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Richard Neville
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OZ 46

Description

Contents: Cover by Ken Pereiny. 'All Dressed Up ... And Nowhere to Go' by Richard Neville. 'The Queen's Vernacular' - Gay slang. 'Paris: Louvre it Or Leave it'. John Hoyland's 'The Long March Through the Bingo Halls'. Sexism. 'The Story of Abdul ben Kassem - a drunken tale from the days of the roaring twenties in old Morocco'. 2p Martin Sharp 'Eternity' graphic. Centerfold 'Has Fame Gone to Her Head?' - Germaine Greer lewd picture puzzle. 'Homeless - Why Not Squat?'. 'A Proper Mess - special Oz report on the failure of PROP: the preservation of the Rights of Prisoners'. 'Jackson 8' - the plight of teeny boppers. 2p Cole Porter tribute + graphics. Book reviews: Anthony Haden-Guest's *Down the Programmed Rabbit Hole*; McCabe and Schonfeld's *Apple to the Core*; John Berger's *Ways of Seeing*; Michelene Wandor's collection *The Body Politic: Women's Liberation in Britain 1969-72*. 'One Man's Fantasy' cartoon by Trina. 'Letter From an Ever-Open Pussy'. 'Nothing But the Best (Rod&Van&Mike&Alice)' - Myles Palmer chooses ten records of 1972. Jay Kinney graphic. Full page ad for Kubrick's *Clockwork Orange*. 'Great Moments in Rock' - self-styled Dylanologist A.J. Weberman talks about Dylan and artistic interpretations of his own ideas+pics. Oz demands an Amnesty for Drug offenders now that the head of Scotland Yard's drug squad has been charged with conspiracy to pervert the course of justice. Back cover film ad for *Gold*.

Publisher

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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

OZ 46 January/February 1973 25p



Welcome to OZ 46, a rich, juicy, bumper stew, which won't win friends or influence anyone, but tastes fingerlickin' fantastic. It spans 1930 to, well, eternity . .

You can singalong with Cole Porter while trudging through the long line of little red bookshops with John Hoyland. You can Squat in it Yourself, with our street talking guide, and increase your word power with our lexicon for screaming queens. What else? There's the cut-out sensation to end them all (save it and make a fortune), a sad inside account from PROP, the prisoners' union, a true confessions putdown of prick piggery, a portrait of Paris for those who think the Commune will make a comeback, Richard Neville on his favourite subject, himself, a call for an amnesty for all dope offenders, and a full colour flashback to the Great Moments of Rock . . who says that Oz has lost its sting? And there's all the stuff we haven't even told you about. Now read on.



Cover painting by Ken Pereny

Page opposite: Illustration by Roger Hughes

Photograph by Joseph Stevens

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ALL DRESSED UP...



Richard Neville, revolutionary *bon viveur* and gadfly of the Oz editorial collective, pens his annual state of the nation message and wonders, as he drifts in ever-decreasing circles around the backwaters of his mind, whether we can harness our presently dissipated energies and rescue ourselves from our self-created cultural and political myths. *"It seems so shallow to occasionally pick up the gauntlet of the State with a flourish of plagiarised slogans or to fight a journalistic revolution upon a barricade of underground press cards."*



AND NOWHERE

It was dusk in Miami Beach as the crowd gathered outside the Albion Hotel. The Democratic Convention was over and A J Weberman and the zippie park kids had come with a birthday cake. It was for Jerry Rubin, 36 years old this day, to be presented along with "certificates of retirement from the youth Movement" for himself and other yippie super-entities, Abbie Hoffman, Stew Alpert and Ed Sanders.

The cake was inscribed: "Never trust anyone over 30", signed, "Jerry Rubin". The zippies (breakaway yippies), began making speeches through a portable amplifier about how the yippies were ripping off the Movement, had lost touch with the kids in the streets and anyway people who live in Penthouses shouldn't get stoned.

In retaliation, the yippies splashed water from their overlooking bedrooms and sent their most muscular members to confront the park people now jostling outside the lobby.

A J Weberman: How come yippies live in luxury hotels with black maids?

A Yippie: All hotels in Florida have black maids. What have you done for the anti war movement, Weberman? You're just a garbage collector.

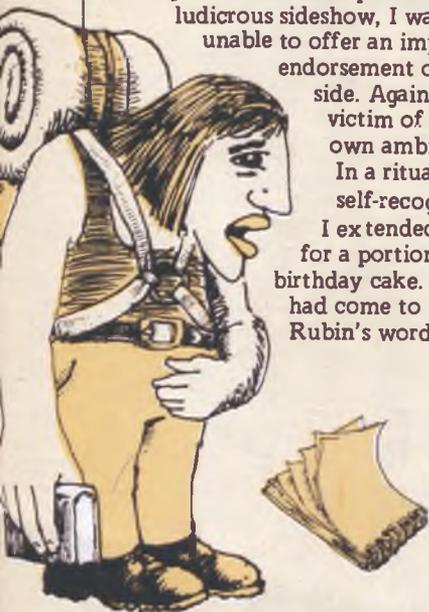
A J Weberman: Typical yippie elitism. What's wrong with garbage?

Voice in Crowd: Yeah.....recycle A J Weberman.

During this confrontation, which escalated in anguish and aggression as the afternoon wore on, I found myself standing on the sidelines clutching a tape recorder, desperately hoping it provided a pretext for a position of neutrality.

Friendly with various disputants in this ludicrous sideshow, I was quite unable to offer an impassioned endorsement of either side. Again I was a victim of my own ambivalence.

In a ritual act of self-recognition, I extended my hand for a portion of the birthday cake. The time had come to eat Jerry Rubin's words myself.



Ever since, things have gone from middle aged to worse.

I remember someone buttonholing me in a Sydney street ten years ago, as early Aussie Ozes launched their libertarian offensives. "You'll change when you're middle aged..... everyone does." I laughed and replied that such people as Bertrand Russell had not succumbed to a reversion to conventionality. The rapidly fading pink cheeks of the Angry Young Men I saw as exceptional, not irrevocable.

The turncoat syndrome is too often interpreted as "selling out", whereas its cause is probably more biological than economic. Part of my former neurosis about age and generation gaps must have derived from the staggering decrepitude of local politicians. During the colonial OZ period, it had been estimated that notwithstanding Australia's image of a land of bounding striplings bulldozing their way through virgin forests, the average age of those at the top in public life was about 107.

Because of the prevailing atmosphere of militant repression, I have ever since been inclined to draw a causal connection between the state of not being a teenager anymore and Stalinism. It was this attitude which prompted me to embrace the 60's youth culture with such hysterical rapaciousness.

Here I am in the next decade, having just completed 31 years before the mast and in a raging quandary about the future; drooling over such mawkish cinema epics as Lady Caroline Lamb or curled up before a sound system agog over the "Best of the British Dance Bands"; considering joining the squatters of Camden Town, while knowing full well I'd be expelled for making love to Begin the Beguine.

And OZ itself of late I read more out of duty than pleasure; it no longer seeming symptomatic of a confident, enquiring consciousness; lazily regurgitating second hand slogans, a harmless peacock posing as a gadfly to the State and still searching for the perfect orgasm in the manner of Winnie the Pooh behind the stairs with a flashlight. Those who think a sex revolution alone can change the face of man & womankind are benign in intent and irrelevant in effect, left floating around the back streets of their mind with a dildo and a Polaroid, pushing for some unsavoury hairbrained utopia of copulation on the rush hour tubes. Their world their orgy.

"When her father's estate was finally wound up and all the debts paid, all that was left for her was an emerald ring. I'd been tempted to sell it every year but the crisis always got averted in time. But this spring I had absolutely no option; my daughter announced that she was pregnant for the fourth time.....So the ring had to go at last.

"It was the last relic of my family and we can trace my family back through 11 generations. It used to matter, that sort of thing. But now all that matters is that my daughter should have an abortion."

— A Passage to Tunbridge Wells, Sunday Times Colour Supplement.

The mellowing of my viewpoints does not coincide with any Great Leap Rightward, except that to regard political enemies as inherently vicious, evil or detestable is in itself obtuse, uncharitable and even psychopathic. I have come to learn that those who hold opinions opposite to my own are not automatically disqualified from suffering deep and genuine concern for the human race. In their own way, I suppose, everyone does, with fuckall effect.

Since I arrived in this country, in the wake of a guilty furore over Cathy Come Home, the number of homeless families has doubled. As I write, Nixon is breaking new tonnage records with his Merry Christmas delivery of bombs to Hanoi. (In September there was estimated to be over one million orphans in North Vietnam). A housewife who for years had been soothing bronchitis with regular cups of cannabis tea is gaoled for nine months, without a murmur from a society already numbed by the bombardment of bad news. (Have you noticed the fatigue in the voices of radio newscasters as they begin their reports: "Another five deaths today in Northern Ireland.....")

It is not that anger and frustration diminishes so much as a slow dim dawning that the world is not explicable as a dramatic tapestry of good guys and bad guys. Such organisations as the Socialist Labour League and its tom tom, Workers Press, parades forth a cast of cloak and dagger villains with curly black moustaches, to whom are appended epithets like Tory, Communist, hippie, as though they were all synonyms for Dracula, and in themselves a sufficient explanation for complete social abhorrence.

The mindless belligerence of its tone and sheer deceit of its import offers an intriguing insight into exactly what society would be like if such people were ever taken seriously. I think of E M Forster's observation that if he was ever faced with the choice of betraying his country or his friend, he would undoubtedly scuttle the former. There are obvious qualifications, but as a rule of thumb it seems uncontroversial. What is fascinating about some sections of the revolutionary left is the relish with which they dispose of doctrinal renegades. Longtime friendships can be crushed with the nod of a superior, unconsciously nurturing the seeds of Stalinism.

"...if you have no personal history, no explanations are needed; nobody is angry or disillusioned with your acts. And above all no one pins you down with their thoughts..."

— Don Juan to Carlos Castaneda.

A writer especially feels a prisoner of his past, bound by statements uttered previously, or an image or idea of oneself channeled back through the media, friends and those who pick fights with you on the tubes. Writing for me is hard labour because of the battle to express what I really feel and think as opposed to what I ought to feel and think. This struggle, however hypocritical it becomes at times, to be explicit, consistent and truthful, has rendered it impossible for me so far to sign on the dotted line of any particular brand of *ism*. This isolation breeds unhealthy interest in one's own psyche, things mystical and that whole medley of subjectivist escapist claptrap.

Many of the battered survivors of the fast fading age of permissiveness seem these days to have retreated into themselves; only to discover a vacuum. This, as does nature, they abhor, so they set out on all sorts of highways and byways in search of a spiritual equivalent to the Holy Grail, which is often presumed, understandably, to be in the window of the supermarket round the corner. It is the era of the Big Search — a quest for the eternal high, through meditation, brown rice, alpha readings, gurgism primal screaming, Jesus freakery, LSD or the munchy, crunchy granola of them all.

A startling number of those reared on a Russellian diet of respect for scrupulous rationality have joined those who realise that a purely materialistic interpretation of the

TO GO

"Those who think a sex revolution alone can change the face of man and womankind are benign in intent and irrelevant in effect, left floating around the back streets of their mind with a dildo and a Polaroid, pushing for some unsavoury hairbrained utopia of copulation on the rush hour tubes."

universe is inadequate, tipping the current mood from vague empiricism to rampant subjective exploration.

"Radicalism in America has been transformed from something that had been for two centuries, primarily concerned with external objective entities such as labour and capital, to something primarily concerned with states of internal, subjective consciousness"

Robert Nisbet, *Encounter*, March 1972.

Drugs have been instrumental in this change. White coated drones in University laboratories inject huge quantities of cannabis and alcohol into mice (while boasting: "I have never tried pot in my life and don't intend to") in the grip of a delusion that their investigations are relevant. The important question is not whether dope damages the brain, it does, but in what ways does its long term consumption alter one's consciousness? How can this alteration be interpreted philosophically? (i.e. Is getting high good for my soul?).

Be Here Now, a current cult best seller which was extracted in December OZ, is the spiritual autobiography of Baba Ram Dass, former partner of Timothy Leary under the alias of Richard Alpert. Once a sour and efficient academic careerist, Ram Dass was knocked off the ladder by his contact with drugs. He recalls his times as an acid acolyte, when they all locked themselves in rooms, gobbling up steam-shovels full of hallucinogens, determined to push through the gravity barrier. There was only one thing he hated about being high - coming down. Eventually he jets off to India, discovers a guru, achieves an eternal on-top-of-it-all and

returns to give birth to the Lama Foundation in San Cristobel, New Mexico. This exquisitely built commune nestles in the pine forests of the Rockies, attracting pilgrims from all over the world, and radiating an uncanny aura of tranquility, wisdom and love; elitist though it may be.

There are many less ostentatious versions of the Baba Ram Dass odyssey. That rather boring, and fastidious personification of formal tertiary education, Carlos Castaneda, offers one of the most important chronicles of non-ordinary reality ever compiled by Western man. Through the use of mescaline and peyote, as administered by a Yaqui Indian sorcerer, Don Juan, he is vouchsafed a glimpse of what is labelled, in exasperation, "A Separate Reality", a fourth world, seductive in its morality and awesome in its magical potency.

One last example: A young, American doctor, Andrew Weil, has recently published an account of how psychotropic drugtaking interrupted his love affair with Western allopathic medicine. It is the gentle dialectic of a monk, confessing how insights gained when being high led to certain productive evolutions in his own character, improving the state of his mental health and finally prompting him to reject altogether the basic philosophical tenets of Western medicine, in which he was trained with such painstaking extravagance at Princeton University. Now he has set off in search of curative knowledge from the fast disappearing witch-doctors of the Fourth World.

Silly books, fad books, more false trails, perhaps, but also some help to those consuming various illegal substances over the past 5 years and curious as to just how

scrambled are their brain cells.

A friend who edits an underground paper has forsworn all further use of cannabis. It began to nibble away at his memory, like a family of termites. "I began to forget people's names," he said, "and one day I couldn't remember the name of my own brother." That's when he decided to give it up. He had also been concerned by its demotivational impact. "Smoking dope weakened my resolve to do anything at all."

Maybe that's the price for entering the magic theatre. Getting stoned certainly makes it more difficult to remember telephone numbers or to jam the day with chores. What you lose on the swings, however, you may gain on the outer reaches of consciousness, and for those not born with the gift of transcending mundane experiences, as are that mixed-blessed breed of poets, painters and prophets, then drugs have helped thousands of spiritually paraplegic city slickers come to terms with that other dimension; the one their parents may have absorbed from Blake, Dante or going to church on Sundays ... of course to the detriment of immediate political involvement but arguably to the broadening of their comprehension and toleration of the universe.

*"As much as grass has been the Infidel
Robbing me of my cloak of honour, well
I often wonder what the dealers buy
One half so precious as the wares they sell."*
- An adaptation of Omar Khayyam.

While I participated in the emergence of London's counter community, both in private life and while working with others on OZ and related phenomena, I have always been handicapped by a copywriting mentality and an



Illustrations by Mitch

inability to remember much of what happened the day before yesterday. I still tend to think of the Paris Commune as a mixture of Moulin Rouge and a Kibbutz. Yet up until the OZ trial I felt marginally useful in propagandising the Movement and denigrating the values of contemporary society, from which I have always felt to some extent disenfranchised.

Since then I have felt adrift, and just as one takes tally of those with one's own afflictions, I have been astounded by the number of men of my age group and attitudinal proclivities who are becalmed in the same craft. (The above choice of sex is intentional, not convenient. Any woman not involved to some extent in the women's movement is either stupid or a masochist.)

My confusion is the product of privilege. Anyone stuck at the wrong end of a conveyor belt or sweating in his own excrement in a coal seam three miles under the North Sea, should know who he's fighting and why.

It seems so shallow to occasionally pick up the gauntlet of the State with a flourish of plagiarised slogans or to fight a journalist's revolution upon a barricade of underground press cards.

Somewhere, in the deep despairing luxury of my wallowing nostalgia, poised between Boys' Own Annual and a paperback Orwell, I sometimes pretend to lament the passing of situations as clear as the Spanish Civil War, when assistance from international volunteers was specifically sought. Recruits were not dismissed as middle class meddlers, but appreciated as dedicated idealists, who put Lee Enfields where their mouths were. It wasn't all napalm, personnel bombs and space age booby traps. One joined forces with a democratically elected government — if you'll forgive the phrase — affiliated with a wide spectrum of radical groupings. The enemy was a ripening fascism, a filthy Church and the rehearsing war machines of Germany and Italy. To get there, you hopped on a train at Victoria. They don't make wars like that anymore.

Not that it is war, as such, which is at all tempting. It is the prospect, or challenge, of helping to get power to the people. Not in an impossibly saintly or selfless manner, or as a hobby or 'career' but in such a way that it gives life meaning.

Some of us accept the superstition that true artists have the power of self-fulfillment, that somehow their work is a battleground for resolving private, internal tensions. Life itself is an art form, and one object of the revolution is surely to give everyone access to their inner self.

Part of the problem of the spiritually expatriate is hard core individualism. One can mentally appreciate that the future of urban politics lies in the power of collective action and a community renaissance. While deeper down, I was programmed on the playgrounds of a public school, nursed on the tit of competitiveness and I discovered puberty through the comic book concept of romantic love, a believer in the Kiss which is Bliss (with a few extra fucks on the side). Like Oliver Edwards, who's ambition was to be a philosopher, and couldn't, because "cheerfulness was always breaking in", some of us want to help build an Alternative Movement and are hampered by the intrusion of our contradictory past (to say nothing of cheerfulness).

So that sets us sometimes adrift.

I suppose in previous times, those in this unsavoury mood, who were not fully harnessing their soul, would have whisked themselves off to rape a new frontier; gone West young man, mapped the Australian outback or set-off in search of Dr Livingstone.

Even if ploughing through jungles could, these days, be morally reconcilable there are not many left, and somehow driving a bulldozer ahead of the Brazilian transcontinental highway isn't quite the same thing. And that last resort of the idle dreamer, the moon, has become, as the Daily Express noted with glee, the prerogative of "squares, those who don't mind saying a prayer now and then, who look clean and are proud of their flag."

Some people fill the vacuum by challenging the impossible, and winning. Not always

for the glory and public acclaim — the like of which, say, Sir Francis Chichester could not have anticipated — but for its simple human self enrichment.

The Strange Voyage of Donald Crowhurst, as brilliantly reconstructed by two Sunday Times journalists*, makes clear the allurements of a global challenge and reveals the risks of the game if the player is unprepared. Being neither unscrupulous nor heroic, Crowhurst having embarked on a mission of forgone failure, was left no choice but ignominy or suicide. He was trapped in a myth of his own making, the sure-fire winner of the round the world yacht race, and when even modest success eluded him, he began believing, while drifting impotently around the Atlantic, that Einstein was God and mathematics the key to the universe. Malcolm Muggeridge has called this a saga of our time, and for once I agree with him.

Scratch former members of the Youthquake, and bleeds a little bit of Donald Crowhurst.

"But he got sick of himself. Near the end he was at Kesity's farm in Oregon, and I guess he was in the middle of a big party and Neal couldn't stand it another minute, and he rushed out without a jacket, without his cigarettes and went to the highway and hitchhiked down and called me from a friend's house They'd put him to bed, he'd collapsed ... He said he couldn't stand it another minute, the life he was living."

— Carolyn Cassady, talking of her former husband Neal Cassady.

Rolling Stone magazine.

Once upon a time in a country far away, when I was caught up in the mesmerising trivia of battling local smut squads, there was an oasis of placid domesticity, wherein

*Nicholas Tomalin and Ron Hall.

lived a friend called Anne. Over the years I saw her casually, never thinking of troubling her with the manly cares of dismantling the Old Jerusalem. At that time she was a career-mad model and behaved like those women in hair spray commercials. Later in London we kept sentimental track of each other, both playing our opposing roles. On the morning awaiting the jury's verdict at the OZ trial, looking up from the dock I noticed Anne in the public gallery, suntanned and elegant, back no doubt from some hideous modelling excursion in Malta, now loyally supporting an old friend. After the gaoil days, when released on appeal, I learnt she had been arrested on the steps of the Old Bailey for "assaulting a policeman". Now she is stunningly transformed, one of the most vigorous and dedicated radical feminists in London — in permanent pitched battle against social calamities. During the final days of the Stoke Newington Trial, I watched her circling the "WC" island opposite the Old Bailey, hour after hour, holding aloft a placard, her face blue with the dawning winter cold. So she is part of a second wave; a secret weapon I didn't know we had.

So while Anne and a squadron of kamikaze kids trash the establishment, I sit here mulling over who's going to pay my pension when I'm 64 and what are the short cuts to Nirvana; still pondering how all our raging energies can be massively, fruitfully and enlightenedly organised, meanwhile mostly, like Donald Crowhurst, drifting man, just drifting.

*"If I should die, think only this of me
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever Woodstock".*

Oh, bullshit.

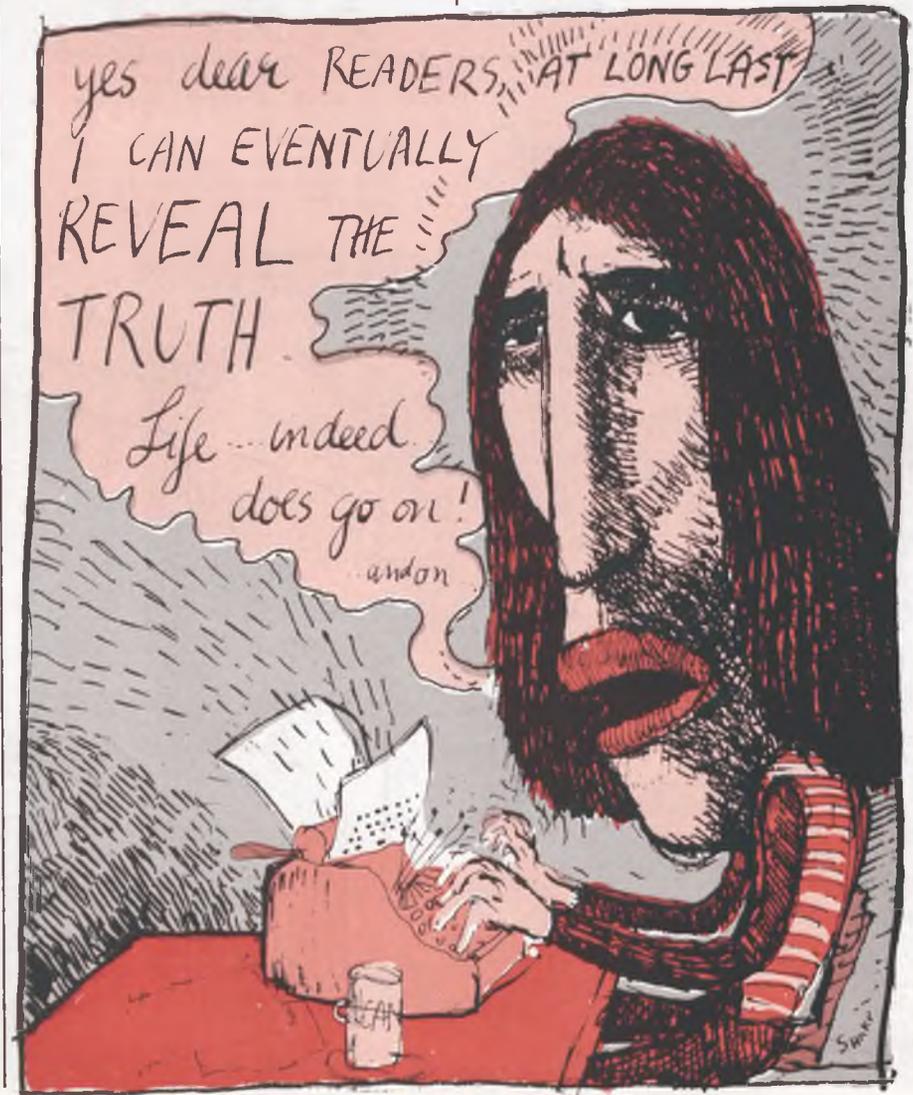


Illustration by Martin Sharp

The Queens' Vernacular

Gay slang has been coined and used by those within the gay subculture who themselves feel the most oppressed - the flagrant wrist benders, the screaming queens, the men who look like women, the women who don't shave their moustaches.

It is a form of social protest, aimed at the establishment; it is also self-protective and self-defeating. Gay militants would like to see it go, and argue rightly that gay jargon is yet another link in the chain which holds the homosexual enslaved and oppressed - yet its widespread use and complex vocabulary indicate that gay liberation has still a long battle in front of it. The selections which follow are taken from a Straight Arrow publication. "The Queens' Vernacular" by Bruce Rodgers. The words are mostly American. Even the classic English phrase, 'queer basher' is not included.

advertising 1. to dress in a sexually provocative manner. Gay maxim: "It pays to advertise." 2. (camp) to pluck and then paint the eyebrows.

army style (mid 60s) beating the cocksucker after the act.

bumping pussies the embarrassment of two homosexual men who find themselves too passive, active, or in other ways too similar to create a sexual situation. 'He thought you and I were carrying on together - what would we do, bump pussies?'

cash-ass (from cautious) cynically applied to hustler who feigns coyness until assured of material gain. 'He's not shy, he's cash-ass. Mention money and watch his cheeks light up.'

catalogue queen homosexual who collects physique magazines for masturbation purposes.

cheesy having the foreskin lined with smegma. Stale and musky smelling. "The sailor was so cheesy that I felt like asking him where he hid his crackers."

chic the latest craze. Cruising the busy streets after the bars close is chic. Getting invited to an orgy is chic. Sucking men off in public lavatory is not chic. Wearing pearls with grey flannel is not chic either, unless one is serving tea in a closet.

chicken any boy under the age of consent.

-**chicken dinner** sex with a teenager.

-**chicken pox** (Las Vegas slang, mid 60s) the urge to



have sex with young boys.

—*chicken rustler* homosexual placed in charge of boys who abuses members of the group.

clean queen (late 60s) homosexual who does his wash and cruising at the laundromat. Related term: *bubble palace* — any laundromat.

crabs crab lice infecting the pubic areas. "The wind is strong enough to blow away my dead crabs." Related term: *family* — (from prostitute's slang, late 40s) "Sleep with that pig and you'll probably end up with a family to feed." Other syn.: *love bugs*, *social dandruff*, *crotch crickets* (late 60s).

dairy queen 1. gay milkman "Are you sure that your sweet petunia hasn't been having an affair with the dairy queen?" 2. gay farmer. 3. early morning liaison (San Francisco, '71) "Get a good start, have a dairy queen in the morning."

damaged goods (from hobo slang, early 50s) former virgin.

daisy chain (early 50s, from an analogy with a woven chain of daisies) an orgy of men. Men linked anus to penis, anus to penis simultaneously. Synonyms: *chain gang*, *floral arrangement*, *ring around the rosy*. Related term: *Fugitive from the chain gang* ('40s) one of the links in a daisy chain.

deliver a baby (Los Angeles, late '60s) to remove the pants and expose a hard-on.

dinge queen (in white slang) white homosexual who prefers black men sexually. White gays will sometimes state that dinge queen is not meant to be derisive, but black homosexuals reinforce the term with a stinging double entendre such as: "Why do I hang aroun' wif only my black sistuhs? Why sugah, you know I'm a dinge queen at heart." Synonyms: *chocolate lover*, *coal burner* (prison slang), *midnight queen* (Midwest hustler slang, late '60s) "You'll never get near him. He's a midnight queen and you're not even seven thirty."

do social work (San Francisco, '70) to date a member of another race. To strive to be constantly hip by showing one's broadmindedness.

easter queen ('70) homosexual who ejaculates prematurely. He comes as quick as a rabbit.

electric queen (San Francisco hip gay slang late '60s) homosexual following hippie life style.

eye fuck (late '60s) 1. to undress someone visually. 2. to stare holes through someone.



Chicken rustler: homosexual in charge of boys...



Cheesy: having the foreskin lined with smegma

fairy hawks those who take pleasure in harrassing and terrorising homosexuals. Synonym (England) *queer basher*.

fairy's phone booth lavatory cubicle occupied by a cruising homosexual.

fairy's wand any phallic staff carried by a homosexual. Fairy wands include cigarettes stuck into rhinestone studded cigarette holders, umbrellas carried when there is no possible chance of rain, pencils, long-stemmed American beauty roses or even joss sticks. The hand holding a fairy wand usually performs wildly exaggerated gestures. Synonym: *pixie stick*.

fall off the roof 1. to menstruate. "She can't answer your call buddy. She fell off the roof last night." 2. to be irritable, over sensitive, cranky

fish pond vagina.

fish queen (dated) 1. one who sucks cunt. 2. (pejorative) any heterosexual man.

frozen fruit frigid homosexual.

fruit boots (dated) Throughout the '50s, these were white tennis shoes or white suede shoes. Into the '60s the term became the Beatle boots or any Italian sharp-toed shoes which heightened the so-called effemination of American youth. Since almost everyone now wears fruit boots, the viciousness behind the term is all but lost.

fruit fly (pejorative) woman who enjoys the company of gay men. Synonym: *fag hag*.

golden shower a stream of piss. Golden shower queen is a urine fetishist who enjoys being pissed on. 2. (camp) one who has disregard for the feelings of others; one who pisses on people. Related term: *golden screw* anal intercourse with urine instead of semen released into the rectum.

gorilla salad thick, hairy pubic area.

Grand Canyon loose fitting anus, as complained about by an active partner. Synonym: *Lincoln Tunnel*. *Grand Canyon Suite*, noisy sloppy sounding intercourse.

Grand Central Station (from narcotic usage tracks = needle marks) scarred arm of a die-hard heroin addict.

grope to fondle another person's genitals through their clothes. "You shouldn't grope — didn't your mother ever tell you it wasn't polite to play with your food!" Synonym: to read braille.

happy valley the cleft separating the buttocks.

have a cup of tea to use a public toilet for having sex.

hung estimating cock size — especially used of long penises. "Is he well hung?"

- *like a doughnut*. Having a vagina. Being a woman.
- *like a field mouse*. To possess a small penis. "It was dismal. He was hung like a field mouse and I wasn't in to being tickled to death."
- *like a horse, bull, old mule, showdog, stallion, stud*. Equipped with a large penis.

jack off to masturbate.
— *dishonourable discharge* Coming home and jacking off after failing to score.

— *the housewives hour* (San Francisco '70) midafternoon. A masturbation period enjoyed by housewives, shut-ins, stay-at-homes as an interruption to boredom.

lace (curtains) dangling foreskin of uncircumscised penis. Synonyms: *blinds, curtains, drapes*. "My dear, there was so much dust on those drapes that I'd sneeze when I got near him." *Opera capes, onion skin, goat skin*. Related terms: *Draw the blind*. to pull back the foreskin. *Ride a blind piece* to fellate an uncircumscised man.

meals on wheels teenagers cruising in automobiles up and down the main thoroughfares of town on a weekend night.

muff 1. (from muff = warm enclosure for the hands / from French moufle = mitten) the vagina when erotically licked. Synonyms: *bush dinner, down, furburger, hairpie*. 2. to tongue the clitoris and vulva. Synonyms: *dive (in the bushes), go South (dated), pearl dive, sneeze in the cabbage, whistle in the dark, yodel (in the canyon of love)*. Related terms: *boating mutual cunnilingus, bumper sticker tongue of a cunnilinctrice, lawnmower the mouth of a cuntsucker*.

put on a few hesitation marks "hesitation marks" = scars on wrists of attempted suicides. Gaining weight is enough to make some queens suicidal, so instead of saying "putting on a few pounds dear?" one may subtly dig the knife deeper with a "putting on a few hesitation marks, precious?"

ribbon clerk homosexual with a desk job.

scenery general word for anything admired lustfully "I didn't care for the steam room though — fogged up the scenery." Related term: *have a lot of scenery* to be cruisy ie packed to the roof with eligible men *show tunes copulative grunts and groans. Sex noises skin queen ('71)* one who regards his sex partners as objects rather than people. A gay sexist "You're such a skin queen — all you think of is how tight the asshole gotta be."



Eyefuck: to undress someone visually



Lace (curtains): dangling, uncircumscised foreskin

sad-ass (camp) sadist. "You know what Santa the Sad-ass sings at Yuletide: "Sleigh bells sting." "

small meat a little penis (usually under five inches) symbolised by holding the little finger erect. To a size queen anything under ten inches is small meat. "Only nine inches? Sorry to hear about your deformity." Related term: *drip-dry lover* (mid-'60s) man with a small penis. "He's a drip-dry ... his joint is too short to shake."

snap somebody's bra straps (camp) to break somebody's back.

spray somebody's tonsils to come in his mouth.

spray starch the psychic substance keeping heterosexual wrists straight.

triple treat queen one who'll fuck a mouth, anus or armpit.

trojan horse manly facade.

trout rich, vulgar old woman in mink.

— *fishing* describing a hunter's hunt for a rich old woman to keep him.

twirl the pearls to dance.

two dots and a dash male genitalia.

underwear (camp) a drag queen's five o'clock shadow. "Your underwear's showing = you need a shave."

van dyke 1. lesbian with traces of a moustache on her upper lip and, though rarely, her chin. 2. (San Francisco, '70) lesbian truckdriver.

Vaseline Villa a gay YMCA.

vegetarian man who does not suck cock.

wall queen 1. homosexual who supports himself against a wall (in an elevator or alleyway) while he has sex. "That wall queen was as warm as a nap." 2. (San Francisco, '70) homosexual who reads lavatory walls; by extension, one who locks himself in a toilet stall for hours.

wear a red (green) sweater (tie) to be obviously gay. "He wore that red sweater to the grave, man — that's one sweater you can't take off."

xerox queen ('71) one whose sex life is so narrow that he treats all lovers alike — as if they were copies of each other.

Zelda (Cape Town gay slang) pure blooded Zulu. *Betty* light skinned Bantu. *Colora* (from coloured person) one of mixed blood, mulatto, quadroon etc.

zipper dinner hurried fellation.



Paris Louvre It Or Leave It

Paris since 1968 is no place for either lovers or lefties. The Seine is now the central gutter for an autoroute, the city is a forest of glass-crete Centrepoints, the gauchistes and student revolutionaries are outnumbered by the Common Markets most brutal riot squads, and if you can't fit into the Pompidou (the man Mr. Heath loves) programming, then you'll probably be beaten up, gaoled and even guillotined.

David Sharp, who has been living in Paris for the past year, has filed us this report.

April, 1972: There is something beautiful about the quality of the light in Paris; something connected with the style and fineness and balance of the old buildings. Or maybe I should say, there was something beautiful. Walking down the Rue Geoffroy St Hilaire on a spring morning, with the trees and ivy of the Jardin des Plantes on one side, and the Mosque and a graceful line of old bourgeois apartments on the other, something horrible happens to your eyes. At the point where the street turns into the Rue Jus-sieu and heads towards the nearby Latin Quarter, stands the faculty of science building. Smashing totally the delicate lines and light patterns, the faculty of science is a huge, utterly featureless and totally black tower. It stands in a desolate plain of concrete, the monotony only slightly broken by the occasional slogan painted on the wall. *A bas la repression, Indochine vainca, Revolution*

anarchiste. A glimpse of this monstrous Ministry of Love will tell you more than volumes about the modern french state.

But on this particular day I didn't make it down that road. Large grey van of Paris police, crowd of innocent bystanders. Bourgeois housewives craning from the safety of their apartment windows. Diversion. '*Allez-y par la, s'il vous plait.*' I trudged round the outskirts of what I at first thought must be some huge and unimaginable car-crash until I reached a vantage-point from which I could look down from a hill upon the science building. It was then that I first heard the dull 'thump', and saw the arching smoky trace of the gas cannisters. There must have been easily as many *flics* (fuzz) as students. Small, tense looking men in black uniforms. Rifle at the shoulder, club swinging nervously, itchingly in the hand. Endless

lines of the sinister Blue and grey buses in which they arrived. Steel helmets and plexiglass shields. They had the students surrounded, but everyone knew that the students wouldn't attack; the accelerated history of the past five years has taught them a lot about tactics. On this occasion a few stones were thrown, a bit of gas, and eventually the heroic police occupied the nearby faculty of Censier, cause of all the trouble. It is the kind of scene I have seen at least four or five times in Paris in the year I've been here, and I don't go out looking for such scenes. The experience is terrifying (to an English person, salutary) but the point is impossible to miss. When you see the sheer numbers of police, and the amount of weaponry that the authorities are prepared to deploy for a thousand or so students and young people, you begin to wonder, rightly enough, who it is who's really frightened. Any Saturday

night in summer, down in the Latin Quarter (the part of Paris where the rioting first started in May 1968) you will see a line of six, seven, even ten grey or black buses. And out in the working class suburbs, where the natives are, if anything, even more restless, the situation is the same. Each bus carries about thirty 'flics'. Somehow you don't get the impression they are there to help old ladies across the street.

In France, the 'underground' as it is known at the moment in England or America has never really existed as anything more than a hollow and self-conscious imitation of an imported fashion. (I speak here of the underground on a social, rather than on a political and artistic level). If you're coming to Paris looking to score and get wasted for a couple of months, you'd do much better to try Amsterdam. Hollow faced, paranoid looking people in the



THIS IS BORING ATTEMPT BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF TO MAKE A FRENCH CONNECTION!!



naive enough to call him a figure-head. The bourgeois press, in fact, tend to keep very quiet about him, since he has some rather too tangible ways of fighting back. When, for example, the Government tried the year before last to suppress the most subversive of the gauchiste papers — specifically the maolist 'La cause du peuple', Sartre himself went out on the streets to sell it, daring the government in effect to arrest him. The pathetic nationalist concept of the French bourgeoisie is however far too developed to allow them to imprison such a famous 'cultural' figure: they feebly arrested him and after a few days let him go. 'La cause du peuple' still sells on the streets.

I have seen gauchisme defined as that part of the political spectrum in France to the left of the Communist Party, which would seem to be somewhat naive, bearing in mind the present role of the PCF. The Communists detest the gauchistes, mainly because they expose the party's bourgeois electioneering for what it really is. It was of course the Communist Party who finally cracked the near-revolution of May '68, and thus earned the eternal gratitude of the ruling class. When the entire country had been effectively abolished for three weeks, factories occupied, streets cleared, imagination taken power; when the impotent de Gaulle was desperately moving tanks up to Paris, it was the PCF who succeeded in swinging it. 'All the workers want is more money', was in effect what they said. 'Now let's have no more rioting, no more black flags, no more disrespect of authority (i.e. our authority), let's just get more money and then go back to work'.

Since then, there has of course followed a period of reaction. The ruling class tries hard to consolidate itself, and to forget, repress the nightmare. The universities have had social science budgets slashed, while those for technology and management have gone up. It is now much more difficult to get into a university if you're not a 'safe' type of person. The police force, especially the formidable 'special police' has been increased. But the bourgeoisie will never again feel really safe until a new generation has grown up who, hopefully, will have forgotten May '68. For this generation of young french people, it was a rehearsal that they will never forget. An experience lived through 'in the real', which for the revolutionaries of America and England remains nothing more than a sad wish dream up to the present. The difference in level of political consciousness on all the oppressed levels of society between England and France is undeniable; from the English point of view, the twenty mile gulf across the channel is in fact wider than the two thousand mile gap to America. If the Common Market could achieve anything for the peoples of the two countries it could at least make this gulf a bit less wide.

I earn my living by odd jobs, and giving private English lessons, a reasonably lucrative job which is not difficult to find if you advertise enough. One day a week

I go in to help out at the APL (Agence de Presse Liberation), doing translations of material from Northern Ireland and odd things like that. APL is I think one of the most interesting things happening at the moment; it is now gathering momentum, opening soon an office in London and also producing the first gauchiste daily paper. It is a drawing-together of people of many political colours, people who two years ago would have been much too involved in the minutiae of their abstract theories to even talk to each other.

Some evenings I go down to Les Halles, where a group of psychiatrists are working to create a free therapy community and an alternative school. And just about every week recently, there has been a demonstration in support of the Vietnamese people — and not of four or five people either. Meanwhile Pompidou's monster tower blocks sprout up on the western horizon, and somewhere in a rich suburb, Henry Kissinger is lying to Le Duc Tho.
D. M. Sharp.

APPENDIX: An incomplete selection of useful/interesting Paris addresses/info.

PAPERS:

ACTUEL (nearest thing to a french OZ). Good for ads as well.

2 Impasse Lebourg, 14eme. Tel: FON-47-20.

LA CAUSE DU PEUPLE
Maoist

LUTTE OUVRIERE
Trotskyist

LE FLEAU SOCIAL
Gay Lib (Front homosexual d'Action Revolutionnaire)

LE TORCHON BRULE
'The dishcloth is burning'
Women's Lib.

CHARLIE HEBDO
Satirical politics

LE NOUVEL OBSERVATEUR
Mass circulation left magazine

LE MONDE LIBERTAIRE
Anarchiste paper.

LE MONDE is the best daily for information; FRANCE SOIR is good for ads. INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE occasionally has jobs and is in English!

BOOKSHOPS

SHAKESPEARE AND CO, just off the Rue St Jacques by Notre Dame: lots of English books, poetry readings.

LA COMMUNE
Rue Geoffroy St Hilaire, near Censier.

LA JOIE DE LIRE
Rue de La Harpe, Latin Quarter.

There are two AMERICAN CENTRES, one in the Boulevard Raspail (Metro Raspail), the other Rue du Dragon (Metro St Germain) both good for putting up ads, entertainment and meeting people. BRITISH COUNCIL is in Rue des Ecoles, Metro Maubert Mutualite: library can sometimes help with jobs.

PROVOYA will get you a lift (paying petrol) if you pay them ten francs. 209 Bd. St Germaine, 7eme. Tel: 544-12-92.
APL, 14 Rue de Bretagne, 3eme. Tel: 508-84-44.

Latin Quarter stop you in the street and ask for a franc, or drape themselves theatrically around the bars and street corners strumming tunelessly on guitars and looking tragic; I have it on very good authority that 99% of them live at their parents' place in the suburbs; the money they try to con off you is pure pocket money, a pastime.

And the rich variety of this species can be found in places like St Germain des Pres and Montparnasse, living off the borrowed myths of Paris 'La Boheme', imitating Henry Miller, or Rimbaud, or Andy Warhol; aspirants to the 'Jet-Set'. "La Coupole is where the revolution's really beginning", one such told me, naming the most famous and expensive literary hang-out in the city. OK for the revolution if you can afford the clothes and the coffee.

But the thing that I find really interesting about Paris, the thing that makes life here so refreshingly

different for an English person a bit weary of spacing out and the Sunday Times, and revolution a la Virgin Records, is not 'Les freaks' at all, but rather, 'Les gauchistes'.

The gauchistes (literally means leftists) are mostly young people, though there is a large, amorphous movement of older people, artists, writers, journalists and intellectuals to be counted among their ranks. The list of groups is endless: differing shades of Trotskyism, Maoism, syndicalists, gay lib, women's lib, anarchism, situationism, and hangers-on and undecided; the permutations change and recombine all the time. Then there are groups organised round specific issues rather than ideas: prison movement, abortion, immigrant labourers, housing crisis and so on. A brief history would be fascinating, but it would probably fill about twenty issues of OZ.

The most famous gauchiste is of course Jean Paul Sartre, although no-one would be politically



CIA killed Sharon Tate.

"There are no evil people, there are only victims" — Jerry Garcia talking to Charlie Manson.

Paul Krassner is the editor of the *Realist*, an intermittently published, occasionally brilliant, magazine (subs \$4 a year from 595 Broadway, New York 10012). Krassner also wrote 'How a Satirical Editor Became a Yippie Conspirator in Ten Easy Years' (\$7 from same place).

When Ed Sanders was writing his book *The Family* about the Manson murders he promised to let Krassner publish in the *Realist* all the bits that Sanders had been forced to leave out.

Last December Sanders changed his mind. Sanders was being sued by the Process Church of the Final Judgment and his attorneys wouldn't let Krassner see the files.

Not unsurprisingly Krassner became obsessed with the missing bits and started his own research. He even hired private detectives to check out facts.

The result? Krassner suffered what he calls a 'paranoid breakout'. He also ran out of cash. But he produced an article called 'The Parts Left Out of the Manson Book'. It'll be printed in the 13th anniversary issue of the *Realist*. Here, for OZ readers, is a foretaste. Parts of the Parts Left Out of the Manson Book.

The conclusion I (and others) have reached — incredible as it may seem — is that the slaying of Sharon Tate and her dope-dealing friends was planned and engineered at the highest levels of American government. I've tracked down the individual that Manson and Tex Watson met with. He is in Navy Intelligence, which is Division Five of the FBI, which is essentially the CIA. He was also known as a hippie artist.

I even considered the possibility that there were two different characters, but I interviewed some people he stayed with in his artistic role, and once during an argument he shouted at a young woman, "You're nothing but a dirty Jew!" That certainly doesn't evolve out of the hippie ethic. You might expect to be chastised for being basically middle-class, perhaps, and indeed there is a key to understanding this case.

In order for the unholy trinity — military intelligence, corporate power and organised crime — to maintain control, they must divide

and conquer. And what better target — along with blacks and Chicanos and poor whites — than the hippies? The logical extension of their life-style would upset the economy.

Folks who don't eat much meat, who make their own clothes, who share automobiles and washing machines and phonographs, who take care of each other and don't purchase insurance policies why, even Herman Kahn once admitted to me that it was the hippies who were delaying the guaranteed annual wage. And so it came to pass that Manson was chosen.

It is ironic beyond coincidence that the real villain of the Manson family, Tex Watson, supposedly met Charlie when he, Tex, picked up Beach Boy Dennis Wilson hitching, took him to his beach house and there was Swengali waiting.

It was Tex who did the shooting and most of the stabbing at the Tate house. Yet he was held in a Texas jail — his Los Angeles lawyers were scooted out of town by federal cops — and there he was held till after Charlie was found guilty.

In the Manson trial, since Charlie had not been at the scene of the crime, it was necessary for prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi to convince the jury that Tex and the girls were all zombies under Charlie's control. Whereas, in Tex Watson's trial, since he pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity, this same Bugliosi insisted that Tex was not a zombie, he knew precisely what he was doing. He was also found guilty, but it wasn't quite the same thing, image-wise.

In a letter to me, Charlie asserts that although he knew what was going to happen, it was Tex who told the girls what to do. When Jerry Rubin visited Manson in prison before the trial, he admitted his guilt this way:

"As far as any connection with the Tate murders and myself, and the family that I live with, I'll say

this: I am connected with killing the Indians, and I'm connected with killing the Mayans, the Incas. I'm connected with everything that's been done in the name of Christ in nineteen hundred and seventy years. I feel that I'm connected with all of it, and I feel that it's just as much my fault as it was whoever pulled the triggers, because I'm still lettin' it go on. I'm lettin' it happen over in Vietnam right now. I'm responsible for everything, you know, I'm responsible for everything Man is doing to this earth and its sky and its waters and its animals, all of it. . . ."

When Charles Manson got out of jail in the spring of 1967 and ended up in Haight-Ashbury, he had been sent to give the kiss of death to the flower children.

What happened to Charles Manson is the perfect reflection of a society that preaches law and order but practices the manipulation of justice.



The Trials of OZ opened off Broadway on Dec 19 to an intriguingly diverse reception. Disagreement centred around the inclusion of music (from John Lennon & Yoko Ono, Buzy Linhart and Mick Jagger), "sustains mood beautifully...not Broadway Rock but exciting and driving stuff" said one critic, "more of an interruption than a help", said another.

The play was condensed from

the original six week farce at the Old Bailey by Geoff Robertson, the future Chief Justice, and directed by Jimmy Sharman, the young meteor from Gundagai, who is renowned for his world wide homage to the genre of Jesus Rock.

Some detected a 'smug' bias in favour of the defendants. "All courtroom scenes from Perry Mason onwards have a certain charm but this has less than most", said NY Times critic, Clive Barnes in the course of an inconclusive and almost incoherent review which, unlike his usual fare, was not re-run in the London Times. (His verdict on OZ: "The dullest thing to come out of Australia since the Koala Bear").

Critics were generally enthralled by the courtroom scenes, which they could scarcely believe, and dubbed them: "Impressive", "entertaining" or "one of the most theatrically exciting things to come along for a good while". Considering it was produced on a shoe string, with no money spare for promotion, in a city unblest with any idea of what OZ is; then the first few weeks have been remarkably successful.

That no-one staged a commercial production in London is understandable, given the current state of the West End. That it was produced at all is due to one middle aged American, LSD and a copy of Rolling Stone.

More details another time, but the Trials of OZ came about through the energy and obsession of Van Wolf, who died of cancer before he ever saw a rehearsal. His former friends and business associates decided to go ahead with the production more out of respect for Mr Wolf, rather than shobiz acumen, and while this magazine is not formally involved with the production we are delighted that the jokes which once echoed through the antique alcoves of the Old Bailey are now rocking em in the aisles in Greenwich Village. "A unique and disarming entertainment", said The Daily News, "and one that raises a number of disturbing questions during its mostly lighthearted course"; which is exactly how we felt about the original.



We are gradually being set up for the worst piece of Law Reform since Henry VIII introduced boiling in oil as a legitimate method of execution. That is the legislation which will give effect to the recommendations of the Criminal Law Revision Committee to, as they put it, alter the balance of the criminal trial in favour of the prosecution. Most reputable lawyers are attacking the proposals — but not nearly hard enough. This sort of danger

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calls for a mass walk out by them. But we'll never see that, the legislation will go through and for a while nothing much will happen. This will be taken as a justification. But with all these changes we're laying the foundation for a truly tyrannical state in a few year's time. Say the year after Heath has Nixoned us into giving him another term. And trouble with all these amendments is they are far harder to undo than they are to enact. All too soon they become what people accept as normal and slowly you slide into Greek Colonelsville.



If Baba Ram Dass (OZ 45) hasn't helped you find the true path to cosmic awareness George Stewart might be able to help. He's written to OZ from India with information on the How-To-Die-While-Living-Experience. He tells us there are 300 satisfied experimenters in Goa.

The instructions for the Death Trip, as it's known for short, are:

- 1) Find a quiet place to lie down on your right side, preferably in a foetal position.
- 2) Cut yourself off from all sights and sounds. It is alright to hear the words people are speaking, but do not try to understand the meaning of the words.
- 3) Try not to escape through sleep.
- 4) Do not analyse, or feel ashamed or guilty about anything you may think, hear, or see withing yourself. The more guilty you feel the more you'll burn and smell of sulphur.
- 5) You may burn as you've never burned before. Don't try to avoid it, and don't interrupt the dying process. If you do, you'll have to begin it all again on some later day. You may eat if you're hungry or drink if you're thirsty, but only enough to appease your hunger or thirst. Try not to lose yourself in taste sensations, and don't look at nor listen to those who are serving you.
- 6) Don't be afraid. Watch the whole show dispassionately. You'll see that your whole life up to now is constructed on fear.
- 7) Be prepared to enter the deepest Hell you've ever been in. But, remember, there's no avoiding it. If you don't go through it today, you'll have to on the day you die; but it will be just a little too late then, as you may regret not having known life after rebirth.

George Stewart advises that the sort of experiences that might happen once you start include: feverish, jumbled thoughts, fears of insanity, pain and confusion, visions of your family and past life, images of the games you've played throughout your life, the

strongest sexual urges you've ever experienced. After that you'll want to die. Ultimately you come to a discovery that you and all outside are UNKNOWN. Accept this and rest. You will feel content.

Afterwards we're told that the benefits will probably include:

- The old self does not attract you any longer.
- No boredom.
- No lack of energy to do the things that have to be done.
- Acceptance of whatever happens, whichever way.
- No mental effect from morphine, hashish or LSD
- Not much need for medicine.
- No wish to take advantage of another.
- No willingness to be taken advantage of.
- No guilt ridden introversion.
- Minor death-rebirths following:
 - death to various aspects of your self personality — like to a God concept, to the intellect, or to a part of your sex trip, ego trip.

If you want to die, write to George Stewart for details: 88 Rippon St, Calcutta, West Bengal, India.

Good luck — Keep Humming.



OZ has received a six-page statement from George Andrews, the man who wrote *The Book of Grass*. It's an attack on Peter Owen; the publisher, who gave George a contract for the book signing over world rights. Owen then sold rights in the USA to Grove Press (who sold over 20,000 copies) in France to Fayard and the paperback rights in Britain to Penguin.

George says he sent copies of his complaints to other publications and went to lawyers and accountants for help — without much satisfaction. He basically says that Owen won't communicate with him, only pays royalties in a grudging condescending fashion, doesn't pay enough considering the books sales and didn't support George in his two drug busts and only helped him with the Immigration authorities until the manuscript was delivered.

We rang Peter Owen who says George is crazy, that he has had "thousands" of pounds in royalties, and yes he didn't support George in his times of trouble because George had been so unpleasant ('if he went to clink, too bad'). Owen added that they had had to edit a lot of 'drivel' out of George's manuscript, and as a rider he threatened that if we published George's complaints they'd sue.

Owen must have made money out of George, so he owes him some time and trouble — and it's a publishers' job to cope with

temperamental authors and ridiculous to expect them to behave like chartered accountants. Also as the book was designed for the head market you would have thought that Owen would have some sympathy with the Freak Mentality and Life Style — if he didn't, then his taking the book was callous opportunism. It's a cautionary tale for those dissidents who think they can use the establishment media to serve their cause and (a) communicate their ideas and (b) make some money to support their habits.



Just out is Ned Gate, the North Kensington Area Paper and it covers issues like the fight by pupils and parents to remove a headmistress in a Ladbroke Grove school, the way Fyffes, those notoriously exploitative banana importers, are blocking redevelopment for housing of British Rail land in North Kensington. Tower block conditions, rent strikes, meter fiddles by landlords and property speculation. Its trademark is the Royal Coat of Arms with the lion and the unicorn being beaten up by a worker, a black and a schoolkid with long hair looking on in stoned approval. It's 3p and if you live in the area you'll see it being sold in the streets.

From Australia comes issue 2 of the Grassroots Express primarily designed to circulate information about the Aquarius Festival in May 1973 — an attempt to produce an Antipodean Woodstock. Because of Australia's isolation most of the radical impetus comes second hand via books or imported papers and people tend to get sucked into trips that everyone else in the world abandoned years ago. But all of that may be changing. If the lemming like emigration of Australians back to their fatherland is to be believed, the election of a Federal Labour government out there heralds a new era of socialist transformation. Viva el Cuba of the Pacific! Long Live

Chairman Whitlam!

Grassroots Express seems to be free and comes from Aquarius Foundation, 344 Victoria Street, North Melbourne 3051, Victoria.

Anyone who hasn't started buying Spare Rib (the magazine for women (or men) who can't stand male chauve piggery) should do so immediately. It gets better all the time and unlike any other alternative publication comes out regularly and is sold by WHSmiths. Every issue has something in it that's good or useful or exciting. This month they did a reverse role cosmetic job on artist Michael Ramsden to make a point about what happens when you treat women as objects to be decorated and exhibited. OZ however beat Spare Rib to it. Ramsden was OZ jail bait of the month in issue 29 in a futile attempt by us to get rid of our male sexist reputation. Subscriptions £2 a year to Spare Rib Ltd, 9 Newburgh Street, London W1A 4XS.



When are we going to be rid of that provocative anachronism, the Royal Family? Still amidst all the bullshit written in the press about Princess Anne's fox hunting activities one letter made a serious point. *The Times*, surprisingly, gave it the lead spot on its letter page on December 16. The writer, one John Alexander-Sinclair writing from the Athenaeum, admitted that the sport was legal but said 'Just as slavery was once legal but still wrong and had to be outlawed with cock fighting and bear-baiting so is the pursuit of pleasure through terrorizing any of God's creatures by menace of pain and death and wicked and the subject of legitimate protest.' The principle is much wider than just blood sports. And how about 'The pursuit of pleasure or profit through terrorizing any of God's creatures by menace of pain etc.' Try telling it to your Landlord when he moves in with the winklers. Or the drugs squad next time they call. (Most of them are under arrest — Ed).

3rd October 1972

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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.
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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 OZ 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 demanding. 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 know about massage...and more. £1.90 + 15p p&p.
16. 'Dylan - A Commemoration' by Stephen Pickering (Book People): Forget boring A.J.Weberman 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.

SHOTS



17. 'Shots' edited by David Fenton (Academy): The camera never lies. The American way of life and death captured in glowing 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 though 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. Szezelhun: 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 chemistry set - you'll be amazed at what you CAN do for yourself. £1.25 + 12p p&p.
22. 'Watch Out Kids' by Mick 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 Richard 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. Bob Dylan Lyrics. All he's ever done, including bootlegs - utterly comprehensive and a must for all Dylan freaks. 80p + 8p 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 de-flowered. A true adventure story. 80p + 12p p&p.
 28. 'Psychic Discoveries Behind The Iron Curtain'. by Ostrauder 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. 'The Eternal Man' by Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier. The follow-up to 'The Morning of the Magicians', this time the intrepid authors turn their attention to Global History. How many times have we been through this movie before? £2.50 + 15p 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 authoritative 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 every 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 Beau: 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. 'Whisper' by Brian Barritt and David Ball. A 'Time Script' smuggled from prison with a post-script from Timothy and Rosemary Leary. £1.90 + 10p p&p.

SCULPTURE

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Bruce The Mail Order King takes time out with an OZ groupie.

edition of Alternative London. Includes hundreds of readers' suggestions and many completely new sections: 1) How to Grow Hash without Breaking the Law; 2) Bulk buy your health food; 3) Detailed overland trip to India; 4) Children's education - how to avoid the state system; 5) Ecology by 'Friends of the Earth'; 6) Improved homosexual section; 7) Do-it-yourself divorce; 8) How to get other information not included in the book. 35p + 5p p&p. Either of these books are offered to OZ readers placing orders for over £1.00 for good from this month's OZ Mail Order, at HALF PRICE. Post and packing will be included free.

CANDLES

NEW NEW NEW
OZ Candles - courtesy of Captain Swing.

1. The exquisite figurine Bodhisattva, the perfection of wisdom. Along with this delicately detailed statuette comes a complete explanation of the origins of the conception. Charmingly fragrant and beautiful. 80p + p&p.

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Comix

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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 Groove and Brinsley Schwarz. A lot of the record comes from the Glastonbury Fayre and it's not a boot-leg. 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.

Beatles Sell Out at OZ. For this issue only (and the last one for that matter) OZ is selling the Beatles albums and a few others at knock down prices: *Please Please Me, With the Beatles, A Hard Day's Night, Beatles For Sale, Help, Rubber Soul, Revolver, A Collection of Beatles' Oldies, Sergeant Pepper, Abbey Road, Let It Be, John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band.*

List Price £2.50. Our Price £2.00 inc. postage. Also: *Beatles White Double, £3.95 inc. postage; Imagine, £2.25 inc. postage; Bangla Desh, (Box Set) £4.50 inc. postage; All Things Must Pass, (Box Set) £4.50 inc. postage.*

Next issue, OZ digs out the Stones (for reasons of demand we're running the Beatles again this issue).

The OZ Pleasure Corner

1. For Girls - Love Eggs. Used by Japanese women for centuries and once inserted into the vagina they produce the most fantastically subtle erotic sensations. Make that boring 300 mile rail journey a pleasure trip. £3.50 + 8p p&p.

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Available in three sizes. For correct fitting measure the circumference of the penis erect.

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3. Stimulant personal massager. O.K. You've all seen them before but this IS the best. 7" long and 1 1/4" diameter, the massager comes complete with long life batteries to ensure complete fulfillment of all concerned. £3.50 + 12p p&p.

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OZ Vests

OZ Trial Honeybunch: mustard on yellow.

OZ Trial Rupert: black on blue.

OZ Famous Elephant: blue and red on orange. Sorry medium sizes only and hairy dwindlers.

New Oz Winter T-Shirt Collection
1. OZ Conspirator

- 2. Male Chauvinist Pig
- 3. Mickey Stardust

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T-shirts £1.25 + 10p p&p.
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CRAFTS

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YET MORE

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For wristbands please also specify whether for guy or girl.

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Help Yourself Boxes are a Community Service. They are entirely free and are designed for non-profit community groups. Organisations wishing to advertise should contact HELP YOURSELF c/o OZ 19 Great Newport St London WC2.

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Free info from 10 till 10 7 days a week. Two years old at Christmas, can give info on just about anything. Produce What's On newsheet every month and run cheap food kitchen (plumbing permitting). Full time worker wanted for kitchen too. We sell u/g mags and hope to open a shop when we can get premises. All Welsh freaks get in touch.

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Contact: Dave,
16 Long Marsh Lane, Lancs
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We have started a Claimants' Union and Free Press here in Lancaster and also have an info service in its early stages. Please contact if you need or want to give help.

NOMAD

John Wilcock's irregular newsletter for footloose freaks. Send 50p for current issues or £1 if you also want the famous Nomad press card "good for what you can get away with", to BCM-NOMAD, London WC1V.

25p FOR ILLUSTRATED LISTS OF ADULT FILMS. Adult fabulous full colour slides, Nudes, Black Nylons, Striptease at £1.00 each set. Sex Aids booklet included, also details of Cindy, a very attractive inflatable dolly darling, life size and a curvey 36-24-36. Send SAE to Oddette (O), Broadway Common, Waltham Abbey, Nazeing, Essex.

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OUTSIDER,
9 Leonard Street,
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Tel.: 0482 20222.

Outsider are 8/9 people who do window cleaning, removals, odd jobs, discos, allotments etc. to put money into the community via soup-kitchen, 24 hour info help service, house for the homeless and cheap (sometimes free) clothing and furniture shop. We are still in need of workers so please get in touch.

SCRIPT MAGAZINE,
35 Glenmore Road,
London, N.W.3.

SCRIPT magazine on alternative radio. Published by London Region Free Radio Campaign. News on Free Radio stations (i.e. Northsea, Veronica, Odyssey, Jackie etc.) plus photos and articles. Subscriptions 75p per year (6 issues). Single issue: 13p inc. postage.

LOCAL label,
c/o Johnny G,
63 Kingsdown Avenue,
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This record label is dedicated to making cheap records, run by myself and a few friends. We have already recorded an E.P. featuring 5 songs for 25p. LOCAL is free from normal business rigmarole, no contracts, no censorship. It's all acoustic stuff with a gritty sort of friendly sound that seems to get lost in a 32-track studio. Ring me if you would like to be involved or would like to buy a copy.

BLACK BOX NEWS SERVICE,
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Britain's largest alternative agency supplying socialist, student and alternative press with fortnightly news packets including features and pix covering Scotland and Northern Ireland.

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Scunthorpe 66150.

Dial-A-Parent is an educational service set up for the first time in Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire, in January 1972, under the guidance of the Confederation of State Education (C.A.S.E.). Its primary object is to provide the access to channels of communication. It is believed that there is a terrific barrier between parents and schools. Parents will be able to remain anonymous if they wish when phoning.

WE PEOPLE
48B Tavistock Crescent,
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Tel.: 01-727 1228/9.

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The Long March Through The Bingo Halls

It's not Easy is an anthology of personal statements by people pissed off with society or their place within it. Originally collected by Sue Miles for Hutchinsons, it now seems, for reasons which remain obscure, unlikely ever to be published. John Hoyland's contribution, *The Long March Through the Bingo Halls*, is too outstanding to be forgotten in a publisher's bottom drawer and too lengthy to be printed here in full. Below is a truncated version of his thesis. Hoyland laments the dichotomy between workers who are aware of their exploitation but not of the need to dump capitalist ideology, and intellectuals "who always have the option of a free floating 'rebellious' life style which may feel better but doesn't actually change anything." This latter group try to free themselves from various aspects of capitalist ideology but do not see the need to abolish exploitation. How can both groups be integrated?

Changing our individual personal and social relations is not a strategy for revolution. But equally, revolutionaries who put their marxism back on the bookshelf when it comes to daily living have failed to grasp the totality of the situation we are confronted by, and the consequent necessity for a total response to it.

For me, then, the most promising characteristic of the present situation is not only the increased militancy of the working-class and the growth of the straight revolutionary left. It is also the parallel growth of ideological agitation — of agitation that challenges the assumptions on which our society is based and the way in which these assumptions are transmitted into the consciousness of us all, thus anchoring us to this particular form of society and preventing us from effectively changing it.

To say this, however, is not to give blanket approval to each and every manifestation of 'new' consciousness wherever it may be found. It's necessary to analyse these different manifestations of cultural and ideological rebellion, to try and discriminate between those aspects of them which really do point in the direction of social change and those which merely involve a psychic adjustment to the particular characteristics of capitalism in the 70s. This means attempting to understand their relation to each other and to political and economic developments.

Counter Culture

One of the ways in which people have been tied to the status quo in the past has been their acceptance and internalisation of the puritan work-ethic, with its values of hard work, dependence on the monogamous nuclear family, abstinence from sex and other forms of pleasure etc. Born in times of scarcity with the function of uniting the different social classes behind Britain's Imperial and Capitalist Destiny, this system of values became totally inapplicable in the consumer society of the 60s, yet it continued to deter people from demanding more than the cramped life-style that capitalism had traditionally offered them. The youth culture, and its concomitant, the student movement, changed that. Significantly internationalist in character, attacking the absurdity and boredom of most people's work, demanding sexual

freedom and looking for alternative living units to the modern family, rejecting capitalism's attention to the endless private acquisition of material goods at the expense of people's biological, personal and communal needs — in these and many other ways the counter-culture produced a critique of capitalist ideology which was long-overdue and which opened up new vistas of social change.

The fact that the May events in France sparked off a critique of similar comprehensiveness indicates that the hippies were the product of a new situation in society rather than a historically accidental inspiration. An analysis of contemporary Welfare/Consumer capitalism seems to show that serious contradictions have opened up in society at the cultural and ideological level — specifically, at the point where people experience the system in their daily lives. If people are exploited at work, they are also oppressed and manipulated outside work. The "Welfare" State, with its educational apparatus, its town "planning", its myriad organs of social control, intervenes in people's lives to a degree unprecedented in history. At the same time, consumer capitalism penetrates deeper and deeper into people's personal and leisure activities, so that hardly an area of our lives remains which is not in some way subordinated to commodity consumption and the ideology of illusions surrounding it.

This colonisation of daily life, this pauperisation of human relations, this personal and culture oppression, is not only experienced by the working-class. In fact those who are relatively well-educated, those whose very freedom from toil and whose future role in society gives them the opportunity to worry about the quality and meaning of life under capitalism, are often those who experience these ideological contradictions in a particularly acute way. If the goal of life under capitalism is material affluence, then what has capitalism got to offer those who already have material affluence, in terms of personal fulfillment and decent human relations? Precious little, many people felt.

The counter-culture was a reaction to this situation. Its importance was its assertion that many of the problems experienced in the realm of personal life were not private but general, public problems. Sexuality, the family, urbanism, community, madness, the

use of leisure, the meaning of education and work, the whole consumer ethic — these questions were no longer to be resolved on the psychiatrist's couch, but to be brought out into the open and discussed socially. The right to personal fulfillment became a political demand.

Parasites

The pleasure-oriented life-style (doing your own thing) that accompanied all this was only possible because large numbers of middle-class youth were able to enjoy a leisured existence that was parasitical on the surplus produced by the workers. As such, it was never a social programme for the vast majority, and when capitalism started to run into serious economic difficulties at the end of the sixties, the counter-culture quickly lost the dynamic it had had earlier on. But the fact remains that in the scope of its preoccupations, in its imagination and occasional artistic brilliance (I'm thinking particularly of its music), the counter-culture played a major role in liberating thought in the 60s — a role which any future revolutionary movement must take into account of if it is to succeed.

It's my belief, however, that this role just be discussed strictly in the past. I no longer think that 'counter-culture', 'underground', 'alternative society' and the like are particularly useful terms. The collective ideology, the ideas and assumptions that held the different components of this movement together in the 60s have now become so dispersed and diluted that it makes very little sense to talk about the Underground as a specific entity any more. (A large part of what held the Underground together was a question of age anyway). Granted an important cultural shift has occurred affecting everybody to a greater or lesser extent who was born during or after the war. But it now makes more sense to break down the separate components of this shift and to see that they are, in fact, quite diverse and in many cases antagonistic.

The picture that emerges, if we do this, is not a particularly happy one. Apart from certain pockets of relative militancy — the group of libertarians who took over *Ink and Frendz*, a few of the people working in the field of avant-garde art, the voluntary



social-workers involved in BIT and various information and help agencies around the country — the bulk of the latter-day hippies are a pretty reactionary bunch, and the ideology they adhere to is quite dangerous. Five years ago the classical hippy was often vociferously anti-political, and many of his ideas were either so naive, or so individualistic and self-indulgent, as to make most revolutionaries shudder with horror. But his very existence as a being demanding certain types of love and fun, his rejection of society's power-and-money-grabbing, was an effective irritant to the system. But now the best of the lessons taught by the hippies have been learned by people who can put them to much better use than the hippies ever could. The underground stressed the importance of lived daily experience, and correctly attacked left-wingers who proclaimed the brotherhood of man but conducted their affairs in an authoritarian, sanctimonious and insensitive manner. Now this mantle — the connection between personal and political life — has been taken over by Women's Liberation, who are daily putting it into practice without the sexist garbage that accompanied it before. And many sections of the straight left have absorbed the more progressive ideas of the hippies and are inflecting their own ideology accordingly.

And where does this leave the hippies? For the most part, still wittering on about grooving and getting it together, but now in the most vacuous, sentimental and depoliticising way. Hippy ideology has become the escape valve for thousands of young people who want some kind of justification for sitting on their arses doing nothing, while convincing themselves that their very inactivity makes them the purest revolutionaries of all. To fuck, smoke dope and listen to music nowadays is no more radical than having a cup of tea, and the fact that a dash of buddhism or home-made bread may be thrown in doesn't alter the basic social irrelevance of the whole business.

The hippies, in one sense, were always in the front line of the very consumer capitalism they despised. They were mental colonists opening up new markets for the whizz-kid entrepreneurs. Sex, music, the paraphernalia of pleasure surrounding dope-taking — all these invited flourishing new areas of commerce for a society that was only too eager to find ways of selling itself to its youth. Now, with the more radical aspects of their ideology little more than platitudes, the hippies and the thousands of young middle-class kids who ape their ideas in a more diluted form, are simply a new type of consumer, playing their games in a cosy little adventure playground specially set aside for them by the system.

The best rock festivals were always mounted by the capitalists anyway!
(Note: Exception 'Glastonbury'—Type-setter.)

It's time that these people retain an anti-authoritarianism, a refusal to be regimented, which will always give the system a few headaches. It's true, also, that life ought to be more fun, and one way of bringing that about is to have fun yourself. But fun, or being yourself, or feeding your head, as a social philosophy is bankrupt. And in a rotten society your fun will always be tainted anyway. That's partly why the step from Woodstock to Altamont, from Leary to Manson, or for that matter from Hair to Jesus Christ Superstar, will always be a short one when there is no attempt to understand how society works and no realistic effort to change it.

The counter-culture, as a primarily cultural phenomenon, was always incapable of transforming society in the direction it wished. That can only happen when the ideas of the counter-culture become integrated into a revolutionary social philosophy which in my opinion must be marxist, i.e. based on a scientific assessment of the actual nature of the society we live in.

Sexism

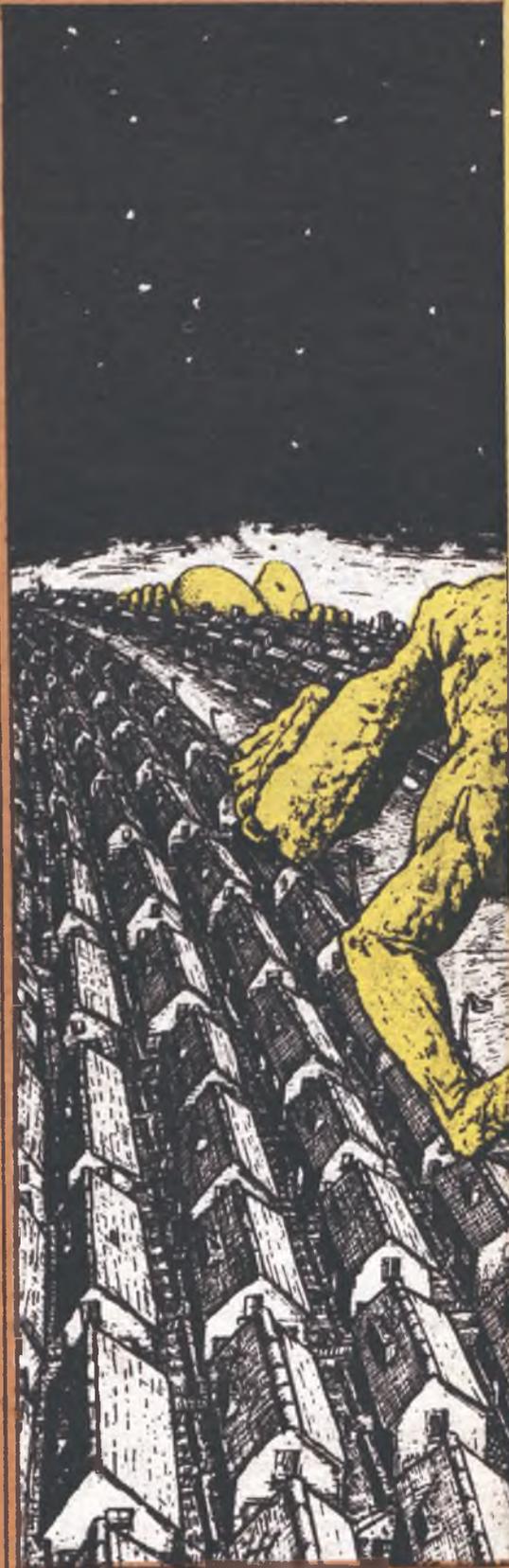
In one respect particularly the structural limitations of the counter-culture have been starkly revealed, and that is in the area of sex. The breakdown of capitalism's ideological control-structures in the last few years has led to an enormous increase in fucking. But in spite of this happy development we are nowhere near a state that could be called sexual liberation. Relationships between boys and girls are still largely defined by the old pattern of male domination and female submission. Sexual stereotyping still denies girls the fully independent and equal life that would make companionship a reality. Many of us, if not all, still carry with us the hang-ups and inadequacies that we have inherited from our parents and their culture. And, most particularly, we still have very little idea what to do afterwards. We don't know how to carry relationships through into middle and old age without the alternatives of miserable bust-ups or frustrated boredom. We still have very little idea of how to bring up children without falling into the claustrophobic privacy of the nuclear family, a privacy that is deeply damaging to both parents and children. Experiments in this area are only just starting.

Here, as in so many areas, change can only be partial until capitalist society itself is overthrown, and social pressures lead onwards into the community instead of inwards into the family and home. So long as society is based on private property, there can be little hope of breaking down the present family and sexual structure except in a very piecemeal way.

The existence of a women's liberation movement indicates, however, that this process will take place, both before and after the revolution. This movement, probably the most crucial single new political development of our times, has such profound implications that they are difficult to grasp. Its immediate aim is the destruction of sexism, of the domination and oppression of women by men. But sexism, up until now, has been the code through which men and women communicate with each other. It has been the yardstick by which men and women define themselves as different kinds of people. As it is attacked and rejected, our most personal, most basic assumptions about ourselves become open to question. What were previously completely private aspects of our lives are suddenly thrust into the political arena.

The struggle against sexism is not only a struggle against some of the key institutions of our society, such as the traditional family, it is also a struggle against the formation of the human psyche over thousands of years. Consequently, if women are successful in their fight for real self-determination, nearly all human relationships must change in ways that are virtually impossible to imagine. As far as sexual relations are concerned, what will they be like when they are freed of sexual stereotyping? What will the sexual relations demanded by a socialist society be like? We cannot know the answer to these questions, any more than we can know what other social relations will be like when women have an equal, independent role in the family and at work. Nor is it necessary to know, since women's liberation is a response to the intolerable relations that exist now, under capitalism. These relations must be changed, and this sufficient grounds for action.

Yet we can speculate that women's liberation and gay liberation point towards a future so different from our own world that it is almost unrecognisable: a future where our sexual being is untrammelled by the artificial conventions and inhibitions of today, where physical love can be a natural extension of any friendship between people of the opposite sex and people of the same sex, where the monogamous family as we know it no longer casts its claustrophobic



shadow across all human relationships.

But the resistance to the birth of this world will be immense, and the struggle between those who want it and those who dread it will be one of the most noticeable features of the years ahead of us. And the struggle for sexual liberation, although it is not the same as the struggle for social revolution, will nevertheless work in practice in the same direction. Capitalist society, which inevitably promotes authoritarian and sexist relationships, which cannot exist without the economic and ideological oppression of women (and children), is the main obstacle to the creation of a world of sexual equality. So those who want to end

exploitation. In other words, there is a correspondence between productive relations and personal relations, though this correspondence is a complex and shifting one, and it is not one which I could pretend to understand at all clearly. In the same way, there is a whole range of other activities and struggles which fall somewhere between these two polarities. In the sphere of culture, in our understanding of mental illness, in our attitude towards the upbringing of children, in our relationship to the environment, on the question of town-planning and housing, in the fight against imperialism, — in the communities we live in — in all these areas the old concepts are being challenged, and people are looking for new and different ways of conducting things. Above all in Education — apart from the family, the main instrument for conditioning people to capitalist society — both teachers, parents and children are increasingly dissatisfied with the present system. If it was merely a question of adding these things up collectively, it would be possible to state that we are witnessing a total assault on capitalist society.

But things are not so simple. For a start, not all these struggles are equally advanced. Nor do they yet involve very large numbers of people. Millions remain untouched by any of them. Clearly, there is a great deal of work to be done. And in particular it is a mistake to think that all this activity necessarily leads in the same direction, that there is a structural common denominator to it all. In every sphere there are contradictory interests, as well as countless divergent paths which could be taken.

What is lacking, in fact, is any kind of theoretical coherence embracing all the diverse elements of this ferment, and capable of representing them in a strategic assault on the system. It seems to me that one of the most important tasks of the immediate future is to analyse these different areas of activity and make connections between them — to see where they point towards basic social change, where they are tangential or even hostile to such a change, and where they are dependent on such a change in order to be realised. Only by doing this work — by making these connections in a very specific way and by understanding the relationship of each of these to the whole — can we begin to construct an integrated theory of social change in Britain: a theory which starts with the strategic mission of the working-class and its allies to overthrow the capitalist state, and proceeds outwards to a comprehensive system of liberated social relations in this country. Only when armed with such an integrated theory can we expect our actions to work increasingly in the direction of the fundamental social change we desire. And only when armed with a theory of this comprehensive nature can we be sure that the revolution in Britain will not degenerate into the bureaucratic and authoritarian socialism of the USSR.

"A theory" — that sounds something very static and cerebral, like some kind of mechanical formula that will open the door to revolution by magic. But this is not what I mean.

Marxists have traditionally talked about "Unevenness of development" between different nations, indicating that a poor Latin American country will require different revolutionary tactics and organisation to a rich European country. But it is also true that there is unevenness of development within nations. Economic, political and ideological developments do not necessarily run parallel to each other, revolutionaries may need to pay particular attention to one rather than another at different times. The theory I am talking about is the understanding and ability to handle this unevenness of development, to keep pace with the exigencies of the situation. It is not a received understanding of the world, but rather an ongoing practice. And no theory, no matter how integrated, can ever be complete. It will never be possible to anticipate the complexity and diversity of forms that

will be thrown up in an actual revolutionary situation.

Nor can such a theory simply be thought out on paper. It will develop out of the real struggles that people are engaged in, ranging from militancy in the factories to the fight against the nuclear family, and taking in a whole lot of other struggles on the way. At every stage it will have to be tested against the reality of the people's lives — the kind of things they want from life and the social institutions that organise their lives.

It should be obvious from all this that while I think there are real grounds for optimism, I do not think that the revolution in Britain is going to be a straightforward business, that "it's all a question of time". The main agent of the revolution is the working-class, but the working-class is not revolutionary. That fact alone means that the struggle ahead is going to be a long one. The revolution isn't there, waiting to be found by somebody. The revolution has got to be made, and this means a lot of very hard work.

Vicious Society

This is what I believe must be done if the contradictory and vicious society we live in is to be abolished, and a new and happier one is to be created in its place. It is abundantly clear to me that the process has already started, and that in the years ahead of us we will see it developing and accelerating. But I should fool no-one into thinking that there is any guarantee of immediate success as it gains momentum. A lot of the advantages lie with the other side. It is easy for them to capitalise on the legacy left in people's minds by hundreds of years of guilt, moralism, and dependence on authority. And the overt manipulation of consciousness is controlled by them, not us. It is in their world we see reflected in advertisements, in films and newspapers, in schools and courts. Their view of the world is constantly reproduced and reaffirmed. Ours has to be fought for, every inch, and we can only win if our view constantly accords more closely with reality than theirs.

What is more, there is no guarantee that an economic and political crisis, with its resulting bitterness and insecurity, will cause the pendulum to swing more to the left than to the right. In a time of crisis the voices calling for 'pulling together' and 'strong government' are often those that are loudest and most listened to. Already, repression is visibly on the increase, and it has the tacit support of most of the population.

The present situation is a time of decision, a time to work things out and make up our minds, a time to fight for a better world. Yet amidst all this necessity to think and fight, one last danger remains. It is that as we dedicate ourselves to politics and make our revolution, the beauties and wonders of life will slip unnoticed through our fingers. We can be deformed by our very dedication to making life more worthwhile, so that we end up disqualifying ourselves from inheriting the world we are fighting for. That is another reason why, for me, politics must include the attempt to improve our immediate, personal life situation right now, why it must bring us into a fuller and richer relationship to living, rather than isolating us in a particularised and humourless struggle that will only reach its fulfillment to be realised tomorrow.

So, having argued all along for theoretical coherence and integration, I would like to finish with these words of Adrian Mitchell's. Maybe they're coherent, maybe they're completely contradictory. Either way, I like them:

My head socialist
My heart anarchist
My eyes pacifist
My blood revolutionary.

sexual oppression must also fight to end class oppression. And in the same way, since the whole complex of authoritarian and dependent attitudes of which sexism is a part work to hold people back from fighting to change the social order, those who wish to end class oppression must also fight to end sexual oppression.

Connections

The struggle for liberated personal relationships complements and reinforces the struggle of the working-class to abolish



The Kellaher Connection?

The activities of Scotland Yard's drug squad have long been a matter of deep concern to the underground press, Release and several solicitors experienced with drug cases. As long ago as OZ 19 (early 1969) attention was drawn to Norman Pilcher, who now faces serious allegations of perverting the course of justice. Beneath the headline 'This man is dangerous', OZ warned: "Detective Sergeant Norman (normal) Pilcher is London's deadliest male groupie. Originally from Chelsea police station, he's now Scotland Yard's chief head-hunter.....a publicity junkie who likes nothing so much as to bask in the limelight of celebrity arrests".

After hounding Brian Jones, Pilcher went on to bag John Lennon and Yoko Ono. On the day Paul McCartney got married, Pilcher delivered a wedding present in the form of his own protruding person to the home of George Harrison. Later, he began haunting Eric Clapton. OZ suggested someone should give Pilcher a lead guitar and build a group around him; "at least it would keep him off the streets".

A few issues later, OZ slammed into "well connected heads" who bought off busts instead of going into court and exposing police corruption. OZ reported the allegation by Thom Keyes that he

handed Det Sergeant Robin Constable £150 in consecutively marked £10 notes in return for the dropping of certain charges. Mick Jagger made similar allegations against Constable. The libel case bought against Jagger and OZ by Constable was never pursued.

In July 1971, Release issued a poster concerning Kellaher. In a statement to *Ink*, Rufus Harris, then a Release administrator, said: "We have put out this poster at the end of four years of trying to get allegations of police corruption properly investigated." In December, *Ink* pointed out that even if Kellaher was finally brought to trial, the outcome

would be of little help to those already in gaol as a result of malicious indictments by Scotland Yard.

Some of the circumstances behind the recent spate of police arrests and the chilling extent of police involvement in drug activities is known to OZ. This information is also known to the authorities. Details cannot be published until the court cases are over, but the story reads like a grotesque penny-dreadful melodrama and is almost beyond belief. Some of this extraordinary saga may emerge in court, but if not, watch this space in the underground press.

Scotland Yard comes tumbling down, there's only one solution:

Amnesty For Drug Offenders

The former head of Scotland' Yard's drug squad, Det Chief Inspector Victor Kellaher, has finally been charged with conspiracy to pervert the course of justice. Four other former members of the drug squad have been similarly charged. These four officers face additional allegations of perjury. All the summonses are returnable on January 22nd. In addition, a warrant dealing with the same alleged offences was issued against former Det Sergeant Norman Clement Pilcher, who left the Metropolitan Police in July. Pilcher was picked up in November when he landed in Australia.

If former drugs chief, Victor Kellaher, is convicted of any of the charges against him, then OZ makes the following demands. The urgency of these demands will be underlined with any (and each) conviction of Kellaher's former colleagues.

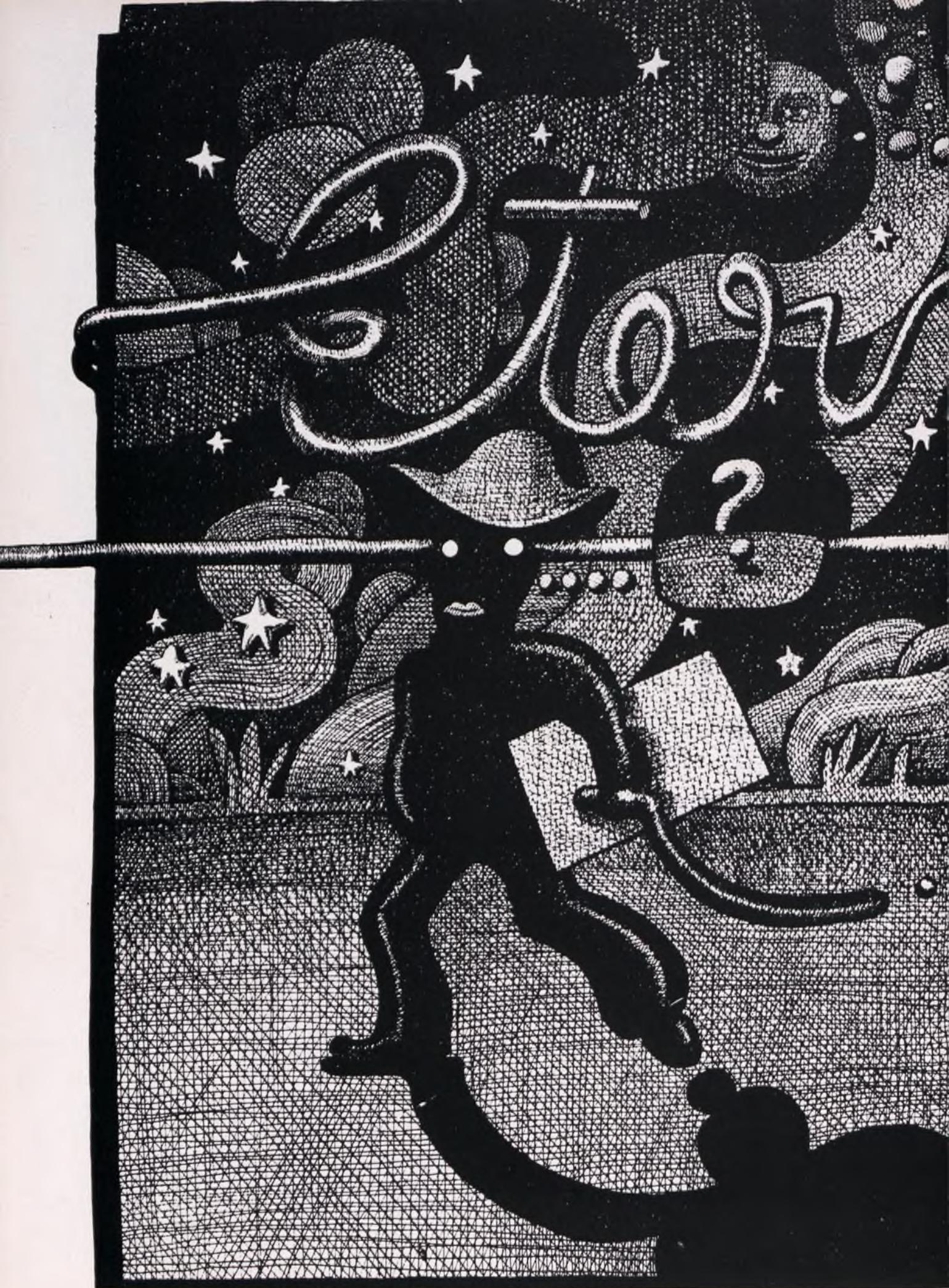
OZ MAKES THESE DEMANDS

1 If Victor Kellaher is convicted, then Oz demands the immediate release of any "drug offender" now in gaol as a result of allegations made by any member of the Scotland Yard's drug squad during the period in which Kellaher was it's head.

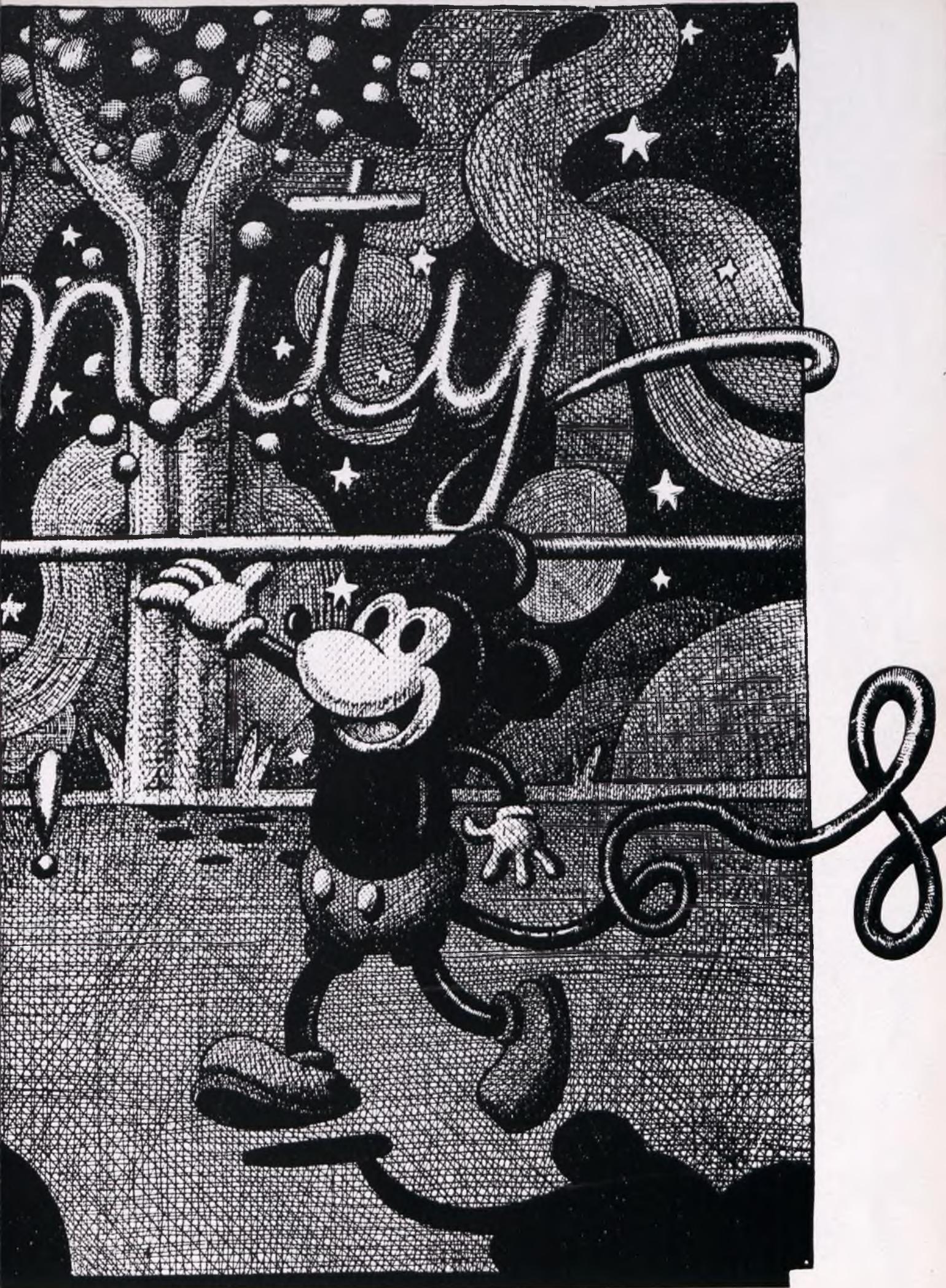
2 All convictions against persons who pleaded not guilty to charges 'brought by the drug squad, during the period in which Kellaher was it's head, are to be immediately quashed.

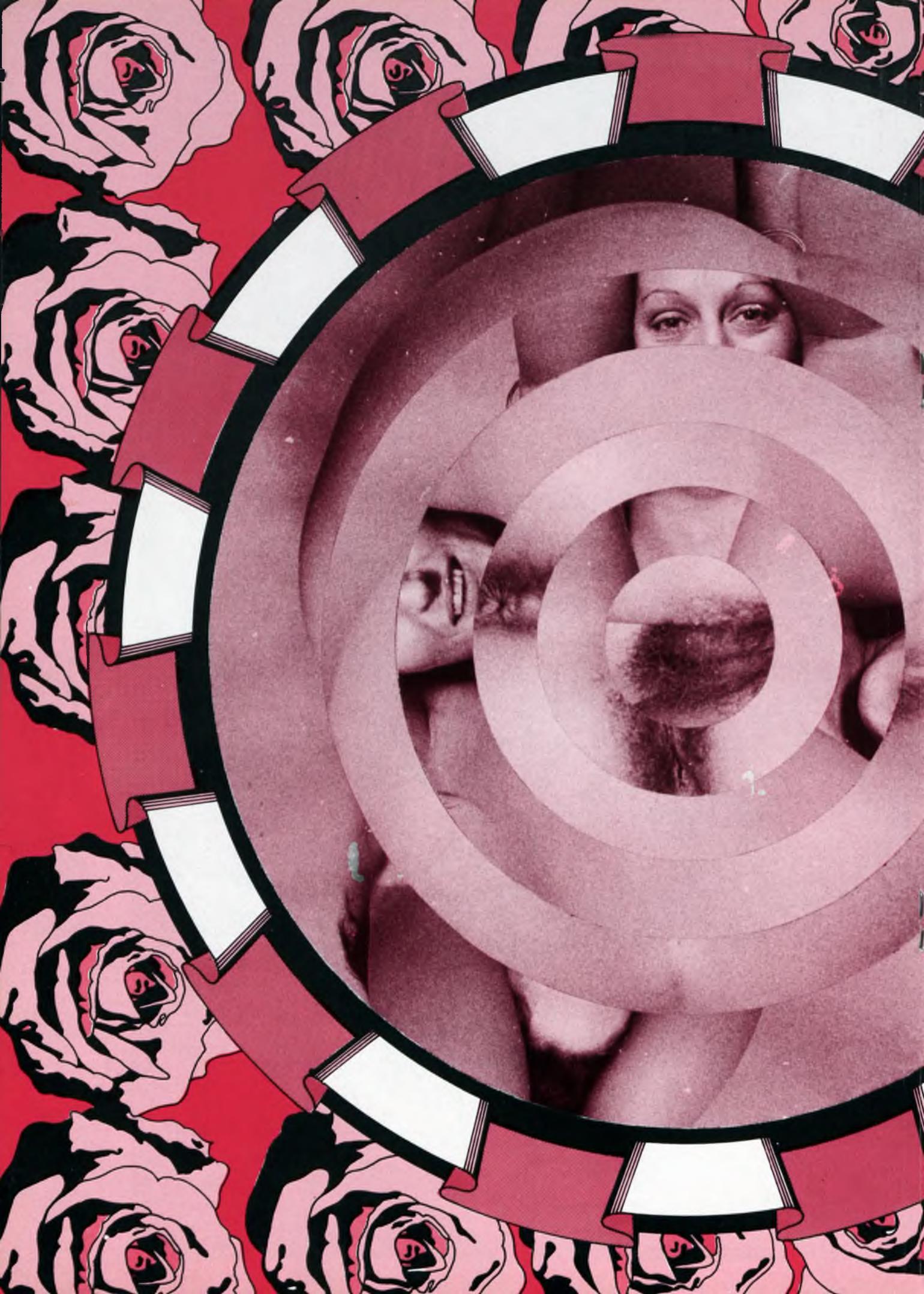
3 Upon the conviction of any other former member of the drugs squad, then immediate pardons are to be granted to any persons convicted by the evidence of the former drugs squad member.

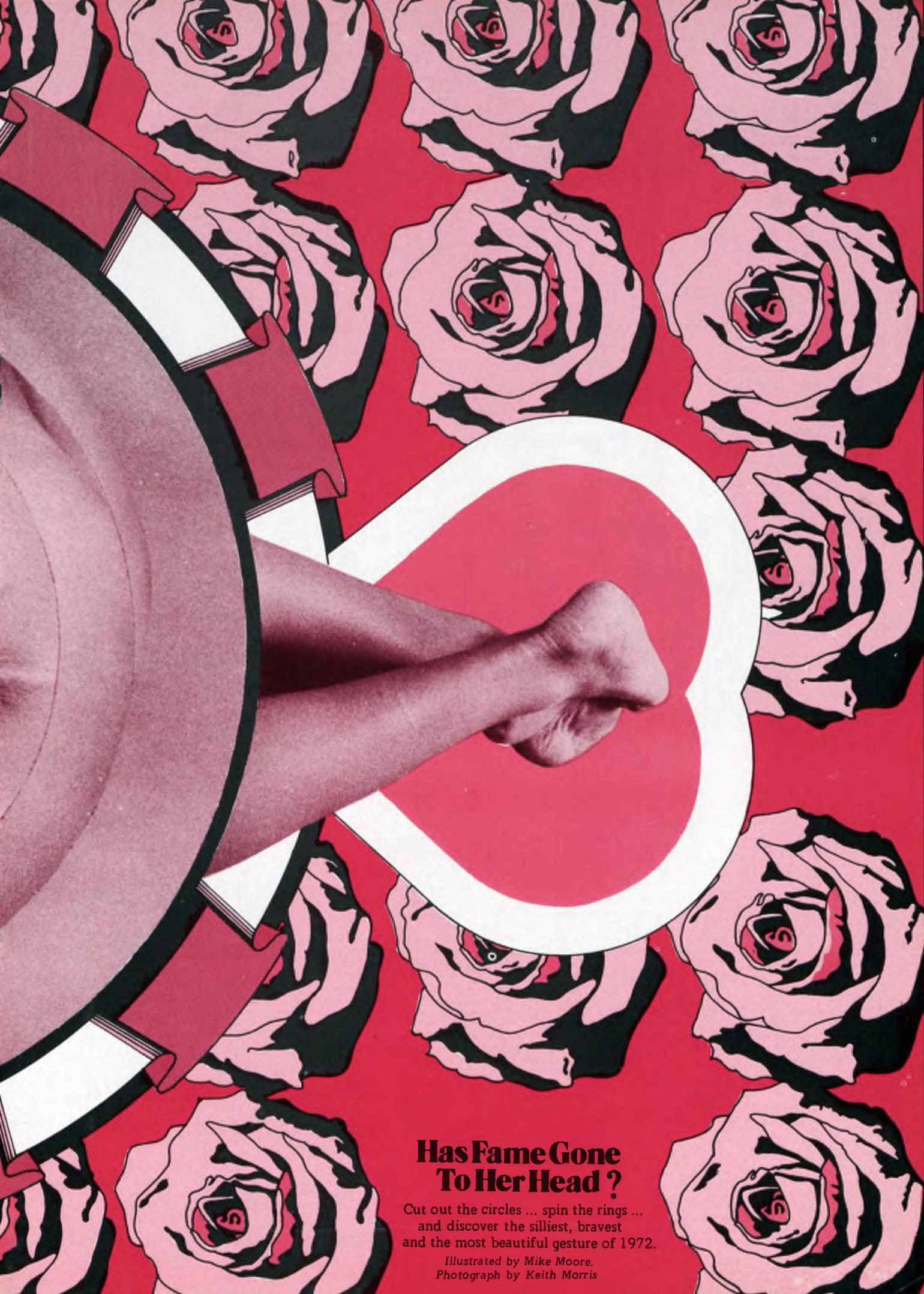
Remember, many of those convicted of possessing dangerous drugs, alleged at the time of their arrests, that they had been planted. NOW IS THE TIME TO SET THEIR RECORDS STRAIGHT.



From an original drawing 10 feet by 7 feet, by Martin Sharp. Life goes on...







Has Fame Gone To Her Head?

Cut out the circles ... spin the rings ...
and discover the silliest, bravest
and the most beautiful gesture of 1972.

*Illustrated by Mike Moore,
Photograph by Keith Morris*

HOMELESS

WHY NOT SQUAT?

ARE YOU SICK OF PAYING RENT TO SOME THIEVING BASTARD WHO WON'T LIFT A FINGER IN RETURN? MAYBE EVEN WORSE, YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANYWHERE TO LIVE AT ALL. IF SO, STOP LOOKING FOR A MOMENT READ THE DOS AND DON'TS OF SQUATTING BELOW, AND GET YOURSELF A HOME BEFORE SPRING.

In London, and all over the country, there are many thousands of houses standing empty. Mostly they're gonna be knocked down. Councils, Landlords, speculators, all have their greedy eyes on the land on which old houses stand — land which they feel could be 'developed' much more profitably. In all the big city centres, whole neighbourhoods are being cleared to make way for offices, multi-storey car parks, banks and shopping centres. Pity about the people of course, but then that's life, you've got to take the rough with the smooth etc.

Result: millions of people living in bad conditions, thousands more actually homeless. The rest shipped out to inhuman sky rise flats in the suburbs (at sky rise rents). Squatting means fighting back against this state of affairs. It means getting a place with your friends where you can live how you want FREE.

Squatting means saying to councils and Landlords, thank you very much, now go fuck yourself, we can look after our own affairs!

Looking For a Home?

Take a look around the area where you want to live. Find out about redevelopment plans for the neighbourhood (the local library should have copies). There's almost always empty houses in Redevelopment areas; because of bureaucratic delay in getting started, many houses stand empty for years. Other squatters will also tell you where to look, and there are groups well spread out all over London. If all else fails ask at the Town Hall, Planning Dept. They have to tell you most of what you will want to know, but have a good story handy.

If you've got your eye on a house, ring the Planning Dept. and find out if it's Council owned or privately owned. Avoid private places if you want a long term home. Private Landlords won't

hesitate to act against anybody who stands in the way of them and their loot, they'll boot you out as quickly as they can. It's not quite the same with the Council, they're more vulnerable — after all they're supposed to be housing people, not throwing them out onto the streets at the first opportunity. Also, avoid empty houses with LEB OFF, GAS OFF painted on the wall, or a new tarmac patch outside. This usually means that all the services have been cut off for good.

"I walked in, didn't I?"

Getting in to the house of your choice isn't quite the same as getting the keys off the Estate Agent. It's more exciting than that, but you probably won't have to bother with the mask and the black and white hooped sweater since it's usually possible to find an open window, a door that isn't shut properly or a lock that can be slipped. Remember that if you wreck anything when entering you may be charged with Criminal

HOUSES
STAND EMPTY
WHILE
HOMELESSNESS
GROWS

Damage. If the house has been tinned up with corrugated iron, you'll need a crowbar and that can make a lot of noise...

As an alternative estate agent, you'll need torch, candles (for night work), light bulb, palette knife for lifting latches — and always have a lock barrel screw driver in case you like the look of a place you can't move into immediately.

Check out the services before making a final decision about moving e.g.: Do the taps work? If not, follow the pipes to find the stop-cock. Make sure the water pipes haven't been ripped out (of course you can replace them yourself). *Electricity:* if the power doesn't switch on, check the main fuses and the meter (if it hasn't been taken out already). If they're missing or beyond salvage, the Electricity Board should renew them.

The First Thing To Do When You've Chosen Your House Is Change The Lock:

Yale lock barrels cost about £1.75p. Unscrew the back of the old lock from inside — there are usually three screws. Take it off, then pull out the old barrel from the front. Put the new barrel in the hole in the door and screw the back of the old lock on again. After that it's: Welcome to your new home!

Now, Now, Now, What's Goin' On 'Ere Then?

It is possible that your househunting might be disturbed by the arrival of the blue meanies, whereupon instead of freaking or running away, just say you are squatting and not burgling the place. Insist that you are living

there — "It's got nothing to do with the police, it's a civil matter between me and the landlord." If the police realise what's happening and that you aren't casing the joint they should leave, though you have to be firm to get your rights, and ignore all the stuff about "it's people like you that's bringing the country to its knees" etc. The more bedding and luggage you have with you the better.

Up Against The Law

Despite what a lot of people think, **SQUATTING IS NOT ILLEGAL...** provided you do it properly. Don't be fooled by letters, visits from the Council or anyone else telling you that you are acting criminally.

Squatters are trespassers, that's all, and despite what the signs say trespassers cannot be prosecuted. Trespass is not a criminal offence. **IT IS A CIVIL MATTER BETWEEN TWO PRIVATE PARTIES.** The wronged person can take action against the trespasser through the civil courts, but can proceed in no other way. In other words they have to get a court order before they can get you out.

Just for once the Law can be made to work for you if you push hard enough. *In your new home you have the same rights (to protection of your house and person) as any other householder.* (You will also be expected to pay rates).

Of course, while there is no law against squatting, there are plenty of laws that the authorities can use against you if you give them enough reason. (Just like the possibility of being charged with criminal damage on entering). Warrants can be obtained to investigate whether you've received stolen goods or are consuming dangerous

drugs etc etc. But basically you're OK, and the better you get on with the neighbours and the people around you, the more ok you are.

You keep a'knockin' but you can't come in

It's as difficult for the owners to enter your home as it is for them to get you out. In the box below is part of a leaflet put out recently by a group of squatters to deter over-enthusiastic bouncers.

Lifting Heavy weights over Short distances

An important part of squatting is learning what makes houses work and how to fix them up. Instead of hiring plumbers, electricians and people to do the work for them, squatters learn to do things for themselves and pass on their various skills to each other. Fixing a pipe can be a lot more difficult than writing an article on squatting for OZ ... other squatters will probably help you here. And there's also an excellent *Squatters' Handbook* filled with lots of practical information on gas, water, electrical fittings available from 11 Hemingford St., London N.1.

Squatting Movement

There's all different kinds of people squatting at the moment. There are Family Squatting groups who arrange for temporary homes for homeless families from the Council and charge a small rent. Some people say that Family Squatting Associations are as bad as the Council (Family Squatting Advisory Service, 44 Nelson Square, London SE1. Tel: 928 9521.

There are also people like the ever-growing squatter/freak community around the Prince of Wales Crescent area of Camden, N.W.5. Some 280 people live there, 30% of them graduates living on an average income of £7 a week each. They have organised the Camden Recycled Housing Association, 19 Vicars Rd, N.W.5, and seem to be involved in just doing their thing and being free from money hassles etc. So if you're a Recycled Hippy and just want to do your thing maybe you should get in touch with them.

Then there's groups of claimants, unsupported mothers, women in North London, especially in Hackney and Islington. Hackney and Islington squatters take a more active part in the struggles of the working class communities in which they live. For example squatters help in the production of neighbourhood newspapers like the *Hackney Gutter Press* and the *Islington Gutter Press*. [Hackney Squatters' Union, c/o Centreprise, 34 Dalston Lane, E.8. Islington Squatters, c/o 11 Hemingford Rd., N.1.]



As well as London squatting seems to have spread to other cities in England. In Oxford, for example, 27 squats have been established since last June. And of course in places like Amsterdam squatting has been for a long time a permanent feature in the struggle of people living in the big cities against the developers and in the fight for more and better houses for everybody and community control of neighbourhoods.

Postscript:

Squatters in Islington, Camden and Hackney are all fighting, or have already fought, eviction orders served on them by their local councils. A banner stretched along a block of occupied houses in Caledonian Rd, Islington: **STOP MAKING SQUATTERS SCAPEGOATS FOR COUNCIL INCOMPETENCE IN HOUSING!**

Cally Rd squatters, who have been in occupation for nearly six months, expect to go to court at the time this issue appears. They've been getting involved in the community in their neighbourhood, from meetings about housing to Jumble Sales, a community press, and a free shop.

In Camden the tactic has been to organise the 700-1,000 squatters in the borough at street level into Street Committees, which are loosely federated into a union for the purpose of negotiations with the council. One Camden MP, Stallard, and some of the 'left' councillors are sympathetic, but the eviction orders continue...

But in Hackney we won and they lost. Early last autumn squatters won court actions against both the Council and 2nd Actel Housing Association.

Against the Council the Judge ruled that the bureaucrats hadn't shown good enough reason why they needed the houses immediately. The 2nd Actel Housing Association's case failed because in the opinion of the judge, they hadn't made "every reasonable effort to get the names of every person in occupation in the five houses involved." Let your mind run riot.....

LEGAL WARNING

This property has been occupied by squatters. We are in possession and we intend to stay. If you dispute our right to do so, we are prepared to discuss the matter, but if you want to get us out, think twice and take advice before you act, or you may find yourself facing serious charges.

You May Not Evict Us Forcibly.

The Statute of Forcible Entry Act 1381 states " ... None from henceforth make any entry into any lands and tenements but in case where entry is given by law: and in such case not with strong hand nor with multitude of people, but only on peaceable and easy manner. And if any man from hence forth do to the contrary and thereof be duly convict, he shall be punished by imprisonment ... " Yes, it is an old statute, but it is still in existence. In fact it has been restated on a number of occasions (1391, 1429, 1588, 1623) and has been used at least twice in recent years.

So if you think you have the right to evict us forcibly then think again. The Act was designed to stop this — because if you have a just claim to possession of the property, then you can go through the courts to get your land back, but you must not attempt an immediate eviction.

YOU WILL BE COMMITTING A CRIMINAL OFFENCE IF YOU EVICT US FORCIBLY.

"The Forcible Entry Acts ... make



a landlord who takes forcible possession of the premises liable criminally..."

IT IS NO DEFENCE THAT YOU ARE ENTITLED TO POSSESSION

In Halsbury's Laws of England 3rd Ed. Vol 10, p. 592 para 1103 "It is not defence to a person who has forcibly entered on land in possession of another that he was entitled to possession or had a legal right of entry." So heed Lord Salmon's remarks in the Court of Appeal on 12.3.68: "The Storm may enter, The Rain may enter, but the King of England may not enter . . . (or) .. dare cross the Threshold."

A few years ago one owner did try to enter and 'cross the threshold'. A few words on what happened then might be of interest to you. You'll maybe remember the pitched battles between squatters and bailiffs in Ilford in June 1969. That was when Redbridge Council employed a firm of 'professional bailiffs' under the leadership of a Mr Barry Quartermain to evict

squatters without a court order. What you may not know is the outcome of those events. The police did nothing — so the squatters acted. They laid information before Barking Magistrate's court seeking summonses against Mr Quartermain alleging riotous assembly and forcible entry. When the magistrates initially refused to grant summonses, the squatters took the matter to Queens Bench Divisional Court and obtained an order of Mandamus, compelling the Justices to do their job properly. The final outcome was that Mr Quartermain ended up at the Old Bailey where he pleaded guilty to causing an affray. In return for this plea no evidence was offered on the other charges — a common practice.

That is what happened to the last person who tried to evict squatters forcibly without a court order. Do you want it to happen to you?

SO DON'T TRY TO EVICT US WITHOUT A COURT ORDER OR WE WILL PROSECUTE YOU.

A Proper Mess

A special OZ report on the failure of PROP - Preservation of the Rights of Prisoners.

Most people are aware that something pretty extraordinary was going on inside British prisons this summer. It's not by any means the first time that prisoners have protested against conditions — as long as prisons have existed, their monotony has been punctuated by demonstrations, some non-violent, others a little rougher. What made last summer's demonstrations without precedent was the co-ordination and publicity which accompanied them. This was the work of a rather strange organisation called PROP — Preservation of the Rights Of Prisoners, led by former top safeblower Dick Pooley. I say strange because the whole thing was built up on two illusions, which completely hoodwinked press and public alike. Even now, few people, if any, not closely involved with the organisation, know what really happened last summer.

The first illusion was that PROP was involved in organising ALL the demonstrations last summer. Demonstrations had been happening with greater frequency from the beginning of the year. In April, for example, the Home Office admitted to two large protests at Albany involving 378 men. PROP certainly did plan sit-ins inside, but it's role was as the co-ordinator rather than the initiator of protest. PROP's effectiveness as publicist of events inside is self-evident. For the first time, the public were made aware of what really goes on inside Her Majesty's prisons; they could no longer lock a man away and forget him. PROP had been officially launched on May 12th, just after the four sit-downs in Brixton, and although in touch with the 'leaders' inside, did not "arrange" the protests to herald the arrival of the organisation, as was claimed at the time.

The second illusion concerned the actual size of PROP. Figures quoted by the Press proclaimed over 500 members after four weeks, and nearly 1,000 by the time of the national strike. The national strike in August was certainly PROP's greatest achievement. Co-ordination was done skilfully, and the image of a massive organisation, backed by millionaires, was accepted by the media. But success went to the heads of the organisers, particularly to the head of Douglas Curtis, then PROP's Press Officer, who threatened a walk out from 'open' prisons. This was to prove the singularly most important mistake made by PROP. It frightened the Prison Officers into threatening strike action if "discipline and good order" were not re-established in prisons, and this united the media against PROP, a media which had been stunned both by the number of demo's and by the validity of the claims



of the prisoners. Up to Curtis's wild statement no paper had ridiculed the Statement of Intent and Charter Of Rights. After it, the media seized the chance to divert attention away from prison conditions and scream for "Law and Order" to be restored.

Curtis's action was symptomatic of what was happening within PROP. The two main organisers had come to believe that the illusions were, in fact, reality; they had fallen prey to their own creation. They began to struggle for personal media coverage and this conflict reflected badly on the organisation. The schemes and strategies which had been drawn up were never put into effect, because too much time was being spent indulging in a personal feud. This finally came to a head during the week of Albany and the rooftop protest. At that time, Curtis was on his holidays, sailing off the coast of Gibraltar and Morocco. Pooley was carried away by events, and started calling for a three-day national strike. He seemed to believe that because banners were waving from the windows and rooftops of less than 20 prisons, PROP controlled the penal system. It was certainly very active, and if Dick had kept his head things might have been a lot different. As it was, Dick's call for a three-day strike had to be repeatedly denied by Mike Fitzgerald, a Cambridge student who took over as Press Officer in Curtis's absence. This discord was used to further undermine PROP's claims.

Forty-eight hours after his touchdown at Heathrow, Curtis had split from PROP, and proceeded to take out bankruptcy proceedings against it. Pooley was seen as irresponsible and without much backing, and PROP was unable to raise any protest when vicious disciplinary action was taken against over 1,700 men, some of whom lost up to two years' remission. Unfortunately, Dick still believes that PROP has massive support inside. On 29th September he told an interviewer:

"In Gartree, for example, we have 100% support, and when we call for a sit-down they do it. But there are people in there who'd burn the place down. Luckily in Gartree there are responsible blokes behind us, who will not let the violent element get out of hand...."

(Peace News)

How hollow those words ring now!

PROP's big problem was that because many of those involved had joined out of friendship with Dick, they took up a stance of personal loyalty rather than one of commitment to a set of ideas and methods. PROP was unable, therefore, to make the necessary transition from charisma to democracy, and Dick Pooley remains the self-appointed National Organiser. Many people who sympathise with the ideas refuse to join this "one-man band" and one can hardly blame them.

Following the recent Human Rights Conference in London, at which a law-Lord suggested that

judges could refuse to send anybody else to prison until conditions were improved, and Labour Lord Gardener proposed a Prisoners' Charter of Rights, Dick Pooley decided PROP had won. He failed to see that this was a ploy operated by the Established Opposition to defuse the still tense situation. Dick announced that PROP had joined the ranks of reformism rather than revolutionary radical change. It is very doubtful if any prisoners still support PROP. At no one time did a quarter of them unite behind the PROP banner.

The movement was only beginning, when the leader thought it had ended, its task completed. What is needed now is an injection of new blood, a gathering together of people committed to PROP's ideas rather than to its leader. Charisma has served its purpose. What is required is an affirmation of support from people outside for the prisoners inside. One of PROP's biggest failures was that of being unable to mobilise large demonstrations outside the prisons. (At Gartree on August 4th, less than 20 people turned up. At Brixton in May, five arrived with ten placards). As it becomes apparent to the men inside that support is offered outside to prevent the savage disciplinary reactions of September going on unheeded again, so solidarity in prisons will begin to build, and the British prisoners movement will establish itself as a strong, coherent and consistent force which will seek to make the real criminals in this society pay for their crimes.

Jackson 8

We are used to the phenomenon of the teenybopper and the hysteria which accompanies the arrivals, departures and concerts of the idols — there is screaming, scuffling, pant wetting, sweaty shoving, an irritated but fairly tolerant contingent of controlling police. Everyone works off their hysteria somehow, and most of the fans have a good time. No-one gets hurt or arrested. But what happens if the Superstars are The Jackson Five, and the teenyboppers are black?

On Tuesday November 14, the *Evening Standard* ran the following genius of a news item: three teenage girls waiting for the Osmond Brothers at the back entrance of their hotel, had beaten up a policeman guarding the entrance. Very strong teenage girls, it seemed at that — they had managed to sandwich beating up the policeman between preventing cars from leaving the hotel and obstructing the highway.

The girls pleaded guilty in court, and two of them were fined £7 and £5, respectively, with the third being referred to a Juvenile Court for sentence. The Magistrate had concluded the case with "It does not help matters when vicious little girls like you attack police officers and put them in hospital." It sounded like an excerpt from Monty Python, (remember Hell's Grannies?).

Now let's leave the *Standard*, and have a look at the truth. Alison Cunningham and Anita Ekperigin were two of a group of about 12 black girls who went down to the Churchill Hotel in their lunch break to try and catch a glimpse of the Jackson 5. Both the Osmonds and the Jacksons were staying at the Hotel, and there was a crowd of about 50 white girls waiting for The Osmonds. They all went round to the back of the hotel, and at one point several of them, including Anita and Alison, worked their way towards the kitchens to try and get in that way. One of the hotel staff came out and told them to go back downstairs, but he did give them a picture of the Jackson 5. The girls returned to the pavement, and then, For Something Completely Different ... a couple of policemen came along, snatched the photo away, and started pushing the girls, telling them to "Move On".

The girls moved on, but complained at the pushing. Alison was grabbed around the neck, and pulled towards the van; Anita ran over and shouted "Leave her alone! By now one of the policemen was hitting her in the face. Another of the group of 8 police then ran over and pushed her first up against a wall, and then into the van, where both girls were given a thorough beating that included use of a truncheon.

Cecille Palmer, a friend who had heard the sound of the beating, and who was crying, banged on the closed door of the Black Maria, and was also dragged into the van, and included in the beating. Shortly

afterwards, all three girls were taken to Paddington Green Police Station.

One of the people who worked in the Churchill Hotel, a coloured chef, had seen it all, and came out to one of the girls' friends, and said that if they saw him a little later, he would arrange to speak as a witness for them. Before they could get any further, his boss came out and told him to get back. He tried to stay out for as long as he could, but the police kept him separate from the girls, and eventually he had to go inside.

Back at Paddington Green Station, things didn't get much better; the girls were kept in the

accounts of how three girls had set about a single policeman, P C MacKay. The police version was that he had been attacked whilst in the line of his duty; Alison Cunningham had obstructed the footpath, and then assaulted him. Anita then joined in from the back, while Alison continued by giving him hell in the groin. Finally, Cecille Palmer decided she might as well get a piece of the action, and started "throwing punches" at the unfortunate P C MacKay. Anita and Alison were fined £5 and £7, respectively, and Cecille's case was referred to a Juvenile Court.

Both girls left their jobs before they could be sacked. (Both Alison and Anita worked at the Hilton Hotel, which is renowned for its tight security requirements from employees, tight even by Central London standards).

All this took place against a background of press ravings about "Weeny Boppers" riots, and this story was reported in that vein. In spite of all the press hysteria, the

One of the tabloids that was going to town on the teenybopper angle, carried a picture of them, sitting in the back of a police wagon, looking very disconsolate at having missed Donny.

"But," explained one of the spoilt 13-year olds, who seem to epitomise Osmond fans, "they were very nice to us." It's not that surprising. The Osmond fans are teenyboppers. They are white, too.

Some Quotes: "Every word we said, like "Leave us alone", we got hit in the face. And my friend was banging on the back of the van. Cecille was crying and everything, because of what they were doing to us. The policeman opened the door, and he grabbed her from the shoulders upwards, and pushed her down on the floor, and every time she opened her mouth, he stamped on her head and hit her in the stomach. So I turned round and said, "Get off her", then one of them socked me right in the eye." — Anita.

"We asked them if there were any black policemen, and they said, yes, there is one in Harrow Road."

— Alison.

"They kept calling us monkeys, and everything. They told her to go and swing from the trees. One said, "Go and get them wogs out of the cell!"

— Anita.

"While I was at the station, one of the coppers said, "You're going to turn into another Angela Davis; you're just like her." Every time he saw me, he pointed me out to whoever he was with, and said, "There's the leader; she's Angela Davis."

— Anita.

"At the end of it all, when he asked us if there was anything else we would like to say, Anita said there was one thing she would like to say, and that was that she did not think there was a need for all this violence. So the Magistrate said, "Yes, I agree with you; there isn't any need for all this violence. What if all young girls like you went around beating up policemen? Then they wouldn't be able to keep the law, would they?"

— Alison.

"When the Hearing had finished, my sister stood up and said, "Do you think I could be allowed to say anything?" And he said, "Well, it's too late now." And she said, "Do you really mean to tell me that you do not realise that this is not one-sided? Do you mean to say that you believe one policeman stood up there, and he got a beating from these girls, while the other policemen stood around and watched?" So the Magistrate said to her, "Well, I'm sorry, it's too late, you can't say anything now." So she said, "I'll just leave that for you to think about."

— Carol



Illustration by Mitch

cells for five hours, and got threatened with further beatings by everyone from the women police to the cleaning ladies. All three girls were searched by two fat, very butch policewomen, one of whom set about Anita's see-through tights very vigorously. Eventually the girls were released at about half past six, due as much as anything, to the persistence of Johnny and Carole, Anita's sister who had also been one of the pop fans.

The trial was the next day. The girls were in a novel situation — after all, they were pop fans, not black militants, at least until now. They had not applied for Legal Aid, and pleaded guilty. Thus, the Court proceedings were pretty one-sided, and they had to endure lurid

Jackson and Osmond scenes were placid compared to the reception to say The Beatles and The Stones; going further back, Elvis, the Everly Brothers and Tommy Steele all elicited reactions that out-do anything that has happened since pop concert reactions were lumped in with the general threat to Law 'n' Order. Press reaction was the same to the Osmonds and the Jacksons — it was hysterical and inaccurate about the receptions to both groups. The police, however, were more discerning. That same week, they did arrest some Osmond fans — well, not quite. The police used a Black Maria to give them a lift home to mummy — via the police station, where they were given a cup of tea, and most assuredly not a beating.



e're always droning
 on about some temporary tin—pot rock moron. Here's
 an OZ tribute to Cole Porter, an establishment dandy
 of the past who wrote love songs for those who:
 "Found that the fountain of youth
 Was a mixture of gin and vermouth."
 and whose lyrics still make a kind of sweet sentimental
 sense today that Marc Bullshit & Co won't be making
 tomorrow.

LOVE FOR SALE

Verse.

When the only sound in the empty street
 Is the heavy tread of the heavy feet
 That belong to a lonesome cop,
 I open shop.
 When the moon so long has been gazing down
 On the wayward ways of this wayward town
 That her smile becomes a smirk,
 I go to work.

Refrain

Love for sale,
 Appetizing young love for sale.
 Love that's fresh and still unspilled,

Love that's only slightly soiled,
 Love for sale.
 Who will buy?
 Who would like to sample my supply?
 Who's prepared to pay the price
 For a trip to paradise?
 Love for sale.
 Let the poets pipe of love
 In their childish way,
 I know ev'ry type of love
 Better far then they.
 If you want the thrill of love,
 I've been thru the mill of love,
 Old love, new love,
 Ev'ry love but true love.
 Love for sale,
 Appetizing young love for sale.
 If you want to buy my wares
 Follow me and climb the stairs,
 Love for sale.



KATE THE GREAT

Kate the Great
 Katherine of Russia, that potentate,
 Knew that her job was to fascinate.
 Some people called her a reprobate,
 But still she's known as Kate the Great.
 To sessions of Congress she wouldn't go;
 Never heckled the crowd on the radio.
 She would never mix in affairs of state,
 But in affairs of the heart, how Kate was great.
 Why she made the Congress,
 She made the Premier,
 She made the clergy,
 And she made 'em cheer.
 She made the butler,
 She made the groom,
 She made the maid who made the room.
 She made the Army,
 She made the Marines,
 Made some of them princes,
 And some of them queens.
 And when she was still discontent,
 Kate'd create a new regiment.
 So beautiful ladies, before too late,
 Follow the lead of this potentate,
 Give up arranging affairs of state
 And stay in the hay like Kate the Great
 Hay-de-hay hay-de-hay hay-de-hay
 Stay in the hay like Kate the Great.
 (Extract)



I'M A GIGOLO

Verse

I should like you all to know,
I'm a famous gigolo.
And of lavender, my nature's got just a
dash innit.

As I'm slightly undersexed,
You will always find me next
To some dowager who's wealthy rather
than passionate.

Go to one of those night club places
And you'll find me stretching my braces.
Pushing ladies with lifted faces 'round the
floor.

But I must confess to you
There are moments when I'm blue.
And I ask myself whatever I do it for.

Refrain.

I'm a flower that blooms in the winter,
Sinking deeper and deeper in "snow".
I'm a baby who has
No mother but jazz,
I'm a gigolo.
I get stocks and bonds
From faded blondes
Ev'ry twenty-fifth of December.
Still I'm just a pet
That men forget
And only tailors remember.
Yet when I see the way all the ladies
Treat their husbands who put up the dough,
You cannot think me odd
If then I thank God
I'm a gigolo.



PILOT ME

Pilot me,
Pilot me,
Be the pilot I need.
Please give my ship
A maiden trip,
And we'll get the prize for speed
So cast away your fears,
Strip my gears,
Let me carry you through.
And when afraid you are
Of going too far,
Then I'll
Just pi—
—Ot you.

(Extract)

I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU

Verse

My story is much too sad to be told,
But practically ev'rything leaves me totally cold.
The only exception I know is the case
Where I'm out on a quiet spree
Fighting vainly the old ennui
And I suddenly turn and see your fabulous face.

Refrain

I get no kick from champagne.
Mere alcohol doesn't thrill me at all,
So tell me why should it be true
That I get a kick out of you.
Some get a kick from cocaine.
I'm sure that if I took even one sniff
That would bore me terrific'ly too
Yet I get a kick out of you.
I get a kick ev'ry time I see
You're standing there before me.
I get a kick though it's clear to me
You obviously don't adore me.
I get no kick in a plane.
Flying too high with some guy in the sky
Is my idea of nothing to do,
Yet I get a kick out of you.





Books

Down The Programmed Rabbit-Hole.
Anthony Haden-Guest.
Hart-Davis Macgibbon. £2.50.

In which Anthony Haden-Guest takes up a political position slightly to the left of Winnie The Pooh and rushes off to look Aghast and Amused at selected manifestations of Our Horrible Capitalist Consumer Western World viz Muzak, Tarzan, Coca Cola, Hilton, Colonel Sanders etc etc, with himself providing one more manifestation of that Horrible Mickey Mouse World he describes viz his programmed book *Down The Programmed Rabbit-Hole*.

All the same it's a very funny book. In a style which pinches something from Tom Wolfe, Hunter Thompson, A.A.Milne and James Cameron and gets none of them quite right, and a technique that throws italics round in an attempt to produce the after dinner post-joint gossip feeling, Haden-Guest digs out some amazing facts and has surreal encounters with people that one thought only existed in bad dreams. Haden-Guest was on the fringe of that group of writers who formed the backbone of OZ in its early years — people like David Widgery, Angelo Quattrocchi, Germaine Greer, Tom Nairn, Bob Hughes, Ray Durnat, Alex Mitchell, Edward de Bono — and OZ readers will love what he's found out. Like 'There is Muzak in the Pentagon. Both Johnson and Nixon had it in the White House. Nixon has the facility at Key Biscayne, while LBJ uses it down on the ranch, where speakers are wired individually to trees.' and the prayer that Conrad Hilton wrote after consultation with Norman Vincent Peale. It is a prayer said by a kneeling figure of Uncle Sam and begins

AMERICA ON ITS KNEES
not beaten there by hammer and sickle but **FREELY, INTELLIGENTLY, RESPONSIBLY, CONFIDENTLY, POWERFULLY,** America now knows it can destroy Communism and win the Battle for peace.

This is a book to be read slowly and savoured. It will confirm your long held prejudices and turn off your mind.
Andrew Fisher.

Apple To The Core
Subtitled "The Unmaking of the Beatles" by Peter McCabe and Robert D. Schonfeld. Published by Martin, Brian and O'Keefe. Price £2.00.

The premise of this book is that the Beatles were great when they were the Beatles, and that their split up was a terrible tragedy for the world at large and for them individually. Main credit for their initial success is given to Brian Epstein, the only figure in the book who emerges at all sympathetically. (He had "class, integrity and charisma"). Epstein cared about the group (admittedly at the cost of the individuality). He protected them from the nasty world of business while being more concerned to foster their career than to make fast bucks either for himself or for them. When he died (because the mon-

basic mentality to one of "clutching on to their wallets". Yet again, commerce triumphs over art.

The process and well-researched details of the ensuing financial wheeling and dealing (involving, of course, enormous amounts of money) make fascinating reading, and there are a few incidental details about the Beatles themselves worth knowing. There are several examples of Paul's developing upper-middle-class mentality, and there's a certain bitchy interest in reading about Linda Eastman's career as "empress among groupies" before she hooked him. It is also



book) can be bothered to waste their time crying over the milk that was spilt. McCabe and Schonfeld give the game away as to their own underlying notion about what rock music (and the Beatles) is all about when they give critical approval only to the post-Beatle career of George — because he's sold more records than the others.

Generally, the tone of the book is one of nasty, gossipy debunking. A large part of its purpose seems to be to prove — and gloat over — the fact that the Beatles weren't God, they were only human after all (and, arrogantly egotistical at that). As if we didn't already know that, for Christ's sake. In two or three songs John Lennon has had far more interesting things to say about this subject than these two authors do in 209 pages, even if they do show that the Beatles who sang "All you need is love" also had more than a passing interest in making money, a point that John Lennon has been rather more reticent about.

The Beatles, say McCabe and Schonfeld, were a gold-mine who came up for grabs, and were besieged by the endless amount of hustlers who didn't give a fuck about them or their music, but merely wanted to make bread out of them. The main effect "Apple to the Core", in spite of the interesting incidental information it provides, is that it adds McCabe and Schonfeld to the list of profiteers.
John Hoyland.

Ways of Seeing
John Berger and others
(Pelican)

This book starts off from the basic proposition that this world of ours is founded on privilege in property, opportunity and power. And you don't have to be a genius to see that that isn't too far from the truth.

But if so, then there must be props which support this privilege. And obviously there is no shortage of candidates for inclusion in a list of those: from the police right through to an education system organised along class lines.

But of course, it's not as if these issues get seriously confronted in most people's everyday lives — they get glossed over, they're boring or they're something you can't do anything about. The uncomfortable realities get hidden under a layer of mystification posing as common-sense and passive acceptance of anything which is familiar (if you're not



ster he had created had become too big for him) the Beatles had a brief and disastrous attempt at managing their own affairs through Apple. Then they began to go their divergent paths as individual artists and people, and simultaneously their financial affairs became an unholy mess. The result: they delivered themselves into the hand of unscrupulous businessmen (Klein and the Eastmans), accelerated the split between them and reduced their

interesting to note that while John and Yoko were doing their bed-ins for peace they were constantly taking time off to rush back to London to haggle with city financiers over the future of Northern Songs, NEMS, Apple, the Beatles' Co. etc.

But the overall perspective of the book just doesn't hold water. The Beatles' split was clearly inevitable, and only people who are completely hung up on the Spectacle (like the author of the

convinced that this happens, look up the Sun's verdict on the Stoke Newington 8).

So here the problem becomes one about language — that people's very ways of understanding and talking about themselves prevent them from beginning to ask the right sorts of questions. This book screws up its courage and tries to say one or two things about how this happens — starting off with an exploration of how it happens in one small area, that of visual art.

Our classical art being, first and foremost, a celebration of possession — possession of power, property, land, horse, woman; the fact then gets dressed up in pseudo-religious pomp, disguised by endless meaningless argument (was Van Eyck a greater genius than Reubens? Take your pick) and frosted over by rightful grovelling to the judgments of the critics. Which leaves you and I wordless, with nothing to do but accept it as right and proper.

So art gets taken out of historical perspective, stops being by or about real people in real situations, and becomes a free-floating phantasm surrounded by an aura with which the establishment covers itself. It should be no surprise that in the boardrooms, the conference halls and the inner chambers the art of the past is used to lend authority to the present power.

The idea of possession is the link between the various parts of the book. Art, which celebrates the possession of privileges, has become a privileged possession and as such is just another cog in the consumption machine.

It begins to come clear why so few people feel they are being forced to do as they are told — buy, work, own, stay in line, make no trouble. It has already been predetermined that their own thinking will lead them to the trough anyway. The language that most people have for describing themselves has kept right in line with every new economic and ideological twist along our historical route to 20th century lunacy.

Through the glamour invested in them by the colour magazines and the publicity machine, the privileged few, by their very existence, pronounce themselves the natural inheritors of everything civilised and good. Of whom you are fortunate if you are a pale shadow. In the name of the Owners, pulling the strings. For theirs is the kingdom, the power and the armoury. For ever and ever

The book exposes all this well enough. But gives few clues as to what to do about it: how to recapture a stolen language. Stuart Wooler.

A Warm Gun
by Peter Smalley.
Published by Andre Deutch.

This is a novel of rampant superficiality. It tries very hard to be funny and often succeeds. It's a caricature of the American war machine using names like Elvis Presley and Major Marble which are in themselves part joke and part symbol. The book sounds like this: "And then Lassiter told



him things that made his scalp shrink and his stomach bunched up. "I gave the order that scattered John Kennedy's skull across a Dallas street. I had the word passed to Lyndon Johnson so that he shivered and withdrew. I made a phone call and Robert

Kennedy lay on a kitchen floor. I met a man and Martin Luther King crumpled on a motel balcony. I know everything." Where it's superficial is that the author tries to let all the symbols and the unexpected turns of events do all the work for him.

There's little meat and too much obvious technique. Nevertheless it sometimes works and is mercifully short and to the point. It's crazy that it was ever published in an expensive hardback prestige format. It should have been a throwaway paperback and then probably all the things I've complained about wouldn't be so important and the crazy texture of the book would come out. Wait for the paperback and then buy it is my advice. Andrew Fisher.

The Body Politic
Women's Liberation in Britain 1969-72. Compiled by Michèle Wandor. (Published by Stage 1, 21 Theobalds Rd, London WC1, 1972. Price 60p retail. 50p if ordered through the Women's Liberation Workshop, 3/4 Shaver's Place, London SW1. 01-839 3918.)

Women's Liberation in Britain began with more than the usual disadvantages given to such movements. For the popular straight press it was quite a bonanza, and it churned out their version of what Women's Lib was all about; bra-burning, groups of neurotic women demonstrating in New York being booed by passers-by, lesbianism, etc., etc. Other papers scarcely mentioned it. The Underground press occasionally gave it space, and even devoted special issues to women edited by women. This was for confused reasons, however, not for any real belief in it (with the notable exception of *Friends, madam* — Typesetter), but because of their tradition of publishing. On the Left, some individual women were allowed to put forth their feelings in its press. More recently the media has had to deal with the subject more seriously. Some women journalists in the straight media have become involved in the movement and written about it in their papers. Individual books, such as *The Female Eunuch*, have brought serious consideration of women to a much wider public. Reluctantly the straight media has had to come to terms with the fact that Women's Liberation is something a little more than the fuddled murmurings of hysterics. Of course, there are scores of sneering references to the movement still, even in the sporting pages of papers like *The Sun*.

From the very first, however, the Women's Liberation Movement has produced its own literature, in the form of leaflets, pamphlets, and newsletters like *'Shrew'*. *'The Body Politic'* is a compilation of these writings which are a record of the first impressions, experiences and the growth of the movement. The contents embrace a wide range of topics. *'Women Speaking'* includes articles on 'Women and the family', 'Identity', 'TV and women', 'The black woman', 'The Movement' has the history of Women's Liberation in Britain, impressions of a small group, feminism. *'Society — Steps in analysis'* is the last section in the book and has topics such as 'The family', 'Women and work', 'Crime and the body politic', and 'Women and action, Past and

follow-up



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Present'.

It is very clear from the book that the Movement moved quickly from consciousness raising to political discussions. Rosalind Delmar in her piece 'What is Feminism' says "Another new feature of modern feminism is its analysis of ideology" and for the women in the movement who had first begun to discuss themselves "It is clear that the abolition of all forms of private property is a pre-condition for women's liberation, since women themselves are a form of private property."

From the confusion of the late '60s the most significant movement to emerge has been Women's Liberation. And it is a movement that cannot be stopped and will continue to grow. It is a movement which has involved a total re-think for many people, both men and women. For those who have been involved from the start, later and now, *The Body Politic* will have historical importance, for those who have flirted with Women's Liberation it may be the beginning of an affair, and hopefully it will be read by many who have not yet had access to this material.

The editor, Michelene Wandor, spent two years getting this book together and published. The publisher, Richard Handeyside and she made every effort to keep costs down, so that it could go on sale as cheaply as possible. The royalties and any profits from the book will be going to the movement.
Louise Ferrier.



FILMZ

Savages is based on a simple, but extraordinary idea. It opens in a sensuous forest, deep and tangled, where a tribe of mud people, outrageously masked and feathered, are preparing a gruesome fertility rite. Suddenly, a croquet ball comes flying through the air. The savages (not unnaturally) marvel at this strange, smooth sphere, and set out to trace where it comes from. What they come to is a huge, elegant, white and deserted 18th century house. Inside they discover clothes, pictures and all the trappings of 20th century 'civilisation'. Then, by degrees, the tribe becomes transformed into an elegant 1920's house party. They form liaisons. They hold sophisticated conversations. They hold grand parties. But, then, gradually luxury declines into decadence. Life sinks below stairs, where in the damp gloom of the cellars, party games become orgiastic ritual. In a final hectic dawn game

of croquet the savages chase their croquet balls back into the forest.

As a scheme it is simple, perhaps predictable. But the simplicity is deceptive. We are made to see the strange curve from an oddly ironical viewpoint. The *Mudpeople* are introduced in a 1920's documentary style in black and white, complete with MGM titles - one of which ex-



Looking over their first car.

plains that "tribal elders are often distinguished by pebbles in their teeth, though this is not the case here". Suddenly, an untitled German narration starts. Not understanding German, I was struck by a comic mock scholarly effect.

James Ivory says this is just what he wanted. But in fact, for the cognoscenti the words are Schiller's commentary on the rise and fall of civilisations. This curious irony sets the tone for the whole. Clearly it's not all to be taken too seriously. Thankfully, it's no laboured allegory of life. Rather the pattern serves as a support for a string of visual comments, of mocking vignettes, of filmic 'double entendres', and some lush porn. The variety, the unexpectedness and the delicate irony of these generates amazing richness.

The film is crowded with memorable moments. There is the short cropped 'capitalist' - assertive, powerful, grasping: "I often cheat, but I never lie". For a moment the camera catches him sitting ecstatically smoking a cigar surrounded by a vast model railway. There are some riveting moments of monologue - 'a highly strung girl' tells a haunting, wallowing story of a painter who tried to catch the exact shade of red of the blood which dribbled from the mouth of his dying wife.

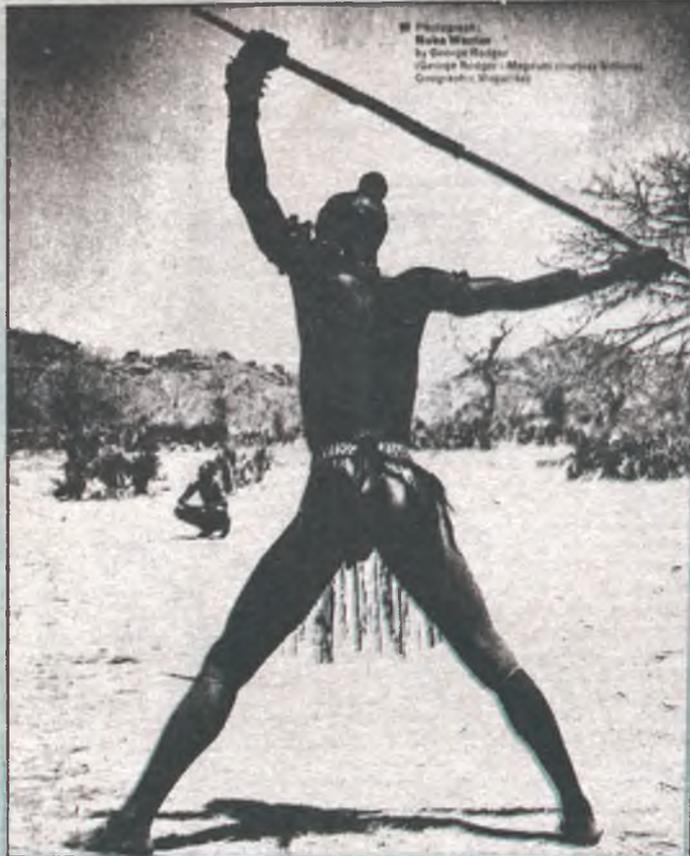
A danger of this sort of 'film essay' is that - as with other experiences - one can get bored between the climaxes. And *Savages* is not entirely free from this - particularly where the suggestion wears thin or the humour lapses. But unexpected touches are often just around the corner.

It's a film which raises many questions, but attempts no answers. You can read fairly much what you like into it. To this extent it's hardly a 'serious' movie. And that's maybe no bad thing. What is serious about it is its style - disturbing, mocking and to me quite original, like nothing I have ever seen.
Nick Young.

Gold

Directed by Bill DeLorge
Greaser's Palace

Directed by Robert Downey
The main difference between the slapstick satires *Gold* and *Greaser's Palace* is that the former is a largely utopian message Western made by Westerners while the latter is a nothing's sacred cowboy



Photograph: Marka Wierlein
by George Rodger (Magnum courtesy National Geographic Magazine)

Photo from *Art and Society: Sex*. Ken Baynes. (Lund Humphries, Welsh Arts Council, £2.50)

and indians parody directed by New Yorker Robert Downey. Their similarity is that, as wholes, they both pretty much fail.

Gold is simply a California hippie/anarchic vision, the new American dream; son of summer of '67. Gary Goodrow, long time improvisational master from the Committee in San Francisco, nicely using all his very human acting resources while reflecting the media's stereotype to lampoon *The Bad Guy of The Movies*. He's the surly, hung-up railroad sheriff, puritanical in ethos and capitalistic in favour.

He really can't be laughed at, although it helps, because that's where *The Law* is. Goodrow goes around sending people on a gold rush, beating up a stripper a la Bogart ("You're my doll and I don't like my dolls liking doing that"), slapping black out strips across three year olds' crotches, ramming a cohort cocksman as mayor down the folks' throats, evicting a long-time resident, etc.

Del Close, also from The Committee, is his unwitting foil, a cruddy, black garbed, broken-legged junkie fool who interrupts orgies to bring bad news, comes to parties after they're over, generally is shit upon until he emerges as a freaked-out Che to liberate the people.

Cutting in and out with footage of American violence and backed by music from the MCS, Ramblin' Jack Elliott, and Toni Brown, among others, *Gold* rekindles in rather desperate fashion the hopes and dreams of half a decade ago. Its message is government which governs best governs least. But when California voters can smash a simple legal possession of grass statute and re-establish the death penalty by the 2-1 majority required. . . .

Greaser's Palace is just too

intent on destroying the myths of the American West. Written in London, its often brilliant cynicism comes nowhere near the awesome awareness of *El Topo*, or for that matter Hopper's much-maligned, erratic, but essentially right-on *The Last Movie*. Downey even has to satirise a Western sunset, including ribs at 2001 and *The Beatles* in the process.

Greaser's Palace, which takes much too long in taking off, is the story of the second coming of Jesus as a zoot-suited song-and-dance man in the West. Jesse, as he is known, makes his way through the wastes walking on water, resurrecting Lamey Homo, latent son of constipated saloon owner Seaweedhead Greaser — who three times murders Lamey, producing water in the desert, etc.

Mkraclizing with hands and "If you feel, you heal," he tells all he is heading for Jerusalem to become an "actah-singah-dancah". "It is written the agent Morris waits for me," he exclaims.

And of all the zanies in *Greaser's Palace* (and they range from a gay Mexican dwarf to *The Holy Ghost* — "You'll never know what I can do because you never give me a chance"), the agent Morris in a brief cameo steals the show. Looking like Alice Cooper, he wears a space bubble, hot pants and thick platform wedges as he tells Jesse his act just doesn't make it.

But Jesse, whose very distinctive mannerisms seems to evolve from the Groucho slouch and shuffle, has already turned on clubowner Greaser with his talents (the stigmata shtick does it), much to the dismay of Greaser's exotic dancing daughter. The film ends, of course, with Jesse's crucifixion, done in by a classic "mortally" multi-wounded woman he has saved and whose

family his death resurrects.

Its compassion difficult to nail down, *Greaser's Palace* is one audio-visual gag after another — western parable straight facing, petting orgasms, every sort of bizarre local type, etc. But its greatest contribution may be in its yet another addition to the burgeoning crucifixion-as-cliche emergence in contemporary entertainment. A British film, *The Other Side of the Underneath*, directed by Jane Arden, even has a nude woman maddeningly being reborn from the cross.

In the hell-bent rush toward making *The Great (and/or Hip) American Movie*, *Gold* succeeds better than *Greaser's Palace* only because it isn't trying. But neither in the prurient do they even meet. *Arnie Passman*.

Marjoe

Directed by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan Marjo Gortner is an ex-southern California born-and-bred fundamentalist evangelist, a regal authentic Jesus freak about 30 who has hippily given up the lucrative game. Descendant of four generations of Pentecostal ravers, he delivered his first sermon at age four, and his extraordinary life is the archrhythmic documentary, *Marjoe*. For Mary + Joseph.

As a member of revivalist royalty — a Paul Atreides of White Trash, the cute, curly-haired Marjoe had his soul on fire carefully manipulated and honed by a classic show biz mother. Very early performances are surrealistically shown in *Marjoe*, including a marriage ceremony at age five. California courts said it was legal much to the consternation of American clergymen.

"Every gesture was forced on me by my mother," said Marjoe. "If I wanted to go out and play, I couldn't. To convince me to 'practice' she'd smother me with a pillow or put my head in a basin of water. She didn't dare hit me because that might leave marks and I had to be seen in public.

"When I would get to a town, my parents would take me around to all the papers, and I'd walk up to the city desk and say, 'How do you do, sir? I'm the Reverend Marjoe Gortner, and I've come to your city to give the devil two black eyes.

"The editors would ask me if

I memorized my sermons and I'd say, 'No, they come to me in my sleep,' or something. This wasn't true; they were completely rehearsed, and my mother had signals like 'Praise Jesus' if I was too slow up or 'Hallelujah' to speed up, and so on."

And so on went on until age 14 in 1955 and through three million dollars until Marjoe's father, the Reverend Vernon, disappeared during a performance with the collection. Marjoe and mother eked through the next two years, but the novelty was wearing off.

Marjoe dropped out of public sight for over ten years. He lived with an older woman he had met on a southern California beach for a while, and then went to college.

During the early 60s, Marjoe got into the non-violent movement, politics, drugs, etc. And then his exhibitionist instincts took him back to the tent and the pulpit.

Although it wasn't made evident in the film, the ultra mod clad Marjoe traded his hell and brimstone preaching for the joy and salvation whoopees of the Aquarian dawn. But his audience wouldn't buy it, so he returned to the highly profitable "To Hell With You, If You Don't Believe!"

"And if you do," he implores them, "Bring up your largest bill....."

In a fascinating scene, a bare chested Marjoe is shown in his motel room ("There are revivalist groupies, of course, but I can't hit on them — at all; I stick to the stewardesses") preaching his sermon cross leged on his bed as he separates his money from a brown paper bag.

"But I'm not the businessman some of the guys are," he said. "Like there's one cat who has a radio show that reaches forty states. And he'll go on the air and say something like: 'Now, there's a little old lady, dear to me, out there with ten dollars in her cookie jar, and I'm asking you to send that ten dollars to me to do the Lord's work.'"

"Now, he doesn't know there's such a person out there. But, you know, he says that pitch gets him about 200 replies whenever he uses it. That's two grand in one



night!"

However, such hypocrisy and duplicity was bound to affect Marjoe. And he struggled with it for over two years. Finally, after presenting a full range of holy rolling white and black gospel (short for God Spell, don't you know?), the film ends with Marjoe going into retirement.

"I've often thought of going up there and telling them where I was really at," he said. "But one thing or another, mainly money hangups, kept me from doing it. But I can't really keep on living this double life anymore.

"I guess I'd like to be a rock star - you can see I use Mick Jagger costumes and tricks - or an actor."

Skilfully and fairly directed by Village Voice columnists Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, Marjoe might seem to some eyes, hip or otherwise, to be a thorough indictment of evangelism. One girl from North Carolina, after seeing it, said: "I don't think it showed the good in it."

Marjoe himself exclaimed: "If I had to go into a Christian religion, it'd be the Pentecostal. Man, the music! I stayed in it this long because of the show. And my ego, of course."

Later on, relieving years of tension by parodying his act, he cried:

"Can God deliver a religion addict?"

The point is that what Marjoe has been doing is universal, the possibly best side of any religion, an incontrovertible proof God exists in man. A powerful expose, Marjoe is not even uniquely American, or necessarily a "sinister aspect of contemporary American life."

Old Testament prophets, Siberian shamans, voodoo priests, witches and warlocks, black and white, have used it - or are used by it. And the audience's resulting dance trance, speaking in tongues, declaration of personal vision, even seeing God, is gaining renewed respect.

In any event, a dude named Denver Dan once told Kesey: "The third eye is what we're shooting for. But it's a bitch to leave the throat behind."

Referring to Christ claiming God's throne in heaven, Marjoe said in a sermon:

"When a high priest sits down, his work is done."

Or maybe just beginning. By all means, see Marjoe as he was. Arnie Passman.

Born To Boogie

Directed by Ringo Starr
Apple Films

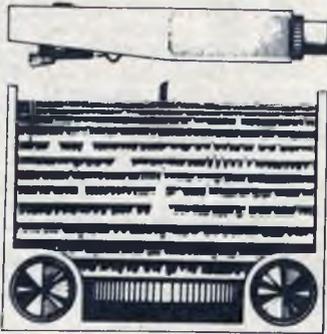
Marc Bolan's film opened at the smallest cinema in the West End, Oscar 1. A week after the premiere, I went to see it and found the cinema three-quarters empty. Just the facts, ma'am, you know you can't fool the children of the . . . skip it. Born To Boogie is an inept piece of garbage. The band plays something abominable, the blown-up 16mm film is grainy, blotchy and washed-out, and the staged location sequences would be a grievous insult to the intelligence of a four-year old pinhead.

Making a documentary about Marc Bolan ain't a bad notion.

The Bopping Elf is quite a fascinating figure, niftier with quotes than chords these days, but Jesus, whatcha* want, good grammar or good taste? But doesn't a badly-shot and worse-recorded recreation of Marc's Wembley Pool squeal-in really make it even when interspersed with cutesy little scenes that would have had a hard time making it through a Monkees story conference.

So we see Marc parading around the Wembley stage like a little girl in her mother's clothes, bashing out some fairly primitive riffs on an out-of-tune guitar. We see him hamming up two of his better recent songs "Spaceball Ricochet" and "Cosmic Dancer" while scratching aimlessly on an acoustic Epiphone with its top E string almost a quarter-tone flat. We even see him (in the film's funniest sequence) slyly giving head to a microphone which is slowly but remorselessly losing its erection. As David Bowie could doubtless have told you, Marc, when in doubt go for the blowjob.

As the playing is appallingly sloppy (despite some judicious overdubbing), the filming is pedestrian and fuzzy and the staged scenes are so fantastically dire, Born To Boogie is an exasperating waste of time. Perhaps the sequence over the closing credits gives it away. Marc is standing whacking away at a silver guitar producing the most godawful racket you ever heard in your life when an acolyte approaches him, unplugs him, and helps him off stage. Then . . . kazowie! A dwarf materialises in a thunderbolt and in a frenzy of adoring lust proceeds to eat Marc's Fender amplifier. Like I was saying, you can't fool the children of the revolution. Charles Shaar Murray



SOUNDZ

Charles Shaar Murray picks his five worst records of 1972...

Obviously, the really rock-bottom rancid albums of any given year are by cruddy no-hopes who nobody ever hears of, but the albums that are usually most irritating to the sensitive, trained intellect are those by artists who, while being gifted, have managed with the unerring instinct of true creative souls, to totally blow it.

Perhaps the most outstanding 1972 example of this phenomenon in action was John & Yoko & Elephant's Memory's *Some Time in New York City* (Apple). Here we have the thoroughly unpleasant experience of seeing one of modern rock's finest minds

ART BOOK



Martin Sharp, whose work has appeared in *Oz* with varying frequency over since the earliest days in Australia, has published (Mathews Miller & Dunbar £1.50) an ART BOOK. The subtlety of the collages he has made by combining such painters as Magritte and Van Gogh sends you spinning back to the originals to make sure your memory hasn't turned turtle. Throw away that cumbersome twenty guinea Trechitoff and put ART BOOK on your coffee table instead. This one will run and run....

wasting itself in self-indulgent nonsense. Sure Bob Dylan founded his career on writing didactic, proselytising political songs, but we were so much older then, right? Complete the quotation. "The Luck of the Irish" may well be the worst song of the year, far exceeding in offence quotient such harmless ditties as "Metal Guru" and "Little Willy" and "Circles" and . . . let us call their names with pride. Is today's bop-pin' teen going to support the IRA, the Women's Movement, the Attica People, Angela Davis, John Sinclair and all the other rent-a-causes just because Joko do? More important still, will they understand them?

T. Rex's *The Slider* (T. Rex Wax Co) is astoundingly annoying for a variety of reasons. The first and most obvious is that it's fantastically bad, but I refuse to believe that the man who produced *Unicorn* could be happy with this. You see, basically I like Bolan. I was one of the proud few who, spurred on by the urgings of Jumpsin' John Peel, purchased Tyrannosaurus Rex's "Debora" single in its first week of issue, back in the golden days when Steve Took had a gig. The songs on *Unicorn* were imaginative and sophisticated, two qualities sadly lacking from *The Slider*. Lastly, it's simply a drag to see music that bad being that popular.

Again I get incredibly frustrated when I see record companies pushing crap out onto the market in the sacred name of Jimi Hendrix. I suppose you can't blame two-bit, one-horse labels for putting out terrible old jam tapes, but when his "official" record label pulls similar bummers, it gets actively offensive. *War Heroes* (Polydor) is a collection of assorted garbage, unfinished tracks, off-nights, and a sneaky little reissue of a '67 B-side. It appears that rock critics are expected to react to rip-offs like this by parading their grief for the dead master, and enthuse

extravagantly about his genius, but the fact remains that Jimi blew it a few times, and also that his record company, by issuing these leftovers, are damaging the consumer, their own reputation, and the reputation of Jimi Hendrix. On the other hand, I suppose they get some bread.

Lou Reed (RCA) was one worthy soul who should have done a lot better than he did. His first solo album was a colossal bore, despite the glossily-smooth backings, production and engineering jobs. Even the sleeve was a super-nifty. The trouble was that the songs weren't any good. Apart from "Wild Child" "Liza Says", "I Can't Stand" and "Walk It And Talk It", none of the songs had any coherence whatsoever, and Lou's gift for incredible incisive lyrics seemed to be on an extended long weekend in Max's Kansas City. His second solo album, *Transformer* (RCA) was a considerable improvement. It contained one good song.

Finally, another big downer was Frank Zappa's *Waka/Jawaka - Hot Rats* (Reprise). It sounded like the work of a man who's just broken his leg, is held down by leg-irons, whose entire band has just walked out on him, and is feeling utterly pissed off about the whole thing.

Boomers Story
Ry Cooder
Reprise

Bottleneck guitar is rather like speed; used with decorum it can make the world a little bit brighter; used recklessly it strangles the user and bores the listener. The trouble is that superficially it's so easy. You just slide it up and down, and, in the words of the song, the rest comes natchur'ly. No frets to worry about, released from all irksome restrictions (often including melody and rhythm). To say that most white

bottleneck players around today are mediocre is to be too kind, as they oscillate like clockwork between ultrasonic variations on "Dust My Broom" and soundtrack noises from "South Pacific". Even some highly rated black players lack that control and taste which the freedom of the bottleneck demands.

Ry Cooder may go down as the man who saved bottleneck guitar from degradation and extinction. There have been three or four players as good or better, but they're all black and all dead. Cooder uses his guitar for music not sound effects and he appears to be unable to play an unfunky note.

He helped make Beefheart's "Safe as Milk" a stand-out album of the 60's.

He (and Clapton) made a good bluesman out of Keith Richards.

His first two solo albums were eccentric gems, and launched him as a singer. His voice isn't shattering, but as B.B. King and Hendrix (among others) have shown you don't have to be Caruso to take care of business.

Boomers Story contains the same odd assortment of songs as the previous albums. A mixture of straight country blues, Woody Guthrie type Depression-ballads, "swelty" songs, patriotic anthems from the Civil War and WWII and a couple of superb instrumentals. But musically there's no clash at all. The same blend of Cooder's guitar (acoustic or electric; it hardly seems to matter) piano, drums and bass or

tuba runs through the whole set, added to at times by mandolin, harmonica, clarinet and horns. (Randy Newman figures on one track). Cooder's gift for jerky irregular rhythms which still rock along is more exaggerated than ever. A gift handed straight down from the country blues greats, especially Robert Johnson.

The album is a sort of tribute to Sleepy John Estes, who plays and sings on one track, "President Kennedy", and has composer credits on another. Cooder appears to have learned a lot from him, particularly in his choices of chord progressions (as in "Swerved Melodies from Skip James").

"Cherry Ball Blues" is one of the finest guitar instrumentals ever put down, demonstrating how to overdub without fighting yourself.

The only potential bum track is that repulsively slushy Latin tune "Maria Elena" but he even saves that (by a hair's breadth) from the vomit-bag.

If there is a thread running through Cooder's choice of material, it is his fascination with the 1930's and 40's; however, unlike some other fashionable nostalgics, he sees in that period not the showbiz glamour and extravagance but the Great Depression and its music. The songs of hungry people, black and white. That's just one more, non-musical reason for finding Ry Cooder a breath of fresh air in a stale, slightly putrid, rock scene.

Dick Pountain.



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Letter from an ever-open pussy!

Dear Oz,

When I came up to London three years ago I was happily promiscuous as well as being bogged down in what I eventually realised was a sado-masochistic affair — me being the idiot masochist and him the insecure (partly because of my promiscuity) and therefore vengeful sadist. Ironically, when we first plunged into the short-lived bliss of this youthful relationship that was later to become so sordid, my beloved had said "Of course you understand you're free to sleep with anyone you fancy." A kindly permissiveness which I naively believed to be heartfelt and accordingly acted upon. I thought I was fairly liberated sexually ie I never screwed anyone I didn't want to screw, I didn't mind the fact that I hardly ever had an orgasm, because I really enjoyed going to bed with people and didn't feel I was obliged to come each time I fucked. Every weekend I hitched 100 miles to my lover's university hall, there to spend three days in romantic carnality — and to be more or less confined to his room in case the puritanical warden saw me and kicked us out on the grounds of immorality. Actually, I believe I really loved him at that time but I was still under the delusion that he didn't mind if I fucked other guys. There-fore, whenever I casually said "I screwed X last Monday" I was bewildered to find myself in the middle of a painful and often violent scene of accusations on his part, to end which I had to employ the traditional female devices of tears, sobs, frantic assurances that from now on I would be faithful to him. I now see that these promises which I never kept played a large part in fucking up both him and our relationship. But then I

felt degraded by this grovelling and insincerity. It took me a year before I got around to wondering why I was taking all the shit he piled on me — public insults etc — but even then I would probably have never got around to bringing this messy affair to an end, because I was still vaguely in love and anyway had got used to having him around. I suppose I enjoyed feeling I had power over him (I'm a nasty little bitch sometimes). Then one drug-crazed January I fell under the influence of kind generous Tom who to my acid-wrecked brain seemed like my Saviour — when he walked into the room he had a halo round his head, even. He persuaded me to move in with him and tended me hand and foot for six months before he became disillusioned — by this time I had become ungrateful, bone-idle, depressed, withdrawn and secretive. I didn't even dare to tell him I was screwing around — he had to read my diary to find out what I was doing and thinking. (Oddly enough he too had promised before I moved in with him that there'd be "no strings attached" and again I believed this). But our relationship survived (just about) a poverty-stricken and paralytically bored winter in South Wales. As Tom and the dole were supporting me, I didn't bother to get a job, I just lay in bed, generally atrophying, sometimes talking to the cat (who disappeared this summer, or, possibly, committed suicide), and I was carrying on a long, monotonous and mutually distressing cold-war with my mother. Tom took to nagging and booze.

Back in London at Easter, thank

God, I had intense conversations with various intelligent, perceptive and frustrated women — legally wed or hiply living together, we all complained of the same things:

- (1) Being taken for granted and treated as an object,
- (2) Not being talked to,
- (3) Being expected to do housework (I realise I was disgustingly lazy and sluttish about this),
- (4) Not being cuddled when we wanted to, but
- (5) Being made to feel guilty whenever we didn't respond to our men's sexual advances.

The trouble is most women that I've met in the freak/politico scene talk about being liberated but never do much about it. My divorced (and unfortunately embittered) mother, and strong willed grandmother had brought me up to believe that marriage was undesirable in fact unnecessary. "Don't you get dependent on a man" they said to me. So at least I didn't grow up thinking that as I had spotty skin and no boyfriend I was a failure. Nowadays it's still often quite a status symbol to be someone's old lady, to have someone you can cook supper for, and generally keep house for. You'd better watch your step or you'll start living like your mothers.

Though I'm pretty self-confident (sometimes!) I still find it hard to walk down a street and be invited for a bit of slap 'n' tickle by — frequently repulsive — men who leer at my breasts. Sometimes I get

so angry at being treated like an erotic pin-up that I yell "Stop fucking staring!" at them — then feel cross with myself because after all it's bad grammar and I should feel sorry for them. Once I beat a large Irish labourer about the head with my heavy shoulder bag because of this; he was amused and surprised at first, then a little scared by my virago-like appearance and savage blows. I know it was childish, but it made me feel great. Straight and often nonstraight guys are taken aback when you show anger at what they feel is a compliment to your sexuality; you're not supposed to show displeasure at their admiration of your body, nor express anger which is an emotion that "truly feminine" (for feminine read submissive, docile masculine-approval-seeking!) women aren't even supposed to feel — Anger is "unlady-like", a threat, just like it's a threat to his ego if instead of faking an orgasm you yawn in a man's face





man when he was probably as conditioned into being dominant and aggressive as she was into being submissive. You have to examine carefully the behaviour patterns within your relationships and find out what you're really like. For example, though I hate being taken for granted and looked upon as a mum/dishwasher/sockmender/ever-open pussy, I do really enjoy doing things for guys I like a lot (I don't feel up to tackling the concept of love - I'm still very confused about it). I'm certainly subservient to some degree - I've even been known to thrill with pleasurable obedience when my man commands me to get him his breakfast instantly! (but not very often, I'll admit). Another seemingly obvious point - give and take is an important factor in a relationship. Go to extremes here, and you'll ball things up.

Finally, true women's liberation is being free to act any way you really want to act. If you get a kick from making his breakfast - don't not do it simply because you have mistaken ideological scruples about it. In other words, if you enjoy doing things for your man, do them. Can't think of anything else at the moment so I'll stop here (anyway I've got to wash my hands. Ah socks now, haven't I?)
Marva

PS. As Virginia Woolf almost said, an incredible number of great novels by women never get written because their would-be authors have too much housework to do. So there.

and show him how bored and irritable you really feel. Actually I find that to avoid the bad temper which usually follows a woman's rejection of a man's sexual advances, I usually do fake orgasm or at least simulate pleasure. I've hardly ever met a British guy who was a great lover. But lookee here, wimmin-folks, don't put up with emotional blackmail and tyranny any longer! If you're in a relationship where you're being at all abused, see if you can work out with your man what's going wrong and if you can't work it out, get out! And when you're on your own again, don't get bitter - he may have fucked you up, yes, but you let him fuck you up. This sounds simplistic but is depressingly true.

And lookee here you guys - Treat your woman like you treat yourself and everything's gonna be alright! Mutual understanding and sympathy are important. a woman to lay all the blame on her

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Nothing But The Best

(Rod & Van & Mike & Alice)

Myles Palmer chooses ten records of 1972 which for him have "enduring artistic merit in the face of continuous play"

I guess you could say 1972 has been the year of Alice Cooper, and don't be fooled by my apparent reluctance to make such a statement. The ACS have loomed large in my landscape ever since I first stumbled on the superfine hardrock highlights of *Love It To Death* some 15 months ago, and lemme tell ya, I flipped when those ultra-vulgar drag-desperadoes brought it to life on the stage of the Rainbow last November.

Gimmickry has seldom found itself in more capable hands, and if they understand media better than most, good luck! If only more groups would own up that they are servicing an industry, and do it with such style and professionalism. It's ironic but typical that their weakest album — *School's Out* — should be their biggest seller. Still, even at their worst they've never been boring, and I await their next venture with high hopes.

Before we get into this random collection of remarks from the bottom of my heart and the top of my head, I should own up about in-built biases. I listen to a wide variety of stuff, check out heaps of groups, actively try to keep an open mind, and revise my opinions fractionally month by month. For instance, I've seen Bowie twice this year and Roxy Music three times, and can't stomach either at any price. In the same way that King Crimson used to leave me cold, if that makes sense. On the other fist, I've been to six or eight Vinegar Joe gigs and as many by Brinsley Schwarz. If either or both were as big by this time next year as Lindisfarne are now, there'd be at least one less surly rock writer around.

More specifically (1) I don't like people who take themselves too seriously and (2) I'm not particularly into lyrics, as I look first for sound, guts, musicianship and credibility, and (3) I've been convinced for a long time that whatever rockanroll is about, it's NOT about how many notes you can play. As a group these records have certain obvious characteristics, like they're mostly American and there are no girl singers. No apologies. The selections are based on my evaluation of ENDURING ARTISTIC MERIT IN THE FACE OF CONTINUOUS PLAY.

I've tried hard not to be loyal or wide-ranging or esoteric and I'm happy that so many of the artists

I most believe in have come through with such superb music. Much of the creative energies of old favourites like Traffic and the Grateful Dead have been diverted into interesting but inconclusive solo side-trips. The silence from P rocol Harum, too, has been a little long for comfort, though I gather Gary and the boys are cooking up a new studio opus titled *Grand Hotel* which should be with us soon or Soon. Will they ever equal A Salty Dog?

The album I've listened to more than any other this year and the one which sends me into a paralytic trance of adjective-choosing is *Music of my Mind* by Stevie Wonder. Stunning sound poems on the synthesiser and wondrously adventurous singing. If you've got an ounce of romance in your body you can hardly fail to be thrilled by *Superwoman*, *Seems So Long* and *I Love Every Little Thing About You*.

I thought I'd lost the capacity for total excitement at rock concerts until I caught the J. Geils Band at the Lyceum. The first number was a whiplash instrumental, then black-clad, heavily-moustached singer Peter Wolf leapt into action. It was wild, electrifying, and as it got crazier, a deranged chick dived onstage and fastened herself onto his twitching frame. I remember being colossally impressed by the ferocious style with which he kept right on howling until a pair of roadies detached the hysterical madamoiselle: all this at 2.30am and us fresh from Alice Cooper at Wembley earlier that evening. Whoooooooh!!! So blasted was I by their brand of electric blues and mayhem that I kinda expected to be disappointed by their *Live: Full House* LP. Memory being the traitor it is, and all. But, no way. It scorches your ass like a flame-thrower. I felt like rushing out in the street and yelling 'Listen to this! Listen to This! Ain't this the Real Thing!' And how smart to do a or-album set which leaves you gasp-i-n-g for more.

Seeing the miraculous Jackson Five was another of the year's big turn-ons. That kid Michael is everything you've heard and maybe more: the most exciting voice in pop music, poetry in motion, pure dynamite. They are far bigger and better than most people realise, and if you haven't tumbled to it yet, treat yourself to the 14 songs on their *Greatest Hits*. I promise you won't regret it.





Compared to most songwriters Randy Newman is fuckin' profound, and his *Sail Away* is highly recommended if you like masterpieces. Vicious humour, but light and Californian, too. Who else could sing "The Christians and the Jews were having a jamboree, the Buddhists and the Hindus joined on satellite TV". Short sharp songs informed by dark, bitter intelligence, and definitely a taste worth acquiring.

The USA must be teeming with dozens of useful country-rock groups getting nowhere fast, and maybe too many rock fans are as snooty as I was before I saw Poco. Two groups distinguished by their knockout material are Eagles and Loggins and Messina. Everyone I've played the Eagles album to has enthused, especially girls. A punchy two-guitar quartet, mercifully no steel, and infectious cocksure rhythm guitar from Glenn Frey. Super production by Glyn Johns spotlights lovely harmonies which are never too chic. Four of the songs are incomparable, and the rest ain't so duff you wish the four were together so you didn't have to turn the record over. About Take It Easy, the single which should have been the biggest chart smash since American Pie, Rolling Stone reviewer Bud Scoppa said it all. Get a load of those Jackson Browne lyrics, especially the second verse. Lots of the sparkle and polish of *Sittin' In* is in the playing, but producer Jimmy Messina captures a razor-sharp sound. Kenny's sensitive husky vocals enliven the gentler songs, especially the irresistibly melodic Danny's Song. Rocks like a bitch, delicious fiddle and sax playing and very stylish in live concert. A likely contender for fastest up-and-coming American group of 1973.

If you still haven't bought *Rock of Ages* by The Band, what are you waiting for? Seriously, it's the best live double album I've ever heard. Billboard has it at No 6 this week, so at least the Americans can recognise magnificent music occasionally even if Britain can't.

Recently I went to the hairdressers, my first trip in two years, to have another haircut like Robbie Robertson. I was thinking about this article, and whether the notion of hip muzak is a contradiction in terms. What I'm trying to say is I'd rather hear the Rascals at the salon than the interminable Tea For The Tillerman and Tumbleweed Connection. Their *Island of Real* album

gets my best also-ran-of-the-year award. Catchy songs and lavish arrangements from the gunvor blue-eyed soul band. Uptown expertise used to great effect. It's foolish to comment that Jackson Browne, will soon be a Force To Be Reckoned With, as anyone with ears can tell he's already a Major Artist. His debut on Asylum is the most engaging fusion of words and music to come down the line in many a moon, bulging with poise, devoid of mannerism. I don't expect him to camp around in 8" platform boots and saucer-sized sun-goggles, and I bet there ain't a songwriter alive who wouldn't be proud to have written Rock Me On The Water, Doctor My Eyes or Jamaica Say You Will. Apparently he's put a band together to tour with him and play on his next record. An obvious move but a wise one. It's about the only way he could give his excellent songs more width and force.

Van Morrison remains my favourite living rock musician, and any of his five albums on Warners will repay many months of close listening. I've listened to *St Dominic's Preview* morning, noon and night, more than anything else except Stevie Wonder, and its fire and atmosphere continue to amaze. What joys await those just now discovering him.

Rod Stewart is an object lesson in how to be a rock star and a human being at the same time, and like Don McLean he's able to combine good music with massive commercial success. His heartrending vocal performance on *In A Broken Dream* was a reminder that Rod's been good for a long time, it's just taken the masses a long time to pick up on him. His records, like his stage act, are an extension of his football-playin', booze-lovin' guy-next-door persona. His charm is his accessibility: you can relate to him. I'm still convinced *Never a Dull Moment* is a better album than *Every Picture*:

"I don't object if you call collect Cos I ain't forgettin' that you were once mine
But I blew it without even tryin'
Now I'm eatin' my heart out
tryna get a letter to you."

Sure, this is Maggie May, continued, but such is the stuff of rock & roll, and be it ever thus.

Myles Palmer
November 1972



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Great Moments In Rock

A.J. Weberman, self-styled Dylanologist, collector of celebrity trash, garbartist, Miami Beach zippie and dethroner of Abbie Hoffman, has written for Oz his own interpretations of Ann Duncan's painting series, Great Moments in Rock. His comments still have some of the old maniacal ring about them (see Oz 19) but reveal him as the perfect chronicler of those years of wasted time, the hippie sixties. The death of the 'counter culture' has found a prophet.

From 1968-1970 I did nothing but put Dylan's poetry under the microscope of my intellect trying to figure out what it all meant. I worshipped him at the time and saw my role similar to that of the ancient Talmudic Scholar or Cabalist attempting to decipher god-given truth from what appeared to most as an arbitrary arrangement of words...

But when I found out my GOD was a junkie I was catapulted back into the present!!

While I was going through this change Ann Duncan was putting the various metaphors I deciphered on canvas in the form of an oil-painting titled *Dylan Shooting Up* - the first in her series called *Great Moments in Rock*.....

In the upper right-hand corner of the portrait Bobby is riding a "big white goose" through the sky. This is a pictorial representation of the line "Saddle me up a big white goose / Tie me on / And turn her loose" (*Country Pie* - Nashville Skyline).

But what's this got to do with heroin?

In order to find out we've got to look at the line through the lens of analytic criticism which entails figuring out exactly what Dylan means by a particular word by digging how he uses it in all contexts. To facilitate this I've invented a computerized Dylan Word Concordance which gives me every word in his poetry (inc. *Tarantula*, liner notes, etc.) in



alphabetical order along with a line of context.

"Saddle"

This word only appears as a verb once throughout the body of Dylan's poetry (in this context) since all other references have it attached to "bag" or "side" (e.g. saddlebag, sidesaddle) so it's probably not a symbol.

"me up"

'Up' appears about 100 times and is often linked to dope—"Margarita the pusher wheeling a cartful of Thursday up Damians Row" "the pleasures are few on chemical isle, little girls hide perfume up their shrimps" "She's known as horse chick up in Cheyanne" "I need nothing from you — you are so much tied up in it though" (nothing — "Maria I long for your nothingness" hypothesize 'heroin' for Maria) "There's a hatchet (death) in Maria's makeup" "he begins to shoot up the barbeque beef signs" "if anything drastic comes up take these pills" "It strangled up my mind" "Something is tearing up your mind". So 'saddle' means 'make ready' & 'up' tells us drugs are involved.

"a big"

'big' appears many times and is generally linked with dope — "I am gazing into the big dipper" "compared to the big day you find Lord Byron shooting craps" "Up in Toronto on the big day" "So I shoot dope once in a while —

big deal' "Lay across my big brass bed / Stay lady stay while the night is still a head" "I can't wait to sniff that air if it's snuff I won't have no care that big rockin chair..." (Dylan ghosting for Band) "That big fat moon is gonna shine like a spoon" 'Big' is often linked with 'fat' another heroin symbol. Dig Open The Door Homer — "There's a certain thing that I learned from my friend Jim/ That he'd always make sure I'd understand" (literal) And that is that there's a certain way a man must learn to swim (you've got to go along with the mainstream of political thought and not be too radical) If you expect to live off the fat of the land (If you want to be a superstar & use junk) Open the door Homer (open people's minds, Dylan the poet) I heard it said before but I ain't gonna hear it said no more (he ain't gonna do it anymore)"

"white"
"the contemporary fix along black winds and white Fridays" "six white horses that you did promise" "White heap sneezes, passes out and rips open Autumn's gag" "while mothball woman, white, so sweet" (see Marie under 'up' references — Sweet Marie)

"goose"
"Goose John Henry the Negro medicine man" "spray chancellor Erhard with goose fat"
'big', 'white' and 'goose' are all heroin linked words or heroin symbols

"tie me on"
This is 'junk-slang' pure and simple meaning 'tie a belt or string or necktie or gag around my arm so that my veins will fill with blood & become better targets for my needle'

"and turn her loose"
"tie" or a word linked to it often precedes 'turn' &/or 'loose' — "Tie my shoelace and keep walking then I turn" ("Shoelace is similar to 'gag' (e.g. 'Autumn's gag') under 'white' references and also in "I'm foldin out my gag gonna turn you loose like an old caboose ('caboose' rhymes with 'goose') got a tail I need to drag (got a habit I have to support) so "tie me on and turn her loose" means "prepare me for a shot and let her rip — shoot me up

Can you dig it? If you do this to many other lines in Dylan's poetry the same thing happens — you find that for a long time Dylan was *super-subtly* (this is the key word) singing about junk.....

The next work in this series, *Jim Morrison's Cock*, shows sex-symbol Jim keeping the customers satisfied in Miami Beach. In the upper left hand corner of the painting there's a couple making love in the ocean. This illustrates Morrison's sex-water metaphor that appears throughout his poetry. For example in *Horse Latitudes* he wrote — "When the still sea" (when old people, no longer into making love) "Conspires an armour and their sullen & aborted currents breed tiny monsters" (implant distorted puritanical ideas in the minds of the young) "True sailing is dead" (uninhibited sexuality is made impossible). In

Locked In A Prison Of Your Own Device he advises virgins to 'get it on' so they "won't miss (their) chance to swim in mystery" and *Moonlight Drive* contains myriad sex-water metaphors — "Let's swim to the moon let's climb through the tide / Penetrate the evening that the city sleeps to hide" "Let's swim out tonight love, it's our turn to fly / Parked beside the ocean on our moonlight drive" "Surrender to the waking worlds that lap against our side" "Down by the ocean side / Gonna get real close / Get real tight / C'mon baby gonna drown tonight"

The inset in the upper right-hand corner is the way Ann visualised the lines 'Dead President's corpse in the drivers car' (a genocidal maniac rules the land) "The engine runs on glue and tar" (whose system uses organic material — like the human flesh of the Vietnamese — as fuel) "C'mon along not goin very far / Goin' East to meet the Czar" (hop on the butcherwagon and join the feast of flesh as Amerika heads for internal totalitarianism)

Yeah, Jim knew where the swine who rule Amerika are at and that's why he tried to incite kids to riot at his concerts, that's why the pigs maced him, that's why he was barred from so many cities and that's why the people loved him..

It's really tragic that a powerful symbol of sexuality and life was destined to meet with a premature death. I really find it hard to believe the dude had a heart-attack — why was he buried a week before his demise was publically announced if not to avoid an autopsy?

Judging from the kind of poetry Jim was writing just before he died

it was an overdose of heroin that stopped his heart from beating. ...

The story of the Lizard King will continue to repeat itself as long as hip culture is treated as a product; cause when fame and fortune severs an intense life-force like Morrison from the community that nurtured and sustained him then surrounds him with greedy, ugly hip capitalist swine who kiss his ass & hustle him at the same time, there's nowhere to go and although one sweet dream came true, it lead only to endless flight, endless night, endless, endless, endless night....

AVENGE JIM MORRISON!

The next picture shows Abbie Hoffman gettin hit on the head by Peter Townsend of The Who at Woodstock while attempting to do a rap about political prisoner John Sinclair. This was one of Abbie's better moves and I can only admire his courage.

Lately Abbie's changed — he's been calling off demonstrations he hasn't organised (like the one during the Democratic Convention in Miami) and has been branding the leaders of the Zippies — the action faction of the Youth International Party — 'police agents', myself included! What's worse, he's been using his access to the media to tell people "It's the wrong time for street demonstrations" while Amerika bombs North Vietnam back to stone age! In return for becoming a collaborator most of the charges against him have been dropped at the Government's request and ten to one he'll never do any time....

So aside from being a Great Moment in Rock, what we have here is One Of Abbie's Last Great Moments.....

The painting of Janis Joplin 5 minutes after having OD'd is another grim reminder of what culture vultures do to people with talent. Janis was managed by hippy-hood & Woodstock Real Estate Baboon Albert Grossman who, if ya ask me, specialises in handling strung-out performers (Dylan, Paul Stokey of Peter, Paul and Mary etc.). I bet he has a business card that reads — "Albert Grossman Management Associates — We Supply Our Stars With Everything — fame-money-groupies-dope Cable SMACKSTAR"

Lately I've been doing a little artwork of my own — it's called Garbart. Dig, after I got international exposure for my theories about Dylan by sorting through his dustbins I gradually became addicted to his garbage! Since Bob beat the shit out of me one day after his wife caught me in her can I had to go on the MethaDylan Maintenance Garbage Programme so I started garbanalyzing the trash of other New York City Piggies. Soon I began to realise that there's a mystical relationship between what someone throws away and what they are and that as a garbologist I could act as a medium and bring this to light!

So I began to make collage portraits of people exclusively out of their rubbish. At the left you can see one I did of John F. Kennedy's advisor and speech writer, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. Notice the little pill-bottle — it was marked Dexamil 5 mgs. What a scandal — Artie's a speedfreak! I also found a note on Playboy stationery asking Artie if he wanted 'Blanche' as a 'baby sitter'. (If he doesn't want her she can always come over and babysit on, I mean, for, me!)

In order to fully appreciate garbart you've got to understand the aesthetic principles that guide me — I believe that art is everywhere and everything can be beautiful even *Death* (when it comes to those who are killing others or depriving them of a decent life). I see beauty in trash, something many consider to be greasy, smelly & ugly. Ann seems to share this feeling since she sees it in the bizarre folklore of rock culture — exposed penis, fallen heroes, Billy Holliday Blues Singer Incarnations turned blue from the quiet sleep of junk induced death, uptight egotistical superstars with no feeling for anyone but themselves etc.

I also believe that as Amerika piles the bodies higher, as she eats her way through the world's wealth, artists have got to at least tell the world about it... if not actually go out there and stop it with our bodies, lives & force...

Yoko Ono, whom I respect, says — "Killing is such an artless act. People who kill most often become the next establishment after they've killed the old." Although this has proven true in some cases (USSR) we've also got to remember that an automatic weapon can be the most beautiful piece of sculpture in the world to a Vietnamese peasant. ...

So everything, including art and beauty, is relative to where you look out at the world from and the dude who turned the Pieta into garbage as a protest against the Catholic Church is an artist too.....



"Beauty in trash" — A.J. Weberman, garbartist, reveals his portrait of Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

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RANDAL ARABIE

GREAT MOMENTS IN ROCK

Above: Pete Townshend hitting Abbie Hoffman over the head at Woodstock.

Right: The Death of Janis Joplin.

Below: Jim Morrison flashing his cock in Miami.

Below right: Bob Dylan shooting up.

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