a little rock, a bit of this and that and so on. They kicked out Ginsberg and McGuinn seemed to change direction, about face, with each new set. And they always did it so well, but it always sounded like 'The Byrds play country' or 'The Byrds play rock'. I flashed on that when they were booked for an 'acoustic set' at Lincoln Festival some weeks ago, and then lifted the roof (or clouds) off with their electric rock numbers. The few times I've seen them only once have they transcended that and become, not a band ploughing through their greatest hits, but THE BYRDS and only THE BYRDS are. That was both when circumstances forced them to play acoustic. They sang to moderately small crowd, the remnants of those days of festival conditions, a damp, steaming, smogging washed out swamp of faces. And they picked on the spirit of the moment exactly, just took everybody up. It was arguably the best musical moment of the three days.

They proved this ability come and for all with 'Untitled': all sides of the band... tight, expanded, live, studio, wistful, rocking etc etc. And now 'Byrdsmanix' which slowly mellow with age, and as the football season comes in earlier than ever, but it has no real excitement to it. There are a large number of manix (Byrd) who want this set and probably already have it. A track-by-track would fall on stoned ears (sic). Rolling S. does it and who wants etc. Suffice it that all the eleven easy three/four stand up. 'Citizen Kane' is innocuous fun, a filler probably. Jackson Browne's 'Jamaica Say You Will', Skip Battin singing through 'Absolute Happiness', and 'Kathleen's Song', a soft, rich madrigal melody. For the rest, not much, little with the bite of the last album of new studio-cut songs (on 'Untitled'), and nothing that really bears introduction to their newly-established electrical or acoustic set. The band have nearly always produced better. For once McGuinn seems to have recorded with the unsure of his current mood, and the energy is mostly dissipated here. Listen louder and again to 'The Ballad of Easy Rider' for stronger of the same stuff, and nearly all other Byrds' set for stronger still. Don't forget though that even with a tear on the cheek of his death/life mask, a little McGuinn won't ever let you down.

The Mothers' album by contrast is the result of eighteen months choreography, the score to '200 Motels' and three or four extremely pornographic minds. It rips and snorts. I like it lots.

Dick Lawson

## Jack Bruce - Harmony Row (Polydor 2310 107)

Harmony Row is Jack Bruce's equivalent to John Lennon's Working Class Hero album. John Lennon's record is a statement of philosophical autonomy and independence, Jack Bruce's is a statement of musical autonomy and independence. In producing these records, the two musicians have done what no other successful pop-stars have done - demoted themselves as idols and rejected the star-system in favour of personal integrity, at the risk of losing their mass audience. It's an admirable position, though it has its dangers.

Harmony Row is the result of a year's collaboration between Jack Bruce and Pete Brown. It bears the stamp of a sustained drive to achieve tightness and coherence. Pete Brown's lyrics, compared to most pop-songs, are unusually dense, and the music is correspondingly complex. It twists and turns, pushes forwards, halts, jerks forward again, fades away... Jack Bruce has added range and depth to his singing, and he makes the songs work brilliantly. Only very, very occasionally does the result feel over-poetic and contrived. Otherwise, it frequently reaches an angular elegance that reminds me of the Kurt Weill/Bertolt Brecht songs of the thirties. The same tension is there, the same sense of the destructive heartlessness of the cities.

Not that that parallel should be pushed too far, though. The cynicism and hope in Brecht's songs were always a reflection of historical forces at work: capitalism and fascism on the one hand, and the creative anger and potentialities of ordinary people on the other. In Harmony Row the forces involved are more abstract. Images of youth and celebration and hope jostle with those of frustration and decay. People are surrounded by menacing complexities and a feeling of turmoil that is expressed most acutely in the sharp ballad of 'Smiles and Grins'. Love in this world is fragile, easily destroyed by the bleak light of day, as in the apocalyptic, beautiful written and sung 'Morning Story'. Several songs yearn for tenderness and beauty; others shout out the energy and life of the town-kids. But this cynicism and richness is tempered by the knowledge of how easily happiness can get bogged down in confusion, and how quickly time passes.

Now when the time is ripe

Then in the twinkling of an eye  
Gone down the drains of a world.

The last song leaves us with the impending alcoholic self-destruction of Malcolm Lowry's cousin, who lives, like all of us, under the fatal shadow of the volcano.

Not that the overall effect of Harmony Row is negative. It's much too tough and original for that. It's a record that's full of poetry and strongly-felt emotions, but without any bullshitting. And this is really quite surprising. In Pete Brown's poetry, at the time when he was doing public readings with New Departures and the Liverpool Scene, a certain amount of engaging bullshitting was an essential element. And Jack Bruce had the experience of turning off the millions with the Cream. For both of them, there was always the option to stay content with wowing the masses in the stalls.

The fact that they have turned their backs on this option is important. The Liverpool poets and the Cream were key elements in the cultural movement of the 1960's. They were part of the socialisation of their respective art-forms. What had previously been private, minority art-forms became people's poetry and people's music - the cultural equivalent of the political movement which took to the streets in 1968. But so long as the mass concern was simply to turn people on, the sub-culture had no way of developing the images of social optimism and solidarity that it had created. For every Woodstock Nation, there would always be an Altamont. And meanwhile, the establishment recuperated and muzzled in on the new vitality with a flaking ease...

So if Jack Bruce and Pete Brown have now retracted their horns and produced something much more personal and thoughtful, and even with a touch of desperation in it, that isn't such a bad thing at all. With records like this, rock music is reaching a new kind of seriousness and maturity - a kind of maturity that gives the lie to some of the more facile observations of the Gap that we have heard recently.

But this maturity has its dangers. For the last few years, in spite of the fact that it's been compromised with intense and ruthless commercial pressures, rock has been a great democratising force. It has opened up mass participation in musical experience, and has played a real role in disseminating new ideas and feelings. To cut yourself off from that mainstream means risking isolation, and even elitism. Look what happened to Jazz...

Harmony Row doesn't fall into that trap. Jack Bruce is one of the few people who's pushing out the boundaries of music and making it work. His album is the kind of record to hear and re-hear - the kind of record that lasts because it rises above the musical/commercial fads churned out by the rock industrial circus.

There's one other thing though. We can never expect glib statements of social optimism from Jack Bruce, because his mind doesn't work that way. But it's true nevertheless that culturally, politically and socially there are a lot of positive things going on within the jumbled up world that's reflected in Harmony Row. Jack Bruce has recognised this by doing a really clever job for the Clydebank Music Centre. It's good if the people who bring this element to the fore in his music - because it's particularly by relating to these positive forces for change that music can develop the democratic possibilities opened up by Rock.

John Hayland.



I met Anus at the love-in, and know he liked me, because he stared at my breasts... but when he and his hippie friends lit a "reefer"...

anus thinks i'm "square" because i won't smoke pot!

THEY SAID I WAS

**OUT TO LUNCH!!**

she's really a honkey!

yeah!

i'll say!

HEE HA HA

anus, my darling! please don't force me to do this!

at first... everything seemed o.k...

somehow, I just couldn't say "no"

i know it's wrong, but...

that wasn't so bad, was it, beverly?

h-no... i... i guess not...

but... a few minutes later...

gee... i feel sort of wierd!

suddenly...

ANUS!

what's happening to me?!

I seemed to be in another world...

gasp!

anus, and his friends were delighted...

NO NO

this is too much!

YUK

HA HA

at last, I was "in" with the hip-groovers...

hey gang! lets take our clothes off, and paint our bodies with groovy designs!

WHAT?!

listen, bev-forget your sex handups! we're all brothers and sister!

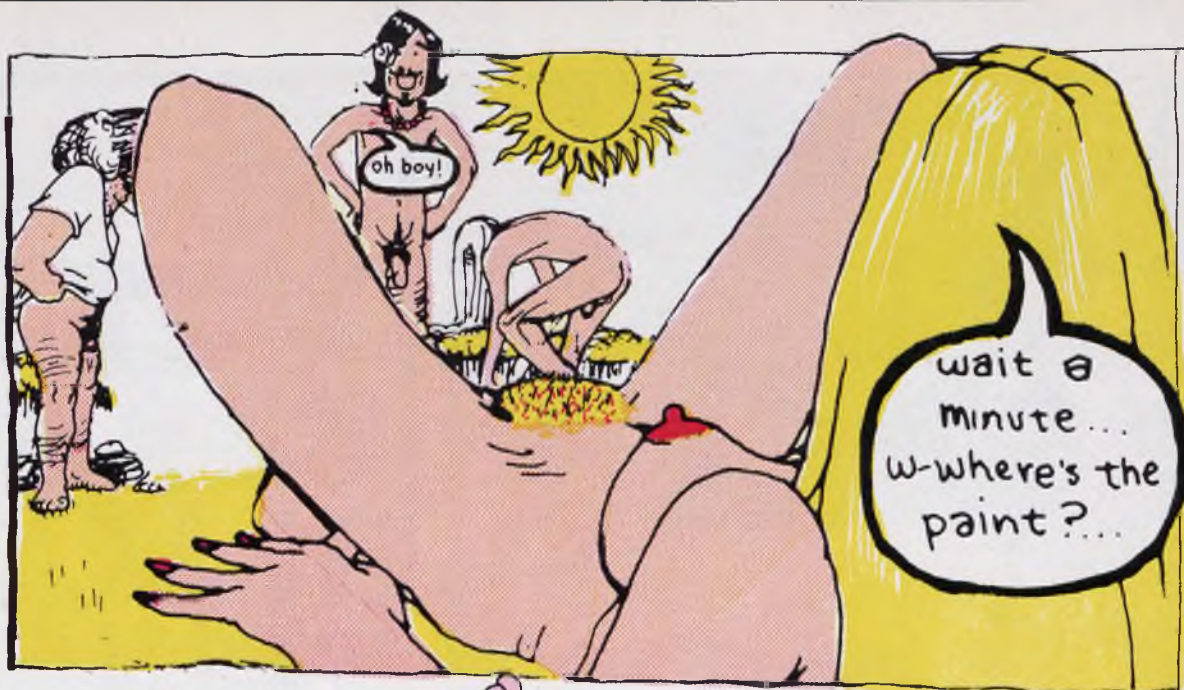
well... a-allright anus!

then, my eyes met anus's... he seemed to be looking right into my soul...!

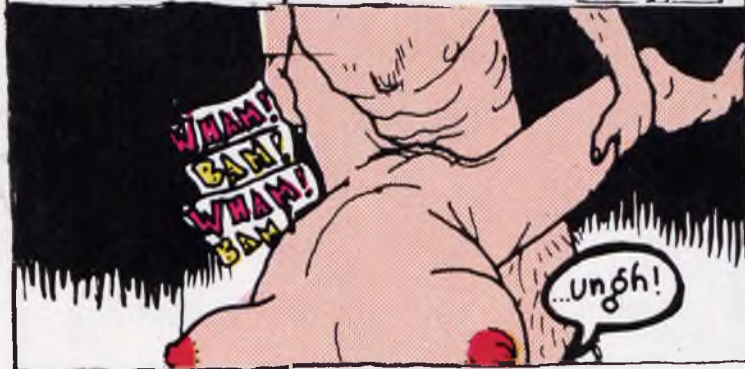


I couldn't believe that I had actually spoken those words... I guess it must have been an effect of the pot...

oh... dear!



that I didn't quite know what to say...



When I finally "came down" Anna and his friends were gone...



I realized with a start, that things were beginning to get out of hand...



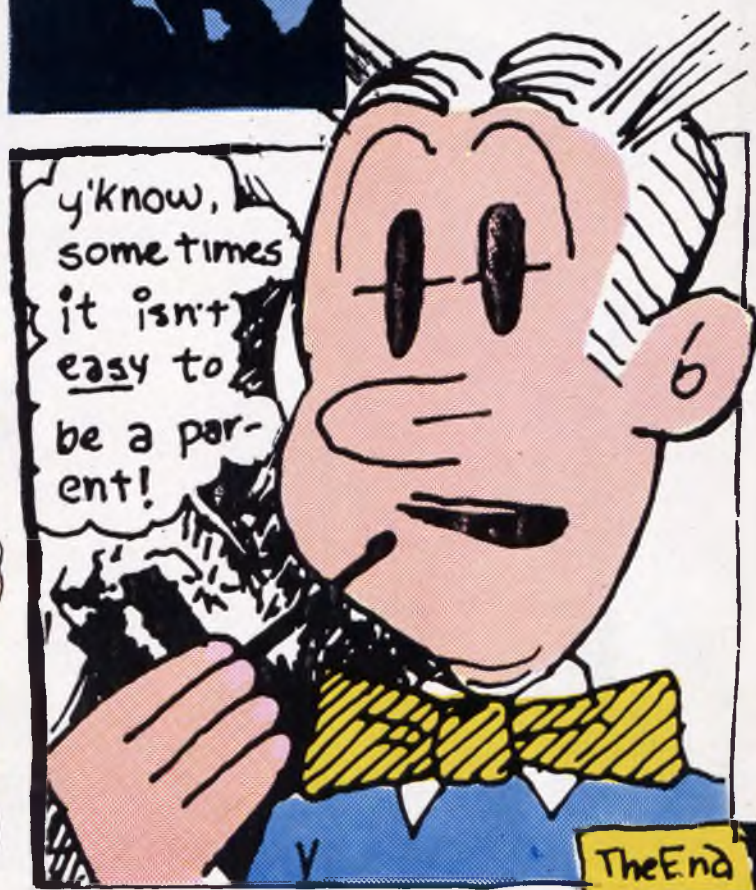
I found my clothes in some nearby bushes...



It was a long trudge back home, but I finally made it!



y'know, sometimes it isn't easy to be a parent!



The End



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# freaktures think tank



History lies like a nightmare of the brain at the living, wrote Marx. Adrian Mitchell's *Edmond & Ezzie* "Tyger", now at the New Theatre, but hopefully soon showing in Arts Labs and school gymnasiums, has our nightmares laid back to the London of 1789. It is an obviously familiar world, where the regime is in constant fear of popular agitation and private plots, working class violence and middle class dissent. Radical weavers and potterers reading "The Rights of Man", a book which is banned and smothered outlawed, 100,000 prisoners construct George III's entrance to open Parliament with muscles and the blows of "No King, No Pitt". The successful revolt of black slaves finds its support among white revolutionaries in France and England. A writer, ready and political, imagines writers jailed and riotous scenes.

Mitchell's unobtrusive scholarship lets the play explain the real values, the force of Blake's ideas to our world of Enoch Powell, Intervention and the hiring of intellectuals of the Television Centre and the Arts Council. And Blake is thereby rescued from those critics and almost all the school teachers who read him as primarily a religious mystic and thus ultimately incomprehensible. He is pressed too from the more radical embers of Allen Ginsberg, himself responsible for the renewal of delight in Blake among the post-war Post-Prats in England, who wrote in Liverpool in 1965:

"*Adrian, Adrian, your children dance with  
a passion, rock & roll, and in the  
basements of dark satanic mills*  
Mitchell is probably sensitive to the poetic dialectic between the inability to know politics and the impossibility of making poetry of slogans. Like Horowitz, a rock poet, intensely aware of his responsibility to his public too, has this reading of Blake's visions. It asks of us a kind of insanity to see in perspective a country, a planet, going mad — to feel it deeply and not brush it aside — and retain one's own vision (an eye in the black cloud) to see for what they are — and see through — the cruelty and abhorrent and genocide at the hub of the power axes. Both writers are only too well aware of the dangers, the tendency to merely luxuriate in one's vision, to arrive at a self-soothing inertuality of a poetry too often the other side of the power. As Mitchell has written: 'The reason most people ignore poetry is that it ignores them'. The scholarship of Edward Thompson and David Erdman has enabled Mitchell's play to honestly show Blake as an extremely political poet, whose 'visions' were a genuine political tradition stemming

from the extreme Left of Cromwell's Republic and shared by the millennial Childists. Such groups as the Ancient Deists of Hoxton spoke in dreams like Blake and of conversations with departed souls and Angels and who like Blake almost immediately yielded to the stronger impulse of the French Revolution and became 'politicians' (Thompson). Nor was the complicated and daunting Christian symbolism of Blake's poetry merely religious. Rather, it was the means of a revolutionary identification with the crucified masses within a historical system which depended on an imagery literally taken from the Bible and thence Milton and Shakespeare.

Blake saw himself quite specifically as a revolutionary artist, setting his London Republicanism against the genteel culture of Gainsborough and Reynolds, a conflict beautifully handled in "Tyger" and as a revolutionary artist must, he opposed the division of art as much as he opposed the division of labour in the mill, rejoined poetry and painting in his own shop and head. He knew science and art, inventing the deep etched intaglio plate, he used for his engraving, the justification for public support for artists, demanding, 'if fair Price and a General Demand for Art', and describing his painter friend Barry as being 'unemployed except by his Energy'.

The War of Independence struck him as a mighty and awful change. The secular apocalyptic America quite shattered the attempt to confine politics within moralistic and Biblical language. Taking on his bardic duty, from out of his mind, 'Volcano-Cadron', he announced that if George III was to re-enact the oppressions of ancient times by suppressing the American Rising, he, the Poet, would prostrate the Tyrant with his art. He had seen the street fighting men of London with the blue cockade of 'Wilkes and Liberty' hear the voice of London Dissent demanding freedom of the press, a larger leaf and support for the Liberty Boys of Boston and Philly. He had been in the front of the crowd when the prisons were forced and the gates and hinges went up in flames during the Gordon Riots in support of American Independence. He was familiar with the ideas and probably the persons of the advanced thinkers of the London middle-class dissenters. He was like men Thomas Paine on his way to Paris. He knew Mary Wollstenclah, woman's liberation and author of 'The Vindication', he lived near the anatomist Hunter, Hogarth's widow, and Reynolds, the radical chemist, doctors, artists and journalists. 1789 was an era of international revolution quite equal to

1848, 1917 and 1968. An American observer in Paris wrote home: 'Republicanism is absolutely a moral influenza from which neither Titles, Places or even the Clergy can guard their possessors'. The Lord preserved us from a hot summer.

But Blake's involvement in English Jacobinism did not prevent a deep sadness at the course of the American and French Revolution. He saw that the American Revolution was not in fact a quest of liberation but the establishment of the independence to buy and sell. The Declaration of Independence did not address black slaves or women. It was not Blake's revolution which 'everything that lives is holy and without price and each line and filament is itself' and not immeasurable with or by anything else. But Blake's attitude was no longer the pity he had felt during his enthusiasm for the humanitarianism of Swedenborg, who he profusely illustrated. Rather his interest moved from compassion for the plight to a deep admiration for the energy of the oppressed and interest in the ways of their insurrection. (The slave revolution of Santo Domingo, only the second slave rising besides that of Spartacus, was powerful and well organised. It came at a time when struggles were blazing in Haiti and Mexico, when the Sultan of Turkey had taken to calling himself 'Citizen' and the Times talked of 'the instability of rule in India'. The black revolt was supported by the revolutionary troops of France, (it is immortalised in CLR James's book 'The Black Jacobins' which surely inspired Pontecorvo's under-praised film 'Quai 1783').

Blake's illustrations of the *Journal of Stedman*, a British liberal mercenary who had been employed crushing slave rising in Latin America, he was fascinated with the docility of the slaves, in what made them such well-behaved captives, why their defiance and dignity was only on the cruciform rack? In the allegory 'Daughters of Albion', Britain talks of the worthy children of the sun are obedient they resist not, they obey 'the scourge'. And Blake understood the deep seated fears of such as Lord Abingdon, an 18th Century Bonaparte, who said that the slaves 'had fired up the rivers of Clammy and replaced them with turbulent blood where all before equal, blacks and whites, English and French, wolves and lambs, all shall be 'merry companions everyone', promisingly pin together, engendering a new species of man as a product of this new philosophy.

While the moral politician Wilberforce argued, with the backing of Adam Smith, that slavery was no

longer economically necessary, Blake prophesied that slavery, soldiery and tyranny were equally the product of private property and a crippling moral code. He was not afraid of the slave population. What's more he understood how 'marchioness Golden Cage' and the defeated lord on the little ones' compelled to spend the day, in singing and dismay, acted to destroy men and women. The sexual repression on women and children by disturbed men acted to mutilate all concerned. Although his short poems of 'careless babes and willow bark' were much patronised by the Victorians, Blake hated those who cynically 'protect the innocence of children'. He, who eluded formal education, woke up each morning to the regimented singing of London charity school children. He wrote: 'Those who are offended with anything in this book would be offended by the innocence of a child and for the same reason — for it reproaches (them) with the errors of acquired folly'. He saw bourgeois morality, the 'Thou! Shalt! Not' written over the door, as a hypocrisy to cover the realities of colonial plunder, harlotry, soldiery and apprentice slavery. He saw bourgeois rationality as the cruel compasses of Utopia, reason in its human state was a false God. He saw Utopia embodying the corrupt spirit of legalism and prudence, in fact tyrannical and sightless. He saw London in his Song of Innocence, which brought taking poems, 'Mitchell (play) in part as a garden city, whose pillars stood at Islington, Fenton Town, Primrose Hill and St Johns Wood. But Blake also saw the chartered streets where everything was reduced to buying and selling, not just goods but childhood (the chimney sweep), life itself (the soldier) and love, the choice of life (the syphilitic whore).

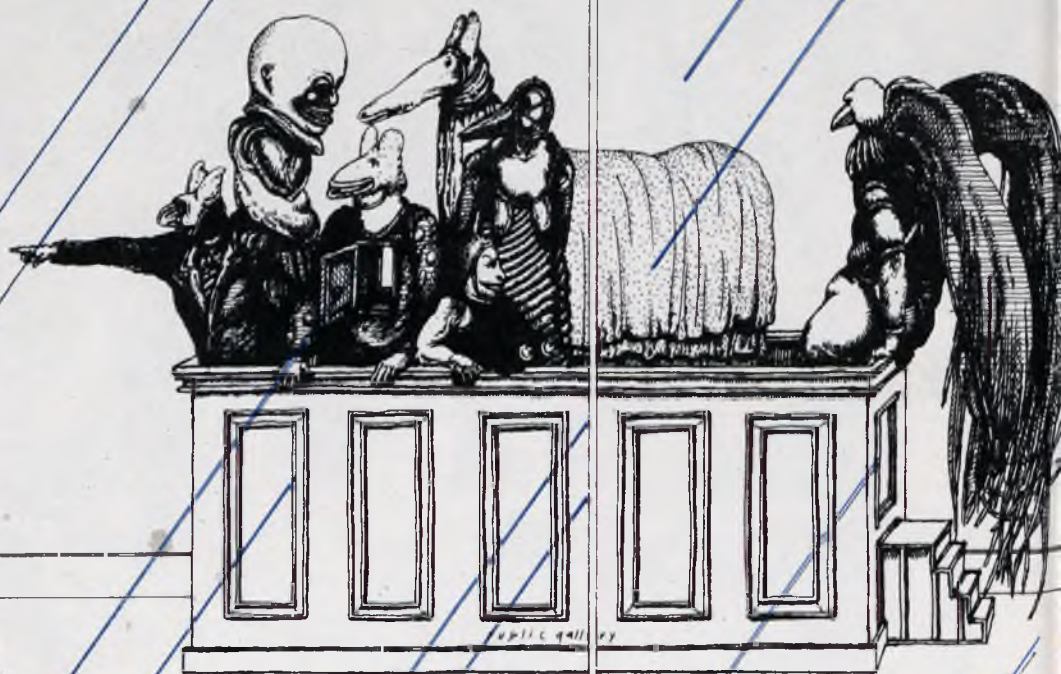
He saw the corruption of 'official' restrained and financed art: 'Where any view of money exists, Art cannot be carried on'. He saw behind the politicians' teeth and grin, the face, a mask to their face of heart.

Before Marx understood what the freedoms of the bourgeoisie state were so illusory, before Freud he saw the 'map forged manifold of negative and brutal schooling and guilty sexuality prevented people from realising their own revolutionary possibilities. We must banish Urizen from ourselves and detach our Love before we can be liberated as 'Rocks Urin of young men of a New Age! Set your foreheads against the ancient Hurlings! For we have Hurlings in the Camp, the Court and the University, who would, if they would, for ever depress mental and pollute Corporal War.

David Wilberforce

## "Tyger"





*'The Cannock Chase Murders' by Judge Michael Argyle, QC*

Margaret Reynolds, Christine Darby died.  
 Diane Tift died.  
 When I see my child each day,  
 Looking in the felsh like me,  
 I give thanks to God and say:  
 There's my immortality.  
 When my face is long forgotten  
 And I have to Limbo gone,  
 This child I have begotten  
 Will my endeavours carry on.  
 So to other parents I feel  
 A close affinity.  
 For should our child be first to die  
 Where's our immortality?  
 If that death by murder came  
 Should Satan's power triumphant be,  
 Counting not the sin and shame  
 And his victim's agony.  
 Could a mother bear that sight,  
 A father drnik that bitter cup - drink  
 And still believe all will come right  
 When God takes his jewels up.  
 As we view the lot of man  
 And as parents see his fall,  
 Margaret, Christine and Diane  
 Become the children of us all.





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Daily Telegraph

# FURY OVER OZ JAILINGS

**Angry MPs join the wave of protest**

The Sun

## OZ: OBSCENE! BUT WHY THE FEROCIOUS SENTENCES?



**NEVILLE** Sentenced to fifteen months    **ANDERSON** Sentenced to fifteen months    **THE JUDGE** Accused of an act of revenge

**Fury as three editors are jailed**

Daily Mirror

## Oz sentences — Labour MPs sign protest

Daily Express

### COMMENT

**Personal reactions —**  
Kenneth Tynan, of "On the Beach": "Belle has been joined between Judge Armitage, England and a Free England."  
Mrs. Mary Whitehouse, TV campaigner: "It is a very good thing the law has been drawn."  
John Leach, who said it all "disgusting fiction."  
Lord Harewood thought the verdict was "right, but the sentence "harsh".  
Kingsey Amis, author, member of Lord Longford committee on pornography: "My instinct is to cheer anything nasty that must happen to this unsavoury trio."  
A. the same (Laurie) would: should be sent to prison for obscenity—whatever that is.  
John Trevelyan, former Tory MP: "I have seen Oz and I don't like it. But I think the sentences are much too severe—reaction to the offences."  
John Braine, author, said he had no sympathy with Oz, but "I don't see why these people should be singled out for this severe treatment."  
Wick Jagger: "If there has been a moral crime committed by the police and the judge."  
Organisations noted in: ● National Council for Civil Liberties: "The sentences are savage and vindictive."  
● The Young Liberals described it as "a sordid and revolting little political trial."  
● The Radicals Society of barristers and lawyers said the case "will bring the law into disrepute."

**MPs condemn OZ gaolings as 'Establishment revenge'**

The Guardian

**Demonstrations and protests against 'Oz' jail sentences**

The Times

'Shocked MPs protest: It looks like revenge'

# STORM OVER OZ SENTENCES

Daily Mail

THE prison sentences on three editors of Oz magazine unleashed a storm of controversy last night

**Apple are donating royalties on this record to the Oz Obscenity Fund**



# ANOTHER OZ SCOOP

# WE MEET

**UNBELIEVABLY** Ronnie Biggs, Great Train Robber, escapee supreme, and without any doubt, Britain's most wanted man, has talked. Not to Fleet Street, nor to the ever-eager press vultures of Amerika, but to OZ, the Power to the People Paper.

We bring you this interview from 'somewhere in Asia' as the transcript of what we at OZ truly believe to be a genuine tape of Biggs' voice. Traveling in the Far East an OZ reader and freelance journalist met the Greatest Train Robber of 'em all and arranged to get him down on tape. His recording, together with a letter of authentication, arrived in our London offices. Obviously Ronnie Biggs is not the easiest person to track down. Obviously an 'interview' with him must seem an impossibility. You, the reader, may justifiably smell a rat, you may not accept that this is really Ronnie Biggs talking. We at OZ have, we assure you, given the tape and its transcript the most intense consideration and it is only after this searching look at the background and recent history of the man in question that we feel ourselves free to bring you the latest episode in the saga of Ronnie Biggs - The Most Wanted Man in the World.

**So You were in Australia and the Police were onto you?**

Everyone knew we were in Australia, that was the big trouble. We kept on getting tips they were onto us! I got into this odd kind of fuss over this money. So I had to get out of Sydney, before Charmaine, my wife, showed up. We went off down to Adelaide, that's me and Eric Flowers. So I met her and we toured round Australia a while. Darwin, Brisbane, Sydney, you know we went everywhere really. What happened was we settled down in Adelaide, had a nice little place, the house was called Surfside. Well we stayed there for about 2 years. Everything was nice and easy, no problems.

## VILLAINS

**Had local friends did you?**

Yes, we had local friends. It was one of our local friends who did us, I reckon, because he realised who I was and he put the Law onto us. We had been told that the Police knew that I had been working as a carpenter in Adelaide and so I kind of pushed off and we went from Adelaide and we wound up in Melbourne and that's where we were for the last two years. Well the money was running a bit low by this stage but I had a job. I was working on this job where I even used to dish out the weekly payroll. I used to think, you know, all I had to do was bloody photograph the things and the plan mate and I could have sold it to half the villains in Australia. But anyway I didn't do that



# TODAY

**Biggs facing up to the mike: Keeping on running.**

because I reckoned I was out of villainy. I'd gone straight. Was that Charmaine?

Partly. But it was partly me as well. I mean this was going

## ROOFS

to be the big one, the Train Robbery and we were going to live happily ever after. Didn't work out like that, I mean we spent half our time running away and half our time sitting in nick. I mean look at Bruce Reynolds, he

got away but they got him in the end. Anyway I settled down and I settled in the end at this airport, I wound up with this construction firm working on roofing. You know I was mending the roofs and drilling it was kind of modern metal construction stuff. We were quite happy, had some friends - still had some money. Charmaine had some jewels and we had this car, this Holden when we toured round Australia which I'd bought when she arrived

and we drove all the way around the country. We were happy then. So anyway we settle there and I remember it was in August of '69 when we realised how close they were to us. Big feature in the Australian Woman Weekly about the train robbers. There was a bloody great picture of me in it.

## BUBBLY

**Was this you with your new face, or the old one?**

No, it was my old one. They didn't at that time have any pictures of me with my new face. I was bloody stupid really cos when we got to Australia we had all these stupid photographs of me and Char drinking bubbly all raised glasses to our new life. With me with my new nose and all that stuff.

**How did you get out of Australia?**

After we saw this story we knew they were pretty close. I kept on getting these occasional messages from England, from the people who got me out in the first place. So I said to Char, I'd have to hop it. I got out just before the police got onto Charmaine and the three kids.

## PLANE

I got this light plane which I had through the airport. And flew up North towards Darwin, I'd been there before. On the way I landed at this sheep station. I'd known vaguely about this bloke from a bloke I met in Melbourne and I landed there and he didn't know who I was to start with. I stayed there for a week. Just kind of helping him around. Mending walls. I mean I couldn't do any sheep shearing or anything, couldn't tell one end of a sheep from another. He begun to realise who I was - a lot of Australians were on my side.

## NORTH

**They were on your side?**

They were quite decent actually. I mean all the papers were full of people saying how I'd been hard done by. And I hadn't had my fair just deserts and that. So anyway, I may not have been fair and just but I sure got my desert. The old sheepfarmer said to

me if I wanted to go to Darwin I might be able to pick up a boat and go North. Australia was getting pretty hot. The only thing I could do was hope for the best and get out. My face was different though I didn't know how many photos they had of me, but I found out bloody fast. So I kind of shaved my head down to two little side bits and it taned pretty fast in the sun and it didn't look too bad. I went up to Darwin and the sheepfarmer put me into contact with this bloke so through him I got in contact with this tramp boat. God it was terrible, worse than the boat I went from England to the Continent on. That was just over night, this bloody trip went on for days, God it was terrible, I puked my guts out. Anyway I got up to Portuguese Timor, which I had never bloody heard of. It was a diabolical place. You know dirty old Portuguese not knowing what the hell to do and a lot of miserable natives sitting around starving and that kind of thing. Well anyway when I was up there the tramp man had put me onto someone - he was very good about this - and this bloke was going over the border, into Indonesia. Well I didn't know bloody Indonesia from . . . well Shepherds Bush. I reckoned that the best bet was to get out of this Portuguese Timor place and get up through Indonesia and head up North. If I got to Asia, like Thailand for instance or Vietnam I might be alright. Cause you

## VIETNAM

get a lot of people going up to Vietnam and signing on with the American Army and no questions asked because they won't find anyone to volunteer to do that, would they? And in the American Army maybe I could get a new identity. You know all this rubbish you used to read in the comics about people swapping their identity. And I didn't reckon I'd be doing any fighting, not the way I run my life. I'd run a mile. I mean when I was in the Forces I deserted and wound up in the cooler. That's before I really got going on my career of course. So I got from Portuguese Timor to a place called Surab ajo.



# RONALD BIGGS

## THE MOST WANTED MAN IN THE WORLD

By OZ REPORTERS

Diabolical it was. Anyway I didn't stay there long I went on to Djakarta. The thing was I'd given this £11,000 to this bloke in London, £5,000 was for him and £6,000 was for "Safe Keeping". Anyway I'd thought I'd seen the last of it but in fact I got a lot of it back just before I started running again. I was pretty surprised because I thought they had screwed me for everything that I had.

### KNOCK-OUT

What about getting out to England?

Well that was easy enough. The actual thing was when we were all sent down even before the sentences were announced, we were thinking of how to get out of it. We knew we were going to be sent down pretty hard. We had this situation where we were going to give this screw a knockout drop but then someone read in a legal book that we could get life for that so we thought that was no good. We did have one friendly screw who was quite helpful, he was bent himself. Right villain he was, that's what was wrong with him. So we got sent round various prisons. We started off at Lincoln where I knew the Governor and we wound up in the Scrubs when my appeal was turned down. Where I met this bloke who was dead straight and he said 'You're not going to stay in here for 30 years, are you?' Too bloody right I wasn't. He was coming out soon you see and I sent this plan out with him. When he was clear it was organised. And this plan involved me going over the wall during our exercise

break. It was a very high wall, so if I got on top of the wall and lept off, I'd break my neck. So they had a furniture van pull up right on the other side. They had two exercise periods. In the afternoon. I arranged to be on the later one. The first time we tried it, it didn't work out because it was pissing down with rain. I said to the screws, 'Come on let us go for a walk, it's the only fresh air we get in the day' But he wasn't having any. The second time we tried it, it was on a Wednesday I remember, the topes came over, well two actually, commando grapples they were. I ran like hell and a few of the lads, you know, stopped the screws. But in fact a couple came over with me too.

What happened to them?

I don't know. I was the only one who had any proper sort of organisation behind me. Because I was the only one with any kind of proper money behind me. I went over the wall and down into this furniture van which was full of old mattresses. So I got out that way and dumped the furniture van and got into a

### BOGNOR

car. Then I went underground for a little bit and arranged to meet the wife. It was terrible you know. I had to ring her up from Victoria and she was in a call box opposite Bow Street police station. So she and I arranged to meet in the end in Bognor and we had a week in Bognor together then I had to push off and we agreed we'd meet again in Paris. What happened they got me dressed up a bloody First Mate or something and



### THEN

Dark glasses for the sunshine only. Biggs, temporarily at rest, strolling among the shoppers in Sydney

the people who got me out arranged with this First Mate to put me on board. It was bloody terrible. I was throwing up all the time. Anyway we arrived on the Continent and I didn't have any problem getting off the boat and we meet up with these people who gave us a lift to Paris. I had this big hooter and anyone who looked at me would know bloody well it was old Ronny Biggs. So when I got there we spent quite a lot of money on getting me this plastic surgery. I was told it was painless. I was with this other bloke Eric Flowers who have been sent down for 12 years for armed robbery. Anyway

he had the plastic surgery first and came out groaning. They bloody pulverised me mate. Couldn't speak for a bloody week. Then I had this face life. When Char met me, she could hardly recognise me and my two kids didn't know me at all at first. But we had a very good time in Paris for a while. But it was clear that I couldn't stay in Europe anyway. I'd read this book about Australia and it sounded a pretty fair kind of place.

### ARGYLE

What did you think of your QC - Argyle? Was he any good?

No one would have been any good for me mate. It was all bloody useless as far as I was concerned. They knew I'd done it. Argyle treated me like - well you know - he might as well have been the Judge. He came out with these platitudes in Court but it didn't make any difference. I lied my bloody head off. A fat lot of good that did. Anyway Argyle didn't even shake hands with me when it was all over. I head late; that he gave money to Jack Mills who was the driver. We told him we'd give him some if we got away with it. We didn't mean to do him any harm anyway. So Argyle didn't help us at all.



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# Under Whose Thumb?

Pouring over the mike, pleading, the Heart of Stone breaks before the magic of his myth inverted. The Devil makes an exclusive appearance as Humpty-Dumpty, the Midnight Rambler is confronted with forces that he can't fit under his shaky thumb, and he pleads, take it easy, take it easy.

In that moment at Altamont, captured in the film, 'Gimme Shelter', all my perplexed, confused reactions to the Rolling Stones came to mind in a flash of pity. Then the knifing, again, in slow motion, take in all the pain. The Stone's strength always hinged on the edge of a threat, but now the shot just away in the future resounds in the present and lingers reverberating in the past.

First, let me explain why I must write this article, to Mick and all you men, I am the Stupid Girl who hit her head too many times against your hearts of stone. I am the Factory Girl, the Honky Tonk Woman, Brown Sugar, the Parachute Woman and Ruby Tuesday. I am the girl who had to settle for your expectations, whose eyes were kept to myself while you could look at someone else. I wanted your mind and was given your arm and leg. I have had your knife stuck in my throat til it hurt. I am Yesterday's Girl. But then, SO ARE YOU.

There are so many contradictions once SEX is equated with WAR. Like the contradiction between Mick twirling his scarf in the seductive dance of a queen and belting the angry mean lyrics aimed like swords at women. How do you piece together the jig-saw puzzle of Jagger, unafraid to cast the spell of the hermaphrodite, to boldly and flamboyantly put on the mysterious bi-sexual performance and yet lash out as the ultimate in the male supremacy. The other half of that contradiction is me, a woman aware of that sadism, digging it — masochism, identification with the oppressor? The Rolling Stones wrap themselves in evil cloaks and it is hard to strip them naked. And we, the audience, are left wondering why we love the demonic — do we see ourselves as Jagger or Jagger's lover when the pounding rhythms find us lying on the floor? Do the songs of sex, male over female, in the end reduce themselves to Jagger over everybody, is that the basis of the breathless idolatry?

Most of the Stones' adoring audiences don't even try to figure them out, just accept the image, applaud the myth, take in the aura, get high on the power, but never try to figure out what it all means. Then at Altamont a real knife, a real threat, a real murder. Mick can't sing out mockingly, "Let It Bleed" with the taste of real blood still sitting uncomfortable in his mouth. Mick, whose magic projected the image to perfection, can't make it as a vampire.

The Hell's Angels have no such reservations about a little spilled blood. The Stones' nasty habits may consist of taking tea at three but the Angels get off better on gang bang rape and knife fights. Hell's Angels are the devil that Jagger tries to project himself as. When the image meets reality on the stage at Altamont we suddenly see the white suited rose-shirted demon for the choir boy that he is and we also see the skull and cross bones etched into the dirty leather as the real bully, the tough guy carried away with his own strength into a realm of action where sheer power rules.

A moment before the knifing the

camera captures Mick and a biker in the same frame, holds as a whole cycle of emotion goes across the biker's face — hatred, attraction, envy, hatred. Another shot which shows the interaction of the Stones and the bikers — after Altamont Jagger and Charlie Watts sit listening to a talk show discussion of the murder at Altamont during which Sonny Barger called up in a pitiful attempt to clear the Angels' name. Mick winces as only a good little boy can wince, Charlie half smiles and shakes his head. The bikers and the Stones have similar pretensions, but the Stones know when they are on stage, when they are in fantasy and when they are not. Between performances the Stones are quiet, reflective, even gentle — the Bikers are not superstars so they are continually groping for their outrageous moment in the spotlight. Chains and knives are high theatre but they draw real blood — the surreal crashes on reality.


The Stones are subtle and obscure. Richard and Jagger write complex lyrics with a hell of a lot of feeling in them. They have a penchant for the ironic and the surreal not as far out as Dylan on Bringing It All Back Home or Blonde On Blonde, but in that way. Mick's voice is neither gentle nor grinding but a weird mixture of both in which the word all but lose themselves in the raw emotions. But there is nothing simple minded about the words or the themes of the songs, seeing the Stones projected on the screen, the image examined from all angles, the complexity of the culture heroes is really evident for the first time — unless, of course, you examined them closely before, looked at the record covers, bothered to piece together the puzzling lyrics.

The Stones become just five musicians trying to cope with the roles they've been thrust into — but by the end of the song Jagger is joined on the floor by "my women" and the jig-saw puzzle gains a new connotation. And yet in this song like many of the others there is a sense of exploration, trying to find some shelter, trying to understand the thin line separating love and violence, co-existing as they do within the realm of human emotion. And taking those words out of their flower child connotations, wondering about violent revolution. Rage, murder is just a shot away/love is just a kiss away.

The aftermath of Altamont could have meant the Stones rising above the shit that they've been into in the past, to stop directing their energy into the egotistical put-down put-on and more into sensitively dealing with what the whole thing meant. Jagger convinced the Mayles Brothers to add scenes of the kids leaving Altamont to 'Gimme Shelter' rather than ending the film after the knifing. I think it was a good idea — the scenes mellow out the shock, the weary faces reflect our own weariness after witnessing the ordeal. 'Gimme Shelter' is a unique opportunity to witness the ordeal just as the Stones themselves in making the film saw the shots of their tour, of their pretentious interview, of their performances, of the knifing over and over again. And yet I wonder what effect that self-scrutiny had after seeing the new album with the zip down pants cover.

Maybe the Stones are yesterday's cocks.

Mary Strong  
reprinted from 'Nola Express'



The Stones had a whole dressing room with white satin couches and all this shit. It's just cocaine and Mick Jagger. I mean the Stones are into some really heavy things, like they went to Brazil and studied black magic for three months and scored a pile of cocaine... Jagger...he gets crowds really off their feet, and that's hard to do any more...Jagger can transform them in 45 minutes. He can just hold them in his crotch. That's just the way it is...'  
Andy Levine, in Altamont



Take One Erring Wife,

GOOD LITTLE

BAD GIRL

THE ROAD to you-know-where is paved with good intentions and beautiful Ann Dexter had the best intentions in the world. This dark-haired charmer thought she was helping when she took the job glorifying feminine flimsies. Her husband, Harry, was a little old-fashioned and very, very jealous, so Ann thought she'd better keep her new activity a secret. Harry wondered where his spouse went on many afternoons, but the lovely lingerie model always had a glib answer ready to pacify him.

Ann congratulated herself several times as she posed in flimsy lace and slinky satin dainties. She knew that Harry would not like the idea of others enjoying the view of her scantily-clad charm, but she felt that the extra income justified the risk she was taking. Her soft, alluring curves and alabaster skin were ideal for modeling the resplendent raiment, and more and more of her time was devoted to the new career.

The alibis became weaker and weaker until trustful Harry began to accept them without question—openly, at least. Privately he knew that something was fishy and determined to find out what it was. That did it. It was simple to unobtrusively trail his winsome wife to the salon where the bewitching brunette displayed her shapely charms to glorify the latest in lingerie fashions.

Harry didn't break up the act then. He went home and waited, biding his time. Ann was never more captivated as she entered the living room. The modeling fee in her purse was enough to make her happy as she thought of Ann is a little bit of heaven in a little bit of lace and that's what made Harry unhappy. With a figure like this, Harry should be jealous.





# Add An Irate Husband - Result, A Sound Spanking!

impact of flesh on flesh increased the tingling pain until it was unbearable. Ann finally won her point and was set on her feet by her huffy husband. He was tired anyway. Ann faced him angrily, her tender derriere prompting words of bitter recrimination. Harry remained unperturbed. She prepared a fresh tirade, then gulped and swallowed the words. She had just discovered that she loved her Harry more than ever before. She found that she understood and respected his point of view. She knew he was jealous of her beauty and vowed never again to do anything that would displease him. Ann still models and Harry gives his full approval. But now her modeling is confined to displaying her charms in the lacey lovelies supplied by her indulgent mate.

all the things she could do with the extra money. Harry didn't get mad. He stated the case and forbade further pursuit of the profitable career. Ann pleaded to no avail, then stormed out of the room, vowing to do as she pleased. Harry had made his declaration and awaited coming events calmly. They weren't long in coming. Ann went right back the next day and Harry knew it. He was waiting when his lovely wife came in, and Ann knew trouble was brewing as soon as she saw him. Harry didn't say much. He took off his jacket and seized the erring bride in an iron grip. It was a classic while it lasted. Ann screamed when the first blow was struck, that cupped palm stinging her tender flesh more than she had thought possible. Each succeeding

Harry Liked  
His Wife In  
Lingerie But  
Everyone Else  
Did Too!





Australia is now the most important battleground for the fourth world:  
 1. It is the emerging focus for American, British, South African and Japanese economic imperialism. In the last ten years, as the third world nations have made it increasingly uncomfortable for economic imperialists, the growth of foreign economic involvement here has been astounding.  
 2. Australia's mineral and other resources are building the machines of oppression in Britain and America. Profits from investment of increasingly worthless American dollars and English pounds (both of which are strongly supported by the Federal treasury here: see last world financial crisis when Australia suspended trading in all but American, British or Canadian currency) and profits from the sale of their goods in Australian markets are financing their machines. "Give me your resources, take my paper money and worthless goods" (from "Our Favorite Songs" Uncle Sam and the Queen, 1770-1970).  
 3. Australia's own imperialism is growing in coincidence with foreign imperialism here. The U.S. and Britain need a fat cow to milk. But no Bull. Washington rebuked Canberra last week for selling cane harvesting machines to Cuba.

# Go Home Ozies!

(c) Because all of the capitalistic, imperialistic, exploitative and other systems are not necessary for the survival of the 12 million people here, they could be thrown off in a decade or two. There need be no waiting for population controls to take effect. No waiting for anything but for the human beings here to understand their place in the world and act on that understanding.  
 6. Napoleon III said "nothing is truly destroyed until it is replaced" Australia can cast off all of the capital, imperial, exploitative shackles now and replace them now... with whatever we choose. This can be the first place...  
 7. Richard Brautigan wants deer and computers side by side in a forest. Okay, but by the time computers can survive in forests, will there be any forests left? Any deer? Here there is still a live world as a framework for men and their activities. Brautigan's dream, your dream, my dream are all possible now.  
 8. As a "White Western" country, Australia is our responsibility, our child. We are not needed in Chile, in Ecuador, in Cuba, in Africa, in Brazil or by the Black Panthers. They don't want us. Australia is a chance for us to clean our own house. Then, when we say, "Okay man, come see," we will have something to give. Good change from sucking the third world movements dry. How dry did we suck the Panthers? Jimi Hendrix? We have to carry our own load, not ride the back of Mao or Che or Ho Chi Minh.

9. England doesn't need you any longer Richard and Stan. "I don't want to talk to the converted Abbie Hoffman. After you win the OZ trial you must come to Australia. (Ha,Ha:OZ eds.) There will be plenty of people to carry on in London. It must be great to live where the bands are all fab and everything balls: where freaks are numerous enough that you feel a MOVE-MENT. (Ha,Ha,Ha,Ha:OZ eds). 10. If Australia can be turned on, motivated, it can strike a heavy blow to the whole western establishment. It can throw their whole mess back in their laps. This is what the braver third world nations are doing. A tuned in Australia could be, in our lifetime, a totally different society. Replace the old and the energy will flow from us to help our brothers do the same. But the opportunity is going fast. We need help, human beings of vision and energy now. The immigration policies are bringing the two hardest classes to turn on: Semi skilled European peasants and capital financiers. Americans are literally buying the country in large blocks (11,000,000 acres to one Texan owned ranch). Washington ties closer and closer to Canberra, minerals are taken, "joint defence" bases are constructed, land and wildlife are destroyed. U.S. financed tourist complexes are taking over coastal country economies. Holiday Inns is opening 1500 motel rooms in the next couple of years. Jerry Lewis is here to start a chain of "family" theatres featuring clean movies. "Just like in the U.S. where I have over a thousand theatres. You'd be surprised at the number of people that like clean movies." The web is tightening. We need you. Bring reinforcements. They're trying to deport me. I have an obscene publication trial tomorrow for the words "Fuck it". To the rescue ★ export that good old revolution ★ bring it on home! Richard, Stan, Germaine come on, Bring music, Bring love, bring light, breathe life. We can throw off the chains, we can start again. This is the place. This is your place. Garth





KERRY BROWN/STYLING



presenting  
THE MOTHERS  
Filmmore East-June 1911  
new album from  
the first









Kingdom Come  
Galactic Zoo Dossier  
Pink Fairies  
Never Never Land  
Jim Pepper  
Pepper's Pow-Wow  
Tonto's Expanding Headband  
Flaming Groovies  
Zero Time

NEW ALBUMS

JIM PEPPER  
FLAMING GROOVIES

WILD MANDALAY

KINGDOM COME

PINK FAIRIES





the wall, get on the top of the wall and look 50 yards of complete open space before me overlooked by both troops. Enter that morning there'd been an explosion in Unity Walk. Normally there was two Scottish pig mercenaries in each turret at each corner. There was only one. I wait till they walk into the turrets, there's a little slit they can look out of, and sit down or do whatever they do, sprint down the other side very quietly. One soldier comes across the yard and looks over. He can see me if he looks closely, but I'm in grey trousers, and grey sweater against a grey wall and the only thing that matters is my black hair and white face and if I make a movement I might attract his eye. When he goes in the turret again I crawl and the fifty yards from there to the bottom of the gate I crawl in record time. All the kids are still up in the windows and looking at this thing and by now the whole fucking wing's looking at it. In a normal prison the hoods and criminals would have been on the ball trying to get a few weeks remission on their sentence by telling the authorities, but in this prison they're my people, the Ballymurphy Brigade, the boys from Ballymurphy, they're round, they're solid.

It gets to the point where in terms of the turrets I'm safer. I'm close against the wall, they're close against the wall. It'll be a risk when I get half way up the gate and they'll see me, look directly down on me. I puts in my first hook, put in the other hook, the parapet's wrapped around me. Get up the 25 of the gate, hold on to the top and I'm there. And out of the corner of my eye I see one of the troops come out of the turret and looks straight at me. I can feel him looking at me. He must have looked straight at me and turned away. Saw me but he didn't see me. This crazy chameleon clinging against this wall, his inner part sort of vibrating. It was like being reborn again. I could smell the air. I was afraid even to consider them, but I knew it was there. I had the scent of freedom, baby. Balance on the top of the gate, take the hook and throw it off the wall, it misses. Comes flashing down past me. Bounces off my shoulder, swings down, makes a dull thud against the wall and I slowly pull it up again. Grab the hook and throw it up again. Misses the top of the wall again but goes right over the other side and catches by one of the knots. Now I've been on this gate and on this wall for five minutes. I'd forgotten about the troops walking in and out, time's ticking off. The screw'll be at my cell at half seven. I've got about two minutes over half-seven and the scream will go up. Can't get rid of the knot, won't pull over the wall so the only way I'm going to do it is twist it. So I twist it slowly. It comes and the hook catches on the top of the wall. Springs out, push my foot against the largest peg left in the gate, something to stand on, cos I'd got about another ten feet of brick to climb. Bathed in sweat, had my energy sapping out of me. Pull on the rope, get myself half way up the rope and I lose my strength. And just as I get like that I see out of the corner of my eyes soldiers; and I don't make a move, just like an ostrich puts his head in the sand, I'm just waiting there for a shot to



ring out. And I turned round, looked again. It must have been about half a lifetime and they both walked into the turrets again.

Somewhere and somehow a new energy

flowing through me. I throw myself on the top of the wall pulling the hook up after me.

I run along the top of the wall and stay on the top of the wall looking down this side

cos I didn't know what the patrols were outside. As soon as I look down all I hear

is tramp tramp tramp tramp and

four soldiers and a dog walk along the bottom of the wall. Cos it was a concrete

wall this, and where I am, even if they

looked up they couldn't see me. Eventually

I'm here and they're there, they walk past me and I'm looking down on top of their

heads. They wouldn't have seen me anyway

cos they had military caps on the Nazi-

style ones with the big peaks, and the dog

didn't even fucking see me. They walk past

round the corner. Drop down, into a

rhubarb patch and the hook's hanging there

on the wall. I'm into the two walls between

Crumlin Road and St Malach's College.

Between me and freedom there's a ten foot

the turret can still see me. Went across the

rhubarb patch and cleared that ten foot

wall in about half a second. Dropped straight

down behind a tree in St Malach's playing

fields. Looked through the trees and about

two or three hundred yards away there's a

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said that's it, I'm free. I've made it.

just went down on my fucking knees and I

flooded the place. And I walked in and I

and looked out, saw the pigs and troop

I believe it was me. They heard the scream go

I walked into the person's house. They didn't

heard the scream go woowoo in the jail.

Just as I knocked on this contact's door I

go across County Down, down into Free

Belfast, which is about five or ten minutes.

in a place on the Antrim Road, but I had to

some steps onto the Antrim Road. All the

workers were going to work. I had a contact

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responsibility to people with a greater and bigger sentence hanging over their heads as well as to the people I've been arrested with. So I went and talked to one of the Provo leaders on the Wednesday and said that I was going and explained how I was going to do it and he said 'It's impossible'. But he said let it never be said that I never attempted to assist. I took the necessary steps to get him transferred to my cell, but that day he was whipped out and taken off to court and given eleven years in jail.

The physical things I've got to overcome never mind the psychological ones is to cut through three sets of bars, get into the yard, without being seen by the inside patrol, climb up a 20' wall, barred wire, drop down into the yard, worm across the yard, and get over a forty foot wall. Physically it would be impossible to carry the stuff. I hadn't got the stuff in my cell. All there was in it was a canvas mattress, a few sheets and blankets and a chair. The chair consisted of a mixture of wood and tubular steel. But fortunately

While I was in there extra orders come out because of the guerrilla warfare in Belfast that anyone in suspicious circumstances could be fired at and shot by the occupying forces. Now to me it was perfectly logical at half past seven in the morning was certainly suspicious circumstances and those fuckers would have shot me like a dog. Especially those mean Scots fuckers who were taunted out of the window every night by all the republicans and were totally demoralised. The Sunday morning I was supposed to go that night in Belfast it was like the Fourth of July in Washington Square. Bombs and fireworks all over the place. Security forces searchlights inside the jail. Everything. When the morning came, I cut my canvas mattress, make a ten foot rope out of it, cut my chair, made a hook out of my chair, wrapped that round it. Checked all the technicalities of shape, shape of blocks, knots in their proper places and on the bottom of the rope a little

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Photographs taken in Belfast by George Snow



wrist hanger to make sure that if I threw it up I wouldn't lose it. And the bits of wood which I cut from my chair for the dogs to get up. Sunday morning seven o'clock bells rang. Time to get up. All ready in a bag, all in the cell. Get up, takes the window out, take the first part, then the second. Get out. Cut through the last bolt. Can't cut through completely. Try to move it out. Won't move. Everytime I try to move it it gets tighter and tighter. Self tightening rawlpin in it. Won't move, can't cut through it in the time I've



got available. Creep back in. Cover everything up again, which I can't do completely. Just before the screws walk in at half past seven I complain to the screw I'm sick. Stomach pain. I want to see a doctor. My cell will not stand a physical or visual inspection. So in the breakfast period between half past seven and nine o'clock I tie my chair up again with bits of black thread. If one of the screws had stomped his feet too heavy it would have collapsed. Try to cover things up and stay in bed. Brain damaged medical pig comes over and gives me some kind of shit, which I drink down and lie in bed trying to look ill.

It's Sunday morning, people outside with the car, they disappear thinking I've been caught. I haven't made it. I can't have a visit, I can't get the word out. Now my ordeal that day consists of the two screws who come into my cell every day. They come, look around, look at me surprised to find me in the cell. I tell him I'm fucking ill. Give him a volley of abuse, threaten complaining to my solicitor, I haven't been treated properly, and under a barrage of words beating off their brain damaged skulls they retreat from the cell. I collapse in my bed, just from the nervous tension. Lie in my bed that day, relaxing and preparing myself. Go through the whole night dozing, waking up. Morning comes and I hear the yard patrol and the whole system of which I know every sound. I know exactly what it is, and this is ten years of my life at stake. I hear the bell and that means everyone's got to get up, make your bed, get ready your pisspots, put it out in a bucket. I write a note to the Government saying 'This escape is a demonstration of revolutionary freedom. I will not give them justice, there is no justice. This institute is only an extension of your own intellectual and spiritual bankruptcy. Fuck you, fuck Faulkner, fuck the system. I don't like your jail and I'm away. All power to the people. James McCann.'

Turn, get out of the window, dropping out of the window making all kinds of noises. The guys next to me's a provo, couple other fellows are provos. Get out the window. They're all there and with me all their eye strains and nerve signs come into my body and I took this as an additional strength. Run across the yard in just my shirt and trousers, with my pillowcase of pegs and my rope wrapped around me. Clamber up on a small building that the prisoners use to shelter out of the rain, throw my hook up, pull myself on top of











## Internment!

Home Affairs with the inclusion of Regulation 23B in the Special

Powers Acts in 1933. On the Minister's orders, a suspect (suspected of anything) can be held indefinitely.

Following the shooting of a labourer on his way to work, and the response which came with the Army's further attempts to lie their way out of that murder, the introduction of internment was announced. On a Monday morning nearly 500 persons were arrested, taken from their homes at four o'clock in the morning. The newspapers rejoiced in the capture of the I.R.A. men, yet those arrested

the watching eye of the world's media, have been factors. Keeping the support of the Southern government has certainly been the main factor. A motion tabled in the House of Commons in early August by Labour M.P.'s indicated the reasons: the Twenty Six Counties are the U.K.'s third biggest customer, the U.K. takes 65 per cent of the South's overseas sales, British investments in the South are worth 1½ times those in the North; trade between the North and South has increased five times in the last 10 years.

side of a jeep, and shout; 'Another gone'. It exploded in the looting by soldiers during the August internment of a wine shop following which the troops fired indiscriminately on the streets of the Falls Road Area. It explodes in the graffiti behind a seamy poster, 'The Irish are bastards'. It is in the eyes of Special Branch men who in parts, interrogated the detainees. It was in the mind of those soldiers who carried out the torture, there is no other word, in the August internment. The soldiers who are required to

were, in the large majority, not directly associated with any section of the republican army. The intention was obvious: to decapitate all the opposition groups, whether they advocated the use of arms or not.

Intervention appeared the logical last link in a chain of escalating repression. Yet the decision to introduce it was taken in panic; it was not taken easily. There is a limit to the physical repression which the British government – whose approval was necessary for the new measure – is prepared to be seen to apply. If it had been possible to re-shape Northern Ireland such that it could be

not only by the military imperialism dominates Ireland times in the past ten years, garrisons in the North, but equally by the garrison of Jack Lynch's Southern government. This relationship had determined the move to 'reform' political and social life in Northern Ireland, that is, to remove those features which were most offensive to the Catholic bourgeoisie. The effect was two-fold: to provoke the anger and resentment of sections of the Protestant population at the removal of their marginal privileges, and to raise expectations among the petit-bourgeois and

carry out the brutality and by the political and military establishment, they are terrorised. They too are victims. Behind the repression is a basic rationale: the most effective exploitation of Ireland as a whole. It is necessary to understand this mechanism. It is not enough to be indignant. Nor is it enough simply to admire enormous. The daring of the Belfast Republicans is enormous. The determination of the nationalist population to resist the mounting attacks is

Not that any of these men  
government.  
and leaders of the Unionist  
Tory ministers, Army officers,  
months of deliberation between  
decision was preceded by many  
done so. The interment  
British government would have  
methods and by ideology, the  
working-class canonic, these  
satisfied by a Unionist  
government, which could only  
move as fast for as slow, or as  
backwards) as its power base in  
the loyalist population would  
permit. Faulkner's decision to  
introduce interment was  
coupled with another decision to  
The same fight is on in  
organising to win it.  
and the militants there are  
, here is a fight on in Ireland,  
and its allies.  
purpose as British imperialism  
with the same defined sense of  
can only be defeated by a force  
that is Ireland under imperialism  
errors, but this must only

worried for one monument at the removal of civil liberties, or at the loss of lives. Their joint concern was with the maintenance of imperialist domination over Ireland as a whole. In mid-July, as tension rose in Northern Ireland, it was announced that Heath was to meet Jack Lynch, the Prime Minister of the Southern Twenty Six Counties. It had become a

burned, isolated and killed in the 1969, when armed loyalists went beyond those of August bitterness which, if possible, created conditions of sectarian between the two camps. In fact This apparent balancing act of militant loyalists in Derry, August Apprentice Boys' march particularly the traditional 12th decision which has affected Britain, an imperialist power and a capitalist economy in severe crisis. The propaganda machine, the crowd pushing machine, the coloured dyes, the high-velocity self-loading rifle, the micro-pulverised CS gas, are being prepared in Belfast for use in Birmingham. The forms of repression may differ, the complex of political relationships and the relevant

For two years the British was not consulted. panic decision was made, Lynch government. Yet when the co-operation of the Southern inoperable without the active that a policy of intervention was in Belfast. It was recognised that the key lay in Dublin, not cliché or political commentary. Catholic gunmen. These niceties escape the British soldier. Nor does any one seek to explain them to him. It could be Aden, Cyprus or Kanya but with a difference. 'Out there' (the phrase is increasingly being used in the media to describe Ireland), one has to simply fix bayonets and chase struggles that are going on, to the system, to build on the cohesion and the fragility of drive in a wedge, to understand To seek out the weak points and shifted by political organisation, prose and by protest. It can be by individual bombs, by pity. the same. It is scarcely affected issues may differ; the enemy is

Army has been held in restraint in its use of brute force. The policy was, indeed, known as one of 'minimum force'. The casualties had not been on a scale to compare with that of 'imperial policing' and anti-terrorist campaigns at other times in other places. Northern Ireland's proximity to the metropolitan world, where shooting of Harry Thornton, brutally. Such incidents as the Angry Brigade.

Brian Trench

scores of men, was seen by many as the first stage of intervention. The word, and the practice, has a very specific historical content in Ireland. Three times before it had been used against republicans in the Six Counties, and in the Twenty Six Counties (Free State). The powers of interment were given permanently to the Minister of

Beattie, and sought to deceive the public about these incidents with poorly constructed lies, than the "new phase" (one of the many in the last few years) of the dawn raids was introduced. The Gestapo-style raids of homes and premises for political literature and files, and the detention for questioning of

of the so-called terrorists. With military and moral destruction of the calculated change in emphasis, and the increasing manpower problems, the Army's reaction has become more openly repressive.

instrumentists have been sub-ordinated to the principal prop of state power in Northern Ireland, the British Army. During these two years, the *representation* of the Army's role has changed from that of impartial peace-keeper between warring communities to that of a force wholly dedicated to the

systematic repression and discrimination. This state deprived of all historical legitimacy, was born in counter-revolutionary violence. Its precarious security was founded on a series of Special Powers Acts, Criminal Justice Acts, and Public Order Acts, which were the envy of South African governments. Law and order was maintained by a police force and an auxiliary (Special) constabulary which were the instruments of the party which has been in power for the fifty years of the state's existence, the Unionist Party, and of its backbone, the Orange Order. For two years these



**We don't think  
Mr Justice Argyle  
would like our  
new releases either.**







Just got your letter and only saw the article yesterday. It is the work of a real sick cat. Jerry only met Isaac once for example and they never even discussed what Isaac

claims. Jerry said he sent you a letter, I've written a long response and want to go over it in the next 2 days. Don't

have a problem no one in this country has to worry about that story would print

it. I don't you realize I got thrown out of England and am now forbidden to

even leave the US because I came to England at Richard's request some-

times illegally? Don't you realize that references to the underground as

"the swimming team" in print has caused innumerable problems? Don't

you realize that you didn't even call me up and say "hey there's this cat

here who claims he wrote your book

and I want to comment." Even if you

are a cat, you want to comment. You

will see my response in a minute. I

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02

An open letter to Richard. Jim and

There seems to be some con-

fusion in some quarters about our

position over your trial conviction

and sentence. Just to set the record

straight - all of us except one (no -

not last) were surprised/shocked/

opposed to your prison sentence.

We are and always have been divided

about the relevance of OZ to radical

political change or to the creation

of an alternative society. Most of

us have objected to your male

chauvinist tendencies towards our

sisters and the use you have made of

their sexuality to titillate the farcical

bigoted treated innocent amongst

your readership that would not

offer an issue to show our brothers

how they felt. The paper has improved

considerably. It is challenging

debates in local and national politics

and actively campaigning, amongst

other things, against bad landlords

and the racist discrimination Indians

experience in their own country

Canada. It has also rejected sexist

and unlike the Berkeley Barb and

yourself/NNK.

Coming specifically to issue no

28 of OZ, I am probably the most

vocal amongst us in objecting as he

does it, to the sexist and racist

nature of its cover. For generations

white society has tried to portray

black people as animalistic/human,

only capable of the basest sexual

activities.

Your cover did nothing to dispel

these gross misconceptions. If any-

thing it probably started a whole

new generation on the path, albeit a

sexual associations re our black

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02

Just got your letter and only saw

the article yesterday. It is the work

of a real sick cat. Jerry only met

Isaac once for example and they

never even discussed what Isaac

claims. Jerry said he sent you a letter,

I've written a long response and want

to go over it in the next 2 days. Don't

have a problem no one in this country

has to worry about that story would print

it. I don't you realize I got thrown out

of England and am now forbidden to

even leave the US because I came to

England at Richard's request some-

times illegally? Don't you realize that

references to the underground as

"the swimming team" in print has

caused innumerable problems? Don't

you realize that you didn't even call

me up and say "hey there's this cat

here who claims he wrote your book

and I want to comment." Even if you

are a cat, you want to comment. You

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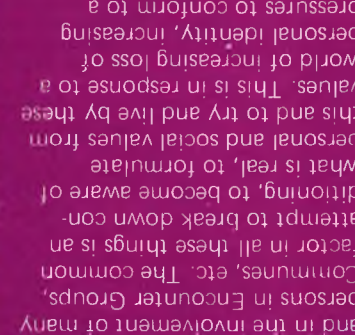


I think this was obscured by the defence in the trial. Basically, the prosecution said that OZ 28 corrupted and depraved and the defence said that it didn't — in fact, that it didn't have any effect at all most of the time. But the defence went further than no effect and suggested that parts of OZ 28 put people off certain things. As a homosexual, I felt not a little compromised during the argument about a cartoon which, to me, had more to do with the exploitation of children by authority than anything else. The prosecution said it would encourage children to homosexuality and the defence said that it would discourage. The particular cartoon probably would discourage but the disturbing thing was the defence's implicit assumption that homosexuality was a thing to be discouraged. (I put this as rueful comment rather than heavy criticism: I wasn't in the dock, after all.) Relating to all the major issues of the trial, the suggestion of the defence was that the views of OZ and the editors were divergent views that could be accommodated within the value system of our society. However unfairly arrived at, the verdict said that this accommodation was impossible. The vast majority of opinion supports this conclusion. And so do I.

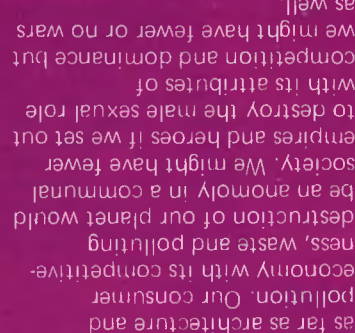
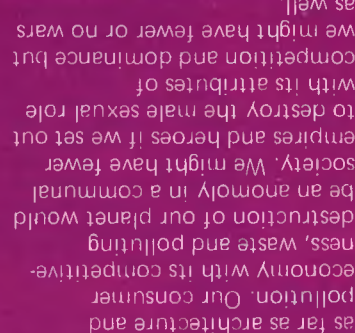
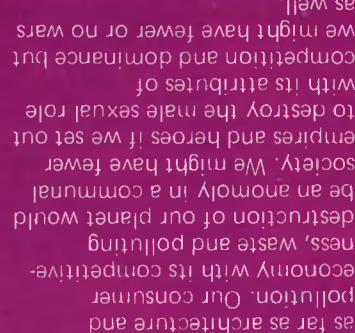
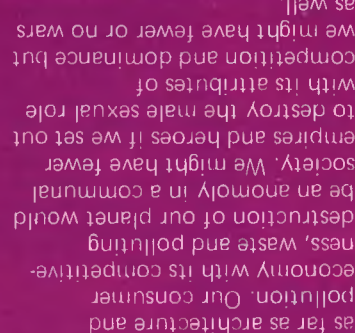
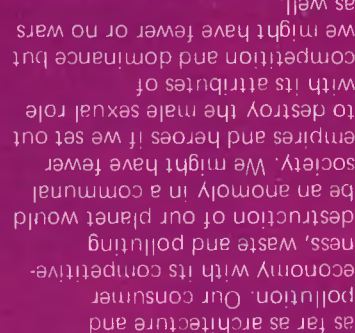
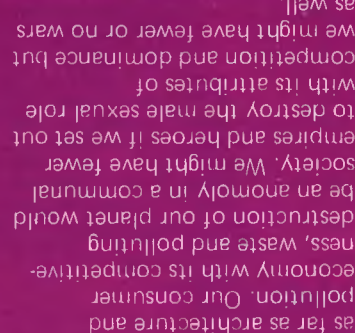
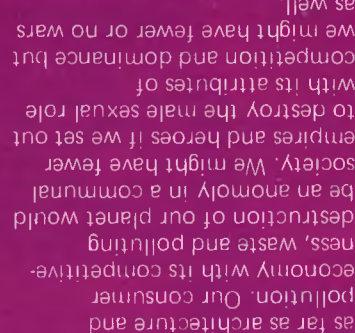
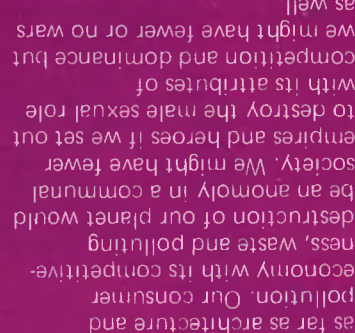
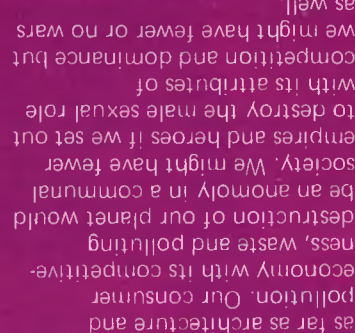
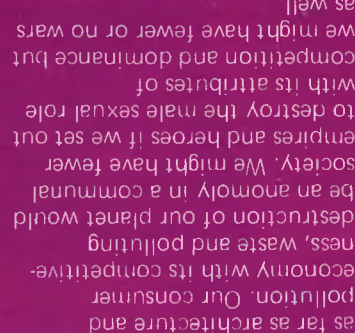
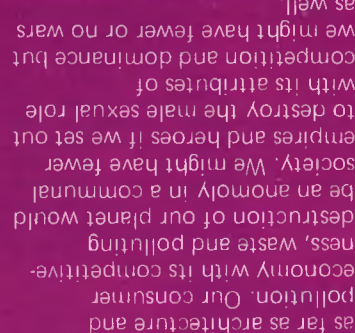
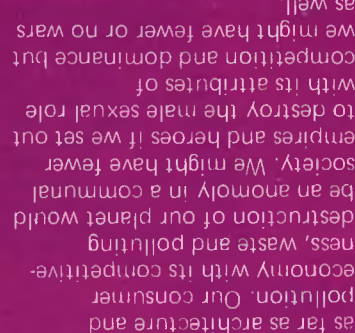
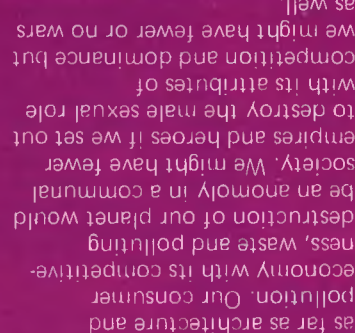
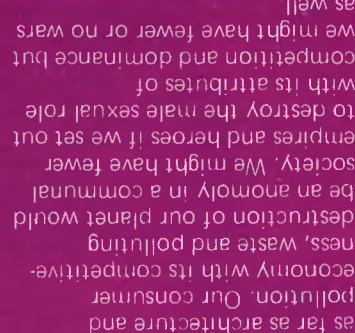
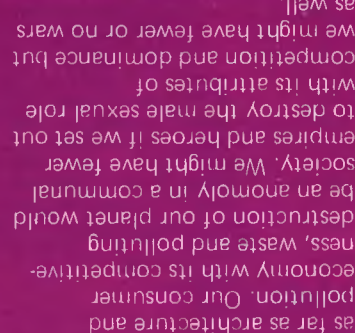
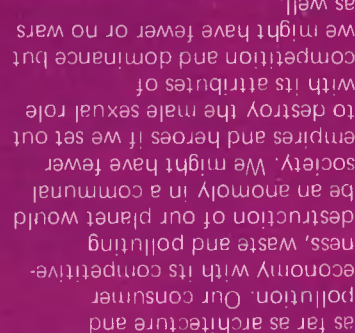
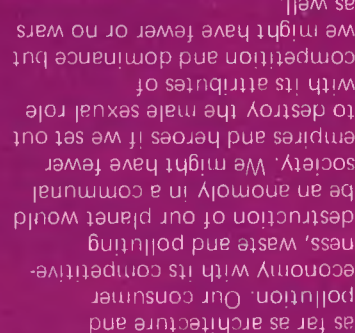
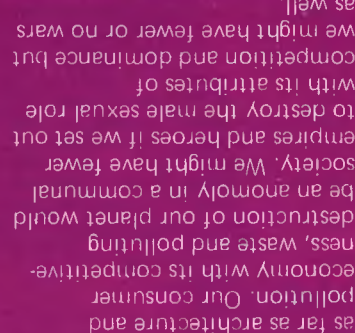
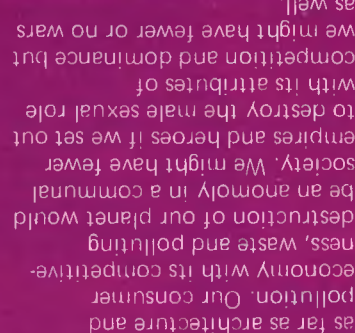
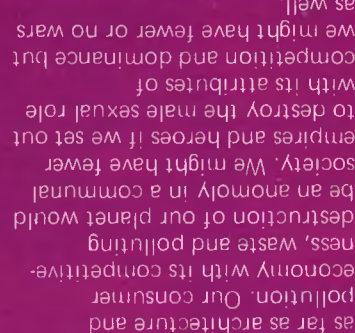
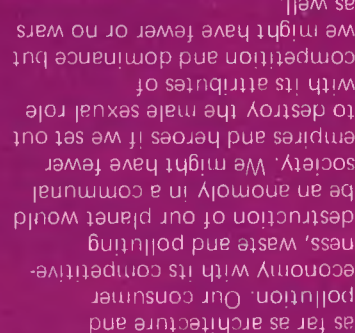
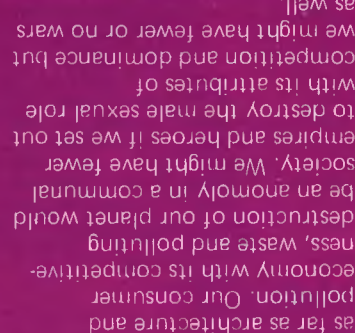
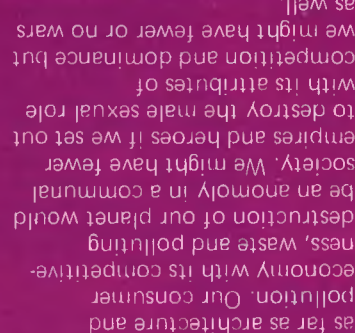
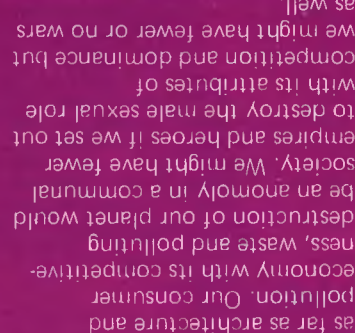
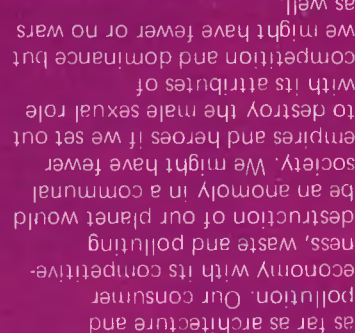
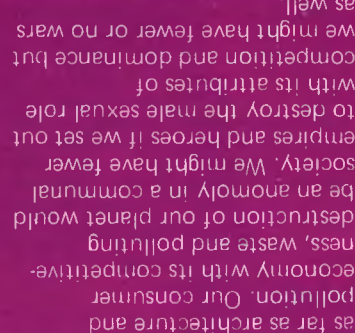
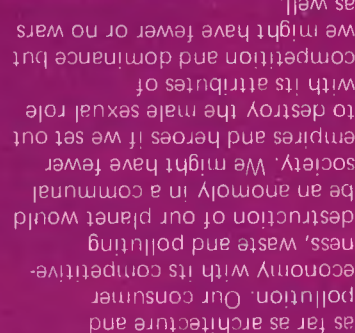
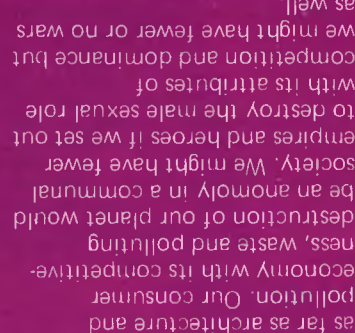
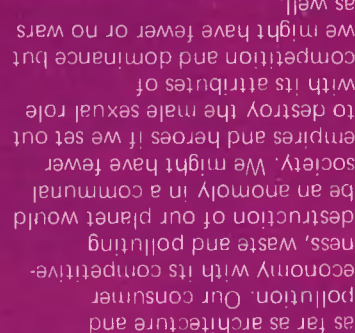
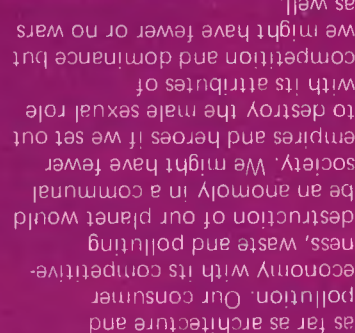
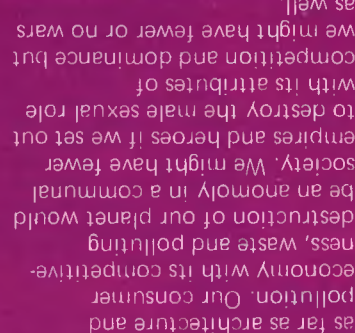
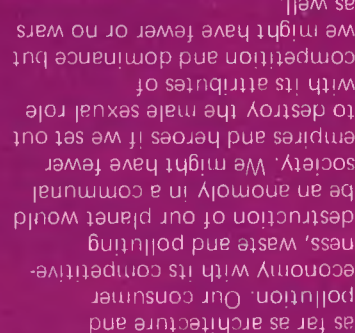
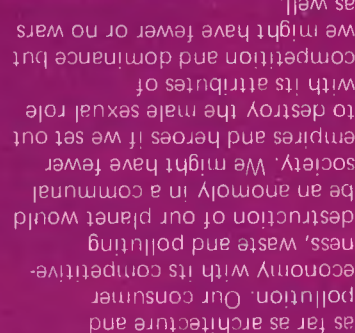
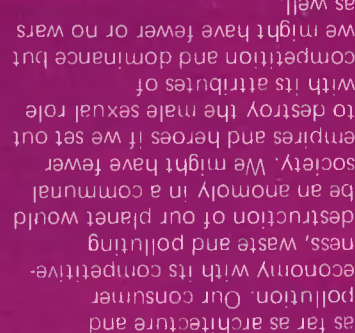
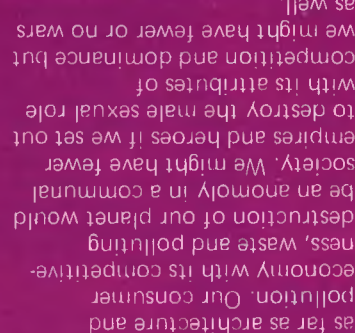
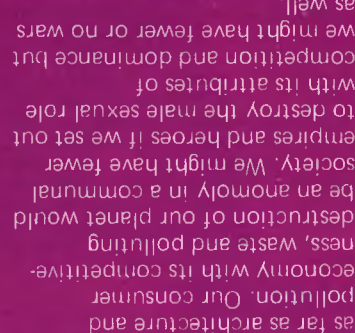
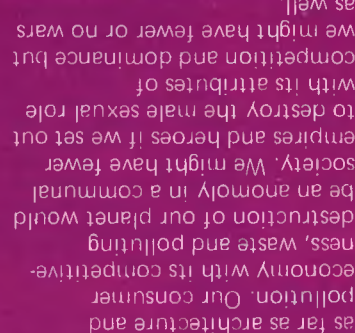
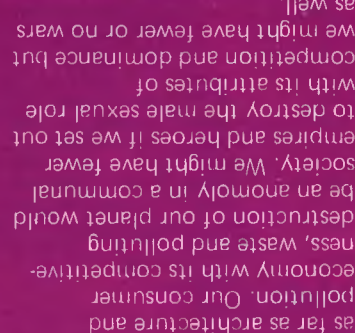
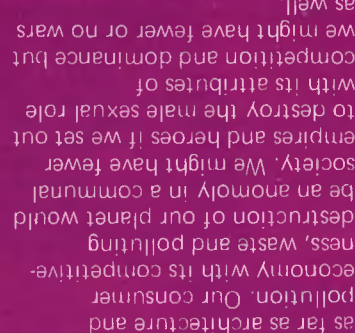
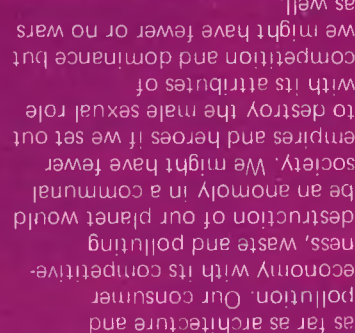
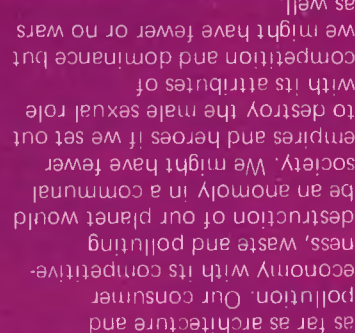
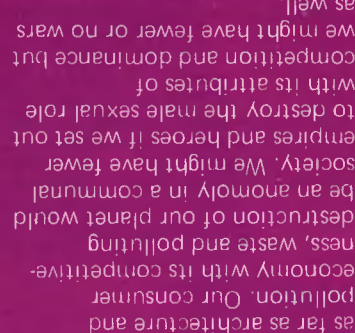
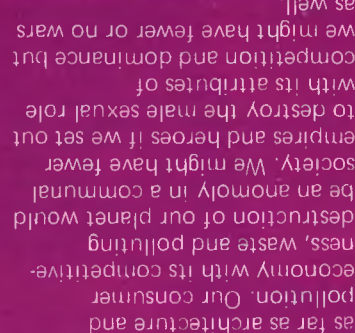
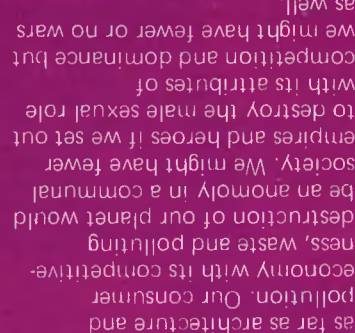
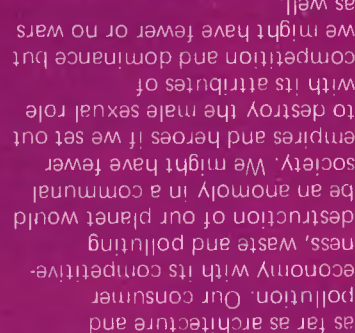
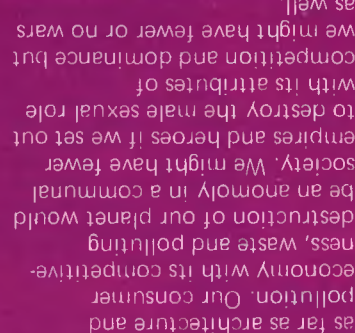
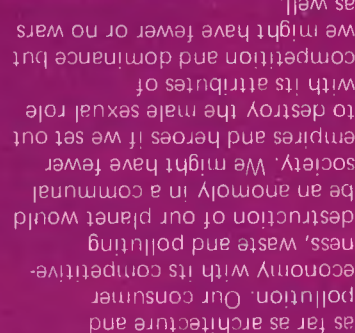
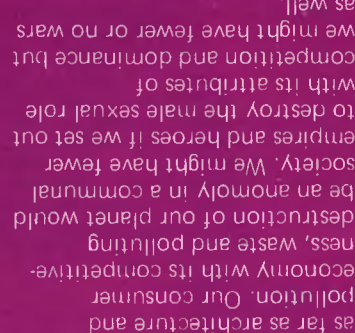


**"Necrophilia is very rare — in this country, anyway" — Michael Argyle**

There is an important and growing minority of young people in our society which is questioning and changing the



and in the involvement of many persons in Encounter Groups, Communes, etc. The common factor in all these things is an attempt to break down conditioning, to become aware of what is real, to formulate personal and social values from this and to try and live by these values. This is in response to a world of increasing loss of personal identity, increasing pressures to conform to a pattern of behaviour and increasing potential for self-destruction. But doing this is not easy even for those who are committed to the attempt. All the pressures of social conditioning with their attendant fears are as much present in the person trying to liberate her/himself as in the person seeking security in the survival techniques she/he has been taught. However, security is often an





# How To Deprave & Corrupt

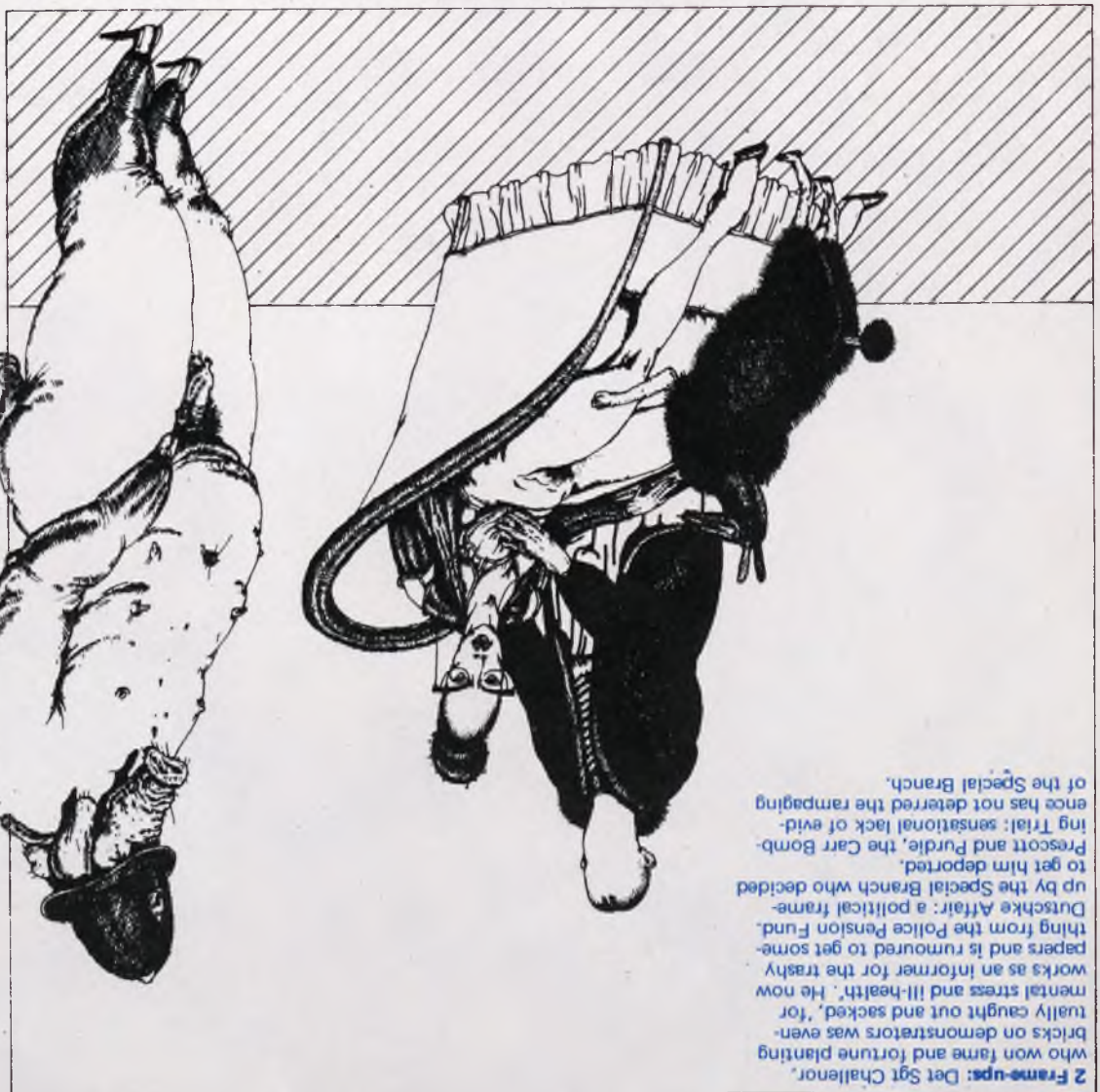


The OZ trial is over but the appeal. And for all practical purposes, OZ has won, the victory due in no small part to the mind-blowing stupidity of Judge Argyie. However, the trial has acted as a catalyst and we plunged into a national polarisation of opinion which will have far-reaching effects. Hopefully, one of effects will be an understanding and coming together of those who strive for personal liberation and those who strive for social revolution, of those who feel the sexual revolution has nothing to do with politics and those who feel the Revolution has more important things to deal with than sex and sexuality. Obscene, corrupt and deprave are all value words without any absolute meaning and it is the change in values in our society which produces the conflict not Rupert Bear's cock.

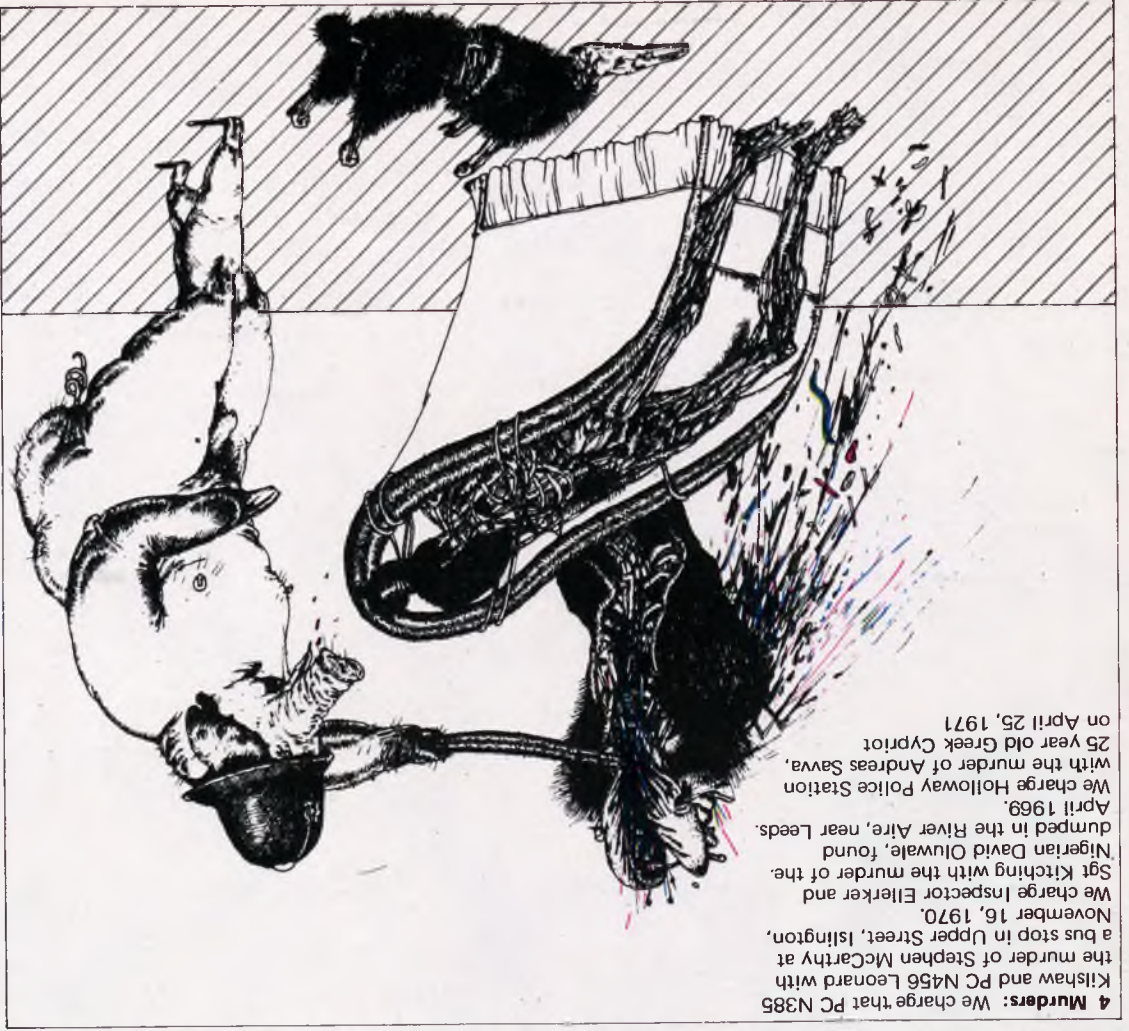




**2 Frame-ups:** Det Sgt Challenger, who won fame and fortune planting bricks on demonstrators was eventually caught out and sacked, "for mental stress and ill-health". He now works as an informer for the trashy papers and is rumoured to get something from the Police Pension Fund. Dutschke Affair: a political frame-up by the Special Branch who decided to get him deported. Prescott and Purdie, the Carr Bomb- ing Trial: sensational lack of evidence has not deterred the rampaging of the Special Branch.



**4 Murders:** We charge that PC N385 Kishaw and PC N456 Leonard with the murder of Stephen McCarthy at a bus stop in Upper Street, Islington, November 16, 1970. We charge Inspector Ellerker and Sgt Kitching with the murder of the Nigerian David Oluwalé, found dumped in the River Aire, near Leeds. April 1969. We charge Holloway Police Station with the murder of Andreas Sava, 25 year old Greek Cypriot on April 25, 1971



## ...What's Or This

includes the most far out interpretation of civil liberties, the upsetting of lawyers' ethics, and putting extreme pressure on defence lawyers to become part of the movement. Our justice can only be achieved through the creation of thousands of vigilante squads to protect people from pigs and soldiers. Last year the Tenants Movement (East London) formed its own flying squad of muscle-minded able-bodied heavies to prevent the bailiff gangs from evicting tenants of GLC estates for not paying exorbitant rate increases. They refused to pay and they successfully defended themselves from the bailiffs, the pigs and the GLC. Unlike their police our commands are controlled by the people who elected them — that's the rub — that's what the revolution is about.

They reader, as soon as you see a suspicious looking person, looking suspiciously like a plainclothes cop watch his movements, follow him about, get your notepad out, note his details and investigate who the hell he's investigating. The thought police don't like you thinking about them — sort of upsets their stage programmed rhythm. Join the People's Investigation Brigade — now several million strong. Vigilantes know that the people have the equal right to arrest, another tactic to be used with caution. We even have the common law arrest: "If you know a crime has been committed and you have reasonable grounds to suspect a person or persons of having committed an offence then any citizen, and of course police officers are included in this right of citizens arrest. This tactic has been tried a few times very successfully but you have to know the law.

**1 Squatters at liford apprehended a police inspector with inciting his men to riotous behaviour by authorising an unlawful attempt to enter the premises. The inspector got so tangled up in his legal logic that he was put out of action for several hours, and the squatters retained possession of the building.** 2 Plainclothes men on demos have been reported to uniformed officers of senior rank for pushing and jostling the demonstrators and for behaviour likely to cause a breach of the peace. The law is illegal and it can sometimes be used effectively against itself but we are the ones who have to do it. Everyone should know these basic rights they haven't got. See Agit-prop's Bust Book.

**Power to The Community:** Where we live is where it counts and where it's happening. In most areas of London we could devise street meetings and neighbourhood councils nicking the power from the Home Office, unlike the sick liberal schemes of endlessley invented by George Clarke type philanthropists. In Nottingham, the Golbourne Neighbourhood Council is yet another participant, we participate. They rule game. The do-gooders always ending up doing good to the establishment. We want real community power controlled by real community assemblies. We don't need pigs and the few socially useful things they do, we can elect brothers and sisters to do them, to argue them to contest them to fight them. We have to organise our vigilantes. Power to the Angry side.



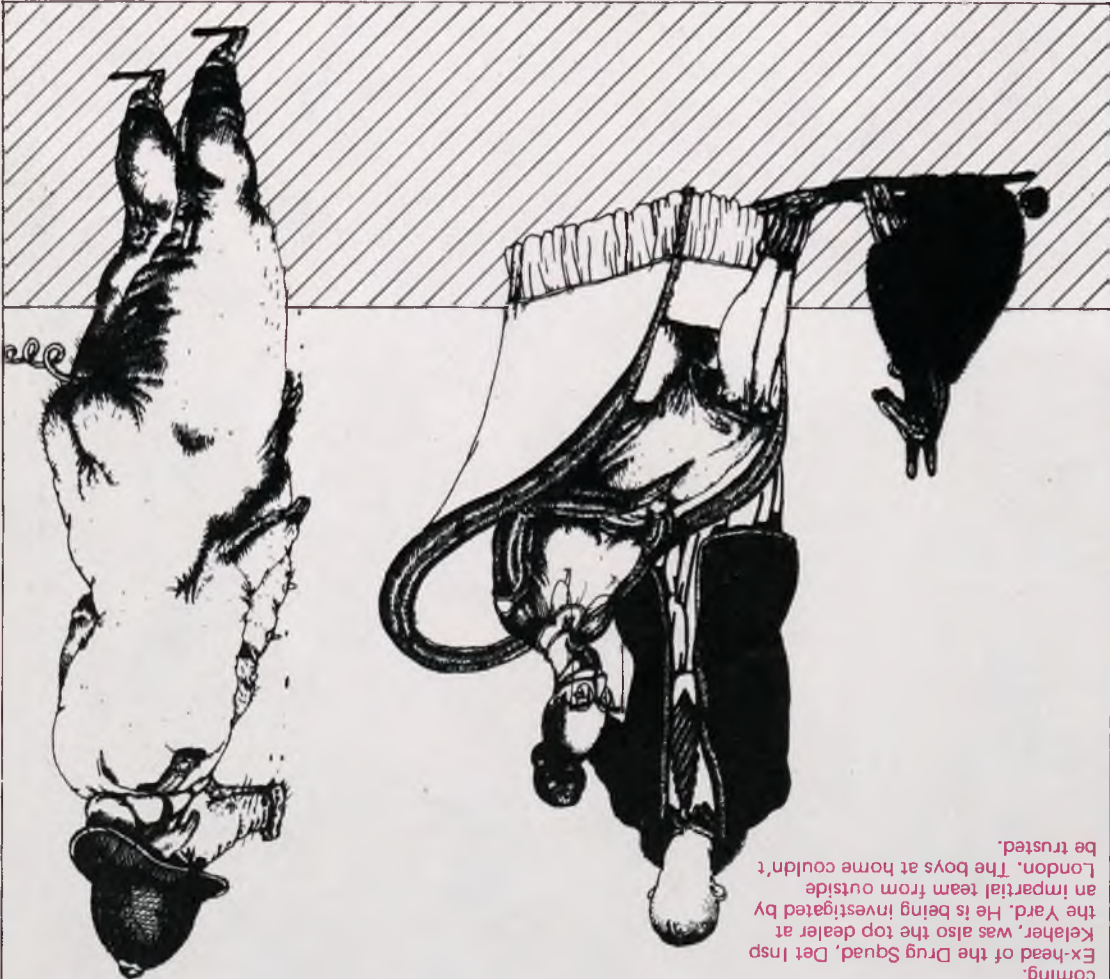
From the first day we go to school and probably before that in our earliest children's books, we are continually told that police — how they are there to protect us, to make sure that we are not attacked in the street, and that things are not stolen from us. A tremendous amount of effort goes each year into reinforcing this image of the police. No opportunity is missed of showing a policeman helping an old lady across the road or rescuing a cat from a roof. There is no doubt that the police do all these things. You need only ask an ambulance driver what he thinks of the police and he will probably say they do a good job. This is because an ambulance driver probably only comes into contact with the police when they are attending a road accident or other similar thing. If the real and essential role of the police was being a super boy scout the whole time, then other people, like nurses and ambulance men would get better recognition and better pay for the things they do. Clearly the enormous PR used to put over the right 'image' of the police is quite deliberate. It is intended and to some extent succeeds in obscuring from us the real role of the police. It obscures from us and makes it extremely difficult for many people to believe that the police tell lies, take bribes, frame people, employ crude forms of torture and have set up a special police branch to spy on you, if you are critical of society and have the audacity to do something about it.

The police role was very well explained in a BBC 'Cause For Concern' programme on police relations with black people in 1968. Some building workers (white) are in a pub discussing what happened to their mate Dave who had his arm broken after being arrested on a picket line. One of them explains: 'They're not ordinary people. They're upholding the state and the state is everything to them. It's their power. This is what they are there for, to uphold the state and when they get you in there, they're going to annihilate you, and that's what they've done to young Dave.' The worker who said that knows that helping old grannies across roads is good public relations designed to set the British bobby apart from all that have to suffer. Yes, Britain is somewhat different and the friendly fuzz can smile like a door to door salesman and growl like a pig — the moment you slam the door in his face. If you don't want the street ombudsman image, then pigs is pigs, whatever country they come from and the police do gooder promotions have had their day. No wonder they can't get any recruits.

...Elio, Elio...

With recent OZcenty outrages, outrageous the liberal establishment we are all in for an overdose of 'Change this law, change that law' and all that crap. The use of the obscenity laws has nothing to do with obscenity — and you won't stop the political illegal, and we are the criminals who find ourselves together in that jungle: 'When the law breaks the law, there is no law,' 'New York Times' There are three types of law: 1 Pig Law: what they get away with. Like 48 hours for questioning. 2 Book Law: the liberal version is: the police to respect. 3 Our Law: People's Justice: what we can get away with, which

1 Collaboration in Crime: 10% rake-off for the CID keeps them happy and betting shops quiet. The 'real pornographers' of Soho are given complete freedom to carry on coming. Ex-head of the Drug Squad, Det Insp Kelaher, was also the top dealer at the Yard. He is being investigated by an impartial team from outside London. The boys at home couldn't be trusted.



3 Attacks on the People: The Blacks have been repeatedly harassed. We charge the police with systematic harassment, intimidation and violence towards immigrants and the black community. The cases of The Metro Youth Club, the Man-grove Restaurant and the Oval House Dance all bear this out. The Underground Press notably Styng, IT, Friends and OZ are increasingly subject to censorship and general harassment.



succeed. But what you will never drive out of Barnsley, or out of any constituency in the expiring capitalist dragon which your party, Socialist by name or not, represents, is the still youthful detestation of the very principles upon which your malignant politics are based.

to realise that Styng is for the public benefit. Exactly how much courage and how much tolerance Yorkshire is capable of should become rudely obvious by the end of the year. What local officialdom seems congenitally incapable of realising is that repression breeds revolt, as surely as those hysterically misrepresentative Yorkshire Post articles on Styng expose more convincingly the need for an alternative news-paper in Yorkshire than any-thing *we* have published. You may well fight to drive Styng out of Barnsley, Councilor Crow, and provided that you and your crudely evolved disciplinary forces are prepared to go far enough, you might just

revolutionary growth *within the county* which chills more than Styng's spontaneous use of 'fuck' & 'cunt'. And Styng is not a student publication, thus escaping the deadly benevolent paternalism usually granted such magazines. Jeff Nuttall, in the Yorkshire Evening Post, said that it would take 'courage and tolerance' on the part of many people

tions, occasionally excessive, of its staff's sorry state of hunger and overwork, and (possibly inevitably) their overall naivety and flippancy, frivolous humour. In this light, it is strangely heartening that our defined enemies take Styng seriously enough to employ such desperately heavy-handed measures in its attempted suppression. Yorkshire, you see, is unused to a full-time underground of its very own. OZ, IT, & Friends are easily dismissed along with other mucky books from London. It is the concept of a







# Not So Much Oppression More A Way Of Life

Roger Hutchinson

For nearly two centuries the northern industrial poor have been betrayed by those who purported to serve them. Flooding obediently after a plastic carrot, faithfully chasing mirages of technological luxury; they have allowed their once integral culture to be bastardised, dispersed, and replaced by a grafted lifestyle which is a gratuitous insult to their human capacities. The northern industrial complex was founded on vicious industrial exploitation, bolstered by a hypocritical Victorian Church, and justified by politicians of redoubtable ignorance and crass cynicism. It has since adhered with alarming obstinacy to its corrupt heritage. Thirty years ago there were people homeless and hungry in Barnsley when the Labour council spent £180,000 on a new Town Hall. This year there are more unemployed in the area than ever before, the majority of the population still lives in the terraced slave-dwellings hurriedly built to hold their ancestors (dragged from rural communities last century to be used in the mills & mines); and the council recently blithely bought a £9000 mayoral limousine to "improve the town's provincial image". Eloquent promises of industrial redevelopment and comically ceded imminent prosperity will predictions of unprecipitated, sound stale and tired, directed as they are at a working-class culture whose people have been blinkered and abused until they are incapable even of recognising their hypocritical oppressors.

England for us to ignore their radical potential in favour of a dubious middle-class revolution. But they must be educated as to the true nature of their oppression before they can be expected to channel their frustrated aggression against their oppressors. Which is where the media comes in, and where Styng is cheerfully floundering: Marx, trying to strike a depressingly elusive balance. Councilor Frank Crow got the point, though, "I will fight to drive this terrible publication out of Barnsley," said he to the York-shire Post. Whatever his other weaknesses, Frank knows his enemies.

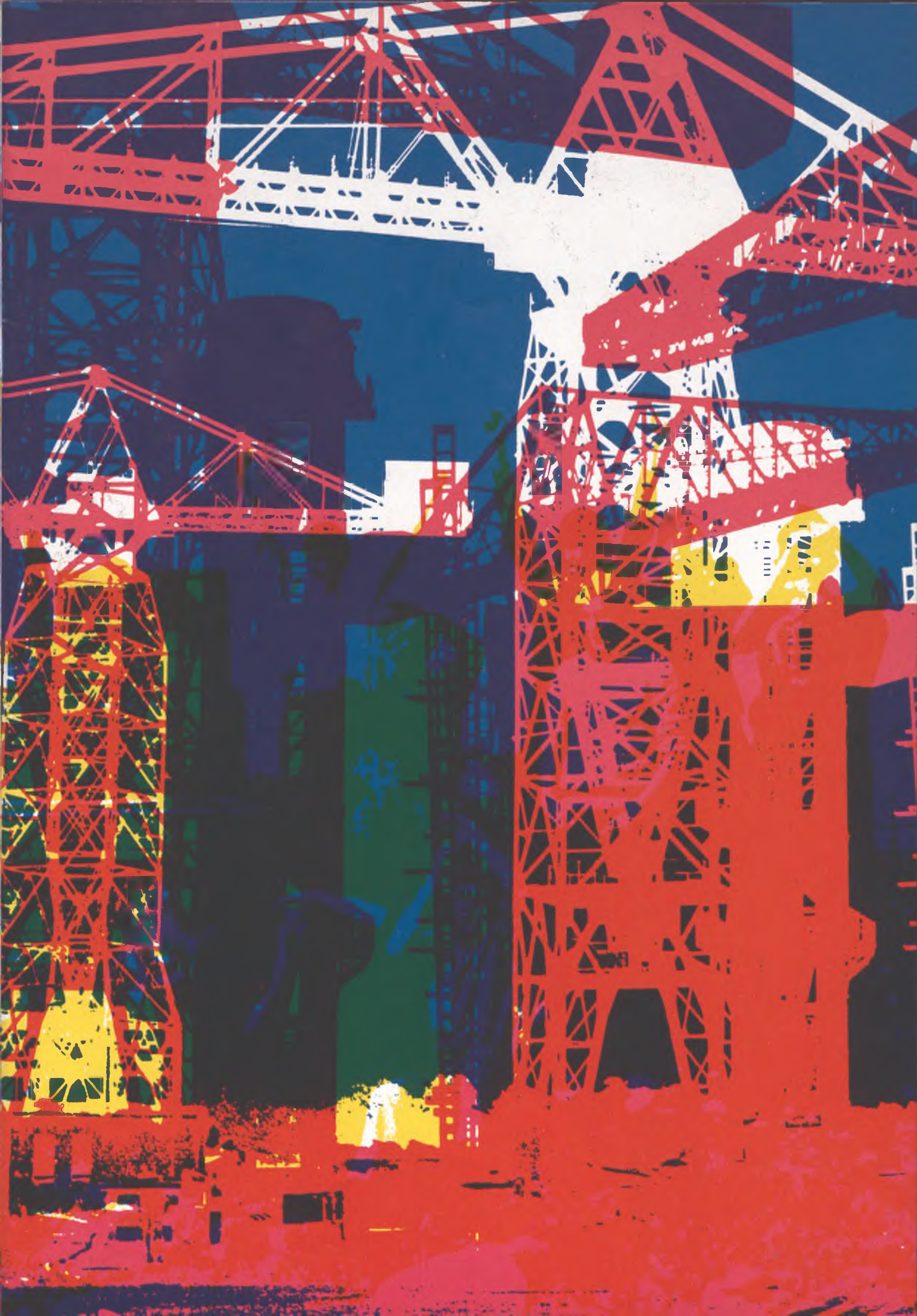
Despite the fact that between 20,000 & 30,000 local people read each issue of Styng, its editorial faults are irksome. Our attempts to reconcile as broad a spectrum of radical opinion as seems relevant to a northern readership can be stimulating, but can also result in an apparently indecisive editorial stance. The paper's veneer of respectability (layout is crisp and explicit, nearer Rolling Stone than IT) must accentuate the unsuspecting reader's shock on discovering

"reference"

throughout the magazine to male and female genitals using corrupt slang and obscene expressions", as Leeds City Police succinctly put it. The six items in Styng 2 which PC Skerrett coyly classified "parts particularly objected to", including five illustrations, are too mild to upset seriously any magistrate this side of sanity (and I purely believe that one or two exist); the indecency/obscenity charges, along with the three other technical offences, explain more about the current state of establishment paranoia, than the quality of Styng. Our paper has its faults, but they are more

the reflect-







# What U.C.S.?

placed were withdrawn and given to

concerns in England and yet the bill for

social services, if the redundancies proposed

by the government go through (scheduled

for Sept.) will be £96½ million. But the

proposals from the UCS committee are naive

— further negotiations, productivity deals,

contingency plans etc. — all of which ignore

the death knoll which was rung months ago

in Westminster. "Politics must be left out of

it", is the present line of resistance from

UCS. "We don't want a revolution or a

workers take-over, we don't want the

workers' children and wives marching on the

government office". Calls for a general strike

are opposed by the C.P., the S.T.U.C. and

the L.P. yet the worker on the street and at

the yards would support one immediately.

Revolutionary groups such as I.S., I.M.G.

and the Spartacus League have been actively

propagandizing to provoke militant action

amongst the workers but their numbers are

small and their effect minimal. The political

consciousness of the worker is low because

he's been kept ignorant — revolutionary

rhetoric and its manifestation isn't trusted or

comes from students or freaks or middle-

class professionals and none of these are

workers as the workers see it. And yet all of

these groups are ignoring the most fertile

area of revolutionary activity which could

produce the power to achieve a real situation

and the vanguard for it. The young people of

Glasgow are ignored.

The street gangs who collectively number

over 5000 and range between 8-16 years old

are the worst victims of the present

situation, but they are the only ones who

really know what's going on and they are the

only ones who can change it if they are

directed. Young apprentices at the age of 16

sign a contract which bars them from any

political organization or voice under threat

of dismissal, all for £4 per week rising to £14

at the end of a 4 year term. They are told to

keep out of it by their unions and their

fathers — it doesn't concern you. The freaks

and their drugs are generally tolerated and

according to a street activist, are the most

apathetic, bad-acid freaked group in town.

Attempts by White Panthers to activate

them have been futile and now all of their

energy is being directed to the gangs and the

young workers. The formalist revolutionary

groups mentioned are making meagre

attempts to organize the youth in their

sphere of influence but emphasis is not put

on the power that lies there, the kids are still

considered with condescending inferiorism,

by those who are shaping or dictating their

future. As one I.S. member told me "the

kids don't know anything about it and the

freaks aren't interested. None of these

groups are strong enough for us to bother

with."

A young mind is the only mind free

of deceit, of self-preservation and party

politics — a young mind is never told what it

can do, only what it will do. Shown the way

and chosen it, the fucked-over young of

Glasgow, or anywhere, could win over all

those who are destroying their lives for them

now. The revolution will not come with

UCS, nor will it come with whoever takes-

over — it will come with the kids who are

doing it now and not their fucked-up elders.

Stanislav Demidjuk.

aggression is well-founded. Poor housing,

education, (Children in the East End ghetto

poor wages, poor recreation facilities, poor

district suffer a part-time education system

— mornings only no nurseries or play-

grounds in the densely populated W.C. areas,

big police with police brutality and

corruption accepted as the norm, a high

alcoholic problem, a high suicide rate

according to the Good Samaritans who need

a 200 man team to cope with the amount of

calls they have each week. What the poor

community groups, despite the good they

do, are a drop in the ocean. GAP, an

organization of young people based on the

lines of BIT, recently opened a Claimants

Union, the first in Glasgow. Its successes to

date have encouraged similar action in other

areas but the enormity of the problem

threatens to render it, and other groups or

organizations of its type, useless. Helping the

problem isn't the answer — changing it is.

Every problem that Glasgow has is

symptomatic of cancer — the cancer of

capitalism — the diseased poverty cells are

malignant and they're spreading rapidly. The

situation is political and yet this aspect of

Glasgow and its struggle is the most

neglected, misunderstood, distorted and

abused level of its conflict — between the

powers that be and the powers that could

be. Glasgow has always been an invincible

Labour strong hold with the S.T.U.C. its

workings-class arm. The workers vote Labour

in traditionally raw-dealt by them. The C.P.,

claiming 4,500 members in Scotland, are

never voted in yet they virtually control the

key powerpoints — the shop stewards who

are elected representatives of the workers'

unions. The communists have sold the

workers out whenever the choice was there,

particularly in 1919 when the mass

unemployed returned soldiers where led by

the Red Flag into a blind alley despite the

certainly of revolutionary victory, and again

during the disastrous 1926 General Strike.

This time the C.P. is at the helm of the crisis

again, namely in Jim Reid and James Airlie,

the heroes risen from the shop stewards'

policy proposals at UCS. "They'll be found

in the river if they try it again" is how some

workers felt about another sell-out but to

listen to present policy line advocated by

Reid and his bosses you'd think they hadn't

heard or learnt from their misused

inheritance. The occupation at Clydeside is

symbolic rather than real in terms of what

has actually happened — the workers are still

management. Policy decisions on the shop

floor are being made by workers — the only

change from normal procedure. UCS is

negotiating false dreams with the govern-

ment — orders worth £90 million were

blocked by the Tories, contracts already

"Winning cards must have on them the last

number called of the game being played. The

and the game being stopped."

So, ironically enough, read the bingo board

above the heads of the UCS Co-ordinating

Committee as they addressed over 1000

shop stewards, press, television and reverend

scottish clergy at a mass meeting held in a

Meccaized cinema a mile away from Clyde-

bank, the scene of the crime and perhaps the

scenario for the British Revolution.

The crime is the Upper Clyde Ship-

builders crisis — an attempt by the Tory

government to close Glasgow's largest

shipyards, resulting in 8000 redundancies and

a further 12,000 workers in ancillary

industries threatened with losing their jobs.

The reality of the situation is simply this —

the yards aren't making enough profit for

the Tories, so close them. The problem of

what to do with, or how to handle, the

workers is a political one and not an

economical one as the original decision was.

"We could put in a government butcher to

cut up UCS and to sell (cheaply) to Lower

Clyde and others, assets of the UCS to

minimise upheaval and dislocation."

Nicholas Ridley, M.P. in a secret report

presented to Mr. Heath before the last

election.

Ridley is now under secretary to John

Davies, Minister of Technology and chief

hatchet man for the job of displacing

thousands of men and woman, without

regard to their plight because, whatever the

government says, or promises, or proposes,

there are no new jobs for them to go to, and

reason than the plight of Glasgow itself.

Last year a Labour M.P. declared Glasgow

and West Scotland a disaster area. With a

population of one million, Glasgow's un-

employment figure is almost 11% the

highest for any specific area in Britain. The

jobs available at the Labour Exchange are

for everywhere but Glasgow, usually in

England or on the continent, and with U.K.

entry into the Common Market, these will

be reduced even further. There has not been

a single unskilled job advertised outside the

Labour Exchange office for 4 years, which is

some indication of how bad things are.

According to general opinion from people

on the streets, Glasgow is a dying town, and

it looks like it. Demolition in all parts is on a

scale reminiscent of aerial obliteration

bombing, while the only new buildings being

erected are insurance skyscrapers on high-

rise council flats, both symbols of death. In

fact, Sighthill Housing Development which

houses 15,000 people, is surrounded

(engulfed) by the Glasgow Cemetery and

has, as its memorial to progress, an

enormous electricity pylon set in the middle

of the complex. The city fathers are of

course, absentee. With or without UCS,

industry and capital has been leaving

Glasgow for years while poverty in the

ghetto areas is reaching epidemic pro-

portions.

Glasgow is a working class town which,

inadvertently, is its saving grace. Notwith-

standing the presence of bourgeois

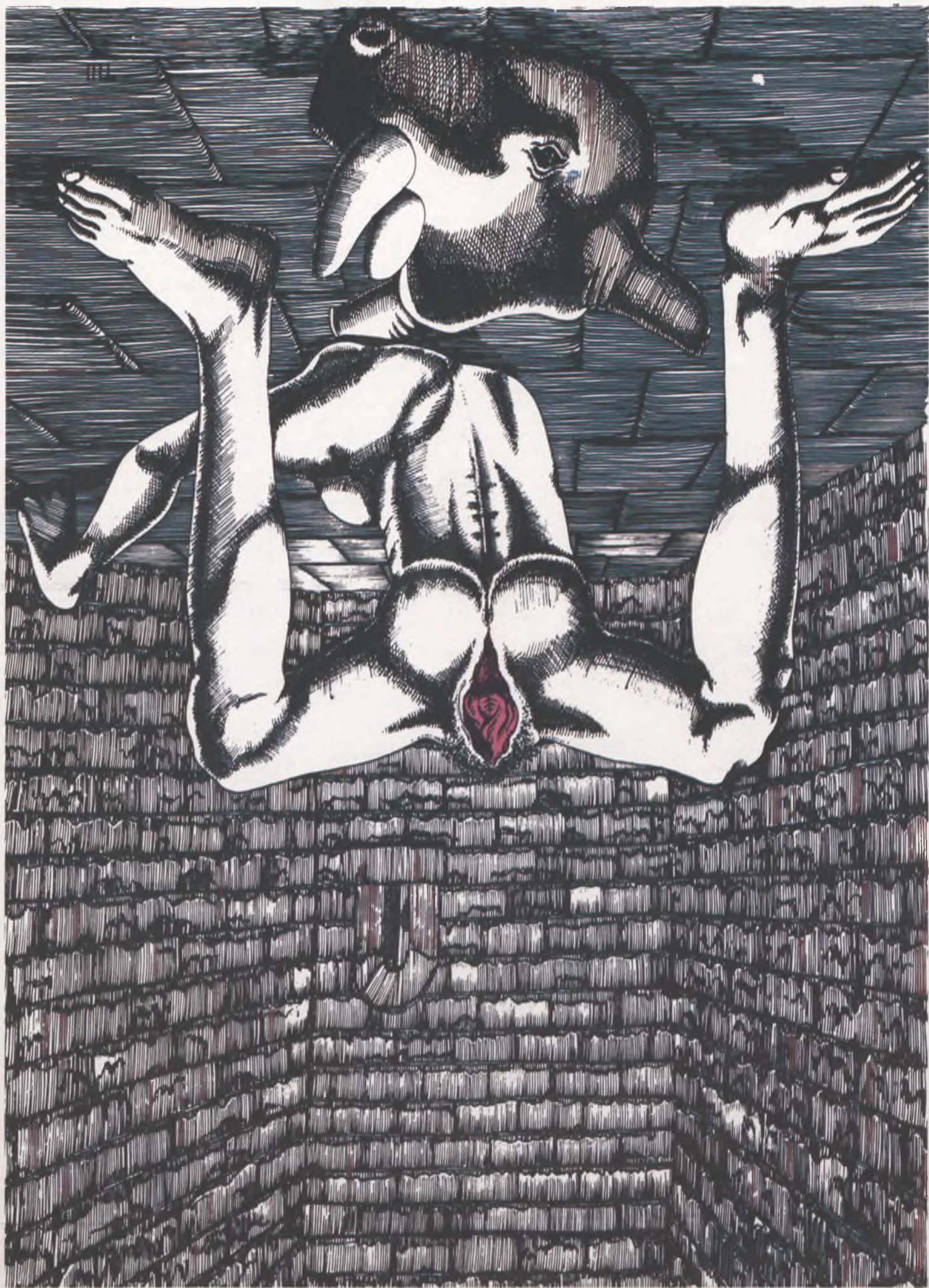
the pride, honesty and courtesy of its people

stands above their common misery and

conditions of existence. Their infamous



OZ magazine wishes to thank that one juror who at the Old Bailey who thought OZ28 not obscene, Judge Griffiths who granted bail to Richard, Felix and Jim, and to all who have helped throughout the trial and in producing this issue.





# Sandy's 1st. Solo:

It's called The North Star Grassman and the Ravens.



S.D. 1071 AD.

"I lay stood upon the deck, as the ship went out to sea,  
 She yond it took the sail and left the  
 land a memory.  
 All upon the shore for to wonder why the  
 sailor goes.  
 All to close their eyes and wonder what the  
 sailor knows."  
 Some words from "The North Star Grassman and the Ravens"  
 by Sandy Denny.







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ANGRY Z