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OZ 47

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Editor

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Description

Contents: Ad for Yoko Ono's *Approximately Infinite Universe*. 'My How We Laughed!' - Felix Dennis' editorial that is "in a sense, an obituary". Ted Heath photo. Spike: My Lai. 'Water... And Air' – thinking about the planet by Alf Moorcraft + photos by Roger Perry. 'Gentlemen of the jury... Obscenity is Like an Elephant' – Jerome Burne talks to one of the jurors on the *Nasty Tales* trial. Ad for *Super Fly*. 'Equal is as Equal Does' – Michelene Wandor on equal opportunities + illustration by Adrian George. 'Masters Of All You Survey' – Nick Leach on politics and the US media + Wyndham Raine cartoon. 2p porn ads. 'White Society is Breaking Down Around Us... Even its Myths are Dead' Peter Collier interviews Vine Deloria about Native Americans. 'One of Our Satellites is Missing' – freaks divert communications satellite + Pearce Marchbank graphic. Centrespread - Enoch Powell on a pogo stick – "Revealed! Enoch's send 'em home brainwave". *Nasty Tales* & *Cozmic Comics* ads. 5p OZ mail order. 'The Heroes Unwelcome Return' – Nick Leach interviews Hakim Gahtan Abdulla, General Secretary of the American Servicemen's Union.+ veterans photos. 'Beheadings': 6p photos by Charles Harbutt. 'The Seeker' – Roger Hutchinson on poet Derek Elm + photo by Edward Bell. Pierce Marchbank photo illustration. LP reviews: *Nuggets: Original Artyfacts from the First Psychedelic Era, Solid Gold Rock & Roll* (reviewed by Jonathon Green). Woody Allen *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex* ad. Kraftwerk ad. Flying saucer illustration. LP reviews: *Will the Circle be Unbroken*, Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Joe Cocker, Soft Machine, Loudon Wainwright III, Barbra Streisand, Yoko Ono + cartoon portrait. Book review: *Women, Resistance and Revolution* by Sheila Rowbotham (reviewed by Alison Fell). A&M Records ad. Back cover sun over the sea photo.

Publisher

OZ Publications Ink Limited, London, 60p

Comments

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

OZ



**THE VOICE
OF THE
AMERICAN
INDIANS**
**AIR & WATER:
AN ECO-CHECK**
**THE WOMENS'
EQUALITY BILL**
**CHARLES
HARBUTT**

**THE RISING OF
THE WOMEN**
NASTY TALES'
JUROR EXCLUSIVE
ENOCH PIN-UP!
**HOW TO BLOW UP
A SATELLITE**
**NIXON VERSUS
THE MEDIA**

**PLUS
6 PAGE
SPIKE
SECTION!**

APPROXIMATELY INFINITE UNIVERSE YOKO ONO

New Musical Express
January 13, 1973

"... Yoko has a sense of humour which seems to keep her going. She is the real thing ..."

Yoko is an artist in the throes of creativity, forced to cope with the axe-grinding politics of reality. She won't quit. She'll work it all out and she'll tell the world 'I have a woman inside my soul' and she does."

Melody Maker
January 6, 1973

"The Album, in fact, weeps sensitivity and tenderness. There's a true poetic consciousness at work here ... a lyricist who can express her pain with as much cogency as Lennon."

... she can create a unique ambiance with her voice ... like that of a child on the edge of tears. And wistful."

New York Times
January 12, 1973

"Approximately Infinite Universe is very much Yoko Ono at many levels."



APPLE
SAPDO 1001

OZ

MY HOW WE LAUGHED!

This is an editorial and, in a sense, an obituary. Let us begin with the obituary, the better to have done with corpses:

'You see, there is a lie in the air. The underground press is a self-indulgent bore and a rigged up, bullshit fraud. The underground press is operating out of an abstract policy and not from any concrete need. The newspapers of the underground exist in an invincible fatherland, aloft in a heaven of international popularity and longhair prosperity...'
Emmett Grogan in OZ 26, July 1970.

Oh my, how we laughed! Bitter words and harsh indictments from a prodigal son. Who was this miserable slob; this merchant of doom burying bloody hatchets in the backs of the people's media? We didn't need no grim Grogans, no thwarted prophets, no 'uncool' hustlers rambling and ranting over the loss of *their* slice of the Woodstock cake. What a dodo! What a dummy! 'If you could stand inside my shoes, you'd know what a drag it is to see you'. He should listen to Jerry and Abbie. He should burn money at the Stock Exchange; he should elect a pig for president; he should invade the Frost programme; he should join the yippies and get his shit together; he should join the Weathermen and blow up buildings. Quit bitchin' Emmett and 'Do It'!

Convinced, utterly convinced that failure was inconceivable, we buried our souls in the sands of that 'invincible fatherland'. We wallowed in heavenly clouds of 'international popularity', (I'll trade you one conspiracy rap for three contraventions of the Post Office Act amended 1964) and soothed our fevered brows in the muddy waters of 'longhair prosperity' (average earnings for OZ staff members over the last three years — £17.00 per week and all the overtime you can eat). My, how we laughed.

But times change and this magazine is about to change with them. Changing partly through economic necessity, partly through the conscious, wilful choice of its staff and readers, and partly through the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Kind of accidentally on purpose. Let me explain.

To begin with, it would be the grossest self deception for us not to admit that editorially speaking, OZ is often weak. As the 'New Statesman' once put it: 'OZ commits the kind of savagery upon language with which genuine talent would find it difficult to align itself...' We are, and always have been, a visually orientated publication. The number of artists, illustrators and photographers on our files, for example, outweighs our writers by more than three to one. This imbalance is not a new phenomenon. It has bedevilled us for years and there are several factors to account for it, but if one eliminates the predilections of our editorial team we find ourselves staring two old and familiar spectres in the face — publishing schedules and money.

The flow of money which our publishing company turns over is continually in a state of flux. This erratic behaviour endangers and hampers us in two ways. Firstly, it creates an unhealthy and inevitable tension between our distributors and ourselves, leaving our weary printers stranded nervously in the crossfire. This in turn creates an enormous credibility gap with our advertisers, without whom we could never have survived the past five and a half years. Secondly, and more importantly, it severely limits the scope of our editorial horizons. OZ has never been concerned with 'news' as such, but the number of potential editorial suggestions and ideas that we are currently forced to discard due to our inadequate and unpredictable print schedule is a criminal disgrace. Time and time again we find ourselves rejecting first rate contributions simply because '...we won't be out in time...' And who wants yesterday's papers?

And the solution to this vicious circle of events? Well, raising capital is certainly part of it. OZ Magazine was launched in 1967 with barely a penny in the bank and, financially speaking, it is a miracle that we have produced forty-seven issues and survived the longest obscenity trial in British legal history on such slender resources. And we aren't about to forget that the sustaining force and central energy drive of that miracle emanates chiefly, dear readers, from your good selves.

Now it's a bold cock that crows before the sun has risen, but perhaps we won't be stepping too far out of line if we let you into a little secret, a brief open telegram: 'THE MAGAZINE THAT YOU HAVE JUST BOUGHT IS EFFECTIVELY DEAD+ WE MURDERED IT GLADLY + IT HAS SERVED US ALL WELL + IT WAS FUN + SEND NO FLOWERS.'

Thus we stand, our monster offspring slain and buried. And the future? Oh, we'll be publishing alright. OZ Volume II is just around that proverbial corner. But we'll be publishing regularly; we'll be searching for new writers and authors, we'll be emphasising current affairs, we'll be increasing the number of pages, putting a smile back on our printer's face (and yours we hope), using new brooms in old rooms and we think you'll hardly recognise us! Oh, we'll be bitching, and slandering, and whoring and interesting; we'll be 'committing savagery upon the English language' and swearing and pointing the finger, and ranting and raving and analysing and fucking the system's backside in the hope the beast will bleed to death.

But OZ is not an 'underground' magazine. Not any more. Maybe we never were. To bury ourselves in the nostalgia of a late sixties consciousness would be an easy trip. But in the words of my dear friend 'Pretty Boy' Neville, it would display the foresight of an ostrich. They say it's always better the second time around. See you in June. *Felix Dennis.*



Spike

WHAT'S A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU...

Cops in New York's Midtown North precinct, whose beat covers Times Square—the Piccadilly Circus/Soho equivalent, and then not a little—have been getting into a good samaritan trip as regards the hookers who ply their elderly profession in the area. When a girl gets busted, and before she gets sent along to the cells or goes out on bail, her local friendly patrol man hands her a little card. On it, above the signature of the boss of the Midtown North precinct house, is an exhortation to give up this terrible life before all is lost and the girl is at the very edge of The Pit. A phone number is added with instructions to dial the relevant digits if the lure of the Lord happens to exceed that of the streets. Unfortunately for the police no-one has bothered to call up yet, but maybe the process isn't aided by the number being that of the Midtown North vice squad, and they're shut after 6 pm. But then, the city's 'Red Squad', pledged to fight the red-longhair-jew-faggot menace operates out of a simple building labelled, 'Police Gym and Social Centre' down on 12th Street, so maybe there's more in the cards than meets the eye. They may even be connected to yet another branch of the sex rackets that has started up in the Big Apple: after massage parlours (hoho) come Sex Psychotherapists. Its very simple. \$1000 on the table and pants on the floor. Someone's been reading the penultimate chapter of Candy, and acting thereupon.



ILLUSTRATION BY JAN FAUST

HEALING TIME

Remember My Lai, Song My ... y'know, that little hamlet in Vietnam where all those people got killed in that war that of course we can all forget about now. Well, if you have forgotten it, don't feel too bad because you're in great company. It's not fair to say that My Lai, where 'no less than 100' Vietnamese civilians were murder-

ed by US advisors, has completely slipped the mind of Captain Ernest L Medina—after all he was pretty much in charge—but he's sure as hell trying to let those mists of healing time come rolling in.

Now, lets not be unfair. Ernest was acquitted of all the charges of manslaughter and assaulting prisoners in his 1972 trial. His attorney F Lee Bailey slid him out of those cruel accusations and today Ernest can stand up and declare, 'It's not on my conscience, because I didn't order it. I wasn't aware of it. It's one of those unfortunate things that have happened and that's part of living the thing down. But I was tried and acquitted and there's no need for me to try and rationalize or think about what happened or worry about it any longer ...'

And F Lee is on hand to help with Ernest's new troublefree life. With a few words in the right place Bailey has ensured that future customers of the Enstrom Helicopter Company of Upper Michigan will be getting their sales talk from none other than Ernest Medina, an all-fired all-American hero. Employ the Vet demands Nixon, he must be proud as hell with the Copter Corp.

Medina, of course, doesn't intend merely to fade into the noughtyde furnishings down at

Enstrom. On the day of his acquittal, his everlovin' wife Barbara assured him that he'd be a millionaire within a decade. So they're out to make sure that the prophecy comes true. 'There's too much money to be made in civilian life,' Medina points out, 'I wasted 19 years (as a career officer in the US Army), I lost everything I had saved in that time.'

He wants, if all goes well, to make the Enstrom Co. do for Michigan what Ford did for Detroit. And when, fortified with his millions, he does look back at one day of those 19 years, he will be doubtless able to observe, to paraphrase his mentor Henry Ford, 'My Lai is bunk.'

SPOT THE SEX

Think you're pregnant? Off to the FPA for a checkup? Getting the specimens ready for those discreet little advertisers in the back of the New Statesman? Forget it. There's a new test that leaves all that scientific mumbojumbo right out in the cold. One Dr Maria Papazachariou, in a report to a recent medical conference on sterility, has stated that determination of pregnancy needs only two implements: a mirror and a magnifying glass. If there are three small red dots on the pupil, there's a kid on the way. To affirm the sex, no problem: if small crystal shaped dots form near the pupil, a boy is due. If the dots are nearer to the whites, its a girl.

DANGEROUS DRINKS ACT

O Demon Alcohol, Sad Memories I Can Recall, Who Thought I Would Fall, A Slave to Demon Alcohol': Ray Davies.

Let's be frank, booze is back. The bottle's in vogue again and the fab fashionable everywhere are saying Out of the window with that dowdy old LSD, that dreary pot or even those merely ephemerally amusing white powders. Instead its a return to liquor, alcohol, drink, hooch, grog, whatever you want to call your own personal tippie. But, being frank once more, a few glasses of the good stuff, be it wine, spirits or beer, or at least a few too many glasses, can have the most deleterious effects on the next morning, a complaint that can't really be made about a couple of joints. So if drink, as one might say, is your drug, at least avoid the more obvious pitfalls and commit this list of hangover horrors to memory. In descending order of viciousness,

POLICE DEPARTMENT
CITY OF NEW YORK
MIDTOWN NORTH PRECINCT

Time for a Change!

Aren't you tired of all this? Isn't it about time you gave yourself a break?

This precinct is determined to eliminate prostitution and we will continue to arrest you until you leave this area. But why go on like this? Is it because of some pimp who is using you; exploiting you for his satisfaction? If you want to get out of this rat race, we can help you. Call either one of these numbers:

226 - 2020

577 - 7302

Your call will be kept strictly confidential. Think of it the next time your pimp punches you around or leaves you with only a few bucks to live on.

68

The Commanding Officer
Midtown North Precinct

one Dr Gaston Pvana of the Middlesex Hospital has found these are the bastards: whiskey, brandy, rum, red wine, white wine, vodka, gin, and least cruel is straight alcohol and fruit juices. The only thing wrong with that one is the taste.

YUMMY YUMMY YUMMY I'VE GOT POISONED SQUIRREL IN MY TUMMY

Our dear government, with the people whose destinies they determine never far from their hearts, have recently turned their attention to the increasing problem of food: that is, the fact that they have made its prices so high that soon not only will the 'roast beef of old England' be the myth it might well have always been, but so too will be the bacon, eggs, coffee, tea, bread and similar commodities that were hitherto staples. Last autumn they attempted to force Kesp down the unsuspecting throats of Lancashire schoolkids and it was gratifying to see how speedily this compound of plastic waste and the odd soy bean was rejected.

Now there are dread rumours of the return of an old horror which, mercifully, those who were born after the last war managed to avoid. So too, of course, did those who could afford other goodies, and who'd be that surprised if such fortunate ones included the present government. The horror in question in Snoek, a dish that started life



as the South African killer pike. The health minister of the post war years admitted 'this is one of the duller fish I have ever eaten' and it was discarded as soon as possible and mixed in with catfood to dispose of surplus stocks. Now Mr Neil Kinnock (Lab) MP for Bedwellty, Monmouthshire has asked the Minister of Food how much snoek still hangs around Her Majesty's warehouses. The repulsive quality of the dish is balanced by its protein content, so Mr Kinnock would have us believe, and anyway 'the British palate is far more cosmopolitan than it was then - what with curries and chop sueys all the rage'.

But the real clue to government plans to feed our rapidly shrinking



stomachs may be in two reports in last month's Times. The first explained that the current plague of grey squirrels had reached such proportions that Warfarin, the popular rat poison, might well be turned against their surging ranks, and perhaps the dread myximatosis scourge of the bunnies, as well. Then, about a week later, we find, still in the thunderer's somewhat muted columns: 'Squirrels as Food: The grey squirrel, which has an "excellent flavour" would make a tasty addition to Britain's meat diet and eating it would help to preserve the oaks and beechwoods, the Country Landowners Association suggests'. So who do you suppose makes up the CLA?

KEEP IT CLEAN

While the McWhirters and the Whitehouses continue to poke their meddling fingers into the public's viewing pie, back in the good old YewEssAy a shrink has got together a programme for 'teaching' the young 'uns how to watch the box. 'One of the problems with TV programmes is that some children believe they are watching real life,' explains Dr Rubinstein, vicechairman of the US Surgeon General's Committee on TV and Violence. 'They also feel that news shows and commercials are all true'. The way out is for the parent to explain everything to the kid. For instance the impressionable tiny tunes in on a couple of minutes footage of National Guards 'pacifying' some 'commie insurgents' at Berkeley or wherever: 'I would ask the child, "Do you think college is always like that?" If the child indicated confusion I would take him to a conveniently located college campus, drive around and show him the peaceful scene.' And then there were these pictures of B52s over Hanoi ...

TRUCKERS' BIBLE

What about those trawlermen braving the elements to bring you your fish fingers—and didn't the US mail always get through, once? Here they are, these gallant bands of men, getting public acclaim by the bucket-



ILLUSTRATION BY JAN FAUST

ful while nobody sees the hash importer as a knight in shining armour. Has it ever occurred to you that when dope's legal people are going to make Easterns about the trade routes of the dope culture? Trafficking is the last great adventure. Oh, but watch them come down. When they go down for a ten-year stretch in a Turkish jail there are plenty of so-called heads who'll say 'they were in it for the money, they're parasites, they

deserve all they get.' This is sanctimonious hype. Accept the fact that you have to pay for your dope at all, and you're accepting your role as consumer of a commodity in short supply. You're dealing with things as they are, not as they ought to be, and if you think importers are parasites, you can either grow your own or fly to Nepal every time you want to score.

In a game where everyone seems to be an amateur (You're a professional if you don't ever get busted) the kids are the worst off of all. They're the ones who sidle hopefully through Customs with a couple of ki's sewn into their waistcoats, the ones who get busted in a campaign to tidy up the streets. Release are bringing out a book about what-not-to-do-on-your-summer-hols. It'll tell them that unless they have an iron nerve, the acting ability of an Olivier, the cunning of a fox, oodles of bread and powerful friends—forget trafficking as your chosen career. And if you have all these advantages, Inshallah we may all benefit from your resourcefulness.

So Release are trying to do something for people busted abroad. So far they've found quite heavy dealers to be almost as ill-informed and desperate as the optimistic novices, when it comes to the crunch. They need a lot of info for their foreign bust book—about the worst borders, the best lawyers, legal procedure in various countries and so on. One gets the impression that there's a completely one-sided war going on. The police and customs have 'intelligence' services who are right in there informing on anyone who buys dope, but heads rely on hearsay which simply isn't good enough. It can't be otherwise, people wouldn't run the dumb risks they do. It's exasperating to see people falling into the same old traps, people who on home ground would be perfectly cool ending up in the same old jails abroad through sheer naivete. They know they risk jail, but there are countries where one can score cheaply and go down for ten years for a couple of kilos, and others where one can score just as cheaply and get away with six months in jail for a hundredweight of hash.

Release are also trying to do whatever they can for people in jail already. They need a fat fund to pay for 'bail' if possible or just to keep people reasonably healthy and mentally alert while they're imprisoned. If they had ten percent of the money earned from dope in London next week then Release 3 (the bank account otherwise known as the Distressed Truckers Aid Fund) would be on its way to insuring a few people against acts of god ... or the United Nations. The U.N. is spending about 22 million dollars this year trying to stop hash getting to you. Are you going to sit and wait for the man to take away your dope, undefended?

So, if you've got news of a grass, a lawyer, a border to avoid, or other news items, get in touch with Release. If you can give some money for the foreign bust fund send it to Release. And if you want to place an order for the Trucker's Bible, when it comes out soon, send it to Release. The address is 1 Elgin Avenue, London W9 3PR. If you want to phone, dial 01-289.1123.

DRAC POWER



Eng. Lit., Maths, Engineering, History, Mod. Lang., etc, etc ... Christ, college curricula are tedious. The same old crap they handed out for your last decade or so and now they claim that to stick out the next three repetitious years is some kind of privilege. Now if we had a course like 'Dracula, the Man and the Myth' currently offered by Boston College, Massachusetts, under the guidance of Prof. Radu D Florescu things would be infinitely improved. 60 students are enrolled in the course, the only one with its subject in the world, though Universities in Bucharest, Germany and Turkey have documentary evidence of the carnivorous aristocratic star of the silver screen. Professor Florescu claims that course is popular for various reasons: 'One is the tremendous interest among the young in the occult, and students are bored with current problems. They want to escape from these things and become involved more in things spiritual.' Students do term papers on such topics as 'Jack the Ripper', Bela Lugosi and other screen portrayers of their main man. They must also study German and Russian literature on him. 'I teach that Count Dracula was a 15th century prince who lived in the Transylvania region of southern Roumania. He ruled for ten years and during that period killed over 100,000 people. He was finally captured by his enemies and beheaded. He wasn't really a vampire, but a very cruel man who killed his enemies by impaling them. There was also some evidence that he was a cannibal.' Maybe they'll devote a semester to Blacula, too.

FREE PICCADILLY RECORD

Songwriting team Alan Wakeman, who wrote the lyrics, and Michael Klein, who composed the music, have produced a 45rpm stereo single for the Save Piccadilly campaign. The whole pressing of 2,500 copies of the record will be given away free to anyone calling at the Save Piccadilly Campaign's headquarters at 9 Rupert Street, London W1. All the costs of the record have been donated by supporters of the campaign.

The two songs 'The Circus Keeps On Turning' and 'Motor Car Madness' were written especially and highlight the twin problems facing Piccadilly Circus at the present time: the destruction of the city centre by property developers and traffic planners.

Alan Wakeman, author and songwriter, and Michael Klein, singer and leader of the group 'Everyone Involved' and owner of the only antique shop in the Circus area both live and work behind the Coca-Cola sign in the Circus itself - in Denman Street on the Monico site which is threatened with demolition.

'The City Council has kindly given us four options', says Alan Wakeman, 'To be demolished, to be demolished, to be demolished, or to be demolished.'



JACK THE KNIFE JNR.

We all love John-John Kennedy. Not as much as his topless mum, not anything like Princess Anne, and despite excellent parentage he ain't in the same field as Prince Charles, but 11 year old John John, remember the cute kid at JFK's funeral, sure beats them all on style. Not so long ago it came out that four evil West German hippie revolutionaries were planning to

lift the kid from his home on stepfather Aristotle Onassis' yacht and hold out for the big bread. Someone gabbed and the four, Ernest Zoren, Werner Robbers, Jurgen Obermoyer and Suzanne Bausinger were lifted themselves. Since then JFK Jr. has been looking out for himself and taking precautions over and above those paid to look after his valuable skin. On a trip to check out the antiquities that abound on the Greek mainland John John was seen going into a trinket shop. And, according to the redoubtable hacks of the National Tattler—one of the last bastions of yellow journalism we have—he purchased himself a knife. 'He took the biggest he could find,' said the owner of the shop, 'and he tested it to make sure it was good and sharp. 'I think it'll be sharp enough,' he told me.'

The Tattler continues with revelations of our junior hero's conversation with his 'girlfriend', the daughter of Onassis' captain: 'You know what, Mother explained to me that I needn't worry because there's always a whole bunch of guys looking after me. I'm not really scared in fact, but they did kill my dad—and he always had bodyguards around him. And it was the same with my Uncle Robert.' And as John John stalks the unfriendly Aegean replete with knife he could take heart from one, albeit fictional, counterpart. 'Why should I worry,' said Don Corleone, 'men have been coming to kill me ever since I was 12 ...'



First there was *The Sensuous Woman* ... Then came *The Sensuous Man* ... and couple ... and child. Now there's *The Sensuous Coloring Book*. It's filled with page after page of fine, healthy smut to amuse the depraved mind. All the drawings are of heterosexual couples and are soft-core with the exception of five pages of color-by-number pictures which get moderately raunchy. It probably won't improve your sex life or make you a wiser person but it is lots of fun and an entertaining way to fill a few hours with your intimate friends. *The Sensuous Coloring Book* is available from Creative Advertising Enterprises, Box 3436, Seminole, Florida 33540, USA. (From *Screw, The World's Greatest Newspaper*).



LITTLE PEOPLE POWER

Charlie Brown, not the cartoon character, but a 4'3" dwarf from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has started Dwarf Liberation to unite yet another oppressed minority, the dwarfs and midgets of the world. Brown, who looks strangely like Teddy Kennedy, is an industrial advertising exec and head of the Pittsburgh chapter of Little People of America, wants the rest of the world to accept the fact that short stature isn't automatically the sign of one's profession being a clown or some other type of entertainer. 'Midgets and dwarfs no longer want to be known as entertainers ... today short people are accountants, clerks, educators, draftsmen, almost every occupation imaginable...' Maybe they were better off as clowns.

DADDY

One little morsel of info eluded the plucky probers at the Sunday Times in their recent feature on Liberace. The bejewelled pianist who puts mere camp to dowdy shame has one big regret: 'I've always wanted to be a father and have a family, but I guess it just wasn't meant to be.' He's tried, though: 'I've been engaged three times to three different girls but each time something went wrong and I never did get married. Whenever I did get to know someone we inevitably had to part because I was doing a show, and when I came back she would be going with someone else. When that happens three times you get a little disheartened.'



RADIO ROCKSOFF

As the franchises for our own local radio stations are parcelled out and tycoons, already rich or merely re-joining in the infinite potential of their latest acquisition, rub their greedy hands, spare a thought for a segment of humanity who have their own very special need for the solace of the sound waves. The boys of the US Navy whose submarines patrol day and night, on continual alert, in the deadly task of holding at bay the forces of red subversion. Down there under the pole things can get mighty lonely, and a man can get some urges that don't bear talking about in a family paper like this. And they don't, apparently, bear too much talking about in the public media of their mother country. For, unbeknown to all but the brasshats at the Pentagon, the boys literally down under have their own radio service. Planes fly round and round the pole, continuously brightening the lads' lonely lives. But why, and you may well inquire, does so apparently simple an operation have to be veiled

with such secrecy. Well, its back to those urges. Y'see, rather, one assumes, than permit the hideous spectre of homosexuality menace the crew—and after all that's one of them red diseases too—the powers that be make sure that their men beneath the waves get several hours of good old porn read to them. Whether of course, they use the tapes of Lord Sutch declaiming the 'good bits' in Lady Chatterly, as he did on the short lived Radio Sutch, is a whole other story.

WEALTHIER FANCIFUL CONMAN

There are, no doubt, some unfortunates who have actually read that particularly unpleasant volume of prose and pix entitled Jonathon Livingston Seagull. There must be, the damn thing's a best seller worldwide, but then so was Love Story, and there's no accounting for taste, or lack of it. Here, therefore, as interest, one imagines, to those that have read JLS, and as an awful warning for those who haven't, and either way as great publicity for the book, are the facts behind the farce.

Richard Bach, the author, has put it this way: You see it all began back in 1959, payola was bursting on a naive rock'n'roll world, involvement with the 'Nam was just around the corner, and Bach was strolling home one night. 'I was walking home one night when I heard a voice say very calmly "Jonathon Livingston Seagull"'. I looked around but there was no-

one there. I ran all the way home and locked the door behind me. I sat on the edge of the bed, scared and bewildered. I knew all this meant something, but what it meant I just had no idea. Finally in agonized frustration, I said "Look voice, I don't know what you are. And if you think I do, you're out of your mind. So please tell me".'

And then, you'll never guess, or maybe you already did, a seagull vision materialises from out of thin air, lays a few nifty bestselling paras on our author and vanishes into the night from whence it came. Not so swiftly, of course, that Bach wasn't able to get everything down on paper. Eight years passed; 1967: the Summer of Love, was in full spate and as luck would have it, back to Bach came the feathered vision, and out came the rest of the tale.

'People think I'm a nut or that I'm putting them on,' says Bach, 'but I didn't write the book, Jonathon did.' And as a good author, conscientiously proud of style, he gives the final proof: 'the style of writing is just not mine. I also disagree with many of Jonathon's decisions in the book and would never have put them in if I'd written it myself.'

SORRY

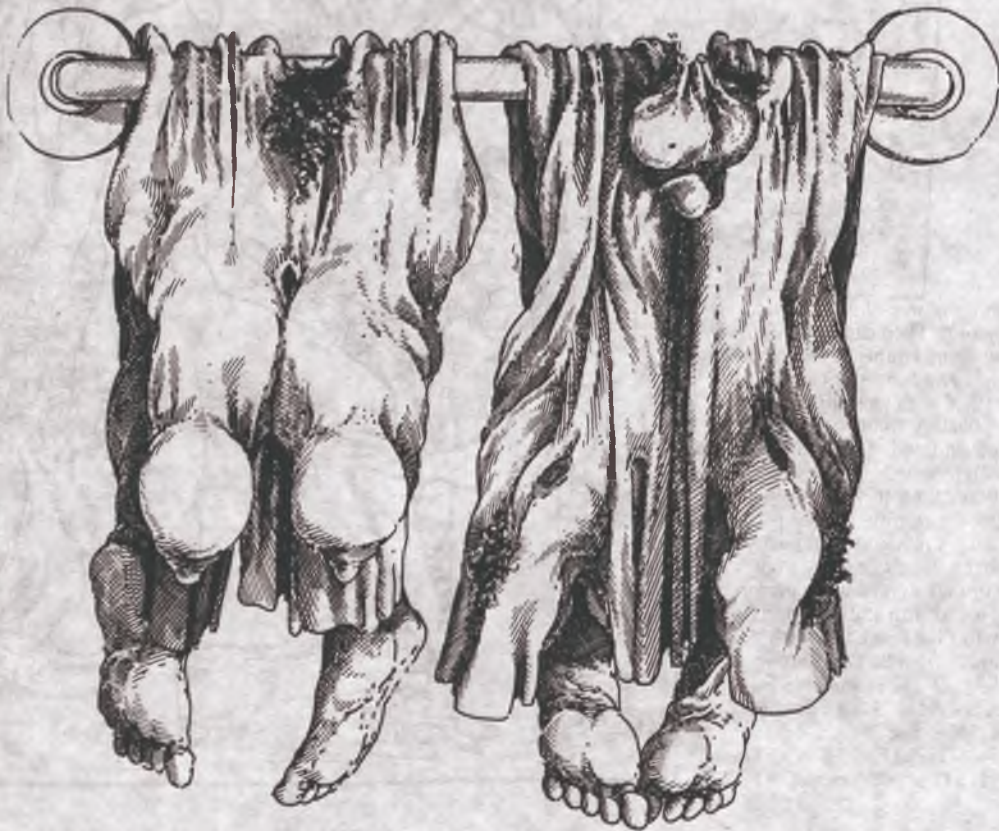
John Hoyland's article 'The Long March Through The Bingo Hall' published in OZ 46 was originally written for Macmillan publishers, not Hutchinsons as we mistakenly printed. Sorry for any confusion caused.

LETTERS

The Pit,
Flat 6,
45 Alexandra Drive,
Gipsy Hill
S.E.19.

Dear Cuntz
Wot the Fuck! We have noticed lately that your highbrow magazine (price 25p) has dropped its line in Obscenity. What the fucks the matter with you cuntz, OZ has gone downhill, the beautiful cartoons you used to publish, that we used to gloat over for hours, eg Honeybunch, Charles Manson, etc. have disappeared. It has also come to our notice that many more news-agents are selling your product, because its clean now? We don't like to be funny but we reckon we could do better job than you, and also all your articles seem to be extracts from other articles.

As for OZ46 what a load of crap. No fucking letter page, whats your goddam game, and we say who says OZ hasn't lost its sting, yet more fucking bullshit, Neville's brains gone to pot, and your magazine (bog paper) doesn't cater for the people anymore, just for the sociologists and other pratts that



like to read long words which mean as much as two can say. Fuck, Fuck, Fuck, Off, Off, Off, Back to Womans Own. We handed over 25p and rushed off to a dark place to read it and wot happened, fucking hell, twafish sanis, ads, meaningless reviews. A single fucking page devoted to three black girls getting beaten by the pigs—you should have devoted the whole cocksucking issue of it.

So nowadays the magazine is well printed and pretty. But we preferred the grubby, ill-printed, obscene, degraded (for the fun of it) filth, it meant something then. We were inside in those days, and what a fuss when 'they' caught us reading OZ, we had our time put out backing and defending you in those days, now we hear its allowed.

Whats fucking happening? It doesn't mean that they are letting obscene subversive literature in, but that your fucking rag has gone over to the pigs. We did a cartoon of our place, but come to think of it we don't think you would have printed it anyway, Motherfuckers. You fucking think your on our side, bollocks, you're on their side, longwinded bullshit while the pigs bust us, and beat us, and you making fucking money, yes money, roubles, bread, you dirty bollock headed, klinker licking queens.

Fucking cunts. You're cheating us, after next month, if it don't get better you can stuff your fucking rag up your arse, cos we're going over to 'IT' at least its still decent. That's a point, you cunts. 'IT' now, that's still sane, plenty of cartoons, demands, they're on our side, you bastards. Good grimy black and white. Give them some money, they need it. Oh and last of all, we gonna have to go over to bum and tit magazines if we don't get some foul obscenities soon.

Al, Steve and the Communal Raincoat.

PS. Enclosed is some Mud!! We didn't think your worth wasting money on a new envelope. Up yours cocksuckers!

Sir:

I object to your piece in OZ 46, which is inaccurate and libellous. Our records and reference to George Andrews can only confirm that he has been paid punctiliously as per contract, which was signed by both parties. In fact in view of his pressing need his cheques have invariably been sent two months before they were due for payment, as our record can prove. George sent us his accountants to inspect our records several years ago, and they then told him that royalty payments were accurate. Surely that is the proof?

I do not know what either George or you mean by stating that we only helped with the Immigration Authorities until the MS was delivered. Whilst George was working on the MSS we gave him letters stating

this fact so that he was granted a visa. Once the MS was delivered, I could not, without perjury, continue to say that he was working on the MSS.

Yours faithfully
Peter Owen Ltd
12 Kendrick Mews
Kendrick Place
Old Brompton Road
London SW7

To whom it may concern:

As of this date the misunderstandings which existed between myself and Peter Owen have been cleared up. I no longer feel it necessary to focus public attention on the details of our differences of opinion.

George Andrews,
Earlham Street,
London, WC2.

Hello OZ,

Knowing that you OZ people enjoy cordial relations with that amazing exile, Jim Haynes, I thought that perhaps some of your readers might be interested in one of Jim's latest ventures, the World Service Authority passport. Perhaps I should state right away that my personal contact with Haynes up to now has been virtually negligible, and therefore the opinions expressed about this venture are purely my own. A second thing to note is that what I have to say on it is not just hot air. You see, I have recently purchased one of these passports and I have it before me as I type this.

The idea behind the WSA passport is in a nutshell, to implement Article 13, Section 2, of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights which states that 'everyone has the right to leave any country, including his own, and to return to his country'. A sentiment that

perhaps most of us as individuals agree with, but which many states blatantly disregard as it is politic to do so. The trouble really is that the national passport acts more as a hindrance to the implementation of the above declaration rather than an aid. For a state can grant or withhold a passport as it so wishes, one state bars all people from another simply because they happen to carry a passport granted by that state, most states require the individual to obtain a visa and sometimes other pieces of paper bureaucracy before that individual can enter those countries.

Now the immediate reaction is to say fuck passports, let's forget about them. But this is foolish as it is short-sighted. Going abroad by its very nature means that the individual is leaving one country for another, and so as to do this, the individual must have a passport, otherwise travelling abroad becomes an impossibility. Therefore, the most telling way of breaking down all these bureaucratic hurdles is not to spurn a passport altogether, but instead to obtain more than one, i.e. you become the citizen of more than one country. And what more true passport is there than the one that states that you are a citizen of the world—a WSA passport. Moreover, this passport comes on just like other ones. I don't mean that in a derogatory sense, rather it looks indeed, is official enough to impress even the most suspicious and hostile immigration authorities.

It comes in a blue plastic jacket across which is emblazoned a picture of the world, with the words World Service Authority over the top, and Passport (in five languages—English, French, Spanish, Russian, and Chinese) underneath. Inside, pages one to three are taken up with your individual details

(including a recent photo), information about which you will have previously furnished details on your application forms; pages four to six are taken up with the usual official details; pages seven to twenty-nine are for visas, and entry and exit stamps; and finally at the end there is the usual warning that the passport must not be used in 'any manner contrary to the public interest.' Appended at the end of the passport is a five page fold-out section where you can fill in, if you want, your medical history, next of kin, driving licence number, etc. Everything in the passport is described in five languages, not the same as those on the cover—this time, English, French, Spanish, German, and Italian, and the whole thing is printed on special security paper. I must say, it looks absolutely splendid—enough to blow the minds of most customs guards, etc.

But the passport is not just looks, and nothing else. It has been granted official recognition by Ecuador, India, Kuwait, Laos, Upper Volta, and Yemen, and furthermore visas have been issued to WSA passport holders by the following 24 countries:—Afghanistan, Algeria, Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Cook Islands, Egypt, East Germany, Gabon, Iran, Italy, Liberia, Libya, Luxembourg, Netherlands, Pakistan, Poland, Portugal, Romania, Spain, Thailand, Turkey, and Yugoslavia.

Some of you may now be saying to yourselves, Okay, so you've sold the idea to us, but how do we go about getting one. Just write the WSA at 4002 Basle, Switzerland.

Ask for the three application forms—one applying for World Citizenship, one for the passport, and the third is an 'attestation of understanding' which in a nutshell, states that you and you alone are responsible for whatever may ensue from your use of the passport. Having completely filled these in, return them together with 2 passport size photos and £2 to the same address, and pretty soon afterwards, you'll get your passport. I can't add much more except to say that Jim and his friend, Garry Davis, really deserve our support in this attempt to bring about a saner world. Remember to act in time to get one for your summer travels. And finally, if there are some nomads with WSA passports reading this, I'd be very pleased to hear from them.

Take good care
Nigel G Turner

PS In your last issue, you excerpted a piece from the Realist, but unfortunately balled that paper's address. It moved about a year ago to: The Realist, Box 379, Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY 10009, USA. Moreover, it is not just occasionally brilliant, it is always so. I should know, as I have been a subscriber for some time now.

B **C**

BRITISH CAMPAIGN TO STOP IMMIGRATION

Order of Merit
for Service to the British Way of Life

This is to Certify that Trade and Friendly Club, Hatley.
on the 18th day of August 197 69
did openly state that the Hatley Trade and Friendly Club, would ensure
that its members would continue to enjoy the British traditional way of life,
regardless of any pressure applied by un-British organisations.

and as a result of this action some hope is given to
people who have not yet surrendered this country to the alien invasion
which if government action is not taken will overrun Great Britain.

This Action has been Recorded in the Campaign Book
of Patriotism.

7, Soaper Lane CHAIRMAN
Worthington 6 SECRETARY

25th of December 1971.

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Water...

Ten things that Alf Moorcroft thinks the informed young citizen of today should know about the waters of the planet on which he lives...

1 Water is the most common substance on this planet – covering three fifths of its surface. All the water contained in the earth's rivers, lakes, inland seas, swamps, bogs, rain, snow, soil and living things – i.e. all the water in the forms in which we most commonly encounter it – amounts to a minute two-hundredths of one percent of the world's total inventory of water. The world ocean comprises another 97.2% of that total. The rest is contained in ice caps and glaciers and in the groundwaters which supply our wells.

2 Earth is the only one of the sun's nine planets having large quantities of liquid water. Its position, 93 million miles away from the sun, keeps it near the middle of a narrow band where temperatures permit water to exist in all three states: as a liquid, solid and gas.

3 Although it seems commonplace to us, water has many extremely unusual properties – without which life would never have evolved and could not continue. It has an ability to dissolve chemicals which is not exceeded by any other liquid (which is why sea-water has such a rich chemical composition; it contains almost every known element in solution). Water's capacity for the storage of heat is exceeded only by liquid ammonia – it takes a lot of heat to raise its temperature by a small amount (it is estimated that a one percent increase in the quantity of solar energy reaching Earth would raise the atmospheric temperature by 15 degrees C whilst the oceanic temperature would rise by a mere 0.01 degrees C). Because of this property the world ocean exercises a considerable stabilising influence over the temperature of the atmosphere and of the continental land masses. If it were not for the ocean the greater part of our continental land masses would experience temperatures similar to those on the surface of the moon. Like most substances, water decreases in volume as it cools. However, beneath 4 degrees C down to its freezing point it does something very odd: it expands as it cools. Consequently very cold water sinks and is replaced by warmer water. Furthermore, once the surface layer freezes the solid formed (ice) is less dense than liquid water and floats on the surface preventing lower water from freezing. If it weren't for this peculiar behaviour most lakes would be permanently frozen from top to bottom and water vapour from the equatorial regions would collect as frost or fall as snow on these

frozen bodies of water until most, perhaps all, the planet's water supply was solid.

4 The composition of sea-water is remarkably constant. Although it is a good solvent and receives a wide range of solids to dissolve (including material brought in by rivers, rain, snow and melting ice caps) and although the nature of these materials varies greatly from place to place and from time to time, the relative proportions of sea-water's many constituents are found to be the same everywhere in the world's oceans and are thought to have been constant for over 600 million years. The complex self-regulating mechanisms which maintain this stability are still far from fully understood.

5 The rich stable environment provided by sea-water is now thought to have been the origin of life and the site of most of its evolution (land plants and animals appear to be a recent phenomenon). Life still bears unmistakable stamps of its origins. It may seem remarkable that the relative proportions of constituent elements found in a drop of arctic sea-water millions of years ago is the same as that of a drop of today's equatorial waters but it is even more remarkable that the relative proportions of the elements of living things – from one-celled organisms to man – is also fairly constant and is peculiarly similar to that of sea-water. Man starts off life as a foetus buoyed in amniotic fluid which is virtually sea-water. Blood plasma has virtually the same composition as brackish sea-water – this has led some people to describe the human bloodstream as a 'portable ocean'. Some biologists are starting to talk of sea-water as if they regarded it as being alive. If the bloodstream can be seen as a portable ocean then the ocean can be seen as a global bloodstream. The flow around it is seen as being analogous to the role of sea-water in relation to the microscopic plants, the fish, the mammals and other beings which move around in it. It provides a constant self-regulating environment and acts as a transport medium for nutrients, waste products, dissolved gases and heat.

6 Man can live for several weeks without food but without water the longest anyone can survive is ten days. No form of life can grow without water. The average man carries around approximately 50 quarts of water in his body and replaces about 2½ of these daily. He obtains about 1½ quarts by drinking and about another quart by eating.

7 Although his bodily requirements for water are relatively small man uses an enormous amount of water to survive. In Britain the average daily per capita domestic consumption of water is a staggering 38 gallons (over 70 times as much as the body needs). National consumption is 14,000,000,000 gallons per day and is rising at 3% per annum – of which 4,200,000,000 gallons is used by industry.

8 The Nabateans managed to live comfortably in the Negev Desert off an average annual rainfall of 1 mm. (They grew over 60 varieties of fruit alone). We're hard pushed to make do with generous rainfall that sometimes falls at the rate of 1 mm per hour. In the summer of 1971 over half our water supply organisations ran short of water, at least fifty new housing schemes had to be shelved and thousands of people were laid off work because of a long dry period. Many areas of Britain (even the Lake District) now run low on water nearly every year. The Water Resources Board has warned local authorities that difficulties will arise 'in the next few years' in supplying even existing homes. It is highly unlikely that this will be avoided.

9 The immediate prospects for global water supply are even grimmer than those for Britain. A joint report produced last year by the UN's health, meteorological and food and agriculture organisations sees water shortages as the biggest imminent problem facing man. For more than one third of the land area of the earth (where much more than a third of the population lives) water is already the main limiting factor on human activity. Two thirds to three quarters of the water used by man is used in food production. The report expects food production to be hit very soon (within a few years, not decades) by water shortages. More than enough water exists, if it is used as wisely as the Nabateans used it, to overcome these shortages. The blocks are not technical, they are political.

10 If man can turn water, the commonest substance on this planet, into a resource problem, then he can turn anything into a resource problem. 99.999% (sic) of the water on this planet is not 'used' by man yet he is still apparently running out of it. Maybe the millions being spent by rival cybermen to prove/disprove that this or that resource is running/not running out could be more intelligently spent



FILM



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1 We live on the seabed of a giant ocean of air – five to six thousand million million tons of it. Although this enormous mass of air stretches over 200 miles from the surface of the earth out to space we are fortunate that half of it is concentrated in the lowest 18,000 feet. A mere six miles up the air is too thin to breathe; at twelve miles there isn't even enough air to burn a candle; for every million molecules of air at sea-level there is only one 60 miles up.

2 Just as the ocean is more than a giant puddle, the atmosphere has a distinct layered structure. The lowest layer is known as the troposphere. It is six miles thick and contains 70% of the earth's air. We tend to equate air with oxygen, but even in this layer air is mostly nitrogen (75% to oxygen's 23%). Like the ocean, the troposphere is in continuous patterned motion. We experience this motion as the winds which play upon us. They act as another planetary bloodstream, carrying vast masses of water, gases and solids vital to life at an even greater rate than the seas. Calculations suggest that it takes only two years for a complete interexchange of all the air masses circulating around the planet. A local air parcel only takes a month to circumnavigate the globe: measurements of fallout showed that material from a nuclear device exploded in China in May 1965 had circled the world twice by July of that year.

3 Material picked up off the surface of the earth by winds may well be carried thousands of miles before being dumped back on it again. Residues of DDT sprayed on crops in Africa have been detected in rain falling over Barbados on the other side of the Atlantic. If you run away to the country to avoid, for example, lead pollution, forget it: the wind will catch up with you. Lead levels in Shetland rain are as high as over most of London. Vast tracts of rural Scandinavia have acidic sulphurous rain that beats that of the Midlands. You can't even run off to

the southern hemisphere with any degree of confidence. Nine tenths of the pollutants man introduces into the atmosphere allegedly enter it in the northern hemisphere but after a few years a fair proportion of this mixes into the southern air masses.

4 The United States (with 7% of the world's population etc. etc.) is responsible for the production of a third to a half of the emissions resulting from fuel combustion – the principal form of air pollution (source: Report of the Study of Critical Environmental Problems – entirely sponsored by the US government and industry). There is not a hope in hell that these bastards will significantly reduce, in the near future, the rate at which they increase this load (deceleration is all you can talk about, actual reduction is a distant dream). Meanwhile we all have to breathe the resultant shit.

5 Man breathes, on average, three thousand gallons of air per day. Compared to the amount of water he takes in this is a large amount – explicable because of air's low density and because his body does not make much use of the nitrogen which comprises three quarters of the volume. Two years ago a group of eminent American scientists engaged in a creepy debate about the possibility that rampant technocracy was burning up oxygen at a dangerous rate. Remember that more oxygen is required for a car to travel 600 miles than for one person's entire lifetime and then think of all the fuel-burning activities man engages in and then think about the rate at which these activities are increasing and one begins to see what they might have been worrying about. The discussion had absurd passages reminiscent of the 'overkill' bullshit associated with nuclear weaponry discussions of the sixties. The sums they did took into account what would happen if we burnt up all our fossil fuels (oil, coal etc.) and destroyed all forests and all other plants (i.e. the producers of oxygen). They were very encouraged to find that although the air

might become a little thinner (equivalent to us all moving up into the Andes) things would be basically OK. No doubt they will now continue apace at the great work of burning all our fuel and destroying all our vegetation. Even though the debate ended on an optimistic note it should be observed that the 'optimists' kept slipping in statements such as: 'I have made calculations which suggest that within the 48 coterminous United States we are using about 40% more oxygen each year than our green plants are using. In a heavily industrialised city, of course, the effect must be intensified, especially during times of reduced atmospheric circulation. At present one can only speculate about the prospects of transient oxygen crises in cities...'

6 The debate has since moved on to the effects of increased carbon dioxide on our climate. Whilst the amount of oxygen in the atmosphere seems to have been constant within one part per thousand for the last 60 years, the content of carbon dioxide (produced by man's combustion of fossil fuels) has increased by an impressive/depressive 550%. Some people think this will melt the ice caps (possibly within a few decades), others think we'll have another ice age, others don't give a shit. Another debate centres around the effect of SSTs on the ozone in the stratosphere. The emphasis of the debates is now shifting away from assessment of quantitative effects to the basic one: at what point will the balance of the atmosphere break down. The main concern is that the atmosphere acts as a subtle radiation filter and that we know very little about the ways in which it does this. Before we find out we could screw it up – in which case life stops dead.

7 It's gonna be a pretty ending. Apparently increased air pollution (particularly particulate pollution – by dust and so on) over industrial areas is causing them to have redder, more beautiful sunsets. The only trouble is that you often can't see them for smog.

...and Air

... and seven things that the informed young citizen of today should know about the atmosphere of the planet on which he lives.

'Gentlemen of the Jury... ...obscenity is like an elephant?'

With the new jury laws and the lowering of the voting age, people like you and me can get called to jury service much more easily than before. Few people go to court, most have no idea that you can argue round, that the Judge isn't infallible. How do juries react sitting on that side of the court?

In the Angry Brigade trial—a mate of mine was on the jury for that—they didn't even know that they could say that they couldn't come to a decision. The fact they didn't know that was the pressure that forced them to come to a decision. Otherwise there would have been a hung jury. In my case it would have been a hung jury—through most of the trial it was nine to three—but one guy wanted to get home so he changed his mind because the reality of it interfering with his private life was too much. People may actually get four or five years in jail based on the fact that one character is neither one way or the other about what he thinks.

The court tries to keep the jury on lines it lays down. They depend on individuals in the jury not being able to communicate with each other and being habituated to doing what they're told. They sit there and think 'I'm so liberal or so open' and then the judge says 'Do this' so they all do it.

Can we go through what happens in order? You got a summons through the post saying you were required to appear on such and such a day for jury service?

There's a lot more forms. There's a yellow form saying that on such and such a date you will be entered in a ballot for jury service. In my case it said 'On the 7th of the 5th you were put in a ballot for jury service at the Central Criminal Court for January 1st to January 26th. Please do not attend the ballot unless you have to.' They choose all the names they will need for the period and divide it into two groups, one for the first two weeks and one for the second two. From these they call up 15 or 20 each day. Later you get another form saying you have been selected for jury service or you haven't, and if you are they send you more forms stating your legal obligations and giving various warnings. Like there's a hundred pound fine if you fail to appear.

How about expenses? What were you paid?

For loss of earnings at a maximum of £4.75 per day for the first 10 days and then a maximum of £9.50 per day after that. Then there's daily expenses of £1.25 plus your fares.

What was your first reaction when you got those papers? Did you think 'What a gas being a juror'?

Well there were three reactions. As I said my mate was on the Angry Brigade trial jury and he'd jokingly said I'd be on Nasty Tales so when I was picked I thought this is too incredible a coincidence. My second reaction on that line was that he was doing quite well out of it breadwise so I'd be doing quite well out of it breadwise and maybe clear off all my debts which I did. But my major reaction was a sort of combination of 'Thou shalt not judge' and the fact that I would have to find anybody not guilty no matter what they were up for. I would have to argue that they were not guilty from any conceivable, factual, or philosophical point of view.

Had you ever been to court before?

Only as a defendant, at a Quarter Sessions but not before a jury as I've always pleaded guilty. Three of my busts were for drugs and one was for unlawful sexual intercourse. But I'd never been to the Old Bailey before.

What was it like when you got there as a juror?

I had to get up early; I had got my jeans on and a sports jacket—very straight—I put this on because I thought, this is going to be very straight and I hadn't got any pants so I had to wear my jeans and this one vestage of straight gear that I had. I thought 'I'm getting the bread for it' and then I thought 'Well, on the other hand, I'm probably going to be challenged on any jury anyway so I'm just going to be sat around all day and meditate.' I was quite content, like when I go to the Social Security office. I sit there and meditate, so it's no hang-up; I got there, walked in and the attendants there asked me what was my business and I said I was a juror. They directed me upstairs and I saw another attendant who told me to sit down and he told me to sit down in the wrong place so I sat there in the court hall looking down at all the artwork and the bust of the judge which I thought was too incredible because that's what judges do look like. You only see their head and shoulders ... a sort of figure there—an object judging.

Did you then relate to any of the other jurors that you were to serve with?

No. Then I was on my own and there were these other guys who were obviously jurors but I was sitting in the wrong place so I was like the working class kid having his first day at public school. Too big a leap. Then I went down to the other jurors and hung around and I identified more with them. They were more obviously working class guys and obviously didn't know each other. They were talking to each other and mumbling and

Everybody has watched those films where the camera pans slowly across the blank anonymous faces of the jury. Everybody knows that rather pompous phrase 'Gentlemen of the Jury'. But who actually are these Gentlepersons of the Jury? What goes on behind those often very bored faces? What happens during those interminable recesses that may decide between freedom and life imprisonment for somebody? The fact is that nobody really knows.

A while ago it was decided that only a majority of 10 to 2 was needed to convict rather than a unanimous decision. The idea was that this would mean more convictions but in the best legal tradition nobody bothered to find out what actually goes on in the jury room. In America however there has been a lot of research done and this came out most clearly in the Angela Davis trial. There the defence built up an incredibly detailed psychological picture of the sort of person they wanted and then spent over three weeks questioning and rejecting hundreds of possible jurors. That could never happen here, firstly because the defence is not allowed to question prospective jurors: they have to make their decision on appearance alone. And secondly because each defendant is only allowed to challenge (reject) seven people. Despite this at the recent Nasty Tales trial by making fullest use of their challenging rights (28 people in all) they managed to exhaust the pool of jurors for that day. That's probably part of the reason why Bill (that isn't his real name) managed to get accepted and not be challenged by the prosecution.

Jerome Burne talked to one of the jurors on the Nasty Tales trial to get the first ever in depth account published in this country of what it's like to serve on a jury.

walking up and down looking very agitated. Then we had our names read out by the usher who starts forming us into a little group and even then I was still reading my meditation book trying to be inconspicuous.

But I wasn't even called up that day and at mid-day we were told to go home. So on the Tuesday morning I went back down again and they threw out the old jury, the ten they had selected the day before and started again going through the jury list in order. At that stage I had an extreme fit of butterflies in the tummy. All over nervous shaking because I knew, somehow or other, that heavy premonition, that they would get to me. They called out my name and I walked up fully expecting the prosecution to challenge me and I stood there and sort of mumbled the oath and sat down and at that stage the depersonalisation was very strong; you just know that you have been fitted in and it will now commence. You're the piece that doesn't fit and it really got heavy then.

What was your idea when you knew you were going to be a juror and that you would be part of making the decision?

I realised my function within the group. I realised the process of coming to one mind, the process of argument and self-justification, so I realised that Enshalah or Kismet—the will of God—was my function within the group. I didn't have any ego about it but I did have the problem of how to express it because I couldn't go in there and say, 'Look, Friends Romans and Countrymen ...' I thought 'There are eleven other guys here and they have obviously got jobs and they are obviously straight and how are they going to react to me? Are they going to put me in a cocoon and sit me way at the end and say, "Shut up we know you're going to find them not guilty"?' or were they going to communicate or what?

Were there any other jurors you thought might be sympathetic?

I'm grounded in prejudice and I live against a wall of hypocrisy and hate without being paranoid about it. 'He has got a good suit on and he can say fuck and it's jolly decent and he's a freak and if he says fuck it's obscene'; so that I was more bothered about this personal relationship with the rest of the jury than about what they would think about these scruffy freaks in the dock, because if you can sympathise with a guy personally then you are all ready for the next stage of the argument so it's an identity thing before the argument can be expected.

First thing after the trial began we all went out to read the magazine. Immediately there was a split between one guy

saying 'Guilty' and another who stood up and throwing it down said 'Man, what kid has got 20p these days? That's rubbish. I don't know why we're here.' I thought it was rubbish too, just childish rubbish, sexual drawings, so I felt I could make contact with him and I established a father-son or electrician-and-mate type of relationship with him. Then there were two of us.

One guy wasn't bothered about the so called obscenity he was worried about the story of Israel getting the biological bomb. That guy shouting prejudices against Israel nearly had a nervous breakdown, so I established another relationship with him on an emotional level. 'I will support you and you will vote not guilty.' As soon as I got these relationships and got a chatty, friendly thing going, I found their relationship towards me was quite open because I was a freak. The solicitor for Roy Farren they used to call Ronnie Corbett and the prosecution partially became Ronnie Barker so we had this joke relationship as a group.

Was there an equal and opposite force? People who thought, 'this is so awful, we must make sure they get convicted'?

The main opposition was the foreman, the guy who looked like a rocker. He was married and he pinched his wife's bottom the day after he had read it so she said it had corrupted him. But I'm pretty much into communal group situations so I realised that it was no good waiting until we got into the jury room for the final recess to win converts. Fortunately the opposition didn't realise this. Nor did they even realise that there was an opposing pressure group to them. They thought that the overwhelming pressure group was the court and that the facade of justice would be sufficient to swing the jury against me. They thought that my mate was one of them, so this factor of me being strange and the defendants being strange made them fall into a false complacency.

How did you choose the foreman?

At first I thought, 'If there's going to be a Not Guilty then I want to have the honour of saying it. I want the orgasm of standing up in court and saying Not Guilty'. But then I remembered that Mao Tzu says that if you want to overthrow somebody you must first exalt him, so when we were in the jury room towards the end and the question of choosing a foreman came up, I said 'If its Not Guilty then I'd like to stand up and say so.' The guy who was leading the Guilties said 'No, we can't have you' thinking he had support with the rest, 'I'd like to do it.' So I said, 'OK, I'll



second you' and that's how he became foreman. *It sounds as if the trial is irrelevant in terms of putting up witnesses and detailing arguments because you just have a number of people who are either for or against and nothing is going to make them change their minds.*

Well we had five guilty and three not guilty and four waverers. The four waverers were listening to the arguments and were quite open. Obviously regardless of the evidence the others would have stuck to their positions. Obscenity is such a nebulous thing that nearly all the goings on in the jury room were around the definition. Most of the case though was more of a game, like Germaine Greer and the prosecution. It was a classic fight; one of the people said it was better than between Forman and Frazier. The repartee between her and Mick Farren was also superb. The way they presented things as evidence that wouldn't have got out any other way, like saying 'What would Dirty Dog do in this situation' as if he was a real character because he was real as far as the prosecution was concerned. There was also a great sexual thing for Germaine Greer coupled with a vindictive feeling for Womens Lib. 'If I could', sort of scene, 'If I was half the man I thought I might be, given three quarters of the chance I might have had'. But at the same time there was the thought, 'Thank God they aren't all like that.'

But basically it is irrelevant, although the to-ing and fro-ing does indoctrinate the jury into realising its function. 'Yes sir. Now its time for us to go sir. Thank you sir. Now can we have a cup of tea. Now can we go to the toilet.'

Can the jury ask questions about the case?

They have to write a question down which involves an ability to express yourself. It involves quite a bit of nerve to actually make a move in court. You have to indicate to the usher that you have a question which is again very embarrassing and very awkward. So the pressure is against you asking questions. The only thing you can try and do is through questions to try to tell the defendants what the jury considers the major point which is a very difficult thing to express. The major thing I wanted to say to the defendants was, 'You're arguing Nasty Tales is in the public good—that's irrelevant because they think it's just a comic.' But how could I get that across?

Did you at all use the arguments that come up in court to bolster your own position?

I think that it definitely did come down to the jury dividing up into those repeating the prosecution arguments and those repeating the defence arguments.

How did the judge come over?

The major statement of the judge was that obscenity is like an elephant. You know what I'm talking about. 'Obscenity is like an elephant.' Like I was saying in the car afterwards, 'Gentlemen of the jury I think the defendants are guilty. I would like to emphasise this point because I think it is very important. I think the defendants are guilty.' That's what the judge was saying virtually all the time.

Did the jury at any time regard him as being in a neutral position?

Very early on. The guy who swayed the last when it was nine to two and who was voting it was obscene although he didn't think it was obscene but it was obscene for children, he thought the judge's summing up was beautiful. Actually the judge was amazing, his whole attitude was, 'Gentlemen of the jury: Little plastic dummies of the jury, do what you're told when I pull the strings.' We kept on trying to get people to rebel. He was like a fantasy character really; I've often wanted one of those chinese chairs that's like a throne so I could sit there and say 'I'm king in my pad.' and 'Bang, bang, guilty: Off with his head.'

When you were discussing the case did you talk about the defendants as actual people?

To some of the people who thought they were guilty these were some freaks who were totally insane beings and have got super brains and super powers over everybody because of these drugs that can change the psychic to their way of thinking and corrupt out children and have them running around mad. They were very sympathetic towards Joy as a woman but generally this realisation of somebody in the dock as another person is very hard to grasp. The whole structure of the court room is against it.

Does it help if the jury can identify with the defendants?

Oh yes. To become a real person to the jury is the most important thing a defendant can do. Of course it could go the other way. They could look at you and say, 'You could be my son and if you were fifteen years would be too good for you.' But generally people should defend themselves when they can. If they are defended by a barrister then they just stay part of the court furniture, but if they defend themselves they become real people. Mick was very good with his questions and even his weakness with the legal position was helpful all the way through but he ruined everything in his summing up. What he took 20 minutes to say was, 'If you, members of the jury, are so fucked that you find this obscene then find me guilty.' and he sat down. But you should never underestimate a jury, never talk down to them. They can easily see an honest argument. The summing up is important and should be to do with, 'Your boy in the street at your school. Are they going to blow up your house, is it going to do them any good'. It's got to be on that level.

The defence was very worried about Edward. He seemed pretty stoned most of the time but I don't think any of the jury noticed anything. You see it was the way a freak ought to be.

The underlying thing in a conspiracy or obscenity trial is that there is this Wicked Force and unless the state is there it will be let loose on the land and the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse will ride again. If you can show that you are just an ordinary bloke who drinks bitter and smokes No.6 and nothing to be worried about then you have a chance of getting through to them.

But even if the occasional defendant comes through as human the whole process must come over as very artificial?

Some people believe that in prison they've got their own private room, a private bathroom and a colour TV, only they can't go outside. They may even have a maid come round. They believe the surface reality. The surface reality is: this is the legal system, this is justice and this is the Queen's name who is on the throne by the power of Almighty God. The judge is sane because somehow or other he's a QC and has tea with the Queen who's the model of sanity so there's sanity behind it all: somewhere there's someone who knows what is happening.

What they don't ask is 'What is real in this room? Why is he sat up so high and wearing a funny wig?'

The reality of a courtroom is that there's a few people in a room and an atrocity is being committed. A farce in the name of justice is being enacted and this farce, this unreality, gets through to the jury in the form of emotional freakouts, emotional breakdowns. People who were suddenly whipped away from their normal occupation, kept away from their families, suddenly realise, if they are reasonably enlightened or reasonably aware, that they have got to make decisions about someone else's reality when they can't even make decisions about their own. So they're in this position: 'Normally my boss tells me what's real and I accept it but now the judge is telling me what's real and he's telling me to do this to this guy'. He's saying 'Find the defendants guilty and I can put them away' and I'm thinking, 'Why bring me into it. Why don't you just say "You can go to prison for ten years, you for fifteen years. off with his head" and act like you're mad because you must be. They think this is all real and so the unreality doesn't get through to them as unreality, it gets through to them as emotional breakdown. One guy headed for a nervous breakdown.

Did you find it very pressurising?

Oh yes, incredibly. In fact by the time the judge's summing up comes, it's terrible, it's like the climax of a movie, where you're on your seat and you feel you can't handle any more. Really the pressure is unbelievable. I was totally not at home when I went home. I was thinking, 'Ah yeah, I'll be glad to get back because at least there I'm alienated. At least I know where I am when I'm not anywhere. Whereas the fact is when I'm at home I can't relate to the fact that I'm on the Nasty Tales trial, and if they go down, I'm going to be walking around saying, 'I didn't do it.'

Did the other members mind serving?

Not really. There's a feeling of 'I am a member of the jury and I represent the public'. The jurors biggest ego thing is that he has made it; being a juror is somehow or another a status symbol, being inconvenienced by matters of state is an impressive fact

even though they may be losing money.
What was really the factor that made the one guy change his mind?

To go back a bit ... there was the fact that the police had walked past the porn shops to bust them upstairs in an office. One guy was saying, 'If you will explain to me why they sell cigarettes with a warning on them, I will vote guilty.' In other words, 'Why don't the government ban cigarettes if they're dangerous.' This argument about the porn barons financing the police so they won't get prosecuted, this power in the economy, the power of money to promote tobacco and alcohol. These all became part of the political factor. The judge was obviously against them, the prosecution was against them, they were doing their best. It all boiled down to using this one 8 year old child as a scapegoat. 'Here you are Mummy, here's some porn for you to look at.' I mean, did the child know what it was showing to its mum? I mean, the mere fact that he showed it to his mum

showed he didn't know what it was. This was the borderline thing, with this guy. The fact that it could come into the hands of a child. The fact that it looked like a comic. And the fact that he was old and embarrassed by sexuality. So I said, 'You don't think it's obscene but you're worried by it being a comic. What's the logic of that? And if you hang the jury up, we're going to be here for another two days.'
After you'd reached your decision and announced it, were the jury pleased?

I was ecstatic. Another two people in the guiltyies thought we had come to the wrong decision. The guy who changed his mind was fed up; the 'I've had to do something distasteful, I want to get home to my wife' scene. Another two guys were saying, 'Wow, we're suddenly liberated, we can talk to these freaks, we have helped them.' One said, 'If it wasn't for the fact that I've been assimilated into society I'd be with you, I agree with a lot of things you're doing;' they wanted contact.

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--	---

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Take notice that you will be liable to serve on any jury in the Crown Court, the High Court or any county court, at the place to which you are summoned or in the vicinity.

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Any correspondence relating to this summons should quote the name of the Court and the number of the summons and be addressed to:
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EQUAL IS AS EQUAL DOES

Micheline Wandor

On February 2 1973 the Anti-Discrimination Bill was talked out of the House of Commons for the second time. The Speaker of the House would not allow a vote to be taken since the Bill had run fifteen minutes short of the two hours' debate.

The Bill is a Private Member's Bill, presented by William Hamilton, Labour MP for Fife, and is a modified version of a similar Bill first presented by Joyce Butler, Labour MP for Wood Green in 1968. The Bill, if passed, would make it illegal for anyone to be discriminated against on grounds of sex, in the fields of employment, education and training, and provides for an anti-discrimination board to be set up along the lines of the Race Relations Board, where cases can be tested.

Part of the Bill's immediate legislative relevance would be to block some of the escape routes in the Equal Pay Act, due to come into full force by 1975, in which women will be entitled to equal pay for the 'same or broadly similar work'. This phrase provides a convenient loophole; it allows employers to rearrange their work force so that some work, by being graded as 'women's work' will remain low-paid. All they simply have to do is make sure there are no men doing the 'same or broadly similar' work; the question of upgrading women to equal pay with men doesn't arise when there are no men to be equal to. The Anti-Discrimination Bill would allow women to challenge this partitioning of their labour so that they can still be kept in the lowest paid sectors of employment.

The question of equal pay and equal opportunities for women is by no means a new issue; in 1919 a Sex Disqualification Removal Act was passed by Parliament, which in theory was meant to achieve the same results as the present Bill, but it has never been really used. The TUC have had the principle of equal pay on their books since the end of the last century, but they have put very few political shoulders behind it. In relation to a competitive job market the question of equal pay and opportunities for women arouses antagonism from many men; it will reduce even further the possibilities they already have for improvement and promotion, expand the field of competition; it also brings with it the threat that any field in which women are employed tends to be low-paid, and many men probably feel that a large influx of women into any sector of employment will keep wages down, rather than push them up. The underlying reasons for this fear are real, and stem from the different economic and social roles which men and women have. Treated as economically subordinate, women's special role as wives and mothers makes them unreliable as employees, predominantly dependent on men, and thus gives employers an excuse to pay them less and make more profit from their labour. More delicate a threat is the fact for many men the idea that women are capable of the same work and development as men, prods at one of the most deeply rooted of ideologies; that in whatever situation men are superior to women.

However, back to the Bill itself. How effective will it be? To judge by the effectiveness of the Race Relations Act in stopping discrimination on grounds of race, very little—unless, that is, it is consistently and violently challenged. The Bill in itself is no solution, and indeed, in its present vague wording, can be no real solution for the complex of situations in which women are oppressed and exploited. However, as a political event it opens many doors, not simply those of legal machinery to improve the position of women, but to all kinds of interesting and potentially crucial discussions. First of all, I have taken it as read that the main issue at stake is the position of women. 'Discrimination on grounds of sex' doesn't say *what* sex. In theory, therefore, gay men and women could use it to challenge discrimination against them, not because of their biological sex, but because of the social sexual role they have chosen.

Women have long been kept in their place by being given the doubtful compliment of being 'different but equal'. As Audrey Wise, shopworkers' leader, and Labour Parliamentary candidate for Coventry, has said at a number of public meetings to discuss the Bill and its implications, 'Don't be misled into thinking that equality is an abstraction'. The corollary to the 'women are different but equal' argument is the aggressive 'If you want equality then you'll have to go down the mines, fight

in wars, do nightshifts, etc'. Audrey Wise points out that we must not accept a superficial definition of 'equality'; we do not want all the disadvantages that men already have. We must not allow ourselves to be equalised out of protective legislation, but insist that it be extended; wages should be realistic enough so that no-one, male or female, need work nightshift in order to earn sufficient to live on; if the economy makes inhuman and exploitative demands, then women do not want the right to be equally exploited along with men. We must want another economy. Equality is not a one-way drag-lift; in exchange for improved employment and education opportunities women must fight against exposing themselves to further forms of exploitation beyond the ones they now experience.

Equality, as a concept which is meaningful in a progressive sense involves an examination not only of areas where women are *not* (top jobs, particular areas of industry and professions), and demand the right of entry, but of the areas where women *are*, and redress the inequalities there. 'In the professional field women are to be found overwhelmingly in two occupations: nursing and teaching. There are very few fields, either professional or non-professional, where absolutely no women at all are found, but whatever the field, women are to be found clustered on the bottom rungs of the ladder, thinning out rapidly as they get to the top'. (Leonora Lloyd, on the Equal Pay Act, in 'The Body Politic', an anthology of British women's liberation writings, Stage One, 60p). Equality will mean a redistribution of the male labour force as well as the female force. It will mean that fields which are low-paid, because they employ women and are professional extensions of women's extra role as wives and mothers—nurses, nursery teachers, primary school teachers—will have to be invaded by men, and men will have to want to. We must demand from men that they take equal responsibility in the home, in looking after children, and in upgrading the status and pay of employment at present dominated unwillingly by women.

That kind of demand on men to be equal with women, paralleled with the demand by women for the right to be equal to men alters the emphasis of the argument. It is not as though there is some natural 'male' given standard or cache which women want their share of. In an economic system based on and feeding off inequalities between groups—on the exploitation of men at work, of women at work and at home, of immigrant workers—a real demand for equality across the board would mean total abolition of the present system and its replacement by one in which equality was a real political fact extending into every area of peoples' lives. At the moment the most we can demand is relative equality, *and on our terms*, and to be aware that what in fact we're demanding is unequal rights, until such a time as the term 'equal rights' has real meaning.

In a system based on such inequalities getting women into more top jobs and executives positions is no automatic guarantee that they will make 'better' decisions than the men already there. That is not to say that women should not have the right to reach those positions, but that women's absence from them does not mean that we think they're necessarily worth preserving. To quote Audrey Wise again, 'I'm not in women's liberation to get women in top jobs—I'm in women's lib to get top jobs abolished'. With that kind of approach women are far more likely to get more out of the Anti-Discrimination Bill, than if they accept its simplistic benefits for women in top positions.

It seems fairly clear that the Bill will probably be passed fairly soon; it has got increasing support from members of all parliamentary parties; women's organisations have been campaigning for support. More and more official bodies are concerned to point out areas of discrimination against women; the House of Lords select committee which is looking into discrimination has been flooded with evidence. The question is whether women work out the best way to use the Bill, or whether it will be the Bill that uses us for more efficient productive labour, which finds more efficient ways to exploit us. The interests of profiteers won't disappear in a froth of benevolence towards the fair sex; we have been objects for long enough not to be oblivious to the possibilities.



Equal is as Equal does.

Steven George

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No American politician has suffered so much from the truth as Richard Nixon; none has been so hurt or responded so fiercely to interference of truth in the course of his career. He has not been much bothered. The American media, as with media everywhere, thinks of 'truth' as a matter of text-book and note book efficiency and accuracy; if the quote reads as it was spoken, if the film has been edited in accordance with house style, the main business of the day has been settled and a speedy adjournment to the nearest bar can be undertaken. Wider matters of truth involve the positioning of current affairs within a scheme of historical interpretation, a practice which reporters everywhere hold in the deepest contempt as a species of dilettantism.

Several truths are, however, self-evident in the relationship between Nixon and the national media. They detest each other with all the spitting violence of warring cats for whom the mountain is too small. The media has been trying to put Nixon out of business since 1952, when they got after him over his corruption of the Republican Party in California. Twenty years of acrimony in which no low deed has been stinted seem about to conclude with Richard Nixon putting out of business most of his enemies in the American media.

The story of the Nixon administration's attack on the liberal newspapers – especially the 'New York Times', the 'Washington Post' and the 'Boston Globe' – has been recited many times in Europe. The opening volleys were fired by Spiro Agnew in the 1968 campaign when, acting as ventriloquist's doll to his master's sentiments, the Vice President-to-be claimed that the Republican campaign was suffering an unfair besmirching from the 'effete snobs' of the liberal media who sought the power of self-appointed arbitration over affairs of state. The press and the administration ran into major open conflict in 1969 with the publication, by the 'New York Times' and the 'Washington Post' of the Pentagon Papers, which the administration tried to suppress through appeal to the Supreme Court of the US. In the last year or so, the attack on the press has taken the form of imprisoning journalists who refuse to reveal their sources to the courts (the case of Daniel Ellsberg being the most prominent of these trials).

In the face of such activity from the White House, together with the harassment of reporters by members of the executive and damaging government interference in the dealings of the papers' managements with their trade unions and distributors, the press in the US is indisputably running scared.

The main thrust of the administration's attack on television is directed toward the major networks – NBC, CBS and ABC – their offices in New York, and their power in the 589 network-affiliated local stations throughout the nation which take and broadcast the networks' current affairs shows. Nixon always believed that he was cheated out of the Presidency in 1960 by the unfavourable showing that he made on television compared with Kennedy. He felt that he had been set-up; he and his colleagues were rattled by the CBS coverage of the Watergate spying affair and the corruption within the 1972 wheat negotiations with the Soviet Union. The major strike against the networks was unveiled a matter of weeks after the election last October and only days before the Americans began their densest and most murderous bombing of North Vietnam.

At the beginning of December, Nixon appointed Clay T. Whitehead, aged 34, as director of the White House Office of Telecommunications Policy. Whitehead's first act, delivered in a speech in Indianapolis, was to announce the administration's intention of bringing a bill before Congress by which station managers would be held responsible for excesses of 'liberal bias' or 'ideological plugola' as Whitehead termed it. Station managers found guilty of bias would run the risk of revocation of their station licences.

The effect of this announcement was immediate and startling. The networks, knowing that their financial security depends on retaining the contracts of the affiliated stations, have withdrawn support for news or documentary work which might endanger the status of the local station managers. The last major documentary to carry an undisguised attack on a political office was CBS' 'Attica' film, made a year after the police had fired on the prisoners in Attica jail, and a film that was deeply critical of Governor Rockefeller's part in events. Not least of the reasons that the American population was silent over the renewed bombing of North Vietnam over Christmas was the silence of the networks. In one swoop the administration had passed a muzzle of fear over the networks' sensitive snout.

MASTERS OF ALL YOU SURVEY

US Government to bring bill to stop 'liberal bias' and 'ideological plugola'.
Nick Leach reports.

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'WHITE SOCIETY IS BREAKING DOWN AROUND US... EVEN ITS MYTHS ARE DEAD'

'The first Americans are the most deprived and most isolated minority group in our nation. On virtually every scale of measurement—employment, income, education, health—the condition of the Indian people ranks at the bottom'. Richard Nixon may make such statements but he's doing nothing to make life better. American Indians are tired of waiting and have started taking the situation into their own hands (Wounded Knee, Colorado). They have their own newspaper called 'Ackwesasne Notes' published eight times a year. The following interview with Vine Deloria is taken from the current issue. He is the author of 'Custer Died for Your Sins' and 'We Talk, You Listen', both of which discuss the role of the native peoples in white America. He has been working as special counsel to the Native American Rights Fund in Boulder, Colorado, on the special problems of re-establishing terminated tribes. He is interviewed by Peter Collier.

Movies like Soldier Blue and Little Big Man have explored the atrocities committed against Indians during the last century, and a syndicated newspaper column has compared the Sand Creek Massacre of 1864 to My Lai. Is Indian history being revived as a way of understanding what's happening in America today?

I guess something like that is going on. But this is the white man's problem and it's hard to get involved for Indians. If you're an Indian, you automatically have what the majority of Americans would probably think of as a 'distorted' view of US history. You see the Indian Wars not as some kind of grand adventure with bugles blowing and all that, but as the first foreign war in American history.

When the US came charging across the continent, it was not something that had to do with Manifest Destiny or anything mystical like that. It was to create an empire. The goal was the land and the wealth attached to it. Indians were in the way. A lot of them, including villages of women and children, got wiped out. It wasn't an accident, it was genocide. ...The worst of it is that this country still hasn't owned up to what it did. Maybe that's why it keeps doing it all over again.



In Custer Died for Your Sins you say, 'What Indians need most is a cultural leave-us-alone agreement in spirit and in fact. What exactly did you mean?

Partly, I had in mind the anthropologists, missionaries, and other friends who've been swarming all over us and our reservations for generations and guiding our lives. But in a larger way, I was thinking of the legislation, the policies and programs that are thrown at us by Congress. They're not made to help Indian people, although that's what everybody is told. They're actually made to put certain white cultural characteristics into a process that is meant to *change* Indians. The issue becomes how they can get us into the mainstream and make us neurotic as middle-class whites.



So you want to see Indians themselves taking responsibility for the direction of Indian policy?

Obviously, although the word 'responsibility' bothers me a little. Usually, when Washington says things like Indians should be 'more responsible' and 'have more control over their own lives' they have in mind little piddling administrative functions that don't mean anything. People are always talking about how

'complex' the Indian scene is.

But actually, what we need is real simple—a recognition by the Federal Government that Indian tribes are sovereign nations as guaranteed in the hundreds of treaties that were made and broken, and that you can't interfere with our property rights, life styles, or anything that is important to us. ... That is where the real crisis is, not in giving Indians 'increased responsibility', as the phrase goes.



What about the Bureau of Indian Affairs? It is one of the most criticized agencies in government, the one people pick out as the epitome of the Government bureaucracy, filled with paternalism, incompetence, and even malice. How do you see it?

A lot of what is said about it is true ... But despite all its flaws, the BIA is something Indian people are ambivalent about. Remember, they are very worried about termination—the ending by legislation of Federal services and the trust relationship. If the Bureau were just done away with, as some of our white friends want, then Indians would be absolutely without protection ... The people who get all hot about the BIA and blame it for everything forget that it doesn't really make policy ...



But a lot of Indian people complain about tribal governments as well as the BIA, calling them 'puppet councils' and charging that they're under the thumb of the Bureau and other interests and not representative of Indian people per se. What does this mean to the progress [of the Indian tribes]?

When you work inside Indian Affairs, you know exactly which councils are puppets and which aren't. When I was executive director of the National Congress of American Indians, I could sit down on any given issue and check off almost exactly which tribes would be for it and which wouldn't be. Indian Affairs is a small world and pretty quick you know who's in somebody's pocket ...



What course should the Government follow for economic development on the reservations?

There are more than 300 Indian tribes in the country. Maybe 30 of them—Navajos, Sioux, etc., have the population, size, and potential for development. There should be a revolving loan fund for them, and eventually they'd generate a budget the tribe could live under self-sufficiently. As far as the other tribes are concerned, they're mainly small and poor, without much in the way of resources and land.

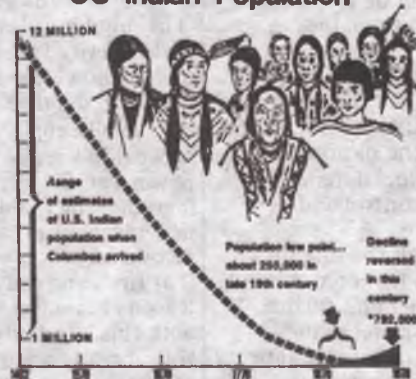
But there are hundreds of thousands of dollars spent every year studying Indians, having conferences, and all that nonsense. This money should be collected and put into a grant fund and given outright to the small tribes so they can get going...



Speaking of the way Indians have become fashionable, in We Talk; You Listen you say that you feel the Indian tribe is coming back as the model for future social organization. Why?

...The point is that 'white society' is breaking down all around us. It can't offer people support any more; even its myths—like the melting pot—are dead. People are regrouping. The Indian tribe is the logical model because it always allowed the individual dignity and also identity as part of a larger body, so that he doesn't have to live for himself alone.

US Indian Population



In this book, you also say, 'For the whiteman to continue to exist, he must adopt a total Indian way of life.' Aside from this social reorganization toward tribalism, what did you have in mind? The fact that we're all in trouble. There's got to be a recognition that you can't go on and on exploiting the earth. I'm talking about an insight that goes further

than the current ecology movement, further than recycling old newspapers and that sort of thing. There's got to be a return to some kind of meaningful relationship with natural things, such as Indians have had ...

This country should be appreciated for not its government or any of that, but for itself. There's got to be a rethinking of how the process of life affects the land,



in the way that every aspect of Indian life—from government to ecology—was what you might call ecological. The frontier the whites killed Indians to get at is all gone now ... There's got to be an owning up—not just saying Indians were right, and whites were wrong, but an understanding that the earth, or nature, or whatever you want to call it, can't stand the greed and exploitation which are built into Anglo values ...



This tribalism we were talking about is one way to begin to rebuild things. There has to be an all out effort to humanize life and bring back the Indian sense of what real community is ... It's ironic, but after all this time, white America is not only going to finally have to recognize that Indians are here to stay, but if it's smart, it will also start to study them for knowledge about how to live.



There is no fixed subscription rate to 'Ackwesasne Notes'. But that doesn't mean that the paper is free—it is supported by the readers in the Indian way. That means some people have lots of money, others have none. If you want the paper, they will gladly send it to you. And if you can help with the costs—or the other necessary things—they will appreciate it. They give what they can, you give what you can—that's the Indian way, make it work.

The address is 'Ackwesasne Notes', Mohawk Nation via Roosevelttown, New York 13683, USA. 'Ackwesasne Notes' is a member of the American Indian Press Association (AIPA) and the Underground Press Syndicate (UPS) and is published twice each season (eight times a year).



'ONE OF OUR SATELLITES IS MISSING...'

A group of telephone freaks in a northern European capital city is claiming to have diverted a communications satellite from its fixed orbital trajectory and, therefore, to have rendered the satellite irrecoverable. The deadly weapon which was used to shoot the satellite down was no more than a standard European domestic telephone. The satellite, one of about 14 owned and operated by the COMSAT corporation of Washington DC, had, until its untimely demise, carried communications from a South African relay station to Asia and Australia from its perch over Madagascar.

The story could be all lies. The freaks are unwilling to expose themselves to examination; it has proved impossible to raise comment from the COMSAT Corporation in Washington.

But the story as to the means and techniques by which the satellite was shot down is, perhaps, more fascinating than any mundane considerations of whether or not the supposed event has occurred. Because, if this information following is correct, it becomes a matter of indifference whether or not the satellite system has *yet* been tampered with; it seems that the entire network is massively vulnerable and that the destruction could begin any time.

Satellites have become critical to the flow of the many forms of information, more and less innocent, by which western social systems are maintained and supported. Apart from carrying the bulk of domestic and commercial international telephone and telex information, the satellites also transmit, for example, production process control information. A production company in, say, Pittsburgh may own a mill in Lancashire. In this imaginary case, the accounting and executive offices will be concentrated in Pittsburgh and the vital production decisions and plans made in these offices will be transmitted via satellite telemetry to the lathes in Lancashire.

The satellites also carry a massive variety of discreet or classified information. International police outfits are dependent on the satellites, as are the national/international and 'military bloc' defence systems; thus too, missile control and detection systems.

The information which the satellites carry is relayed to them from fixed point stations around the planet and further transmitted to fixed point receiving stations. All the species of information mentioned above are transmitted in a single path to the satellite from the relay stations like Goonhilly Down in England. In order to amalgamate the separate kinds

of information such that it can all be transmitted in a single path, a single 'language' has to be created at the transmitting station. This means that the separate strands of information must be translated or 'multiplexed' across a single interface in the relay station's computers.

One more form of information which enters the multiplexing, along with all the telephone and telex material is the control information for the satellite itself. The satellite must be maintained in its orbit with constant balance, pitch and track, and so narrow is the path of impulses that the relay station puts out that, to remain useful, the satellite must be held in position to within 3 or 4% of the 'line of sight' of the transmitters. Thus the transmitters are constantly sending impulses to the satellite which order it to fire its jets on one side or the other as it moves through space. And, to repeat, this information goes into the multiplexing facility along with all the others that the satellite is intended to relay.

The hypothesis which seems to have governed the work of the Luddite telephone freaks who claim to have shot down the Madagascan satellite was, that if it was not possible to learn the language of impulses by which the satellite's flight was controlled, it would be a simple matter to disrupt the control system by telephone. If information normally multiplexed on 'Channel A' is received through 'Channel B' on the interface, it cannot be controlled. The freaks got access to 'Channel A', the channel of controlling impulses for the satellite and the channel to which they had no normal access, by feeding the language of 'Channel A' down the telephone, i.e. 'Channel B' the channel that they did control — as we all do.

Thus they were able to instruct the satellite to go off course, which is the equivalent of telling it to destroy itself.

As one of the gentlemen freaks said, 'The mind boggles at the potential power that is detived from the kinds of telemetry knowledge that we're getting into. Industry, defence systems, the police — they're all equally vulnerable. The trouble is, we don't really know how to use our power yet. So far, it's all been a matter of faery mischief, a delight at playing with a new mechanism, a bit like learning to drive a car when you drive for the hell of it at first, and only later learn how to use it to its best effect. The great thing is that, with this latest adventure, the people involved really were denying those articles of training which tell you that you can't destroy something without putting something in its place. They were simply saying, "Well, let's destroy it anyway."' "

(Or how to dial A for Abort)

BANG!







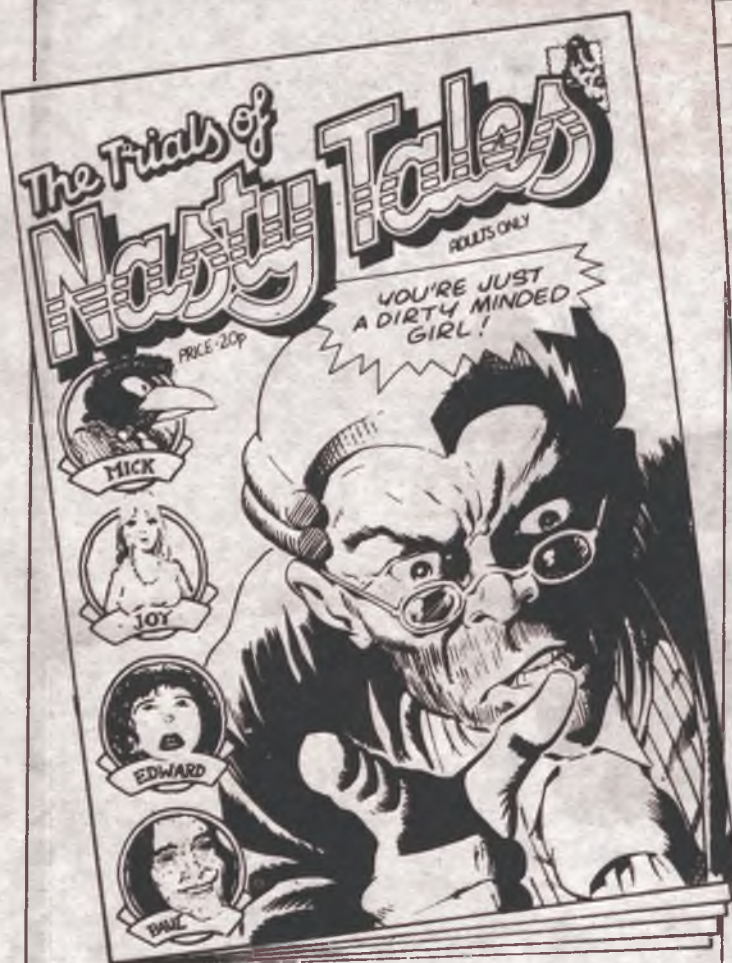
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'I estimate, that with their natural sense of rhythm and a stiff tail wind, they could get back to Jamaica within a fortnight...'

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HIYA JUSTICE LOVERS! TO CELEBRATE OUR ONLY REAL VICTORY IN THE BRITISH COURTS TO DATE, H. BUNCH ASSOCIATES IS PROUD TO PUBLISH THE FIRST IN A SERIES OF CHILLING COURT ROOM COMICS - "THE TRIALS OF NASTY TALES"! WITH A SCRIPT BASED ON THE ACTUAL TRANSCRIPTS OF REGINA (V) BARKER, FARREN, FARREN, LEWIS AND BLOOM PUBLICATIONS THIS COMIC IS THE PRODUCT OF THE "COZMIC COMICS" MOB IN LEAGUE WITH EDITORS OF "NASTY TALES". FEATURING A MOTLEY CREW OF BRITISH COMIC STRIP ARTISTS..

*IT'S MEAN*IT'S FILTHY*IT'S ALL ORIGINAL*IT'S ON SALE NOW*IT'S THE "TRIALS OF NASTY TALES"!



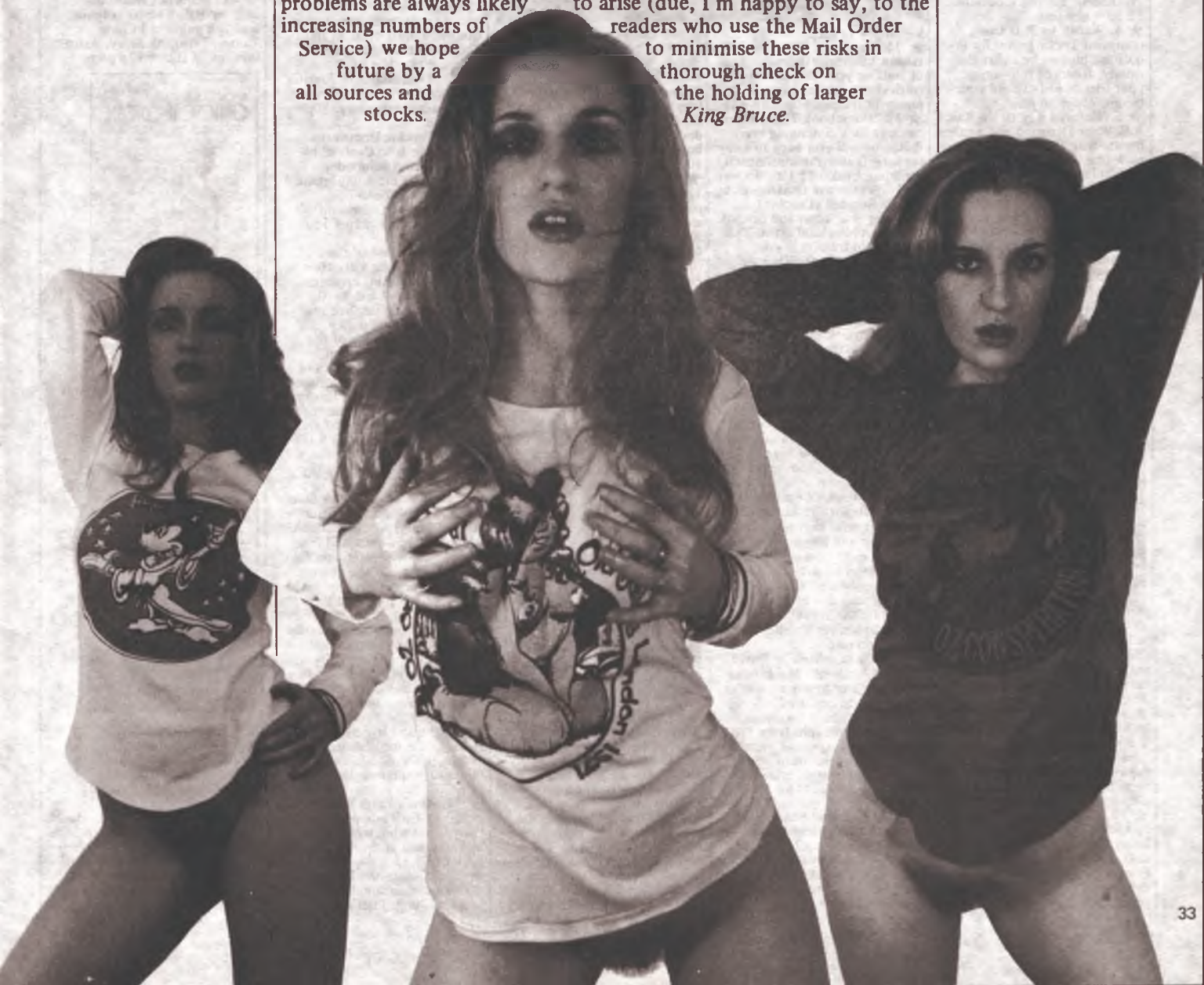
*BUT NOT FOR YOU KIDS - "SNICKER"!



OZ Mail Order **CATALOGUE**

Commencing with the next issue, the Mail Order Section is to be considerably enlarged and improved and will become available as an entirely separate entity—*The OZ Mail Order Catalogue*. Only certain selected items will appear in the magazine itself. Primarily, we are publishing the catalogue to limit the amount of space and increasing number of pages that the Mail Order Section currently requires, but in addition we intend to expand what we hope has proved to be a useful service for OZ readers, especially those living at a distance from London and other major cities. The catalogue will attempt to cater for as broad a spectrum of readers as possible, and to do this, of course, we'll need feedback. We want to know your likes and dislikes and welcome your suggestions for new inclusions to the catalogue, and ways in which you'd like to see the service expanded. Depending on the level of incoming mail, I will endeavour to answer queries and problems personally, and any correspondence that seems to be of particular interest will be reproduced in the magazine. Finally, as no doubt some of you are aware, we have encountered problems of availability in the past. Although these problems are always likely to arise (due, I'm happy to say, to the increasing numbers of readers who use the Mail Order Service) we hope to minimise these risks in future by a thorough check on all sources and the holding of larger stocks.

King Bruce.



T-SHIRTS & VESTS

- ★ OZ Trial Honeybunch Vest mustard on yellow.
 - ★ OZ Trial Rupert Vest black on blue.
 - ★ OZ Famous Elephant Vest blue and red on orange.
- Sorry medium sizes only and hurray dwindlers.
- ★ OZ Conspirator T-shirt
 - ★ Male Chauvinist Pig T-shirt
 - ★ Mickey Stardust T-shirt in medium and large sizes.
- T-shirts £1.25 + 10p p&p
Vests 80p + 8p p&p.

BOOKS

- ★ 1. 'The Diary of a Drug Fiend' by Aleister Crowley (Sphere): The Beast's private papers. Not for squeamish readers. 45p + 10p p&p.
- ★ 2. 'The Complete Guide to Growing Marijuana' by David Fleming It's cheaper, it's healthier and it's completely illegal. 40p + 8p p&p.
- ★ 3. 'The Family': Charles Manson's Dune Buggy Attack Battalion by Ed Sanders (Hart Davis) You've probably read some of the extracts in OZ 40. A terrifying slice by slice account of the Manson Murders. Psychedelic fascism incarnate. £2.50 + 15p p&p.
- ★ 4. 'Knots' by R D Laing (Penguin) Tricky games for inquisitive hippies by smart-alec Ronny. Hours of fun—amaze your friends and expand your biceps. 25p + 5p p&p.
- ★ 5. 'Pictorial Key to the Tarot' A.E. Waite Designed and written for use with the Waite Tarot pack (see Udder Stuff)—In paper back at last. £1.00 + 10p p&p.
- ★ 6. 'The Strange Case of Pot' Mike Schofield (Pelican/Penguin) Strange indeed. A book worth reading if you're seriously interested in the legalisation of marijuana. 30p + 8p p&p.
- ★ 7. 'Speed' by William Burroughs Jr (Sphere) William's jangling nightmare of urban paranoia under the weight of the demon speed. Pass the valium, father. 30p + 8p p&p.



- ★ 8. 'The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test' by Tom Wolfe (Bantam) No comment. When you have nothing to say it's better to say nothing. 30p + 8p p&p.
- ★ 9. 'Narcotic Plants' by William Emboden (Studio Vista) Large hard back book, fully illustrated, with pages of full colour photographs. Reviewed in OX 42. £2.80 + 30p p&p.
- ★ 10. 'The Book of Ceremony' by Clem Gorman (Whole Earth Tools). The story of what's been so lamentably forgotten. The living art of participation; 'for the spectator shall become the actor'. Sensitive and demand-



- ing. 50p + 5p p&p.
- ★ 11. 'Leaves of Grass' by Hassan I Sabbah (Unicorn). Full of stuff on your favourite weed, cultivation, preparation and plenty of recipes. 50p + 5p p&p.
- ★ 12. 'Domebook 2' An American soft back containing everything you will ever need to know (or forget) about domes. Strictly for dome freaks. £2.10 + 8p p&p.
- ★ 13. 'Projective Ornaments' by Claude Bragdon (Unicorn) Amazing new forms and designs for the architectural artist. This book could transform your home environment. 90p + 8p p&p.
- ★ 14. 'Living on Earth' by Alicia Bay Laurel (Vintage) A freaky, personal scrapbook of celebrations, storm warnings, formulas, recipes, rumours and country dances. Crazy and informative. £1.90 + 15p p&p.
- ★ 15. 'Massage Book' by George Downing (Random House) Communication without words—a beautiful extension of sexuality—everything you need to about massage... and more. £1.90 + 15p p&p.
- ★ 16. 'Dylan—A Commemoration' by Stephen Pickering (Book People). Forget boring A J Webberman and his garbage can exploits. Here is an author who really knows his subject and who has produced an extraordinary selection of reports, facts, data and speculation on Bobby Dylan. An excellent book £1.05 + 8p p&p.
- ★ 17. 'Shots' edited by David Fenton (Academy) The camera never lies. The American way of life and death captured in black and white. A beautiful book of photographs from the American underground press, compiled by Liberation News Service. 'Shots' is an incredible visual experience. £1.60 + 15p p&p.
- ★ 18. 'Little Red Schoolbook' by Soren Hansen and Jasper Jensen (Stage One) This is the censored, mutilated edition, courtesy of the DPP. It's still worth reading through and is recommended to all children

- interested in their own rights. 30p + 5p p&p.
- ★ 19. 'The Back Yard Dairy Book' by Len Street and Andrew Singer (Whole Earth Tools) Why be a slave to the milkman? Maintain your own dairy products and be independent. This book tells you how and it's easy. 40p + 5p p&p.
- ★ 20. 'Survival Scrapbook (Part 1)' by Stephen A Szeselhun This is the first of three scrap books and concentrates on shelter. Notes, information and fascinating survival techniques in every conceivable shelter problem: Paper houses, wigwams, domes, caravans, caves. £1.25 + 12p p&p.
- ★ 21. 'Survival Scrapbook (Part 2)' Here is the second of the three scrapbooks, this one all about food. You don't have to eat out of the capitalist chemist set—you'll be amazed at what you CAN do for yourself. £1.25 + 12p p&p.
- ★ 22. 'Watch Out Kids' by M Farren (Open Gate) He's doing it again—The Farren Memoires (or at least what he can remember) £1.50 + 8p p&p.



- ★ 23. 'Be Here Now' by R Alpert (Lama Foundation) A classic. Considered generally to be essential reading (see OZ 45), the book consists of four sections 1. The transformation from Richard Alpert to Baba Ram Dass, 2. Some trippy spiritual fun for the metaphysical freak, 3. Some diets for living and 4. Recommended books. £1.50 + 12p p&p.
- ★ 24. 'Ugly When She Smiles' by Will Pollard (Crest Press)

This highly unlikely story should be propping up every bookshelf—fast, furious, fantasy. 30p + 10p p&p.

- ★ 25. 'Survival Scrapbook (Part 3)—Access to Tools' by Williams/Munro (Unicorn) This, No.3 of the survival scrapbook series from the Unicorn Foundation, deals out an enormous cross-section of designs, ideas, and constructional data and lists material availability for most anything you'd want to get into, plus a recommended list for further investigation. Father William does it again. £1.25 + 12p p&p.



- ★ 26. 'Dylan' by A Scuduto The best biography—the rumours you were afraid were true—and most of them are: The de-mythologising of Dylan. 60p + 10p p&p.
- ★ 27. 'Confessions of Aleister Crowley' The Beast deflowered. A true adventure story. 80p + 12p p&p.
- ★ 28. 'Psychic Discoveries Behind The Iron Curtain' by Ostrander and Schroeder Probably the most important book about Official ESP research in the Communist bloc—a big seller. 65p + 10p p&p.
- ★ 29. 'The Mind of the Dolphin' by John Lilly How and why these amazing creatures will inherit the earth by the first man to realise their real potential. 50p + 8p p&p.
- ★ 30. 'The Morning of the Magicians' (The Dawn of Magic) by Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier An enormous seller all over the world and really impossible to describe in a few words. Powerful and thought provoking. 50p + 10p p&p.
- ★ 31. 'Book of the Law' by Aleister Crowley At last reprinted, Book of the Law (Liber Legis) was alleged by Crowley to have been spiritually dictated to him via a mistress and from it came the now infamous 'Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law'. A new bible? Read the message—and then swallow it. 30p + 5p p&p.
- ★ 32. 'Making Communes' by Clem Gorman (Whole Earth Tools) A complete beginners guide to the art of communing and also published by the first real Alternative Book Publishers in this country. 75p + 12p p&p.
- ★ 33. 'Drop City' by Peter Rabbit Here we have the history of America's oldest and most famous communes. 75p + 12p p&p.
- ★ 34. 'Whole Earth Catalogue' really the final compilation. Where, and who, what, when and why and at the rock bottom price of £1.75 + 30p p&p.
- ★ 35. 'I Ching—the Richard Wilhelm translation, with foreword by Jung. THE authorita-

tive version. I know it's £3.00 but it's the best (plus 20p p&p)

- ★ 36. 'The Great Brain Robbery' by K Paton The best de-schooling statement and put down of liberal establishment schooling. Dennis the Menace lives. 20p + 5p p&p.
- ★ 37. 'Sisterhood is Powerful' edited by Robin Morgan An American paperback containing the best collection of statements on the Women's Lib position. £1.20 + 15p p&p.
- ★ 38. 'The Centre of the Cyclone' by John Lilly "What I believe to be true is true or becomes true, within the limits to be found experimentally. These limits are further beliefs to be transcended." An autobiography of inner space. 50p + 8p p&p.
- ★ 39. 'Real Magic' by Philip Bonewits At long last, the whole world of magic and the occult is brought into modern perspective by the holder of the World's first ever degree in Thaumatology. Generally recognised as essential reading by the Magic Freaks, Bonewits attacks the cobwebs with devastating logic and awful puns. £2.80 + 15p p&p.
- ★ 40. 'The Wheel of Death' by Philip Kapleau "The art of dying" an anthology based on the great Buddhist, Taoist, Hindu and Western masters. 95p + 12p p&p.
- ★ 41. 'Maps of Consciousness' by Ralph Metzner (paperback). A guide to I Ching, Tantra, Tarot, Alchemy, Astrology, etc. £1.25 + 12p p&p.



- ★ 42. 'Chinese Medicine' by Georges Beu A modern introduction to the age old methods of healing, including acupuncture and mexibustia—very interesting reading. 63p + 8p p&p.



- ★ 43. 'Children's Rights' edited by Hall Essays towards the liberation of the child, i.e. Parent's property versus self-determination. 50p + 8p p&p.
- ★ 44. 'The Tarot' by S.L. MacGregor Mathers (Unicorn) A quick, easy guide to the mysteries of the Tarot. 30p + 5p p&p.
- ★ 45. 'English Smocks' by Alice Armes How to make traditional smocks—also including

thirteen folded-in paper patterns. 55p + 8p p&p.
 ★ 46. 'The Use of Vegetable Dyes' by Violetta Thurstan A complete guide to using natural dyes from tree barks to lichens and blackberry to onion skins and pine cones. 35p + 8p p&p.



★ 47. Jim Morrison's 'The Lords and the New Creatures' This is Jim's only published book of poems. £1.00 + 10p p&p.

★ 48. 'View Over Atlantis' by John Michell New revised edition—the source book for a new age of revelation. £2.50 + 15p p&p.

★ 49. 'Book of Herbal Highs' (Alchemy) This glossy, multi-coloured handbook contains all relevant information pertaining to that which is trippy and legal. The organic hippie's friend. 30p + 5p p&p.

★ 50. 'The Compleat Astrologer' by Derek and Julia Parker (Mitchell/Beazley) This amazing encyclopedia of Astrology has got the lot. Gloriously coloured pictures and illustrations, a concise and finely detailed history of astrology down to the present, including discussion of it's temperamental relationship with orthodox science and finally, all there is to know about casting horoscopes.

Coming complete with strong and attractively designed folder for protection, this beautiful volume is something you'll turn to time and again—and no wonder. £5.95 + 25p p&p.

★ 51. 'The Dilly Boys' by Mervyn Harris (Crown Helm) Male prostitution on Piccadilly. 'Mr Harris deserves top marks for patience, balance and objectivity and for relating his theme to it's wider context of sexual and social life among the young in general'—Colin MacInnes of the New Statesman.

SCULPTUBE



★ Beautiful, handpainted plaster Honey bunch models, obtainable *only* through OZ. Each one is produced entirely by hand and stands almost

seven inches high. Here is delicious Honeybunch as you have never seen her before, in sensational three dimension. Every model is unique and finished in a combination of five separate colours: flesh tone, red, yellow, black and white. "What a little yummy."
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Amazing, stupendous and unbelievable offer from OZ Mail Order. Right now, two books recently published for people living in London:

★ The Survival Guide A guide to survival for people who don't know London. How to enjoy big city life and avoid being exploited. For foreign visitors there is a section on how to pass effortlessly through immigration. Fix yourself up with a visa renewal and land a work permit. 30p + 5p p&p.

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★ Either of these books are offered to OZ readers placing orders for over £1.00 for goods from this month's OZ Mail Order, at HALF PRICE. Post and packing will be included free.

SMELLS

Sunshine Oils are natural plant extracts. No synthetic chemicals have been added. Selected carefully from the finest grades available, they are presented in beautiful hand-made stoneware bottles. Delightful in their own right, these fragrances may be combined to create perfumes of extraordinary variety and subtlety.



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A magnificently fragrant shampoo, that's both concentrated and organic. Working naturally, with a gentle/fast action, it leaves your hair both wet and .. Special introductory price, 55p + 10p p&p.

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★ 2. The OZ Chinaman, the legendary figure of Pot: fat and intriguing. 50p + p&p.



★ 3. The OZ Anarchist special, this should go a bomb! 65p + 20p p&p.

★ 4. Alright, you've been waiting for it and here she is. Melting before your very eyes ... Honeybunch Kaminski 80p + 15p p&p.

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★ The OZ Conspirator badge in black and green (behind the lapel special). Price 8p + 4p p&p.



★ The OZ Mickey Stardust "not so much a magazine". 10p + 4p p&p.

OZ BACK ISSUES



★ OZ 18 (Feb 1969) A real Fingerlickin' Good issue. Andy Warhol whispers to the roar of the Soft Machine. Michael X raps on the Black Eagles. The MC5 kick out what we now know was only marmalade ... it's all here for 50p + 5p p&p.



★ OZ 19 (March 1969) 'Filtth.' whined the News of the World. Drooping Groupies special issue featuring topless Germaine Greer. The first crazed Weberman wanderings on Dylanology. Jimi Hendrix calls Caroline Coon 'a tart'. Scandal and rumour for 50p + 5p p&p.



★ OZ 24 (November 1969) World famous 'Beautiful Freaks' issue containing the ravings of jolly Lee Heatter and other crazies. Free giant sized poster of Crumb's 'Honeybunch' in all her mouthwatering glory. 50p + 5p p&p.



★ OZ 29 (July 1970) Cringe, male pigs ... it's Cunt Power OZ, the Female Energy Issue. Nancy Kotex, Whoring Along the Hudson, and Miss Greer's 'Politics of Female Sexuality'. How to deodorise your balls. 1000 different words for cunt ... nothing but girls, girls, girls! Read on Fatherfuckers! 40p + 5p p&p.



★ OZ 31 (Nov 1970) Yippie OZ, Brave New Morning OZ, End of an Era OZ, INK was coming OZ, Ho Ho Ho. All God's Chillun Got de Clap. Magic Mushrooms. Bobby Seale, Sgt Death Dylan—local Jew Boy makes good. Racist cover. 40p + 5p p&p.



★ OZ 37 (Sept 1971) Angry OZ, this one really stings. The rage of innocence. How to corrupt and deprave. The UCS struggle. OZ meets Ronald Biggs—'The World's Most Wanted Man'. Mick Jagger's heart of stone. 30p + 5p p&p.



★ OZ 38 (Nov 1971) Environmental Chaos! The Day the Earth Was Out to Lunch ... A

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simple question of survival. US Army junkies: Uncle Sam's heavy habit. Abbie Hoffman's slags off OZ. Eldridge Cleaver's latest 'Letter to the Lumpen'. Amazing value. 30p + 5p p&p.



★ OZ 39 (Dec 1971) Baffling, bloodthirsty cover effectively camouflaged this 'Thrilling Murder Comics OZ' from most readers. Result: we lost £4000 'at a stroke'. Jim Anderson in Morocco, Saigon Needles, Urban Paranoia and Sweet Cousin Cocaine. Send money immediately—there are only 30,000 copies left. 25p + 5p p&p.



★ OZ 40 (Feb 1972) Monster 64 page Fifth Anniversary Issue. Charlie Manson in Big Sur, Richard Neville in New York and Auberon Waugh in Widgey's acne. Felix Dennis's weird, horrifying rock'n'roll quiz. The erotic dreams of CG Jung, John Peel on long-haired gangsters and the acid nightmare of Jim Leon. 25p + 5p p&p.



★ OZ 41 (April 1972) An issue for our absent friends, the Crime and Conspiracy OZ. Murder, rape, theft, fraud, gunpowder, treason and plot. Everything you'll need to know for a lucrative career in blackmail, thieving, extortion and assassination. Plus OZ shits on Che and black music. 25p + 5p p&p.



★ OZ 42 (May 1972) Germaine's husband flashes limp cock. Inside asylums and special 'Prison Feature'. Macrobiotics 'death diet'. Plus Our man in the Panama Jungle and Roger Hutchinson's marathon tour of the provincial u/g press. 25p + 5p p&p (psst, dirty pix too).

★ OZ 43 (July 1972) Michael X Prison Plea, Bali—Hippie love and blood paradise. Acupuncture. Post Scarcity Anarchism—New Left piss-off. Ionisation—the good vibes machine. Lebanese shit hole. Drunken downer comix. Your pleasure and our profit! 25p + 5p p&p.



★ OZ 44 (Sept 1972) The best designed OZ ever! Almost total full-colour, with many specially commissioned photos and illustrations by the cream of London's underground art scene. Amazing articles include Virgin Sperm Dancer, Lilian Roxon Gets Her Rox Off, The Restaurant That Serves Rats, Nudist McGovern, need we go on? 25p + 5p p&p.



★ OZ 45 (Nov 1972) The biggest OZ ever! Starring a cast of Tim Leary, Our Mutant Brothers, your navel, 144 Piccadilly (remember?), Watney's Hash, Street Farmer's Eco-House, Add-vertising, the original Roy Knipe Stoke Newington 8 drawing (as used in every other magazine except the War Cry), full-folour Jim Leon painting pin-up, sex and Socrates. 25p + 5p p&p.



★ OZ 46 (Jan 1973) The follow-up to the best designed OZ ever, packed from cover to cover with futile ramblings or mind-blowing revelations, it's up to you and not to be missed. R.Neville discovers that life goes on and on, a dictionary of gay-talk, the last time we saw Paris, Joy Hoyland marches through the Bingo halls, G. Greer's pussy, Cole Porter, yet more pussy and Rod, Van, Mick and Alicce. 25p + 5p p&p.

MEDICINE

Ginseng is one of the most valuable medicinal herbs known to man. Wars have been fought for it. The Chinese regard it as a panacea, stating that it increases virility, general vitality and protection against disease and also promotes longevity. Russian scientists have demonstrated recently that it is a stimulant, but unlike most other stimulants, ginseng also has a prolonged beneficial effect on health.

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TECHNO



★ **Ionizer** Presenting the Air-tone Car Ionizer and the Air-tone Desk Ionizer. Is your office an airless, smoke-filled Hell? Does your car sometimes seem more like a gas cylinder? In either case your health and efficiency may become impaired (see OZ 43). Using the unique Airtone Ionizing System these ill effects are radically reduced and everyone can have a good laugh at yer newrosis. Be cool-headed. Be comfortable. Be an absolute idiot. Car model - special OZ price of only £16. Desk model - £31.00. Sorry, sales reps, executives only.

★ **The OZ Relaxo-Box** Feeling strung-out, smashed and over-drawn? Good, then the time is ripe for you rich bastards to indulge in another of OZ's indispensable gadgets for the shagged-out plutocrat. Just strap the machine across two fingers and learn to relax. Listen to the varyingly pitched tone to find out how you are getting on. £16 inc. postage (add 50p for foreign postage).

SOUNDS

★ **Revelations** An Album of mostly live music from the Grateful Dead, Pete Townshend, David Bowie, Marc Bolan, Mighty Baby, David Allen and Gong, Edgar Broughton, Skin Alley, Hawkwind, The Pink Finks from Ladbroke Grove and Brinsley Schwarz. A lot of the record comes from the Glastonbury Fayre and it's not a bootleg. The album consists of three LPs, posters, a 32-page book, information sheets on the live recordings and a silver cut-out and build your own pyramid, all wrapped up in a heat-sealed polythene bag. £3.60 + 20p p&p.

SEX

The OZ Pleasure Corner.
★ **Love Eggs** Used by Japanese women for centuries and once inserted into the vagina they produce the most fantastically subtle and erotic sensations. Make that boring 300 mile rail journey a pleasure trip. £4.00 + 8p p&p.



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★ **Giant cigarette rollers** Look one hand! And perfect smokes every time. 45p + 5p p&p.
★ **Soapstone chillums** For the discerning customer only. 40p + 5p p&p.

CRAFTS



★ **The Big OZ Bottle Chopper** At last, heralding the ecological age, comes a natural successor to candlemaking - it's bottle chopping. Forget the three

hundredweight of wax in the bath; this new hippy craft makes short work of the non-returnables and in no time at all you'll be surrounded by glasses, salt and pepper pots, ash trays and candle holders and bleeding fingers. Ours is the best - ours is the cheapest. Just £1.60 + 15p p&p including full instructions.

TOYS

★ **The Pentagon Game** (the one Waddington's forgot). This is the World famous war game as featured in the press and TV's 'Late Night Line-Up' - put together by three brilliant young graduates to demonstrate the political charades of modern day warfare. 95p + p&p.

POSTERS

(With a little help from Big 'O')
★ **Dylan** The front cover of OZ 7 made into a beautiful gold/black/red poster. Prints on gold foil. 65p + 15p p&p.
★ **Cannabis Heavy shit** printed on gold foil. 65p + 15p p&p.



★ **Max Ernst** An amazing black and red collage of the birdman and his victim printed on silver foil. 65p + 15p p&p.



★ **Oz Head** A piece of living history. 55p + 15p p&p.



★ **Mick'n'Vince** This is the extraordinary full colour version of the Martin Sharp double spread our readers will remember from Acid Oz. 55p + 15p p&p.

★ **Van Box Here's Mr Van Gogh** with the gloves off! A disturbing portrait. 55p + 15p p&p.



★ **Vincent Flower** power craziness. A mindblower. 55p + 15p p&p.



★ **The Giant** size (really giant) red, yellow, blue and black solarised print of our hero. 85p + 15p p&p.



★ **Hendrix Enormous** (another giant) four colour Martin Sharp of Jimi Hendrix in action. A beautiful poster (first published in OZ 17). 85p + 15p p&p.



★ **Trashman** Out of the glistening night comes Trashman. And onto your wall for only 40p + 12p p&p.

★ **Cream Jack, Ginger and Eric** - creamed but not forgotten (Mr Stigwood). Amazing collage of colour and photographs by M.S. 55p + 15p p&p.

★ **David Hockney** Large picture of the three OZ editors in the raw, drawn by David before their hair was shorn. And when they still had a pair of balls between them. Black and white. £1 + 12p p&p.

PRINTS

Genuine Tibetan Prints Tantric woodcuts by Lobsang Samtan and Tashi Deleg and printed in the middle Himalaya on silk and calico. OZ features 3 designs.

★ **1. Wheel of Life Bhavacakramudra** (12 aspects, 8 misfortunes, 6 ways)
★ **2. Padmasambhava** is his magical palace surrounded by Siddhas
★ **3. Yamantaka**, Lord of Death in flaming union with the Devata of the void.
These come from the only source available to the Western World. £1.25 + 12p p&p.

YET MORE!

★ **New OZ offer Sequin glitter** wristbands and necklaces. These are hand-made with love and affection and are completely unique. Available in black, ivory or mixed colour combinations (please specify) we have: Wristband normal size 80p + 5p p&p.
Wristband giant size £1.65 + 5p p&p.
Please specify whether for guy or girl.
Necklaces 90p + 5p p&p.
Leather thonged sequin chokers £1.20 + 5p p&p.



★ **The Waite Pack of Tarot Cards** These cards designed by A E Waite and drawn by Pamela Coleman-Smith were first issued in 1910. Waite and Smith were both members of the magical Order of the Golden Dawn. The 78 cards are beautifully printed in Switzerland on shiny, durable card. £2.25 + 8p p&p.

★ **Desiderata** 17th Century text prayer offering advice and consolation. 'You are a child of the Universe ...' 20p + 5p p&p.

★ **Magic Food** In a determined effort to spread around the good food, I am considering, as a first step, the mail ordering of organic rice and muesli base. Bearing in mind the economics of postage, the minimum quantity would be, say, five pounds (weight). If this seems like a good idea, would you let me know and any other thoughts you have on the subject. - Bruce

An interview by Nick Leach with
Hakim Gahtan Abdulla, General Secretary of the American Servicemen's Union,
an organisation for enlisted and veteran GIs.

THE HEROES UNWELCOME

Soldiers returning Stateside from Vietnam and elsewhere are, in many cases and most places, experiencing a hard and bitter resumption of civilian life. Jobs are scarce, dope expensive, the society at large concerned to dismiss the collective memory of the war as fast as possible. The Veterans' organisations like the Vietnam Veterans Against the War (VVAW) and the American Servicemen's Union (ASU) are now the most powerful sources of militancy in the nation. The Nixon administration has signified its understanding of the Veterans' position by bringing to trial a total of eleven veterans' leaders (on charges relating to explosives and guns) in the last six months. Now that the campus kiddies are back to the clean-living pranks traditional to American colleges — bun fights, pinnings and proms have regained their briefly lost popularity — and are no longer anxious to test the batons and bayonets of the National Guard, the Vets are really the only organised and organisable force within American society which offers resistance to the silent monster in Washington.

Tell us about the origins of the ASU...

The American Servicemen's Union was first organised back in 1967, at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. It was organised by the chairman, Andy Staff, and a few other anti-war GIs, who of course were on active duty at the time. The Union was specifically organised to fight for the rights of the enlisted men and women in the military, as it seems that when men and women go into the military (either because they're drafted or coerced in some way) they lose their basic democratic rights supposedly guaranteed by the constitution.

Like what?

Well, number one, we're paid virtually slave wages by the military and we don't have the right, in court martials say, to be tried by a jury of our peers, but are tried by a jury of officers or higher ranking NCOs who are definitely *not* our peers. Number two, the Union demands that we end the sir-ing and saluting of officers, and that the black GIs have the right of self-determination in the military without the interference of any racist whites.

What about the system of immediate obedience to orders?

That's also one of our demands — that enlisted men and women have the right to disobey illegal orders, such as the way we view the American presence in South East Asia, which of course is illegal, and brothers and sisters should be allowed to refuse orders to go there.

This movement seems to have developed initially amongst people who were actually enlisted and serving; now it seems to have something to do with veterans.

Our membership within the military itself has increased since 1967 to ten, eleven thousand members. The veterans section of the American Servicemen's Union was organised last November (November of '71) specifically after the events that occurred in New York City's 'Job Fair' for veterans, which with the help of the veterans, the American Servicemen's Union exposed as a hoax, a cruel hoax. The employers weren't giving the jobs that they said they had. The Union took a survey of 1260 veterans, and only four of them got jobs at the fair.

Whose idea was this?

Well it was Mayor Lindsay and some of the corporations and companies, and some of the other politicians... *Businessmen?*

I believe so, but basically the idea of the Job Fairs came from the government themselves as they were having them in different areas across the country.

You're saying that it was a hype?

It was a hoax. It was proved to be a hoax by the survey we took. You have a high unemployment level among veterans, about 90% of the veterans who were at the New York Job Fair were unemployed black or latin. What happened there in fact was that the corporations that sent us to Vietnam, and for whose profits we fought, gave the veterans forms to fill in but weren't actually giving them jobs as they had promised. Of course the brothers were very, very angry, righteously so. A hoax had been perpetrated upon them and they were being used. Then Mayor Lindsay came, in the afternoon, and he was shaking hands with some of the vets and got himself on the 6 o'clock TVs; but the veterans had got so angry that he had to go out the back door. Then the anger culminated into a large rally and the vets came. We had made certain demands of

the people who were running the fair.

We demanded that they had the jobs posted, the qualifications listed, and if the veterans didn't have the qualifications, then the employer should have a training program — which of course they didn't do. We realised that what was actually going on was that they were attempting to use us to get over this image to the American public that the government is really trying to do something for the veterans, which they are not. The same thing happened at the Chicago Job Fair in May. This one was heralded as the largest job fair that was ever held in the country and it was the same situation. Vets were going in and filling countless numbers of application forms, and weren't really getting any jobs at all.

How many veterans are unemployed?

In NYC there are 30,000 unemployed Vietnam war veterans and a majority of these veterans, in fact 20,000, are black or latin — as compared to something like 10,000 whites.

I know it's difficult finding jobs anyhow but why are vets at such a disadvantage?

The way that we view it here in the Union, the Vietnam war is a very unpopular war. The Vietnam war veteran is a different type of veteran than the veterans of past wars. Generally the Vietnam vet is much more militant and a lot of the companies and corporations don't want to employ the Vietnam vets, particularly because they're afraid that they will come into their factories and start organising the workers to fight for higher wages — just like the way they struggled in the military.

Do you have case evidence of discrimination against veterans?

A Puerto Rican brother went up to Alexanders department store here in Manhattan to get a job. He was given an application form, he filled it out, then the woman who interviewed him asked him if he was a veteran, and he told her, and she said she was sorry but she could not take his application right now. The drug situation is tied in with this also. In Vietnam, you know, heroin is very easy to get and of course we know that heroin is grown in areas that are patrolled by the CIA and Nationalist Chinese and the Royalist Laoist Forces, which are all hooked up with flying dope into South Vietnam. (In





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ACTION DAY COALITION



VETERANS
for
peace

OUGH!
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OW

UNEMPLOYED VETERANS COMMITTEE

fact Ky used to run dope from Laos to Vietnam, we have proof. The GIs get it very cheaply over there and they get strung out on it. But what happens when you come back to the States is that dope is much higher priced and of course it's not as potent.

Not as pure?

Yeah, not as pure. Another thing about this discrimination. What the military is doing now is that they are actually putting codes on our DD 214's, which are our discharge papers. Employers look at these codes and they might not say anything to you, and you might not be aware that these codes are even on your DD 214's, but they'll turn you down and say that they can't use you. That's a reality. They have different codes for you if you were political, or what they call trouble-makers. They've got another code for dope addicts and they break everything down like that.

In one of your leaflets there was mention of some people having gotten bad discharges, threatened with bad discharges.

Being a black veteran I know the situations that push the blacks and latins, in particular, into the situation where they may get into 'trouble'. Now the officers and the lifers in general have very racist attitudes, very racist. What can happen might be that an officer would say something or do something very racist to a black man or woman, and if this brother or sister speaks out against this treatment, or if the officer says something bad enough to make the GI want to punch him or something like that — which he may do — then he's sent to the stockade or may be discharged with an undesirable discharge. We look at the bad discharges as generally being what the brass use against GIs to beat them into submission and keep them from struggling. They know that most GIs, the average enlisted GIs, hate the brass. They have life and death power over the rank and file enlisted GIs and they use this. They know that if a GI gets out of the service with a bad discharge, he or she cannot get a job when they get back here, and that's why the Union feels that bad discharges of all natures should be abolished completely.

I wonder how far you limit yourself to the specifics of job discrimination and racism in employment, and how far you

feel that the movement of the veterans challenges something much more profound?

Well, the general who spoke at that rally yesterday said that we wanted to destroy America. How can he say that we want to destroy America just for demanding what is rightfully ours — the decent jobs at decent wages and — the 2,500 dollars cash compensation for money and time lost in the service. This to me is not destroying America. If anybody's destroying it, I certainly think that they are, by allowing veterans to suffer so much. Veterans are being driven into the position where they have to commit crime for survival. They talk about the high rate of crime in the streets, but they never stop to look at what is the cause of it. This is what we're trying to deal with. We certainly are not trying to destroy America, not in the sense that they mean it anyway.

Tell me about this demand for 2500 dollars.

Well, 2500 dollars is the difference between what the average working person made on the outside over the two year period and what we lost. Now we thought this was the least that we could demand and we didn't want to raise the figure too high. But we know that the corporations that sent us over there made billions off the war, and billions are appropriated for defense, yet they say they can't do anything for Vietnam war veterans.

Has any politician either talked about that or taken it up, or discussed it?

No. They know about it, because we have had many distributions of our leaflets out in the streets and we've sent some to politicians here in the city. But none of them have acted upon it, and we haven't heard anything from them, whether or not they support it.

Why has the plight of the veterans not been taken up as a useful means of advancement by some sharp liberal politicians? Very little of what you've said is generally understood in this country — a country where old soldiers are traditionally held in great esteem...

First of all, the news media, the majority of the news media, is controlled in this city by business interests. They have really white-listed us. We go out on the streets to raise issues and the suffering of the veterans of the Vietnam war, but

most of the time we don't get any coverage. They don't want us to organise the veterans. There is a war against veterans in reality. The politicians and the higher-ups like Mayor Lindsay are part and parcel of the war against the veterans; they're perpetrating it. For instance, there was a recent scandal here in New York City around the jobs that were supposed to be for veterans under the emergency employment act. Now what happened, of course, was that the politicians gave the jobs that were supposed to be ours and the poor people's, to their political friends and relatives. Deputy Mayor Hamilton went as far as to make a public statement in the *New York Times* that the city had had trouble getting Vietnam veterans jobs in the program, and of course he also said something about the fact that we didn't have the correct qualifications. We sent a letter to the deputy mayor demanding that he retract that statement, because what he was really saying was that the veterans didn't want to work, that they were lazy. And since the majority of the Vietnam veterans that are unemployed are black and latin, it was also a racist statement. We went down there with a delegation and we told him we were coming down. We wanted him to publicly retract that statement, because he had made it in public, so why shouldn't he retract it in public? But they refused to call the press in and one of the representatives, Mr Irish, and I quote this, said 'we do not do business in the public eye'. That was down at City Hall. Well, the American Servicemen's Union does not do business behind closed doors, so we called off the meeting. This is the type of thing that has been happening to us and yet we see that the only way that veterans are really going to get what they deserve is to come together and make a strong organisation and fight for our rights. We can't depend on any politicians — liberal Democrats included.

It's obviously not in the interest of the politicians that you should be organised. That's right, that's perfectly right because, like I said before, the Vietnam veterans are very militant. They know that if we become organised, we may discover that we have to use the military skills that they taught us against them someday...



Charles Harbutt: Beheadings

The American Charles Harbutt established himself as one of the world's finest photo-journalists in the last fifteen years. In the sixties, Harbutt worked constantly for every major photo-news magazine in America, covering, for example, the American invasion of the Bay of Pigs, the Arab/Israeli war, the Kennedy assassinations and the Chicago riots of 1968 and placed his work in magazines all over the world through the immensely prestigious Magnum Photo agency of which he was a two-term President. There is effectively no question that, during this period of his career, Harbutt stood high in the ranking for the world's best news photographer.

Sometime towards the end of the last decade, Charles Harbutt seems to have drawn his horns in upon himself, withdrawing from the constant hysteria of news photography to concentrate upon teaching and shooting personal pictures. In the middle of last year, on the subway bound for his office and carrying a case full of these personal pictures, he found himself doing a rapid job of editing and realising that he had created a book. He describes this experience as being similar to 'spirit writing',



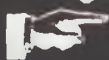
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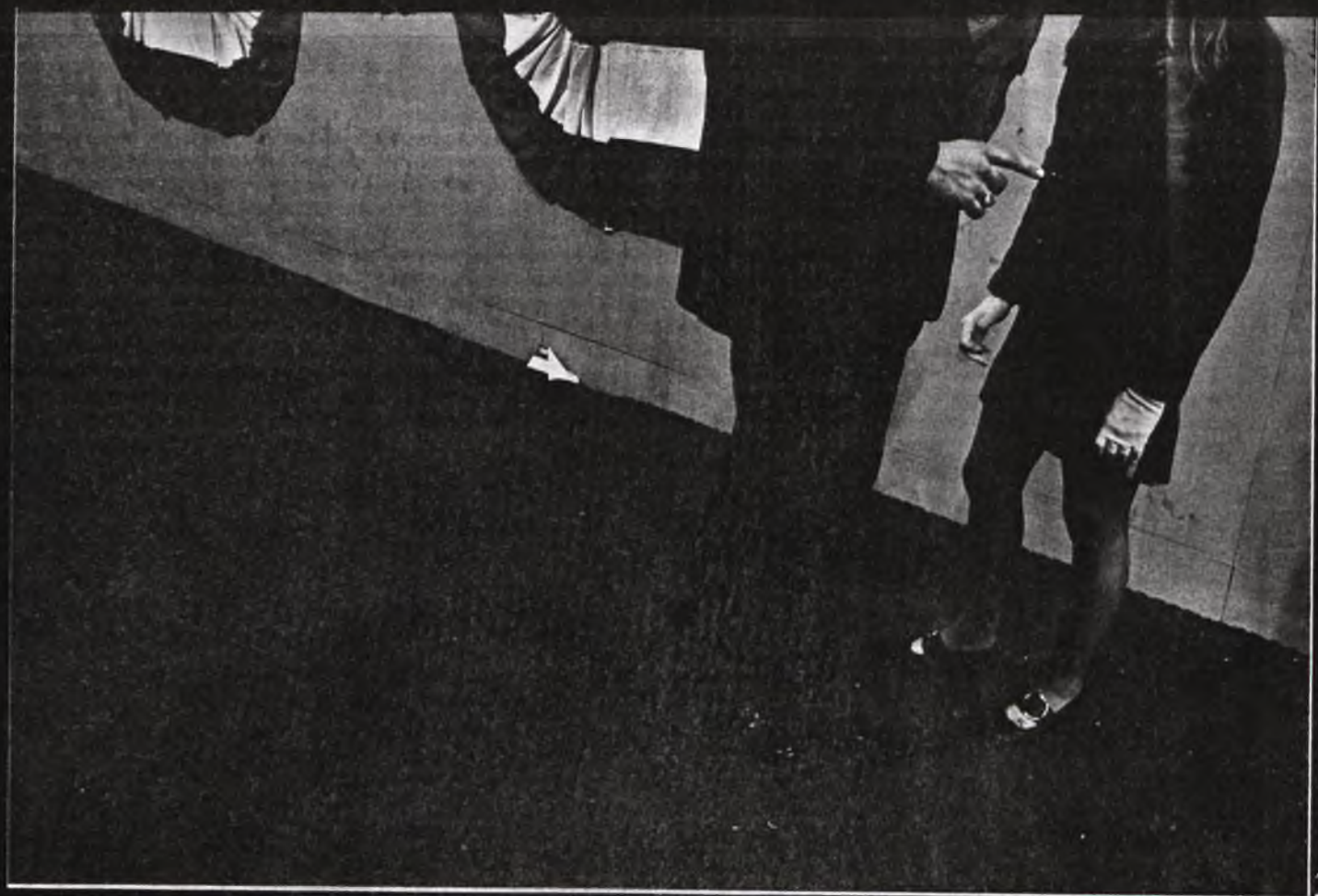
'I Don't Take Pictures, Pictures Take Me'

a process over which he exerted little or no conscious control.

The shape and outline of the book was conceived subconsciously as were the pictures themselves. Possibly the most pertinent remark that Harbutt makes about these pictures is his assertion that, 'I don't take pictures; pictures take me.'

The pictures we publish here are taken from the book which will be called *Travelogue* and will be published in America in the fall of 1973 by the MIT press. Generally called 'Beheadings', they typify the book's overall method, especially in that Harbutt says of these pictures that if he knew why he removed people's heads from his pictures, he feels sure that he would know more about himself.

Travelogue marks a unique departure for the photographic book. This collection of 'Beheadings' shows but one of the improvised themes that Harbutt has woven into the book. It shows the jazz-like relationship between the photographer, his instrument (the camera), and his subject (his head and the world). Nobody has come closer to a photographic representation of his own psyche and its trips. 



3



6







7

Charles Harbutt's comments on his pictures...

1 *The topsy-turvy Park Ave shot. I guess I beheaded the people in this picture because I feel the milieu (world) they're in is basically inimical to human life – the world of giant corporation headquarters and petty bureaucracy. Sometimes I beheaded because I don't like what I see; sometimes in recognition that the subjects have killed themselves by false allegiances and bad trips.*

2 *Don't really know anything about the Vermont sunbathers except maybe I couldn't deal with the sexuality of a family with Mom watching in the background.*

3 *The 'Yellow Submarine' hand at the Democratic convention came out of what happened to the woman's question there. The 'pursuit' picture in Washington (opposite) has the shadow of a tree which is like a negative of the hand.*

4 *I noticed the model beheaded herself by getting into this situation of the sex object game. I may also have beheaded her because I felt her unavailable. This is where the 'femme' trip goes.*

5 *Pursuit in Washington – Guess this and 3 have to do with guilt about male chauvinism in myself, but I think they have more to do with (since both sexes are beheaded) the idea that everyone goes down in flames if sexual relationships are so full of terror as they sometimes seem to be and that both sexes are guilty of complicity if terror exists for either. (Are you sure you want to print all this?)*

6 *The MP's were beheaded because this is where the macho trip can go – a degradation of religion, politics and economics, secured by force.*

7 *Torso with erect nipples. Feel the posture and hands are a bit menacing. Beheaded because sometimes with eroticism comes harsh psychological warfare, some of which is deserved, some someone else deserves.*

8 *The child looking at the penis with the lovers walking by in the background. Don't know. The statue's head was gross and pop-eyed. Maybe I felt going down the physical road, rather than the emotional road represented by the hand-holding lovers, is the wrong road. That love needs both.*

The Seeker

Roger Hutchinson obituarises the man of whom it has been said that 'his work represents the most articulate voice of working class culture since William McGonagall' (Spectrum) and 'his poetry has taught us more about our art than we would ever have thought possible' (C P Snow).

'And me? I write

Not for myself

But for the common cause'

Derek Elm, 'The Common Cause', Poems 1965-71.

'The only way to reach the English working class', he once proclaimed, 'is through the standard of culture that they've been educated to accept.' He paused at this point, I remember, to swallow some more beer and fix his fellow-students with a typically piercing gaze before continuing. 'And whether you choose to accept this or not, the English working class has been educated to accept a very low standard of culture.' It seemed unassailably well-argued, admirably articulated, and positively resonant with good sense. But then, this applied to everything Derek said; from his aphorisms on social change ('I am pleased to be called a crank. A crank is a small instrument that causes revolutions') to his comment on receiving a fail grade for his final university thesis ('The capitalist educational system rejects those for whom it has no use. I am happy to be numbered amongst them.')

Derek Elm died two weeks after Christmas, and this is supposed to be his obituary. What can you say about a 29-year-old poet who loved Blake, the Beatles and Bolton Wanderers? That he was born the son of a Lancashire doctor, who provided him with the bourgeois luxury of a public-school education, bought him any book he cared to read, and finally sent him to Hull University—'cloistered hall of bricks and pens/And all things middle class', as Derek later versified it—which is where I first met him; and where, I think, he first began to write his poetry for the people. Even then he was possessed of so large an appetite for working class culture that many deemed it affected. There was a definite incongruity about the sight of his lank figure strolling awkwardly into the university on winter Saturday evenings, feverishly cold after an afternoon on the football terraces, chewing a bag of congealed chips and scanning the Pink 'Un enthusiastically. When questioned on what other students could only regard as these unjustifiably masochistic activities, Derek answered 'Why be so contemptuous of common people's experiences?' Indeed, such common people's experiences provided the grist for many of his earlier poems, such as the lengthy 'Swansong for United':

'O Trafford Park! Full many a goal

Your antique stands have seen;

And sheltered each true local soul

About your laundered green.'

or the prosodic 'Streetcorner Ode':

'The chip-shop ladies stand around

In overalls, not lace;

While steam and grease and unwashed hair
Obscure their simple grace'

These were not what Derek called his finer poems. He saw them more as experiments in observation, accurate reflections of a society which he knew his art could help change. 'Presenting the working man with an artform that he can relate to is expanding his cultural awareness, which is in itself a liberating experience', he once wrote to me. 'One of the traditional artforms of the common people, beside theatre and good music, is poetry. These artforms have been usurped by a handful of upper-class academics and it is our job to return them.' With this intent, his work took on an almost missionary zeal: 'Your birthright: England's Working Man, Is one of pride and strength. Your ancestry: a noble list Of true colossal length:

O'Connor, Tyler, big Jack Straw,
Keir Hardie, Blake, Tom Ludd,
John Lennon, Orwell, Gully Foyle,
Jake Prescott, Robin Hood.'

His politics were more encyclopaedic than eclectic—once summarised by a cynical acquaintance as 'if it breathes and forms a union: it's good'. 'The artist's task', Derek would have answered, 'is to inform, not administrate.' An undeniable dictum, but one that attracted ferocious criticism from those artistic circles which Derek dismissed as 'effete' and 'irrelevant'. A P Knapp wrote in 'Encounter' magazine on the publication of Derek's first and only book ('The Common Cause', Poems 1965-71, Axsmith & Huston, 60p): 'In attempting to communicate directly with the under-educated masses, Elm is reducing his adopted art to its lowest common denominator. He is eschewing the subtleties of form and philosophic sophistication that is great poetry's hallmark, in favour of cheap political pamphleteering; sacrificing the sublime to the commonplace. He is worthy of no further consideration.'

Derek, of course, would have none of this. He pointed out that it is through the refinement of poetic expression that the commonplace achieves sublimity, and that the concept of sublimity is irrelevant and as repressive as any other hierarchic notion unless it is available to the majority of the people. He suggested, with much justification, that England's greater poets, from Chaucer to Blake, had taken the lives of common people as their sources of inspiration and study. The scathing review notices, however, took their toll. Never a healthy individual, Derek sickened, began to drink more than ever, and for a period of about six months he gave up writing altogether. In late 1971 he returned to his

art; but not, as he emphasized to all who knew him, for publication in book form. The miner's strike of winter '71/72 was his inspiration and his theme: he set about writing an epic poem which would, by content and effect, answer all his critics. Named 'Jerusalem Revisited', Derek finished the 86 three-line stanzas in four days, had 2000 copies printed in poster form on the fifth, and had them fly-posted across the West Riding of Yorkshire within a week.

'When from the depths

Of Jet-black earth

The Coal Board's lackeys rise

To stand serene,

Enlightened, bold;

'Neath unaccustomed skies,

Then should the limbs

and limousines

Of Capitalists wise

Deport them fast;

Far from our shores

The lemming deathward flies.'

Technically, it was his first experiment in freer form. Philosophically, it was his last vital attempt to infuse working class communities with a fine artform which recognised and related to their everyday struggles. In the later verses of 'Jerusalem Revisited', Derek exhorted the northern mining communities to 'Rise like angels/Caress the sky/Throw off the humble cloak'. He was heart-broken when the Union settled for 18%, mortified when Joe Gormley, the Union President, on being asked to comment on Derek Elm's work, was widely quoted in the local press as replying: 'Who?'

A year later he died. His small flat, littered with enough manuscripts to keep Hell burning for a year caught fire one evening and Derek's charred body was discovered in the gutted room. The coroner returned a verdict of death by misadventure, and it is not a verdict that any but those who knew him well would question. I prefer to think that he died almost as he had lived: caught up in the fire of his own prolific imagination, and that he wrote his own epitaph in a letter to his mother two days earlier: 'I have tried,' he said, 'to revolutionise through pure language a stifled people, to urge them into articulate thought. Because until the working classes refuse to accept the anaesthetic dreck that poses as their popular culture and choose to adopt a truer, more vital mode of expression they will be incapable of appreciating fully either the benefits or the confinements of their lifestyle, and consequently incapable of effecting the slightest degree of worthwhile cultural change.' It was probably the truest thing he ever wrote.



39

CURTAIN

WESTER



Reviews

OLD GOLD

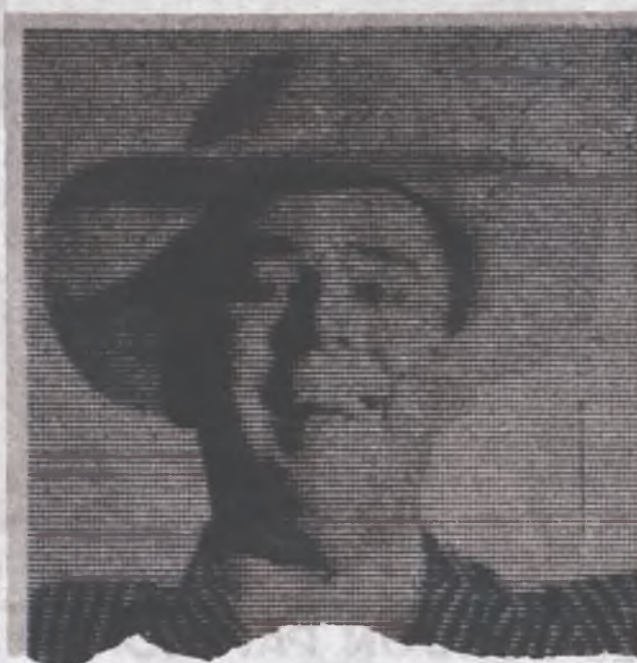
Nuggets: Original Artyfacts from the First Psychedelic Era. 1965-68. (Elektra).

Solid Gold Rock and Roll, Vols 1 & 2. (Mercury).

We've been American for so long now. In rock music that is. In plenty of other commodities and titillations too, but, for the purposes of this piece, it's that monumental US influence over the music of the last couple of decades that is of relevance. Sure, for those brief halcyon years of the early to mid sixties, when Beatles and Stones and even Gerry and the Pacemakers seemed to have the States sewn up, it seemed as if the Mother Country was renegeing somewhat.

So if our pop (ular) music was coming across the Big Ditch and tiny teenies were tripping to what ever happened to be the current light fantastic with a New World beat, what were we getting? The Fifties, in the parade of sociological change that has made up the last two decades, were the years when the young, for the first time in their lives, were not merely occupying some ambivalent position between childhood and adult status. Sometime around 1947 an unconscious epochmaker first used the word teenager. The group so typified never looked back. They had jobs, they had money, they had independence. Now, they weren't that independant yet. It took more than a group identity and a few bucks in the pocket, hot wheels and a ginchy chick to make a cultural group truly part from their elders. The American salesman, that central figure in the great Stateside drama, had mixed views on the new young. As a father he may have hated everything about kids who seemed to reject everything he stood for, as a businessman he revelled in the fact that they seemed to lap up everything he produced. With the enthusiasm of the newly rich the teenagers went on a huge party. They were the greatest single consumer group available, and what Babbit was going to reject their fast cars when he could coin the fast bucks.

And what was central to that consumer boom, the number one pleasuring and leisuring of the emergent teens: rock and roll music. Every side of their lives was there, every artefact of the high-school existence was there on the shelves of singles and albums. In England, where the culture was catching on slowly but surely, we didn't go to high schools, at least not the guys, and the local uniformed crocodiles were hardly the queens of the Junior High Prom. But we had the



The Big Bopper

records, and if anything could be termed the 'ambassadors' from the new age, it was the rock idols and their product. Central to all the music was young love and every permutation of that parlous state. The songs told the tales of love come true, love sundered, love betrayed, love rejected. Paul and Paula epitomised the modus vivendi: 'True love means planning a whole life for two; being together the whole day through; waiting and hoping that soon wishes we made will come true'; it makes a change, for those who like amatory definitions, of 'never having to say you're sorry'. It was also assumed by the lovers in question that they'd been together for a while already, that the sole bar to instant and eternal happiness was school, which, for P&P, was 'through'. Perhaps the Diamonds are a perfect example of the genre. Banal lyrics, a bass 'doo-wah' background, falsetto singer, a spoken break was always on the cards. The actual music was all but irrelevant, certainly the obsession with the fingerpickin' excellence of rival lead guitarists would have sounded too much like hard brain work for these teenagers. It was ideal music for necking. Get down there in the back seat at some convenient drive-in, let the local rock station drift over your writhing bodies... you don't actually notice the individual songs but the repetition of 'love', 'darlin', 'forever', etc., may well have had some subliminally encouraging effect on the progress of those probing digits.

Of course, the course of true love

didn't always run smooth. Dickey Lee was a specialist in the broken heart. Indeed, his songs were rarely even about a love still for this earth. 'Laurie' concerns a girl already a year beneath the soil, 'Patches', who had the misfortune to come from the wrong side of the tracks and as 'a girl from that place will just bring me disgrace', cannot be married to the hero. She is found starting on the big sleep 'floating face down in that dirty river that flows by the coalyards in old shanty town' and our hero, love undying, promises as he prepares for his own demise, 'It may not be right, but I'll join you tonite, Patches I'm coming to you'. Death wasn't a constant for Dickey, but in 'I Saw Linda Yesterday' 'just when I thought I was really OK' back comes the love of his life to stir up those miseries again. Lesley Gore didn't actually lust for death, but her 'It's My Party' bears the stamp of high-school muzak. The ultimate degradation: 'Judy was wearing his ring'. Oh boy.

One aspect of life that was conspicuously absent from the sounds of the time was sex. You might be a paid up, card carrying member of the 4F Club (Find 'em, feel 'em, fuck 'em and forget 'em) but your music was pristine. If you were listening to whites that is. Of course those niggers down south like Chuck Berry couldn't be trusted to keep a decent tongue in their head, but them clean kids with white skins were OK. The Big Bopper provided the one exception. 'Chantilly Lace' lays it delightfully on the line. From the jingle of coins through the phone

box to the final 'You know what I like!!' the song positively drools with the pleasures to come. Or, for those who can see it that way, it's the anthem of the obscene phone-caller. And there was always Jerry Lee Lewis, like JP Richardson a southern boy, to put a little jolt in all that syrupy happiness. If one thing symbolises the split between the fifties and sixties in youth attitudes, it was the reception given to Lewis' marriage with his 13 year-old cousin. To our eternal shame a few critical comments in the press turned a generation against the touring rocker. These days such a blatant flight in authorities' and convention's face would have been accorded its enthusiastic praise. Fifteen years ago, so attached were the teens to their traditional ideas - ie those of their parents - that Jerry Lee was crucified. Today more of a country singer, Lewis maintains his belief: 'You are either hot or cold. If you are lukewarm the Lord will spew you out his mouth.'

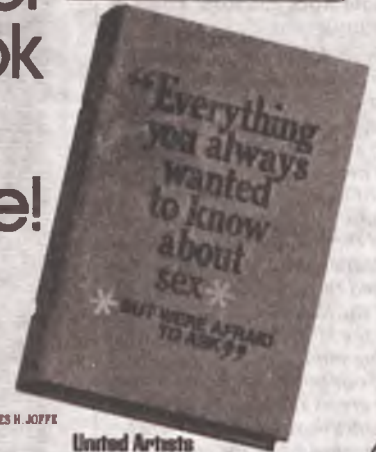
Rock, white high school rock of the fifties and through to the early sixties, was essentially laid on its listeners and buyers, it did not usually come from them. There were certain norms, certain archetypes, these were exploited for all that they were worth. 'The true masters of the form, the originators and still champions...' The Platters, who, like all exceptions paradoxically proving rul's, were black but tried so hard to be white that they vanished into ignominy 'took banality to the point where it nudged real inspiration' (Nik Cohn: Awopbop-alooobopalobamboom). It was a style that continued with decreasing power or prestige, not to mention originality, though once the norms were established that was always a commodity in short supply (tho' no-one seemed to object) into the early sixties. The Beatles and Stones and their better imitators and contemporaries were able to strike so mighty a blow because they had the sense to rediscover the greats of the mid-fifties, Berry and Little Richard, Elvis Presley. It cut through nearly a decade's crap and a new set of teenagers who'd been too young to appreciate the originals a first time around just had to love it.

Come the mid sixties, a new element infused the scene. As much an archetype as the hi-school hops and necking of the fifties, dope, in particular cannabis and LSD, became staples of the youth culture of the new decade. Their main attraction was their illegality and their attack on those things parents held dear. But necking and 'parking' were unpopular among parents of the fifties. It was not merely rebellion that

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made the break. It was another effect of acid and pot: a few trips, a steady consumption of one mind expander or another, and one's lifestyle slowly but undeniably changed. For the first time in a decade or more, the mode of the music changed, and, as IT put it at the time, gloatingly quoting Plato: 'the walls of the city shake'. They didn't, not that hard anyway, but there began to emerge a number of bands trying very hard to break new ground. Here we had such as the Deviants, some of whose members battle on still as the Pink Fairies, John's Children, with embryo superstar Marc Bolan (or was he still Mark Feld in those days) singing backup vocal on 'Desdemona' whose exhortation to 'lift up your skirts and fly' duly removed the cut from the BBC playables list. There was Keith West's Tomorrow who released the immortal 'My White Bicycle' and possibly the centre of the whole nascent psychedelic circus, The Creation, who were always into 'happenings' and were wont to flood the floor of their club off Regent Street or somesuch (at the time) mindtwisting surprise. But once again the staples of the movement all came from across the water. Acid may have peaked over here in time for the 'Summer of Love' of 1967, but in the States the weirdo wonderlands had taken over at least a year earlier. The music changed to suit it.

It was archetypes again. Only this time they'd upgraded a little. Dope had taken the place of love. 'I Had Too Much to Dream (Last Night)' by the Electric Prunes is a classic, full of veiled dope reference, obligatory swooshing guitar, general freakouts wherever possible. The bands all started adopting these weird names. No more could one find such simple lads as Jay and the Techniques or even Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders, it was down to Strawberry Alarm Clock, 13th Floor Elevators, Chocolate Watch Band, Crome Cyrcus and Ultimate Spinach, not to mention Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane and Quicksilver Messenger Service. There was a new interest in something that had never crossed the minds of those pubescent ravers of ten years ago: changing the world... The Third Rail brought out 'Run, Run, Run' which is hardly putting any motherfuckers up agin' that wall, but gets the requisite E for Effort. Delivered in what could well be mistaken for a straight surf rendition: 'Up in the morning at half past eight; Can't have your breakfast or you'll be late; Tie your tie like a hangman's noose; Don't have time to drink your juice' and this little jollity is broken up with a monologue; based, one assumes on the Stock Market reports: 'Heart attacks up 2%, Mental Illness split 3 for 1, General Chaos up 1 point...' Stirring stuff, but it hardly rushes you to the barricades. 'A Public Execution' by Mouse might well have that effect, but for reactionary, not righton reasons. A



An 'imaginative drawing' (to quote) from 'The Eternal Subject' by Brinsley le Poer Trench (Souvenir Press, £2.50); the author is the former editor of 'Flying Saucer Review' and heir presumptive to the Earl of Clancarty

gross Dylan imitation, Mouse, who subsequently grabbed a band called The Traps, keeps verging on 'Like a Rolling Stone' but just resists going all the way. 'Some words are best not spoken, some things are best not said...' he menaces, then says the lot in pure Dylan, images and voice all there. One point, Mouse does to the word 'you' much the same as Adam Faith used to do to 'love'.

Of course these early burgeoning of psychedelia are hardly the warped craziness of the later sixties and possibly even early seventies. The bands, all of whom sound slightly amateurish and hardly fit for the local hall let alone big tours, somehow scraped into charts; maybe novelty helped. It was a changing era and certain things have to be forgiven. Even the Dead were still, as the Warlocks, making their best of 'In the Midnight Hour' et al... Some of the output of that time is undeniably excellent. From Detroit, from which Motor City the MC5 would exhort us to 'Kick out the Jams, Motherfuckers!!!' came the Amboy Dukes, with, among other things, 'Baby Please Don't Go'. Even if they did copy Hendrix's riff off 'Third Stone from the Sun', they still deserved their popularity. The Nazz, led by Todd Rundgren, who came towards the end of this era, are another band who should have survived longer. More anglophile than thou, Rundgren manages to sound something like Ringo, and the band had the sense to look to the Who for their strong musical style, rather than the more anaemic Beatles. There were still some who slavishly copied the four moptops. 'Lies' by the

Knickerbockers, originally called the Castle Kings and from New Jersey, obviously depended on a close learning of Beatle styles from their first few albums, especially the non-movie side of Hard Day's Night. Released late '65, it's a pity the Knickerbockers didn't wait till Rubber Soul came out.

Naturally there was some real rubbish, or perhaps high camp would be a kinder description. Top of the list must come 'Moult' by the Barbarians. Let Moult, their one-handed and be-hooked drummer speak for himself: 'I remember the days when things were real bad for me, it was right after my accident, when I lost my hand...' and Moult finds himself in music and comes through to declare 'Now there's one thing I need, not sympathy, and I don't want your pity, but a girl, a real girl, and then I'll be the complete man...' 'Nuff said. But at least poor Moult has human interest, such kindness can't be extended to the Magic Mushrooms' magnum opus, entitled 'It's-a-happening'. 'The sky is falling... the ocean's calling... the world is turning... round... and round...' Screech, whoosh, thump thump of tomtoms. 'Burn the weed...' Thump thump. Earliest cut here is 'Farmer John' by the Premiers; the prefatory statement, 'Has anyone seen Kosher Pickled Herring? Tell him that Herbert's looking for him' should denote the flavour of this live recording.

Apart from their relative lack of professional polish one sad common denominator unites all these bands - none of them survived more than

a few years at most. Irrespective of ability, and for some it was undeniably present, they were representative of this era of transience, and their fame was duly short-lived. 'Pushin' Too Hard' by the Seeds, 'Oh Yeah' by the Shadows of Knight and 'Psychotic Reaction' (a fine track which like so many early freakout guitar solos sounds strangely like the Flight of the Bumblebee with wah-wah thrown in) by Count Five are all good rockers which are still worthy of playing. But only a handful of bands survived that euphoric era when there were upwards of two thousand bands playing out of the Bay Area alone, and the lowly sugar lump was elevated to Holy Grail status. And they, like all prophets, had to wait a while for more than local acceptance. As for the rest, they have vanished, the lucky few into other bands, the majority into anonymity, or maybe running headshops or making candles. And as Lenny Kaye, who compiled 'Nuggets' points out, what better sixties equivalent could you desire for the graveyard of fifties bands, the car wash or the gas station?

Jonathon Green.
(N.B. Anthologies have certain limits, usually those of the record company putting them out, or of the taste of the person who compiles. For the rock'n'roll duo the tracks are naturally only those which Mercury can lay their copyright dominated hands on. For Nuggets, the second limit exists: Lenny Kaye has given us only his own taste. It is advisable to bear this in mind when considering both the above.)

WAILING DOBRO & FLAT PICKING

'Will the Circle be Unbroken' (United Artists UAS 9801). Mother Maybelle Carter, Earl Scruggs, Doc Watson, Roy Acuff, Merle Travis, Jimmy Martin plus Vassar Clements (fiddle), Junior Huskey (bass), Norman Blake, Pete 'Bashful Brother Oswald' Kirby (both dobro) and The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band featuring Jimmie Faddon (vocals and harp), Jeff Hanna (vocals, washboard), Jim Ibbotson (vocal, guitar, snare), John McEuen (banjo), Les Thompson (mandolin).

Let me declare an interest - I am white, male, and was born in the summer of '42 in Glasgow, one of the Nashville 'in absentia' of the English-speaking world (two of the other ones in Britain are Liverpool and the Shetlands, and Jim Reeves is king of Ireland).

That said, this three-record set, although priced slightly on the side of extortionate, is unique in bringing the giants of the country genre together with the Dirt Band, one of the best of the groups of younger musicians who have moved into the music instead of sticking with rock and attempting some kind of synthesis.

What could have been a confrontation - long-hairs versus red-necks - turned out to be a gas mixture. The boys in the Band, playing straight acoustic, provide a steady background sound for the veterans to do the numbers which made them the darlings of the South.

Recorded in Nashville in August 1971, the 37 songs and instrumentals span something like two hours and take in the three main strands of Dixie's music - mountain or old-time country, bluegrass and Country and Western.

One musician in particular links these strands, and that's Vassar Clements, a little-known fiddle-player from Florida. He is equally at home with the single note melody line of the mountains as with the chunky chording of Country and Western, and he revels in the bluegrass flash like 'The Orange Blossom Special'.

Country music, outside the outposts, has never been really fashionable over here, but in spite of that it has had its effects on mass culture. Most of the Stones' albums from Let It Bleed onwards have had tracks either imitations of, or influenced by, 'country'.

Dylan had his celebrated country phase, and his dobro player of those days, Norman Blake, is part of the Circle band. And Dylan's early guitar style was Woody Guthrie out of Maybelle Carter, the last surviving member of the famous Carter family.

On a different plane, millions of box-watchers must know backwards Earl Scruggs' theme music for 'The

Beverly Hillbillies' TV show, and if that's not your bag, most will have seen 'Bonny and Clyde' in which Scruggs' banjo rat-tat-tats along with the hardware.

Still at the movies, a lot of the desperately doleful effect in the Last Picture Show was created by Country and Western, notably Hank Williams accompanied by sliding steel guitar - everytime a car door, saloon door, pool room door, apartment door was opened, out wafted Williams or a contemporary.

If any of these phenomena turned you on, you'll find them in the Circle, instruments played to well-nigh perfection, acoustically so you can get the texture, and singing plaintive enough to make you reach for a slug of Jack Daniels.

William McEuen, manager of the Dirt Band and brother of banjo picker John, produced the set, and aimed for spontaneity. There's studio chat between some of the tracks, which over a period of a week or so were in the can after one or two takes each.

Roy Acuff, doyen of Country and Western singers, with a voice like Cuban heels on a gravel path, sets the mood early on with the pronouncement of his policy in the studio: 'Whenever you once decide you're gonna record a number, put everything you've got into it, because - don't say "we'll take it over and do it again" - every time you go through it you lose a little something. So let's do it the first time and the hell with the rest of it.'

Of the songs Acuff puts across, Hank Williams' 'I Saw the Light' is probably the most famous, and 'Wreck on the Highway' ('I heard the crash on the highway but I didn't hear nobody pray') is the most representative of his material.

Wailing dobro from Acuff's long-time associate Kirby accompanies the lyrics into the land of maudlin sentimentality. But this isn't my bag so maybe I'm biased. This also applies to Jimmy Martin, whose 'Grand Ole Opry Song' opens the album, a roll-call of honour of all the stars who have appeared at the celebrated Ryman's Theatre (which sadly is being moved out of town).

Consumption of a bottle or so of hard licker is recommended to produce the necessary state for listening to these Country and Western cuts.

Moving sideways from C&W, Merle Travis gives out with his meticulous finger-picking guitar with the famous educated thumb bass lines (is that where Johnny Cash got his sound?). Travis wrote 'Sixteen Tons', a million seller in the 50s, and also 'Dark as a Dungeon', which he sings here. The miner's complaint became one of the best-known protest songs during the Aldermaston marches and associated activity.

Going further back into the Blue-ridge Mountains, you get to - for my money - the three aces on the album, Mother Maybelle Carter, Earl Scruggs and blind Doc Watson. Scruggs - what can be said that hasn't been said already? Only that



his multi-note syncopated banjo style seems to have taken on a new lease of life since he parted with guitarist Lester Flatt. When you hear him wield his own invention, the Scruggs peg which makes the characteristic twang on 'Earl's Break-down', you know you're listening to Big Daddy.

Back in 1959 the first bootleg Scruggs album arrived in Glasgow, everyone thought it had been speeded up in the re-recording. I still wonder.

Also awe-inspiring is the flat-picking guitar of Doc Watson. He is the direct descendent of the old-time country bands of the 20s and early 30s, in which the free-running line of the guitar was the backbone. When he knits his brow and sings 'Way downtown just a-foolin' around' and the licks and runs come spilling out of his machine you know why, like Scruggs, he's become something of a legend in the South.

...And then there's Mother Maybelle. She was one of the initial musical influences on Doc Watson. The first tune he ever learned was in 1935, when he was 12, from Maybelle's recording of 'When the Roses Bloom', one of many which swept the South in the 20s and 30s.

She sings four songs on this album, all written by her father, A.P. Carter. Her singing has that sound of poverty-stricken resignation mixed with a wry dignity which is the unmistakable sound of the

music. Poor white music. When she gives out with 'Keep on the sunny side, always on the sunny side, keep on the sunny side of life' it's not a celebration, more an expression of foreboding at what's around the corner.

Only when heaven is on the agenda does optimism appear in its Sunday best. 'Will the circle be unbroken, by and by Lord, by and by, there's a better home waiting in the sky, Lord, in the sky' runs the title track. Everyone gets in the act of worship.

That's the penultimate number, with a cast of 30. It's great. But just to prove that nobody's perfect, the loony company have stuck on the end of that last side a rambling guitar solo of Joni Mitchell's 'Both Sides Now' by Randy Scruggs, son of Earl. It might as well have been Little Jimmy Osmond.

However, in between the first and last tracks is everything you ever wanted to know about country music. They murdered the lawyer in 'Easy Rider' to the strains of it, and lynched black men to the beat of it, but it gets in your blood.

I remember playing fiddle in a Liverpool Country and Western club in 1962. Before the gig began, the organiser, in boots and buckskins, strode up, backslapping: 'Howdy cousin, did you go on the Orange Walk today?' A connection?

Poor white music. Hell beckons. Bobby Campbell.



COCKER COMEBACK

Joe Cocker 'Something to Say' (Cube).

In this age of the Rock-Star-As-Entrepreneur, Joe Cocker still seems destined for a career along the lines of Rock-Star-As-Victim. He sang and sweated for peanuts for half a decade, and has been perennially neglected, under-rated, ripped off and sinned against. The Woodstock and Mad Dogs movies and With A Little Help notwithstanding, he has never been that big in England. He was and is a musicians' singer, much loved and respected within the business by critics, agents, managers, disc jockeys and the like. One of my lasting regrets of the Sixties was that I never saw him with the Grease Band.

Even now the luckless Joe finds this LP issued in the shabbiest sleeve imaginable. And in February his longtime partner and pianist Chris Stainton quit, causing the cancellation of a Scandinavian tour and two sold-out shows at the Rainbow. In the three years since his last album, Mad Dogs, audiences here have become thoroughly entrenched in middle of the road pulp, acoustic solo singers and endless permutations of slick snazzy art-rock and jerk-off keyboardisms. As ever England is deaf to the festive, colourful and

heartfelt sounds which made Joe a Stateside superstar.

Consisting of some old cuts, some new and a couple of live tracks, this album exceeded expectations without equalling the overall brilliance of his classic second studio album. It lacks the tender loving care which went into the arrangements and selection of material. Bird on a Wire, Something, Hitchcock Railway and Darling Be Home Soon remain masterpieces of interpretation which will be marvelled at ten years from now.

The usual rousing collective playing includes some tasty, original guitar work from Neil Hubbard. Pardon Me Sir is a good rocker with Cocker's inimitable groanings embellished by a cracking beat, ripe sax and wailing chick chorus. An example of the much-improved songwriting of Joe and Chris.

Midnight Rider was a highlight of last year's Rainbow gig, with drummer Alan White triggering the tempo changes like a man possessed. This studio version never quite ignites in the same way, but the rendition of St James Infirmary is fine stuff. A million times more convincing as a slow blooze than Rod Stewart's I'd Rather Go Blind. The title track is a gorgeous ballad which swells and flows on for five minutes around an immaculate rolling riff, recalling much of the mood and flavour of Do I Still Figure In Your Life. It's as good as

anything he has ever recorded, which is saying plenty.

In career terms, 1973 may not be his finest hour, but in artistic terms 'Something to Say' is a creditable comeback. May the Lord have mercy on the fools who said Joe was finished: Cocker has struck another blow for living, breathing, believable rock&roll. In a line, music for the discriminating. There ain't many of us left.

Myles Palmer.

ELECTRIC HEARTBEATS

Soft Machine 'Six' Album (CBS) Back in the years before the greasy Beatles began rocking Hamburg and Elvis was the king, four Canterbury music students started experimenting with their own form of electric jazz.

With the middle 60's came the good Dr Leary and his universal cure-all and this group, with a few new faces and a name borrowed from Bill Burroughs, became 'Pop Stars', blowing a million minds with their electric acid Muzak.

Right to the end of the decade Soft Machine was a familiar name to the teeny in the street: together with those other master electricians Pink Floyd they provided the background music to thousands of trips at such pleasure domes as the legendary UFO and Middle Earth, they toured the States with Hendrix, won awards on the Continent and produced three successful albums.

But the Second seventies brought the collapse of psychedelia and the Soft's popularity dropped sharply. Despite the exit of drummer Robert Wyatt to Matching Mole and saxophonist Elton Dean, the Soft Machine played on to their dwindling, though often devoted, fans.

This, their sixth album which adds oboe/sax/piano player Karl Jenkins and drummer John Marshall to the two originals still remaining (Hugh Hopper and Mike Ratledge), is proof of the group's ability to master their own complex, highly developed compositions; an ability that has taken them years to evolve.

The first two sides of this double album are cuts from last year's concerts at Brighton and Guildford and, driven by Marshall's tight, expert drumming (reaching its climax in the solo '5 from 13'), the music reflects the group's roots.

But despite the discipline and understanding which the group achieves on stage, it is in the studio that they are able to give the fullest interpretation of their works, and the studio disc contains some of their best cuts.

The Soft's hypnotic, electric heartbeats replace Marshall's drumming which fades to the background allowing each instrument to determine its own rhythm. The constant repetition of a few bars or even a single note works as a kind of electronic OM, freeing the listener to

wander on different planes while still, almost subconsciously, remaining aware of the music.

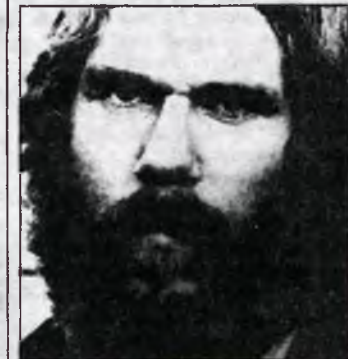
Jenkins' 'Soft Weed Factor', with its backbone of a half dozen repeated notes, and Ratledge's 'Chloe and the Pirates' are beautifully rich, hypnotic. After these Hopper's '1983', the last cut on the album, will send you grimly groping for cigarettes; a year off Big Brother and in the tearing electronics and doomwatch rhythm the rats are fighting for a bite at Winston's face.

The days of playing Marc Bolan are over for the Soft Machine and this fine album certainly won't be scoring any Cashbox red bullets either. But with their long developed talents now producing probably the closest thing yet in rock to contemporary classical music I doubt if Hopper and Ratledge regret the end of their acid high. They were always musician before superstar. Don Atyeo

WAITING!

Loudon Wainwright III 'Album III' (CBS)

We are all human. We all make mistakes. Even Press Officers from major record companies occasionally cease drinking long enough to exhibit lamentable mortal frailty. And who can blame them? Knowing, as we all do, the intolerable conditions under which these wretches toil—the grinding receptions, the compulsory three hour lunch breaks, the sickening arse-licking of tyranni-



cal 'journalists', the high medical risks involved in shaking hands with hundreds of their companies 'musicians'—knowing all this, it would be uncharitable of us not to make enormous allowances. And, of course, it is for this reason that I refuse to waste the valuable and limited space of these review pages to publicly put the finger on an unfortunate individual currently in the employ of CBS (The Muzak People).

Suffice it to say, that this miserable scum-bag, this foul, brain damaged gibbering idiot, this alcoholic incompetent ... (edited for reasons of brevity—Ed.) ... slimy son of a bitch has forgotten to mail me a copy of Loudon Wainwright's third album. It's bad enough that having filled out his companies' beastly forms requesting review copies that nothing arrives. It's bad

enough that this deranged mongoloid's inactivity forced me to write a personally signed letter begging him to hasten as our copy date rolled closer. Telephone calls and personal emissaries emitted nothing but empty mailboxes and the gashing of teeth. For weeks I have been building up to this high point of my critical career. For months I have been slipping Wainwright's name into other reviews, reciting the lyrics on Albums I and II until I know them better than Section 4 of the Obscene Publications Act and personally boring the arse of friends, colleagues, acquaintances and even bozos in the street, lauding Loudon's inherent genius and sensitivity. Who was it who sat for night after dreary night attempting to persuade Richard Neville that Album I wasn't 'Leonard Cohen on Mandrax'? Who was it who wrote to the Democratic Party of America suggesting Wainwright for Vice-President? How many thousands of albums have been sold as a result of this relentless promotional activity on my behalf? And this is the thanks I get! Well? I'm waiting.

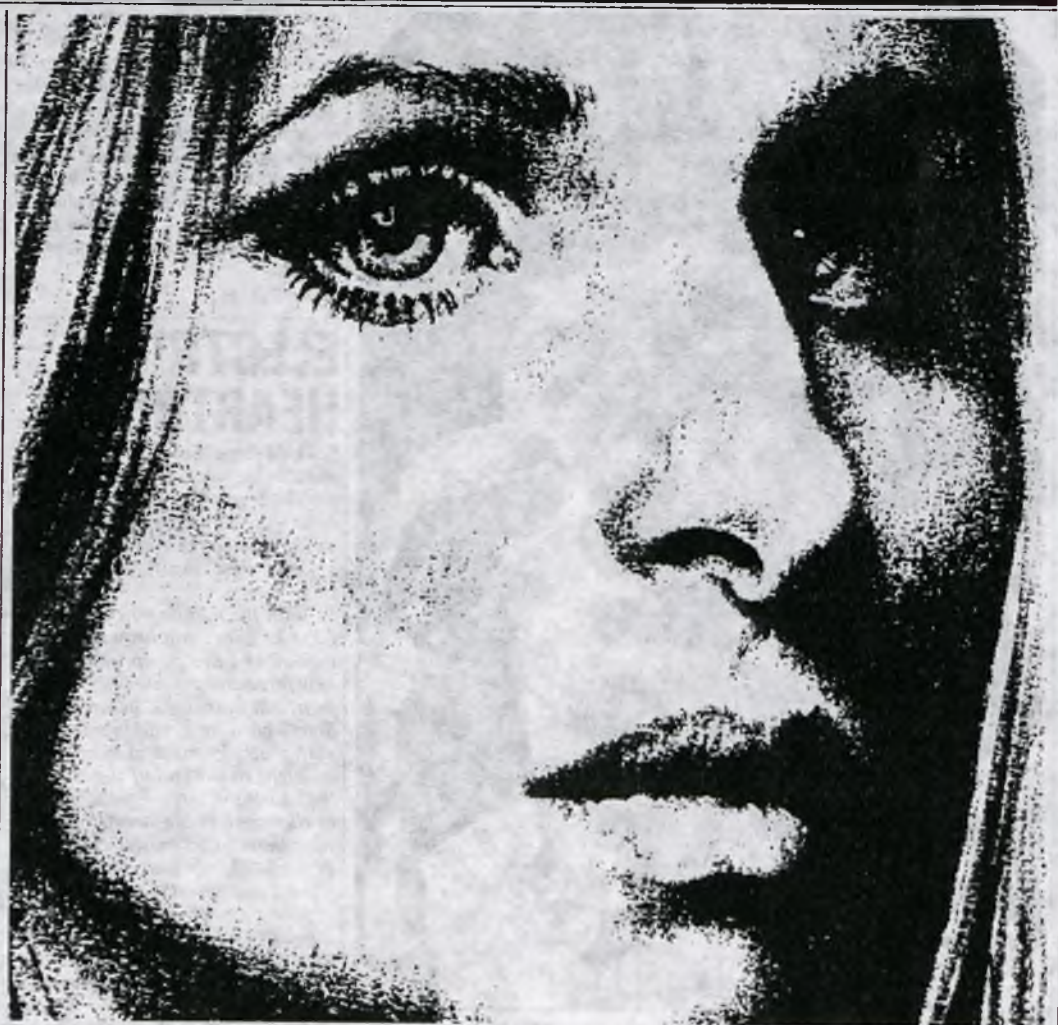
Felix Dennis

QUASI-HIP RADICALISM

Barbra Streisand Live (CBS)

A startling voice which hits and holds notes no other popular singer can make; the power to communicate songs, and good ones, in a way that doesn't just grip an audience but startles it; an interpretative power that comes not merely from actress-ship but from intelligence and soul; the single fact of being able to take a song like 'My Man' after Billy Holliday has had her way with it and not just give an account of it but make it devastating all over again—this last thing alone is sufficient to make an artist worthy of our interest however much prejudice forbids. Other reasons clinch it.

Barbra Streisand is younger than John Lennon which besides being ever so slightly incongruous is also a nett loss for everyone. Had she been born twenty five years earlier she'd have been the all time presiding genius of the Hollywood musical screen. There'd have been a surge every time her films were shown at cinemas and on television. As it is she arrived after the directors and studios had gone and the audience was making for the door. She just about had time to write her footnote in 'Funny Girl' where she gave a display of acting, comedienness and singing which makes Judy Garland in her heyday look like a sympathy turn, but probably you only saw it if you needed to go into a cinema to get out of the rain. Now, apart from recording the odd Carole King-type song, which she and CBS probably see as making sound marketing sense but which really don't allow her



to express herself fully, she is an actress.

On April 15th 1972 she did her first concert in six years for the benefit of George McGovern's election fund, which copped \$300,000, and though she must always be better when you see her, the album is stunning. It was an evening of hope and breathtaking liberal chic; everyone who should have been there was there in LA. James Taylor and Carole King did the first half. Even the ushers were superstars and from the point of view of tone and effect Streisand was the ideal artist to finish it. The album has priceless moments of bathetic kitch; her attempt to implicate herself and her audience in quasi hip radicalism—smoking a joint on stage "Is it still illegal?"; moments of pathos—"we've done something... to hopefully elect the next President of the United States"; the optimistic naive of the sequence of songtitles, a logical Streisand repertoire which reads like a New Deal campaign oratorio—"Make your own kind of music"; "Starting here, starting now"; "On a clear day you can see for ever"; "Where you lead I will follow" (!), "Happy Days are Here Again"; "People"... Yes, folks, this is the George McGovern Memorial Album.

Miss Streisand and all her image-makers sometimes put themselves through uncomfortable and

doomed acrobatics in an attempt to transform a young, (perhaps) politically liberal but essentially traditional great Hollywood star into a palatable dish to set before the self-conscious, exclusive radical youth of the 1970s. They don't make it, but who cares? The performance is the thing and here it's fucking fantastic—urgent, super-musical, brilliant and very, very exciting; a wipe out in every way. Taylor and King must have found it too much to precede; to ask anyone to follow it would have been grotesque.

Why not surprise yourself and try this album? If you're coy, take a Virgin carrier and go to a record shop on the far side of town. David Robson

RAGE, TENDERNESS & BOREDOM

Yoko Ono 'Approximately Infinite Universe' (Apple)
The lady is weird and the lady is strange; sometimes her pain is all too obvious. The hatred that Yoko Ono arouses in many people is generally half-concealed behind a dismissal of herself and her art. 'She's a phony, a clever hustler, a designing and devious woman. But an artist?' Never. I think A.I.U. is

the best Yoko product yet. Certainly it will be valued by women, I'm not so sure that many men will be able to take or ever understand its deepest cuts.

The words on the album sleeve and the lyrics of the songs are more important than the music on this album.

I am proposing the feminization of society, the use of feminine tendency as a positive force to change the world—Yoko Ono.

The tracks vary, both in quality and quantity, the double album seems too long, a single album would have been too short. The music and voice are deceptively pleasant. Occasionally Yoko manages to produce that same shiver of horror that Love in their heyday produced. That incredible mingling of beautiful sweet music and harsh, almost crude lyrics. Some of the tracks scream out a woman's rage and pain at the world, her parents and her lovers. Others are tender, gentle love songs. A couple are just plain boring. The screaming is still there, but not so harsh. Sometimes Yoko's voice is not strong enough for the song, (particularly on 'Move on Fast' a heavy rocking number). Best tracks—'I Felt like Smashing my Face in a Clear Glass Window', 'Winter Song', 'Yang Yang' and 'What a Bastard the World is.' Joy Farren



THE RISING OF THE WOMEN

Women, Resistance and Revolution
By Sheila Rowbotham (Allen Lane. Penguin)

In History we read the story of the dominant class, its kings, its generals, its wars of attrition. Marxists stand this topsy-turvy outlook firmly on its feet again and give us our first glimpse of the masses—serfs, wage labourers, armies—the real agents. Yet even in the panorama of the exploited, one group has remained submerged. Women—producers and reproducers. To know exactly who we are, and who we might be, we have to ask what have we been, where have we been? History takes on some clarity when understood in terms of the changing modes of production, the struggle between classes, but the picture is incomplete. 'Not only have liberal anthropologists failed to consider the problem of the interaction of modes of reproduction and production, and the relation of this to the position of women and change in the organisation of society, but Marxists themselves have ignored the important point about reproduction, as part of the material world, being a determining factor in history.'

The present day feminist consciousness of Women's Liberation points to the gaps in Marxist theory, and asks new questions about psychology and history, demands new documentations. Sheila Rowbotham describes her book as an attempt to trace the fortunes of an idea... 'It is a very simple idea, but one with which we have lost touch, that the liberation of women necessitates the liberation of all human beings.'

And indeed this book will shatter any preconceptions still held even perhaps in Women's Liberation—how can we retain traces of contempt for our own sex when we see that women throughout the centuries have neither been unaware of their own subordination, nor at all silent about it? Sheila delineates the various ways in which feminist ideas manifest themselves in different historical conditions, different classes and different countries.

We begin to see how the breakdown of the medieval community and the beginnings of capitalist market relations affected the household—whether farm or family business, an independent productive unit up until then—and how the aspirations of a new class—the bourgeoisie—to economic and political power brought a new mode of life to its women. 'Not to work, for the women of the middle class, became the mark of class superiority at the very moment when their men were establishing work as the criterion

of dignity and worth... Bourgeois women did not make capitalism, they merely attached themselves to its makers and lived off their man's activity. Their dowry helped him to accumulate.'

Lower down the social scale, however, women's position was becoming less secure. Their place in the guilds weakened. Men took over trades formerly recognised as women's—brewing, candlemaking. And male doctors began to predominate as medicine aspired to being a science—women surgeons disappeared in the seventeenth century; midwifery was downgraded and reserved for the poor. The rise of unprotected industries found in women a profitable labour source—at lower pay rates than regulated trades. Textiles became 'women's work'—they could also be done at



home.

In both classes female resentment and anger found a voice—but the bourgeois feminists and the emerging female proletariat sound a different note, not surprisingly, since their devaluation took a different form. If bourgeois feminism often showed a tendency to emphasise female education as a cure-all—the acceptance of a certain number of privileged women into the existing state of society—the proletarian women felt the threat of the exploiting class more concretely than male superiority as such. The book describes their tendency to short term, collective organising in communities in response to situations of need. This was often around consumption—for instance, the Bread Riots of the eighteenth century.

'In the French Revolution the feminist aspirations of the privileged and the tradition of collective action of the underprivileged women encountered each other.'

Women rioting over prices in 1789 demanded better medical

provision, education, and protection of trades from male competition. Women were not inactive when it came to the struggle to organise at the point of production—nor were they unaware of the contradictions, the prejudice they faced in the early labour movement. Flora Tristan, feminist and socialist, whose 'L'Union Ouvriere' laid out one of the first formulations of a Workers International wrote in 1843 'I have nearly the whole world against me—men, because I demand the emancipation of women, the owners because I demand the emancipation of wage earners.'

By 1848 Paris working women were going towards ideas of workers control—the midwives saw socialised medicine as the only solution to bad conditions and low pay. Women

snow

*Now my apron strings won't join
He'll pass my door and not come in'*

No feminist history could omit love, birth, waiting, the tragedy of personal bondage to an individual man, bondage to nature, the inner psychological subjection which reflects the external social subjugation. Adventurous individuals could attempt to escape womanhood for a time, become pirates, or 'like sweet Polly Oliver, dressed as a boy they joined the army to find their man, or lay disguised beside their press-ganged sailor lover'. But for the majority, there was no chance of controlling their lives. Pregnancy was the ultimate uncontrollable event they faced constantly—freedom, sexuality, adventure was for the men, women paid for their pleasure in pain and travail. Talk of the organisation of reproduction was utopian until a century after the vaginal sponge was first produced in 1823, and demands for the socialisation of childrearing eg the demands of the Paris women for creches were revolutionary indeed in 1848.

The book traces the impact on feminism of the thought of Marx and Engels, the impetus (and the bias) it gave, and the resulting conditions for women in various post revolutionary societies, the attempts of women at sexual liberation, their attempts to overcome their timidity. In post-revolutionary Russia, the courageous and ultimately unsuccessful struggle to carry through the sexual revolution, in China, the lesson that progressive reforms but lay the preconditions for women's equality—that the struggle must also be against the psychological legacy of centuries of subordination/timidity and against the vested interest of the menfolk in continuing domination. Introducing the new Marriage Laws in Vietnam in 1960, Ho Chi Minh said 'The emancipation of women must be carried out simultaneously with the extirpation of feudal and bourgeois thinking in the men. As for themselves, women should not wait until the directives of the Government and the Party free them but they must rely on themselves to struggle.' How the war both creates the basis for women's liberation and limits its achievement is documented. And in a chapter entitled Colony within the Colony, the specific racial exploitation and sexual oppression of the colonised woman are examined together with the situation of the colonised man and the white colonialist's woman.

The preface states that the book will be useful 'only if it is dismantled and reconstructed as part of a continuing effort to connect feminism to socialist revolution.' Women, Resistance and Revolution is one work of history which will very certainly be used as an instrument of struggle. Alison Fell

petitioned the Provisional Government for creches, wrote their own newspaper, set up women's clubs where working women met to discuss ideas and organisation, and develop their confidence and strength away from their menfolk. Then, as now, they met with ridicule and contempt. Women in the Movement will find in the following excerpt their own experience. It's Eugenie Niboyet, feminist, addressing noisy male interlopers in a women's club, 1848—'We don't want to act as playthings or as entertainment for anybody... Behind your cat-calls despotism is strengthened. You know very well we don't want to lower you in any way but you're afraid to see us rise.' Also in 1848—women's collectives. The first was set up by a group of single working women, the 'Vesuviennes', they called themselves. With no men to support them, or families to tie them, they pooled their income and organised themselves communally. 'When my apron strings hung low He'd follow me through frost and



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